WOBURN JOURNAL.

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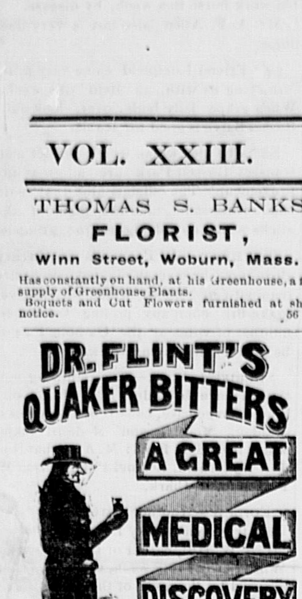

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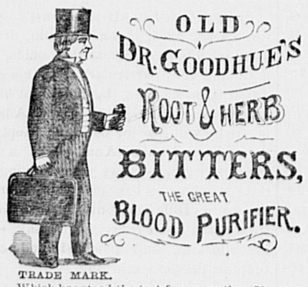

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Poetry.

WHAT PLEASES GOD.

What God decrees, child of his love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here,
Be comforted! thou needst not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will;
Rest on this anchor, and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fear depart;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright
What pleases God.

Oh! could I sing as I desire,
My grateful voice should never tire,
To tell the wondrous love and power,
Thus working out, from hour to hour,
What pleases God.

The king of kings, He rules on earth,
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth,
He bears the ocean in His hand;
And thus we meet, on sea or land,
What pleases God.

His church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves;
The rod itself, His love can seek,
He smiles till we return to speak
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their paths forsake,
And for their blessed portion take
What pleases God.

Art thou despised by all around?
Do tribulations here abound?
Jesus will give the victory,
Because his eye can see in thee
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven;
There, shall the crown of joy be given;
There, shall thou hear, and see, and know,
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

Selected.

The Deacon Nonplussed.

A reasonably good man was Deacon Pilsey, as times went; but, if he had a weakness, it was for making things in general go about as he wanted them to go. Not an overbearing man by any means, and certainly not a violent one, but with wonderfully cute, quiet ways of his own, by which he brought matters about without letting other folks know how the thing was done. When a man is accustomed to have his own way, he makes up his mind pretty easily; but there was one point of all others upon which Deacon Pilsey had been set and fixed for years, and the care of which lay heavy on his mind, for the time had come when, in his judgment, something deep required to be planned and all his skill exercised in carrying it out. So a mind like his, that had taken a perfect measure of every other in the village, and for miles around it, there could be little difficulty in selecting his tools and assistants, and he had no need of counsellors. That was how he came to be talking confidentially with Joe Gaines, as the two stood by the yard gate.

"Why, deacon," said Joe, "I always thought you liked Bob Humphrey. He is a tip top fellow, and a good match for any girl I know of."

"So he is, so he is," said the deacon, "Can't say a word against him. Knew him from a boy. Can't forbid him the house, or any of that sort of nonsense; but then he can't have Irene Wyer.

"I don't see how you'll help it, deacon. You're only her guardian, and she is about of age."

"Not for a year yet—that's how the will reads—and she's in my house, you know. I guess I can fix some things, 'specially if you'd turn in and help me. You're a lawyer, Joe Gaines, but you're a young one yet; and I'll give you the fattest fee you ever dreamed of, if you'll only hitch teams with me, and see that Bob Humphrey don't get the upper hand."

"Well, if that's what you're after, it's all right and square. I'd as lief earn a fee one way as another. What's our programme?"

"Well, you know there's right on to thirty thousand coming to Irene Wyer in her own right, and I've took the best kind of care of it. It's been a mighty sight of trouble, and all along I've thought of my son Scott."

"Scott Pilsey?" interrupted Joe. "Why, he's in California."

"He won't be long. He's coming home inside of six months, and I want to keep Irene safe for him. They used to be wonderful thick, and he writ to her regular ever so long after he left, and so she did to him."

"Do they correspond now?" said Joe.

"No, not now. There's the rub. That's one reason I'm looking out so sharp after Bob. Now, I want you to just take a hold and try and keep Bob off, till Scott gets back. 'Twon't be for long, and Irene ain't such bad company nohow."

"I don't know," said Joe. "There's Maggie and her mother. I couldn't be particularly attentive to Irene without their knowing it. And Bob Humphrey will be around most of the time, and it won't be long before I have the whole village talking the matter up."

"Never mind that, Joe, never mind that. It'll be right when Scott gets home. I'll give you the biggest kind of a fee."

"Well, Deacon," coolly replied the young lawyer, "it's a pretty tough case, but, however, I'll take it on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Why, so long as it's only fun, and all that, I'll go ahead, but if it seems as if I was doing any harm, anything real bad, you know, I'm to be at liberty to back out."

"Well, I don't mind so long as you let me know in time."

And so the deacon and the lawyer discussed their plot to their satisfaction; and when all was settled the latter took his way down the broad and grass grown street of the village.

"The old shark!" he muttered, as he strolled leisurely along. "What on earth put it into his plotting old head to pitch on me for his tool?" He never was more'n half decent to me before. I reckon I'll earn my fee, but I'll be fair with Bob Humphrey. What would Irene say if she knew what was up? Wouldn't those black eyes of hers strike fire?"

Now it happened that of late, unknown perhaps to the deacon, there had been growing up more than a little closeness of intimacy between Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey; and that it was treachery to his friend and unfairness to the pretty heiress, to which the young lawyer had allowed himself to be bribed by the deacon's promised fee.

A deep fellow was Joe Gaines, and a marvellous manipulator of social affairs. Again and again as days and weeks and months went by, did Deacon Pilsey congratulate himself on his admirable selection, and chuckle in his inmost being as he witnessed the well contrived success of Joe's manœuvres. There were picnics and drives and parties and entertainments of various kinds, but in vain did Bob Humphrey invite or propose; the young lawyer was sure to be beforehand with him, and it almost seemed as if sweet, unassuming, quiet little Maggie Pilsey herself, the deacon's daughter, had joined the secret league against her friend Irene, so often was some excuse devised by which she was made to appear in the latter's stead.

Then, too, there were home evenings at the deacon's house, when the subtile-minded old plotter could have hugged himself with satisfaction as he sat by and witnessed with his own eyes the admirable manner in which Joe Gaines worked for his fee.

"It takes a lawyer after all," said he to himself. I don't care much what he charges. I only hope he'll keep it up that way till Scott gits home again. And then to see Bob Humphrey! Why, the fellow's got the perseverance of the saints, but he ain't nowhare with Joe Gaines.

As for Irene Wyer herself, her red lips laughed and pouted, her bright black eyes sparkled and deepened, and her life seemed flowing onward very pleasantly, as if no deep laid plots and schemings had any power over her or her happiness. Moreover, through it all, Joe Gaines seemed to maintain the most complete external semblance of frank-hearted friendship with Bob Humphrey. Odd as it may seem, the young lawyer found that his practice had undergone a very sensible increase, caused mainly by the warm, though covert encomiums which the good deacon's heart compelled him to utter here and there in his keen appreciation of his young friend's tact and management.

Time will fly, however, and the mails brought at last to the Pilsey family the welcome news that its absent hope and heir would shortly return. There were letters from Scott Pilsey to his mother, and his father, and his sister Maggie, and to Irene Wyer, and even to his old cronies and schoolmates, Joe Gaines and Bob Humphey, and to each he had doubtless some matter of special interest to communicate.

No noisy, smoking, disgusting railway trains as yet vexed the retirement and repose of the village; but at last, on a morning when all things were in a state of almost painful expectancy of his arrival, not the ordinary stage coach, but a private hired carriage, heavy with trunks and packages, brought Scott Pilsey to the door of his father's house.

In an instant the little verandah was full of those who awaited him, but when the deacon's tall, sunburned, and busy-headed son sprang out upon the grass he turned his back upon the veranda for a moment, while he aided the movements of a graceful, well-favored, dark-featured young lady, who followed him, and whom even in the first warmth of his "welcome home," he introduced as "my wife, my Lucia.

Maggie Pilsey hugged her and kissed her, and so did Irene Wyer, and so, in a moment or two later did old Mrs. Pilsey, and the deacon was too wise a man to seem altogether astonished, while Joe Gaines and Bob Humphrey were fairly boisterous. In fact, Scott Pilsey's California bride was so overcome by the warmth of her greeting, that the poor thing forgot her pride, and burst into tears. In half a minute after that there wasn't a lady visible, and then Bob and Joe knew enough to leave the deacon and his son. The young men walked off arm in arm, but they were back again before the day was over.

The deacon's face was a trifle serious, but not exactly cloudly, and before long he managed to get Joe Gaines off by himself for a private conversation.

"And so, Joe," said he, "you and the rest knew all about this matter of Scott's some time ago?"

"Well, yes; Irene told me in confidence and then, when they wrote and told Scott how matters were here, he wrote to congratulate us, and begged us not to spoil his surprise to you. We couldn't tell after that, you know."

"Ahem! well—no—no I can't say; but p'raps not. I can't be mad with Scott; for she's brought him a big ranche and a mine, but what am I to do with you now? I like Bob Humphrey first rate—I allers did like Bob—and now it can't be Scott, I don't see as I ort to interfere. You've arned my fee, and I'll say it; but then, you see, there ain't no more use."

"Oh, no, not a bit," interrupted Joe. "Bob is a good fellow, and he and Maggie are just suited. Irene and I think that Maggie couldn't have made a better match, and we think Scott's done splendidly well."

"Irene and you!" exclaimed the deacon.

"Yes, of course. I've explained to Irene that I can't afford to lose my fee. I told her at the beginning, and she said I must earn it. Seems to me I've done that; but I'll let you up."

"Done it!" exclaimed the deacon. "Well yes, Joe, on the whole I should rather be inclined to say I rather guess I think you have! *Yes—you and Irene!*"

A PRACTICAL IDEA.—An English Inspector of schools makes it a custom to examine the first class in reading in the newspaper of the day. His manner is to have the paper passed around among the children, each child being required to read distinctly and understandingly. The class is then questioned on what they have read. While politics are not largely entered into, the children are expected to understand who such persons as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, M. Thiers and others are. The Inspector says he always gets correct answers about the Royal family. He finds the keenest interest excited about fires, accidents and suicides. This to our thinking would be a feature of rather undesirable aspect. In answer to such questions as What is a telegram, a locomotive, an iron-clad, a telescope? What do you mean by Prime Minister, Judge, Coroner, M. P., M. D.? very fair answers are received. One boy on being asked the meaning of P. M., replied "Past Morning," an answer which exhibited a practical though not a technical knowledge of the signification of the letters.

The idea embodied in this is a good one, and might be carried out with useful results. The history of the day might very advantageously be made one of the studies for advanced classes in our schools and thus, with discriminating teachers, the rising generation would be more fully prepared to enter into the actualities of life, while at the same time habits might be established of preference for the more useful portion of the newspaper's contents. We can hardly conceive of a more profitable school exercise than a careful review of the previous day's history, especially in these times when every day has a history of its own. And we embrace this idea, not with the Gradgrind view that the heads of the young must be filled with facts, but believing that such instruction would be eagerly received and intensely enjoyed by the young people themselves. They are not strangers to the newspaper. In fact, there are few young persons in this country, boys at least, who have reached the age of fourteen years, and are not in a measure conversant with the newspaper. The trouble is apt to be that they become interested in the least truly interesting portion of its contents. Doubtless, with judicious advising, or better still, with careful and systematic discipline, this might be remedied, and our young folks be brought upon the stage of active life possessed of a power to grasp the questions and meet the requirements of the hour, which as yet must be acquired, altogether, only when the actual necessity exists for the possession of it. Make the newspaper an implement of education, and if it be necessary to make the newspaper better in order to do so, the benefit to be derived will be a double one.—*Journal.*

HOW WORDS MAY BE USED.—The word "quiz," to make fun, or poke fun at a person, was the coinage of a theatrical manager in Dublin, who, at a drinking party with his friends one Saturday night when the conversation turned upon the subject of words, offered to bet the wine that he could then and there coin a word which would be in the mouths of all Dublin the next day. The bet being taken and the party dispersed, the manager called his call-boys and runners, gave them pieces of chalk, and ordered them to run all over the city, chalking the word "quiz," on every door, shutter and fence they came to. This was done, and as a matter of course the word was in everybody's mouth the next day. The manager won his bet, and his word is now in all respectable dictionaries.

ITEMS WORTH COMMITTING TO MEMORY.—A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore old crape.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

An inkstand was turned over on a white table-cloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

Bedbugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water put on with a brush.

Stings and bites are often instantaneously cured by washing them with hartshorn or turpentine.

A PROBLEM.—The Professor of Natural Philosophy in a certain college gave the class a problem to think over during the night and answer the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the center of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through, and how would it come to a state of rest?" The next morning a fellow was called up to this philosophical problem. "What answer do you give this question?" asked the professor. "Well, really," said he, "I have not thought much of the main question, but of a preliminary one. How are you going to get that hole through the earth?"

☞ The Jubilee Singers are sending home $1000 a week.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A woman died the other day, whose story as it seems to us, might serve as a text for one of our Sunday sermons; these gossipy, social sermons, being intended not to deal with the mighty doctrines of the law, such as are enunciated in the sanctuary between the solemn chants and the pealing organ, but with everyday matters. Jones' habits at the club or shop, or Mrs. Jones' manners and customs in kitchen or parlor, and the chivalry, justice and truth, which come or do not come into such matters. The woman lived an altogether commonplace life, just as nine-tenths of us do, made no noise in the world—came into it unnoticed, and went out of it unapplauded. Nine-tenths of us—no, all of us—think that will not be said of us when we are gone. We may know that we have had neither wit nor grace nor beauty, but some gentle soul will be aggrieved at our departing. There will be a vacant space in the houshold which will, we think, never be filled. If we had nothing else to give, we have given love, heaped up and overflowing, and that always shall have its reward. Always? Let us see.

The woman who lay dead in her coffin last week, was homely there as she had been in life. A stout, middle-aged person with thin gray hair, knotted in a wisp behind, and a pair of iron bound spectacles over her anxious, sad eyes. Even as a young woman, she had been but one of the ordinary crowd of bright, fresh colored girls, who sink their own individuality and whatever little special talent they have in the service of husband and children, and after a few years are ordinary still, the fresh color and brightness all gone. The little talent this young girl had was a keen love of music and a sweet voice, for which her only use was to put her babes to sleep. But through all her daily drudgery, in kitchen and dairy, this love of music seemed to be a something which, if she had time to study and understand, might raise her to higher levels. Even as it was, thoughts and emotions in life took hold of her through it, which did not belong to kitchen or dairy. She had glimpses of "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," which no sermon ever gave her.

She was a hard working wife and mother, her husband a small practitioner in a country town. By the time her children were grown, her hands were hard and bony, her eyesight nearly gone, her health broken. Whatever strength or power God had given her, she had spent lavishly in a few years for them. The husband died, and at the same time came an increase of income, enough to make the family easy and even affluent. Both son and daughter were married. Now surely came her holiday, when she could sit down a little while, to feel the rest and sunshine before going hence, when those for whom she was worn out would have a chance to nurse the tired body, and cheer the long anxious soul. How was it? Her daughter, of whom the fond, silly woman had made an idol, was a good pious woman, and not an ungrateful child. But she had other charms; her husband begrudged every moment or loving look she bestowed upon the woman who had given her life, and, to say the least, had, unpaid, given her for a lifetime, the service of a hireling. He forgot this debt. He had the common slang about mothers-in-law at his tongue's end; she was a weight and incubus, he swore. With the son's wife it was worse. Women have but little patience with women. She had enough to eat and enough to wear,—and that was all.

Every outward politeness and kindness were shown her, but there was not a look nor a word which did not teach her that she was old fashioned—in the way. Her day was over. When the first grandchild came, how proud and elated she was! How her blood warmed again, and her poor hands trembled as she held them out. If she could hold the little thing to her withered breast it seemed to her she could be young again, and fancy it was her own first-born lying there. But her daughter—her first born—would not trust the babe to her old fashioned ways. It was to be brought up scientifically. She laughed at the woolen socks and queer little barricoats she had been making for months. So in everything. Music in the family was a passion; they studied it as artists. When the poor old woman joined her cracked voice in the choruses, she saw a covert smile on the face of every grandchild. It never occurred to them that concerts of operas could give the dull soul a rare pleasure yet untasted in her life.

That is all the story—she is dead now. Some of us who have laid our hands on a dead face, and know what a happy face we might have made it when living, if we had but chosen, will know best how to draw the meaning from her sad story.

SHORT HAND.—It is curious that out of every thousand persons who study phonography, only half a dozen attain to excellence. It is easy enough to learn the alphabet of this branch of writing—it may be done in two weeks—but it is the practice that tells upon the student of the art. It is wearisome, exacting, and exhaustive. Hence those who begin the study with enthusiasm, abandon it with impatience before they have half finished their apprenticeship. In the Central High Schools of Philadelphia, the study of phonography was made compulsory several years ago. Recently it has been struck from the list of studies, whether wisely or otherwise it is not for us to determine. One thing, however, should be kept in mind on the premises. No person can acquire accuracy in short hand writing unless he is a rapid long hand writer. This should be remembered by those who desire to become candidates for phonographic honors.

DO YOUR WORK WELL.—"Are you going to let that pass?" said one workman to another, with a shade of surprise in his voice.

"Why not?" replied the other, "it will never be seen."

"Would you buy the article if you knew just how it is made."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it might give out in a year, instead of lasting five years."

"And are you going to let the job pass, when you know that whoever buys it will get cheated?" asked the fellow workman.

"Oh, you're more nice than wise" returned the other with a toss of the head. "You draw things too fine."

"Suppose Mr. Gray, down at the store were to sell you stuff for pants that he knew well would drop to pieces in less than six months—wouldn't you call him a swindler?"

"Perhaps I might."

"Is there really any difference in the case? Whoever buys this article that you are making will be cheated out of his money. You'll not deny that. As much cheated as you would be if Gray sold you rotten cloth."

The journeyman shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows.

"We must draw things fine," resumed the other, "if we would be fair and honest. Morality has no special bearings, but applies to all men's dealings with their fellow men. To wrong another for gain to ourselves is dishonest. Is it not so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You slight this job that you may get it done in a shorter time than would be possible if you made it stronger in every part. Thus in order to get a dollar or two more than honest work will give, you let an article leave your hands that will prove a cheat to any man that buys it. I tell you, it isn't right. We must do as we would be done by in our work as in everything else. There are not two codes of honesty—one for shopkeepers and one for workmen. Whoever wrongs his neighbor out of his money, cheats him."

The other journeyman turned away from his monitor, looked half offended, and bent over his work bench. At first, he went on finishing the job, but after a while, his fellow workman saw him take out a defective piece of wood and then remove another which had not been properly squared and jointed. Observing him still, he saw him detach a piece which had been simply driven into place, and gave no real strength, and after selecting another three or four inches longer, set it by mortice and tenon firmly into the article he was making.

All this was done at an expenditure of time not exceeding one hour and a half.

"There," said he, in a tone of satisfaction, speaking to his fellow workman; "If that don't last forever, it will be no fault of mine."

"A good, honest job," remarked the other.

"As ever was made."

"And you feel better about it than you would have done, had it left your hands to cheat the purchaser out of his money?"

"Yes, I do." The answer came out frankly.

"How much more time has it cost you to do this work well?" was asked.

"Oh, not over an hour or two."

"And the thing is worth ten dollars more to the buyer. In other words, it is a well made article as it should be, and will cheat nobody. Now you have done as you would be done by; have kept your conscience clear; have acted as a Christian man should."

"Oh, as to that, I don't profess to be a Christian," said the other. "I'm no hypocrite."

A Christian profession is one thing, and a Christian life another," answered the fellow workman.

"All professors are not Christians. Religion is a thing of daily life and unless it comes down into a man's work and business, isn't worth a copper. No amount of church-going, or praying, or singing, will save a man, if he isn't honest in his dealings. He must do as he would be done by—must begin just as you have begun, by refusing to wrong his neighbor, though tempted to do so that he get an advantage for himself."

"A new kind of religion that," remarked the journeyman.

"As old as Christianity," said the other, "the only kind that will save men. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.' He who said this, knew all about it. And I am very sure that if we begin to be just to our neighbor, to try in little things to do as we would be done by, our feet will have entered the way that leads heavenward—and though we may be a long way from that happy country, if we keep walking on we shall surely get there in the end.

INCRUSTATION OF WATER PIPES.—The Boston fire insurance companies are now calling attention to the condition of the water pipes in that city. It seems that the water supply is greatly diminished by the incrustations formed on the inside of the iron pipes by the action of the water, so that a three-inch pipe that has been been laid ten years, becomes reduced to two inches, those of four inches to three, and the six inch mains reduced to five and four inches. A pipe was recently taken up in Howard street through which one could not see, though water flowed slowly; and a pipe of three inch bore was taken up in Beacon street, filled up solid with rust. Here is a chance, says the Boston *Advertiser*, for an inventor to discover some coating to render iron pipes proof against the action of water. In the suburbs cement pipes are used, but it is said that they are hardly strong enough to bear the pressure of the Cochituate water.

HOW ABOUT DOCTORS?—*The Builder*, an excellent monthly, discusses the subject in this frank and friendly manner:—

"No doubt the medical profession is possessed of a vast amount of learning, and physic has its uses, but an age that thinks for itself is fast losing confidence in doctors and drugs. And physic itself, too is less confident of its power to cure than it was in former times. The sons of Esculapius are somewhat oracular in their answers now-a-days, rather 'Bunsbyish' we would say.

"Now, if a man has a question to ask about his soul, he gets a positive answer. If he expresses a desire to be saved, he is told to repent, pray, believe, join the church, and conduct himself decently, and future happiness is certain. Or, applying to another teacher, he is told that heaven may be reached by learning certain rudimentary truths, confession, the sacrament, the payment of tithes, and the saying of prayers; in short, by being in the church. Different teachers make different prescriptions, but every prescription is a specific. Obey the rules laid down, and the leprosy of sin departs, and sainthood and heaven follow.

"But suppose one is dyspeptic, and applies to his physician for a cure. Why, he is asked a great many questions, remedies are hinted at, certain drugs are perhaps prescribed, but no positive results are predicted. If doctor and patient are both men of intelligence, the probabilities are that drugs will not be hinted at, but an allusion will be made to cracked wheat, and cream, and exercise. But suppose the patient is afflicted simply with biliousness, an ailment that is quite common everywhere? Well, the country doctor may, perhaps, prescribe a blue pill, to be followed by a seidlitz powder, and if the patient is credulous, a cure is promised; for, will not calomel stimulate the liver, the torpid candition of which is the cause of the difficulty? Yes, and the patient gets better, but in a few days his trouble returns, and he loses confidence in his medical adviser, so the promise would better have been omitted. The more intelligent physician, however, will not promise to cure biliousness; quite likely he will prescribe no drug, but recommend exercise and diet.

"But go a little further on, and how helpless is the medical profession to combat disease. We met the other day a man who had been a sufferer from fever and ague for years, and no medical skill could relieve him. If one finds himself the victim of kidney disease, he may knock at the doctor's door in vain; certainly he gets no relief from drugs. Did ever a doctor do anything for rheumatism or neuralgia? Do people die under the eye of the doctor from consumption, fever, cholera, hydrophobia, and a thousand other ills? Yea, verily. And intelligent people are fast coming to the conclusion that disease cannot be successfully combatted by way of the stomach, that the best mode of cure is prevention, that if we would not suffer and die by an attack of sickness, we must avoid the attack.

"And better than all drugs and doctors are fresh air, exercise, and a good diet. The kitchen has more to do with health than we have been willing to give it credit for. Bad bread, over-cooked meat, and rich pastries have slain their tens of thousands. We shall have made a mighty move forward towards getting on without doctors when we learn to cook; when good cooks are as common as are ignorant ones now. We shall be drawing near to the millenium of good health—a period in which doctors will be dispensed with—when every woman who cooks shall learn the art of making a pure and wholesome soup."

☞ Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun. What a day dawns when we have taken to heart the doctrine of faith; to prefer as a better investment, being to seeming; logic to good authority that it is looked at as the correct thing for the country boy to do. No sluggard is he; but when the first flush crimsons the eastern sky he bounds from his bed, pulls on his jean trowsers and rawhide boots and goes to work in the stables, or at chopping wood. In the winter he walks ten miles through the snow to school, and draws his little sister upon his sled. In time he comes to own a farm, then he marries, builds a church, becomes a justice of the peace, dies and is buried in the village church yard—a hundred dollar tombstone informing the passing world in a very expensive manner, of his many virtues. This is what the country boy is supposed to be, but we know the statement to be a swindle. As we have often seen him, he was an adept in all sorts of mischief. He could steal eggs and then deny the accusation with a nerve that Schuyler Colfax might envy. Dog fights are his delight; a circus his heaven. To get into a circus he will appropriate money that was intended for the conversion of some little heathen boy; and, that scheme failing he will crawl under the tent. It is a grim satisfaction to know that he is often punished for this sin. In one instance the performing elephant accidentally stepped on three little boys who were squirming in, and mashed them so that their different parents were at a loss to tell which was which, and so had to shake their names up in a hat, and draw for it. When such sad scenes are possible, is it well to claim moral superiority for the boy of the country?—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

☞ Remember when the desolate, aching void is felt in the heart, and casts a gloom over the face, remember that it is a comfort to others to see a cheerful spirit, and a sunshining face, an even temper. Look upon the bright side of all things. Believe that the best offering we can make to God is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good and bear what he allows of evil; like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

☞ Titusville, Pa., girls have voted not to purchase any dry goods where the stores keep open in the evening. They think the clerks can find some better business and more congenial.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.—Maine was so called on account of the people there, always keeping an eye on the main chance.

New Hampshire—Old ham was sold in the adjoining States, but if you went there you got new ham—sure; hence the name New Hampshire.

Massachusetts—When slaves were sold there, the mistress of the household caught one of them chewing tobacco. She was about to order him punished, when he said, "Massa chews it." She commuted his sentence to hanging, and immediately gave a name to the State.

Connecticut—An old Indian in the tobacco business, named Konnecti, used to get up two very good brands of chewing tobacco. He called one fine cut and the other Konnecticut. The latter gave the name to the State.

New Jersey—No stranger has ever stopped long enough in the State to ascertain where it did get its name from. It is supposed to have been named from "Jersey Lightning."

Pennsylvania — All the pencils were made here once, and the people were exceedingly vain of it, hence the State got to be called "Pencilvania." The orthography has been changed somewhat since.

Maryland—Runaway couples used to fly there to be married, hence Maryland. Some careless printer dropped out an r in "making up," one day, and it has never been put back again.

Carolina—A man named Carr settled the Carolinas. He was rated as an old liner hence the term, Car-o-liner, now Carolina, North or South just as it suits you.

Florida—so called because the complexion of the people is so florideh?

Alabama— The Abama family owned the entire State once, hence All Abama.

Georgia — Was named after George Washington. They thought a great deal of Washington down there, and used to call him "Georgie."

Mississippi—Old Sippi, who settled the State had two very charming daughters, the Misses Sippi, and they gave the name to the State.

Arkansas (pronounced Arkansaw)—Named after the title of the first tavern ever opened in the State, whose device was a picture of the ark and saw, the inn being called the "Ark and saw." The ark denoted that they were above such a thing as water, and the saw was intended as a symbol that this is a world of saw-row.

Tennessee—In the early days of that State the people had a mania for betting on the ten spot, hence "Ten I see."

Indiana—The State was declared at its first settlement to be so healthy that it was quite a question of time whether those who went In die any. That somehow got to be the name.

Illinois—The earliest settlers were made sick by the howling of wild beasts and of the Chicago City Council, hence Ill o' noise.

Missouri—Named "Misery" originally, now corrupted to Missouri.

Iowa—This State has always been free from debt, and its motto is "I owe a cent to nobody." In confirmation of that fact "nobody called the State Iowa.

Minnesota—A small stream called the Sota, famous for its minnies, gave name to that State.—*Fat Contributor.*

INNOCENT RURAL BOYS.—It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the small boy of the city is more wicked than the rural lad; that he is, in fact, such a bete noir that when placed beside his country cousin, the latter appears a shining saint. Such an opinion has obtained for all time and possibly will for all time to come. But it is a libel upon the children of the street, and has no foundation in fact. We intend to explode this bubble and have justice done to our gamins. It is true that they are very wicked, and they play in the gutters, pick pockets, go in swimming from the pier heads, throw stones at each other, break windows, steal mats, get up behind cabs, and perform many other freaks of like nature. But is that any reason why we should paint them with the sombre brush of condemnation, and pat the boys of the fields upon their head, and hunt in our pockets for pence to bestow upon them? The popular idea of the rural boy is very pretty as a mental picture. He is industrious, and carries his little hoe a-field, with which to touch up the sprouting corn. He is studious to a fault, and it is a favorite habit of his to sit up all night and read Latin books on astronomy by the light of a pine torch. We never witnessed this operation, but have it on rhythm and to display; the year to the day; the life to the year; character to performance;—and have come to know that justice will be done us.

THE GENEVA AWARD.—A Washington despatch to the *Boston Journal*, dated Sept. 9th says:—

An historical event of national importance occurred here to-day which is likely to find a conspicuous place in the nations's history. About ten o'clock Sir Edward Thornton accompanied by Mr. Archibald, British Consul General at New York, called on Secretary Fish at the State Department and handed over to him a coin certificate representing fifteen and one-half millions gold, the amount awarded to the United States by the Geneva Arbitration. The transfer of the money was not accompanied by any formal speeches or addresses, but was done in a business like way. Secretary Fish wrote out a receipt in full for the payment of the money, which he handed over to Minister Thornton, and thus a great controversy between two nations was settled, in a financial point of view. After a few minutes' conversation the British Minister and Consul General took their departure, looking in a very happy frame of mind. At twelve o'clock Secretary Fish, accompanied by Assistant Secretary of State, J. Bancroft Davis, drove to the Treasury Department and handed over the coin certificate to Secretary Richardson, taking his receipt therefor. The latter is by law required to invest the money in five per cent registered bonds to await further action of Congress.

☞ "Why," asked a goevrness of her little charge, "do we pray to God to give us otr daily bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenuous child.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Town Warrant,	3	3	3
Administratrix Sale,	3	3	4
Lectures,	3	4	1
Tea.—Joseph Sikes,	3	1	1
200 Pigs For Sale,	3	3	2
Annual Cattle show,	3	2	2
Organs—Geo. Woods & Co.,	3	3	1
Carpetings,	3	3	5
Grand Concerts,	3	2	1

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We herewith present the first number of the 23d volume of the *Journal*. For twenty-two years it has paid its weekly visits to the people of Woburn, and to-day stands stronger, in all that makes a paper strong than ever before. We have made a change in the paper, but only in name, the character of our journal remaining the same. Woburn and its adjoining towns have always had a large share of attention, and it will ever command it. We believe that our town is destined at an early day to achieve an importance second to none in the county. Its various business enterprises make it a center of trade, and the improvements recently secured and in prospect, will give it still further importance. We are fully committed to the advance movement in our town, and shall favor the highest standards for our schools, the new enterprises that seek a home here, the best roads, well lighted streets, good water, ample sewerage, the interests of our manufactures, good order, rational amusement, temperance and good citizenship generally.

We mean to be on hand for all the news, and alive to all the vital issues that occupy the public mind. In all these things the *Journal* has an enviable reputation, and that reputation is to be preserved. We do not attempt to summarize the news of the world, for that is done by the reader as he peruses the daily paper. But the news of Woburn, Winchester, Arlington, Burlington, Lexington, Bedford, Billerica] and Wilmington, our readers have a living interest in, and our aim is to make the *Journal* an authority on all such matters. Our large experience, our numerous reporters and correspondents give us an advantage possessed by no other paper, and our readers reap the benefit.

We have no sympathy with those journals who mistake a carping, cavilling spirit for independence, and who are nothing if they are not critical; but we believe with a recent writer on country journalism, that the "people want to see in their papers a hearty appreciation of what is good, as well as a just condemnation of what is bad." We have journeyed together, editor and reader, for many months, and our association has been for the most part pleasant. It will be ours to contribute our part to the general good, and we hope the company never will be smaller.

CONCORD CATTLE SHOW.—As a sort of supplement to the grand exhibition lately closed at Medford, comes the announcement of the Middlesex Agricultural Society of its 79th Annual Fair, which will be held at Concord, Sept. 23rd and 24th. While all take an interest in the exhibitions of the New England Society, this one comes more directly home, and seems like an old fashioned family gathering. Our neighbors are there with the stock from their barns and the produce from their land every foot of which perhaps we know. Such facts appeal more directly to us than similar exhibitions upon a larger scale, or embracing a larger territory. These Concord fairs have been delightful occasions to most of us. And it is surprising how extended is the interest in matters connected with agriculture and stock raising for two days at least in the year. As will be seen by our advertising columns, upon the first day there will be trials of working oxen and farm horses, trial of horses upon the track (different classes), two races, plowing match, exhibition of fruits, flowers, vegetables, needle work, agricultural implements, etc., etc.; while upon the second day will come the trial of stallions upon the track, three races and the annual dinner. If this is not enough to cause all of our readers to lay aside their work for one of these two days, then we despair of ever satisfying the public mind.

GROUND BROKEN.—Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps has at last consummated her purpose to establish a village for women, and on Thursday ground was broken on the land she has purchased on Beach street. The land comprises about 60 acres, and extends from Beach street on the west, to the Lowell railroad on the east. This land is to be laid out into small houselots which she will dispose of to working women on very favorable terms, and they will be encouraged to work upon and improve the land. She will erect a laundry as the first step. Mr. G. F. Hartshorne is surveying the land, and will make a plan of the proposed village. We congratulate Miss Phelps on her success.

REMONSTRANCE.—There was a hearing on Monday evening on the East Woburn schoolhouse question. Hon. B. F. Whittemore appeared for the remonstrants, and urged the retaining of the schoolhouse in its present quarters. W. Totman, Esq., represented those who favor the Utica street location. The decision of the committee is reserved.

PARKER'S ENTERTAINMENTS.—Mr. T. M. Parker has nearly perfected his arrangements for a course of entertainments this winter. He has secured Prof. Churchill, the Beethoven Quintette Club, consisting of C. N. Allen, H. Hiendl, J. G. Mullaly, Wm. Reitzl, Wulf Fries, and they will be assisted by Miss Mary D. Wyman. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cobb will give their "Cruise of the Cobweb." Josh Billings will appear. Also Rev. W. H. H. Murray. There will be a dramatic night, and several others to be announced. The series will be well worth sustaining, and we hope our people will take that view of it.

CELEBRATION.—At the convention of the Selectmen, Water Commissioners and Engineers it was voted to celebrate the introduction of water into Woburn, on the 9th of October next. The particulars will be given in due time.

THE TEMPERANCE PARTY.

We have looked in vain among our exchanges for a word in commendation of the resolution of the Republican State Convention which says "the Republican party is the party of temperance." Our observation is that there is no party of temperance. Undoubtedly there are more advocates of temperance among the Republicans than in any other organization, but if temperance is to be a test the party will hardly stand the strain. Of what use are these glittering generalities. If the Republican party is the temperance party it will make good its claim, and by a crusade against rum, as in other days it arrayed against slavery, it would make itself felt. Middlesex is a Republican county, but if any one imagines that temperance and Republicanism are synonimous, let him try to prosecute a rumseller in our courts. Who controls the district attorney, the sheriffs, and the State Constables? Not temperance men, surely. What proportion of our officers in State or county could be nominated, much less elected, if temperance were the issue on which they were presented.

The resolution under notice also asserts that the Republican party favors the impartial enforcement of the law; but who believes it. Whenever it is attempted, the wise and the mighty ones raise the cry of "policy," and the old partial way is resumed. We do not expect too see any thing different the coming year, because it must be apparent to every one that this resolution was only introduced for effect, and the Republicans will no more be governed by it than they will by those passed at the Democratic Convention. Temperance measures are carried out by temperance men, and when our State Constables and sheriffs and other executive officers are teetotalers, and when in fact the Republican party is composed of temperance men, then, and not till then, will it be the "party of temperance."

WATER WORKS.—The break in the pipes at Horn Pond Brook was repaired on Saturday, and the water let on the mains as far as Timothy Winn's. About dusk, however, the new iron pipe under the brook broke, and the water was shut off. The workmen were engaged all day Sunday in damming back the water, to get at the bed of the brook and repair the break. The repairs were completed on Monday, and on Tuesday the water was sent to Central Square, and as far east as Wood's Hill. On Saturday Mr. Tidd opened his service pipe, and so the chairman of the Commission was the first to receive the water in his house. It proved a fortunate circumstance, for by it he discovered the break in the pipe much earlier than it otherwise would have been done. About noon Tuesday, the service was opened into Mr. Jones's pipes, and the *Journal* office, stable, and Reynold's provision store got the second water. It was clear as crystal and quite tasteless, and was the object of a good deal of complimentary comment. The advent of the water into our residence late Tuesday afternoon caused quite an excitement in the domestic department, and the pipe being fully open, the water entered with considerable bluster, and no part of the kitchen was neglected by the jolly visitant. Tuesday evening the Commission instructed Mr. Bean to proceed to let the water into the houses as fast as possible.

UNITARIAN.—The young people of the Unitarian Society are anticipating a great deal of social work in the coming winter. The monthly entertainments which formed so agreeable a feature last season, will shortly be resumed, while Mr. Barnes has in view additional plans of local interest. He proposes to form a union of the young men of his parish early in October, the details of which will then be announced. It may now be said that its general purpose will be both social and educational. Its meetings will be held weekly, and will include among other features, studies in the drama, familiar science and music.

Mr. Barnes will resume evening service on the first Sunday of October, and on the third Sunday evenings of October and succeeding months will give a course of lectures upon the following subjects: "Your place in the world;" "Illusions;" "Obstacles;" "Foot-Rules;" "Habits;" "True Selfhood;" "Sixpence more or less;" "Success."

The Sunday School, which is under the superintendence of Mr. Barnes, has resumed its sessions. The Friday evening meetings began last week, and for the present will be devoted to familiar discourses upon the Book of Job.

PERSONAL.—In answer to the frequent inquiry, "Where's Charley?" we would say that Parker & Burnett are publishing a very tasty little advertising paper in Newark, N. J., called the *Amusement Season*. Its appearance is very neat, it is well filled with ads. and has a choice selection of reading matter. We hope it will have "a good season."

WINCHESTER LECTURES.—As will be seen elsewhere, tickets to the course of lectures advertised by the Young People of the Baptist Society of Winchester, are on sale by Fosdick & Buss. The course is an excellent one, and the railroad connections are such that Woburn people can very conveniently attend. We hope many will do so.

SELECTMEN.—Petition of John C. Ray and others for abatement of drain nuisance, near Cummings and Co's tannery, received, and premises will be viewed at 6 o'clock this Saturday afternoon. Mrs. S. A. Hartshorn, petition for a license as an innholder was approved. Alex. Graydon and J. F. Shaw were licensed as victuallers.

☞ A lost child created quite a sensation on Winn street the other day, and when he returned, all unconscious of the grief he had occasioned, his reception was not unlike that of the Prodigal Son. He says he had no idea his folks thought so much of him.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Wednesday morning a gentleman, lady, and little boy were passing Dever's new building, when the fence that has been put up in front fell with a crash, the party barely escaping being crushed.

☞ The Boston *Traveller* is informed that the station houses they speak of in Wednesday's paper, under the head of "Railroad News," are police stations.

☞ The Water Commissioners will move into their new office (Ronco's) on the first of October.

TOWN MEETING.—A Town Meeting is called for next Monday, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon. Three new streets invite our attention; an extension of Poole street across the Pierce farm, and coming out near the Cummings tannery at North Woburn, seems to be much needed; Sheridan street, a private way in Cummingsville, is desired as a town way; and a street from Pleasant near the old Bacon place, to Rag Rock Avenue is earnestly demanded. We hope the town will vote to put seats on the Common to accommodate the people who would like to sit there. The expense need not be great, and the advantage would soon be apparent to all. Let us have the seats by all means.

Art. 6 is to see if the Town will authorize the School Committee to purchase all books for scholars in the public schools, at the expense of the town, under such rules and regulations as the Committee may deem just and proper.

The rules and regulations to be presented by the Engineers for the approval of the Town, have been carefully prepared, and we have no doubt will be endorsed by all. The Engineers evince a determination to have the department stand well, and they should be cheerfully supported by the citizens. The Town has voted to grade its streets, and this to some extent has been done. The Commissioners think a special appropriation should be made for the purpose, rather than to draw from the regular appropriation for highways, and they ask that it may be given them. The water pipes in some places are but two feet below the surface, and they must have four feet of earth above them before the ground freezes. The extension of the water pipes will probably be the most interesting subject of the meeting. The Water Commission has on file applications for more than seven miles of pipe on streets not included in the first plan for piping. The citizens on these streets are naturally very much in earnest abut this matter, and their wishes ought to be gratified. Certainly those who have the water ought not to vote against their less favored neighbors, and we have no doubt that all will unite to extend the pipes wherever there is a reasonable prospect of finding water takers. Already there are 400 applications, and this number is increasing daily. The money already voted is all appropriated, and to make the extension asked for, more authority is needed from the Legislature. All can now see how much better it would have been to have asked for $200,000, as was suggested last year, instead of the $100,000 we received, and which we must now again call for. We hope the Selectmen will be properly instructed, and that enough will be asked for to meet all our demands. As we have shown, the meeting is of considerable importance, and every citizen of the town should give it his attention. By so doing just conclusions may be arrived at, and there will be less cause for dissatisfaction than when there is only a small meeting.

PLEASANT & LEXINGTON STS.—The County Commissioners were in town no Monday to view Lexington and Pleasant streets from Warren to Cambridge streets on which a petition had been made for widening and straightening. Pleasant street was found to be very narrow, averaging about 35 feet. Lexington street was laid out in 1831, and it was asserted by some of the company that it was laid out 50 feet wide. It is but 38 feet at the commencement, and about 48 at Put Fowle's. The Commissioners decided that they would not lay out the streets under the petition because that would throw the costs, which might be heavy, on the County. If they were petitioned to lay it out under the provisions of Chap. 43, sec. 12, Gen. Statutes, they would do so, and they seemed in favor of making it 50 feet wide. There was some dissent to this, but many of the abuttors expressed themselves in favor of a wide thoroughfare. The section referred to, is as follows:

"When application is made to the Commissioners by a town, or by five inhabitants of a town, to locate anew a road within such town, whether the same were laid out by the auth rity of the town, or otherwise, they may, either for the purpose of establishing the boundary lines of such road or of making alterations in the course or width thereof, locate it anew, after giving like notice and proceeding in the manner prescribed in laying out highways. The expense shall be assessed upon the petitioners, or upon the town or county, as the Commissioners order."

FAILURE.—On Wednesday, the firm of Horace Conn & Co., one of our largest leather manufacturers, suspended payments. Their liabilities are stated at $100,000, and their assets estimated at $150,000. The senior member, Hon. Horace Conn, left the store in Boston Horace Conn, left the store in Boston at eleven o'clock for the purpose of taking the noon train, stating to his son that he should return by the 1.15 train. He was seen on Green street in Woburn, Wednesday afternoon, by Walter Bates, who asked him about the grade of a concrete sidewalk, and Mr. Conn referred him to Mr. Hart. Mr. Conn was riding with a stranger and has not since been heard from. Search has been instituted in all directions, and his family and friends are greatly alarmed. Mr. Geo. H. Conn is confined to his house by sickness. The suspension of this firm is a heavy blow to the industrial interests of our town, as they gave employment to over a hundred men, who are now thrown out of situations. Affairs are being arranged, however, with a view to a partial resumption of business, and we hope the business will experience only a temporary suspension. Mr. Conn is an old and respected citizen, and his absence is the standard topic of conversation. His family have the sympathy of the whole town.

☞ Jarius G. Bridgham, of the "Class of '73," Woburn High School, enters the Medical School at Harvard College next Thursday.

BLOWN UP.—The boiler at E. Cumming's & Co.'s tannery exploded on Wednesday, and a man named Lynch was slightly scalded.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—The awards on Reed, Poole and Sheriden streets were made up and will be submitted at the Town Meeting.

☞ A meeting has been arranged for Monday night between the Stoneham and Woburn Water Boards, in regard to a supply of water for Stoneham.

☞ Gen. Butler was in town on Friday last.

WOBURN CEMETERY.—Nothing speaks so eloquently for a community as a well kept cemetery. Those portions of ground which we consecrate and set apart as resting places for departed friends, demand and should receive all that taste can bestow. Nicely graded avenues, laid out with especial reference to architectural beauty, well trimmed shade trees, plats of flowers, fountains, and closely shaven lawns in such a place are marks of civilization, and tend to relieve in some degree the sadness which is naturally associated therewith. In this connection we are happy to note the truly magical changes that have been and are taking place in our local cemetery. It possesses many natural beauties and has only awaited development. It is well known that the foliage was in a very rank stage, so much so that the free circulation of air was retarded and the sunlight kept out. The Cemetery Committee have worked wonders in this direction. The lower limbs of the trees have been removed, others thinned out, and the under brush cleared up, thus admitting the sun and air at the same time. Those lots which have been neglected for years, and upon which quite a growth of pine and birch had accumulated, are now clear and unobstructed. About two acres of wood land have been cut over, bringing into availability much new ground. Through this newly cleared portion an avenue is being built. Troughs have been placed at the pump so that an ample supply of water will always be ready for sprinkling of flowers or for other purposes. The passages of the avenues are no longer obstructed by those pendant branches which swept and scratched the carriages, and the road beds are much improved now that light and air are admitted. Water should be introduced and fountains located to make the work complete. The Committee have followed the system which has made Mount Auburn and Forest Hill so attractive, and visitors to the Woburn Cemetery will be surprised, while they rejoice at the change. Much praise is due to L. L. Whitney, Esq., of the Cemetery Committee, under whose supervision the improvements have been made.

BOSTON NORTH BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—This Association met on Wednesday and Thursday at the Central Square Church, East Boston. Rev. L. G. Barrett of Winchester was elected clerk, but having served in that capacity for the last five years, he declined, and Rev. Mr. Hinckley was elected in his place. Rev. C. J. Baldwin of Chelsea, was moderator and John R. Taylor of Rev. Mr. Townley's church, was chosen Treasurer. Reports from the churches were in order in the forenoon. The Arlington church reported no baptisms; membership 174. The Second Church Cambridge, reported the settlement in March last of Rev. H. C. Townley, and an encouraging condition of affairs since. A heavy debt has been removed. The church membership is 206—about the same as last year. The First Church in Stoneham reported that eleven members have removed without taking letters. The present membership is 64. Five have been received by baptism and four by letter. There has been one death and four dismissions. The doctrinal sermon was preached by Rev. G. S. Abbott, of Watertown, from Rev. 22:20. The sermon next year will be by Rev. H. Hinckley, or Rev. W. M. Young. At the session on Thursday, Dr. Young of Woburn conducted the prayer meeting. Additional letters from churches were read, and from all which the Secretary has received it appears that the Association consists of 34 churches, with 34 pastors. Seventeen young men belonging to the churches are studying for the ministry. During the past year the churches have received 542 members by baptism, 318 by letter, 64 by experience, 19 restored—total gain, 943. Dismissed, 319; erased, 62; excluded, 46; died 138—total loss, 565. Net gain, 378. The total membership is 9565.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Some of our young men had another attack of the walking fever Thursday afternoon, and adjourned to the scene of former trials, viz. Wyman street, where four of them entered for a mile dash. The time made was as follows: Al Libby, 8.42; A. K. Fetridge, 9.05; L. K. Swan, 9.47; Chas. Swan, 10.15, A second mile was walked by L. K. Swan and Edw. Sawtelle, the time being 9.20 and 9.21 respectively. Various other trials were indulged in, furnishing considerable sport.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Oliver Green, No. 6 Railroad street, a song and chorus entitled "Bonnie Katie waits for me," dedicated to Chas. S. Fredericks by H. P. Danks. Also two numbers (waltzes) from the "Bunch of Roses," a set of easy and beautiful pieces for the piano. They are called "Fresh Violet" and "Happy Heart." The title page of each piece is a gem.

NEW TRACK.—A new side track has been put in below Green street, to accommodate Linnell & Heuston, and White, Osborn & Co. It terminates at the Station platform.

TEA.—Our tea drinking friends are likely to have their wants supplied. Sykes at 262 Main street, comes out strong for the Orientals. See what he says.

TROPHY.—Mr. Brauer has shown us a bunch of the Trophy Tomatoes, seven of which are growing from one stem. They not only look well, but they eat well.

G. A. R.—Burbank Encampment will take part in the county parade of the G. A. R., at Lowell, on the 8th of October.

ORGANS.—Mr. S. W. Russell advertises the Geo. Woods & Co.'s organs in to-day's paper. Read his announcement.

BROKEN ARM.—J. Granville Bennett, employed as a splitter at Beggs's, broke his arm in his machine last Wednesday.

☞ Dever's building is beginning to look well. The stores are engaged, and the upper hall is let to the Hibernians.

☞ Ronco goes into the Fox & Hart building, over Still, on the first of October.

BOLTING.—The convention at Worcester practically established "the divine right of bolting" as a party tenet, and the principal Republican papers have enlarged upon the theme. The Boston *Advertiser* contributes the following:—

As to the right of bolting,—a topic which is likely to be interesting hereafter, —it is one of the inalienable rights. The doctrine that a man cannot go into a convention of his party in order to save it if possible from disgrace, without being under an obligation to consent to the disgrace, and uphold it, if it comes about in spite of his exertions, is too outrageous to be countenanced. Of course it is proclaimed by the men who wish to make party machinery serve their ambition, and and who are quite conscious that nothing but party discipline would induce self respecting men to vote for them. It is high time to declare independence of all such obligations. They are fetters forged by demagogues to bind timid men to their cause, No honorable aspirant for party honors ever makes use of them. It is only when a man of obnoxious character succeeds in capturing a party organization that the attempt is made to reconcile honest men to his candidacy by crying traitor. Candidates who make no scruple of risking the harmony of the party to gratify their ambition are those who, as soon as they get a nomination, demand that everybody else shall sacrifice conscience to party.

According to this teacher whoever demands that the "regular tickets" shall be supported is a demagogue. The *Advertiser* will feel better after its Butler scare has worn off a little.

CAUCUSES.—The Charlestown Republican City Committee have adopted the following resolutions, which we would like to see in force in Woburn, as by it we should avoid some objectionable features of caucuses under our present system:

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of the secretary of this committee to procure a check list from the City Clerk; that he shall from week to week add such names as shall be added to the check list by the city authorities; that it shall be his duty to give public notice that such *list* is at our room, and invite all Republicans to notify him or the chairman of this committee of their desire to be registered as Republicans; that all persons claiming to be so registered shall be reported to this committee, and unless the committee are satisfied that their claims are unfounded, and that they are not Republicans, the secretary shall enter against their names on said check list the letter "R," in red ink.

Resolved, That at all caucuses of the Republican party hereafter held, such registered check list shall be used, and none but voters so registered shall be admitted to the hall.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves, and invite all Republicans to unite with us in voting against all persons who accept nominations for any office tendered them by any caucus claiming to be Republican not called and conducted substantially in this manner.

ANNEXATION.—If the towns interested vote to be annexed to Boston next week, the Mystic Water Board will at once proceed to raise Horn Pond six feet, as authorized by Sect. 11, of the Woburn Water Act. They will also dam Kendall's Pond and make it a storing reservoir to be drawn from when the water is low in Mystic Pond. This raising of Horn Pond will flow Fowle's Meadow, unless a dam is built across from the high ground on the west shore to the hard land near water street. If this was done, it would form a part of the "boulevard," which all hope to see soon. The raising of the Pond would flow the low shores about fifty feet, and would about double the capacity of the Pond. It would be no detriment to Woburn, but on the contrary would be likely to add much to the beauty of our sheet of water.

STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The nineteenth annual gathering of the evangelical Sabbath schools of Massachusetts, will be held at Worcester on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 24 and 25. The convention will meet in Grace Church, and the customary hospitalities will be extended to the delegates. Most of the railroads have agreed to furnish free return tickets.

COW VS. HORSE.—The price paid for "Smuggler," the celebrated horse, was $40,000. This was thought to be a large sum, but the other day, at a sale of short horn cattle, in Utica, N. Y., the best cow, the queen of the herd, brought the unprecedented sum of $40,600. And yet, folks complain because milk is 7 cents a quart.

GRAND CONCERTS.—The array of talent announced in the advertisement (in another column) of Mr. C. H. Morse, organist, has never been equalled in Woburn. Such a chance to hear first class music by first class performers should not pass unimproved.

FAIR.—Burbank Encampment, G. A. R., contemplates holding a fair the coming season, to replenish the charity fund. We have no doubt they will meet with a generous response as soon as their announcements are made.

BROKE DOWN. — H. M. Eames's butcher cart broke down on Monday. There seems to be a fatality attached to butcher carts this season. We hope it won't extend to the meat.

BROKE.—Tuesday, a son of William Burke, named Cornelius, fell from a horizontal bar upon which he had been swinging, and broke his wrist.

FIT.—A young man named Murray fell in a fit this (Friday) forenoon in front of Thompson's & Mann's.

West Medford.

LEVEE.—The members of the Methodist society held a Peach festival in their new chapel Monday and Tuesday evenings of last week. It was very successful, and the public speak in high praise of the entertainment afforded. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Huntingdon, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Jaggers, the Congregationalist pastor.

CORNER STONE SERVICES.—The corner stone of the West Medford Congregational church edifice will be laid Saturday afternoon, the 20th inst at 3 o'clock.

The following will be the order of exercises: Invocation; music; remarks by Abner J. Phipps, Esq., chairman of the society committee, music; remarks by Rev. E. L. Jaggers, pastor; ex. of box, and reading of documents enclosed; adjustment of stone; words of consecration; prayer; doxology; benediction.

— It rains in Woburn.

New Publications.

CAST ADRIFT. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia; J. M. Stoddart & Co, pp. 364.

This book is a companion to "Three Years in a Man-trap" and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room. The characters are a designing mother who attempts to marry her daughter against her wish. The daughter anticipates her and marries the object of her choice. The mother pretends to be reconciled with her son-in-law, and then plots for his destruction. She accomplishes it, and the young man is entrapped into the commission of crime, and her daughter is divorced. The infant son of the daughter is spirited away by the wicked mother and little Andy has a struggle for life such as only the children of the poor and vicious in large cities have to maintain. In spite of a relentless grandmother, and her cruel and heartless tools, Andy survives. And better still, although his mother has never seen him, she believes him alive, and makes the search for him her life work, Success crowns her efforts at last, and at the same time her wronged husband is restored to her, and the curtain drops on a re-united and happy family. The plot is worked out in Mr. Arthur's best style, and there are passages in the book of thrilling pathos. The reader will find his interest increase as he pursues the story. Mr. Edward Bland is the agent for Woburn, and will call on our citizens and exhibit the work. We might add that the book is well illustrated, and is for sale at $4.50, $2.50, $2, according to style of binding.

SCRIBNER'S.—Dr. Blauvelt's articles on "Modern Skepticism," in Scribner's Monthly, have excited more discussion than any similar articles that have appeared for a long time. The third and concluding paper, entitled "Modern Skepticism,—What our Laymen must do about it," appears in the October number. The same number has the concluding pages of Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," and of Bret Harte's "Episode of Fiddletown." Lulu Gray Noble prints a trenchant essay on "Free Marriage." George W. Cable gives us a very bright and characteristic little New Orleans story, and Albert Rhodes describes a "Day in the French Assembly." There is a pleasant paper on "Paying Debts;" a valuable sketch of "Dr. Francis Lieber;" a curious collection of "Turkish Proverbs;" an interesting illustrated article on "The Geysers of California," by Benjamin J. Avery; another pictorial paper on the "New York Central Park," and a description with pictures of "The Old Van Renselaer Mansion." The poetry is by Geo. MacDonald, Edward King, D. N. Beach, J. V. C., and Caroline R. Wilkinson.

Dr. Holland, in "Topics of the Times," discusses "Gentlemen in Politics," "Moderate Prices," and a "New Woman's College." In the Old Cabinet are "The Stagey Person," "A Friend with a Single Fault," and "Morning, Noon and Night," and the other regular department are interesting.

With the November number a new volume will commence. With it will begin two American serials, "Katherine Earle." by Miss Adeline Trafton, author of "The American Girl Abroad," and "Earthen Pitchers," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. Miss Trafton's novel is the "grand serial" of the year, and is said to be a striking and beautiful story. Mr. Froude's papers will also begin in November.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—Dr. Wells is an earnest worker for a higher hygienic condition. And among the many works he has published, none rank higher than the above named, the October number of which is before us. Disease and its treatment; How to clothe the babies; Two sides to a question, on the similarity between savage and civilized nation's dress; Ill health of Teachers; Employment of Women; Physiology in the Pulpit; How about Doctors (quoted elsewhere); Imagination in its effect on Health, these and kindred subjects fill 40 pages, which we wish every one would read, for the world would be truer and better if it followed the principles herein announced. $2.00 per annum. Samuel R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

ÆNEID.—From the office of the Winstead (Conn.) *Herald* comes a book of 22 pages, between the covers of which is a free and independent translation of the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's Æneid. It is a very amusing burlesque, and preserves the original story with considerable care. It will be enjoyed by the general reader, while the student of the old Mantuan Bard will laugh heartily at its anachronisms and absurdities. The illustrations, seven in number are from the pen of Thomas Worth, and they alone are worth the price asked for the whole. They contain as much of the burlesque as the book itself. Price 25 cents.

PETERSON'S.—As a herald of fashion comes Peterson's to our table. The October number is as full as usual, with numerous plates, diagrams and figure pieces, which speak with most miraculous power to the fair sex. The engravings (both the frontispiece and fashion plate) are finely designed and executed, and with the great amount of information and bright, entertaining stories, make the book much sought after. $2.00 per annum. C. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—Look at the brilliant names whose contributions fill the pages of the number for October, J. T. Trowbridge, Aunt Frances, Lucy Larcom, E. S. Phelps, Abby Morton Diaz, Willie Terry, Stephens, Clarke and Clerke. The publishers in this way are enabled to present the model work which has become a household word. Stories, sketches, poetry and puzzle department are all excellent. $2.00 per annum, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

AMERICAN HOMES. — This popular and pleasing magazine has arrived, and its stories are up to the reputation it has established for being a family magazine. Chas. H. Taylor is the publisher, Boston, and for $2.00 he will furnish any and all of you with "American Homes."

Billerica.

SOLDIER'S MONUMENT.—The monument is nearly completed, and will be dedicated Oct. 7. Col. E. H. Conwell will deliver the oration. The Chelmsford Cavalry will be present and the Dunstable Band. The Governor, Lieut. Gov. Talbot (who resides there) and other distinguished personages will be present. A dinner will be spread for the guests in a tent which will be pitched on the Common, and the occasion is looked forward to with great interest by the people of Billerica.

We understand that this monument is a gift to the town from Hon. Thos. Talbot.

Bedford.

—— John Jordan received another visit from State Constable John E. Tidd, this week Tuesday. A small quantity of the ardent was seized.

Winchester.

TRIAL.—Before Trial Justice Converse at Woburn, on Thursday, W. H. Hunnewell was tried for larceny of a lot of stiffenings from E. C. Huse. It appears that Huse is a shoe stock manufacturer in Whitney's Block, Winchester, and he has in his employ a young man named Chase. A few weeks ago Huse was absent in the country and left Chase in charge. Chase went to Hunnewell, who is in the same business on a lower floor, of the same building, and represented that he had bought a lot of refuse stiffenings from Huse, and he wanted Hunnewell to help him fit them for market and try and sell them for him. This was agreed to, and the stiffenings, about a barrel and a half, were taken down into Symmes's shop where Hunnewell worked and the next day, they rolled them and packed them up. There was no concealment about it, all the operations being witnessed. Hunnewell took samples of the stock and visited Stoneham and Wakefield, and made a trade with one Smith in the former town. Coming home, he reported to Chase, who hired a horse and started at noon the next day to deliver the goods. Hunnewell, returning from dinner, said he would like to go over, and bring back some stock from Moseley's and save expressing. Chase invited him to go. They went to Stoneham and Chase received $40 from Smith for the stiffenings. Chase paid Hunnewell $4, and drove around to Moseley's and helped him get some stock. On Huse's return he missed the stiffenings; Chase confessed that he had stolen them refunded the money, and swore that Hunnewell was the thief. Hunnewell was arrested and examined as above, and the judge decided that there was probable cause to believe him guilty, and so held him in $300. The judge's decision took every one by surprise, the attempt of a confessed thief to fasten the guilt of his crime on another, whose connection with the transaction was so open, and who profited by it only in a business way, was quite transparent to the casual observer. J. P. Converse, Esq. appeared for the government, and John T. Wilson, Esq. for the defendant.

NEW ENGINE HOUSE.—The Board of Engineers have been authorized to erect a new Engine house upon land adjoining the present one, which with the old one shall accommodate the engines, apparatus and the horses used by the Fire Department. Such a building has been needed ever since the steam fire engine has been used here, as only by having the horses on the spot with the engine ready to start at a moment's notice can we receive the full benefit of this method of extinguishing fires.

STRAY CATTLE.—Many of our townspeople complain and justly, too, that the owner of cattle do not take proper care of them, but allow them to roam at large where they can enter gardens and do a vast amount of mischief among the flower beds and surroundings of the houses. Our field drivers had better be on the look out and have these stray animals locked up in the pound, if their owners cannot take better care of them.

JURORS.—Robert Cowdry, Henry E. G. Andrews, James L. Smith and John R. Cobb have been drawn to serve upon a Sheriff's Jury in the action of David Dyer vs. the towns of Malden and Melrose for loss of mill privileges, caused by the diversion of the waters of Spot Pond to the uses of those towns.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.—Rev. H. M. Bixby, late missionary to Toungo, Burmah, will officiate at the Baptist Church to-morrow, all day.

Rev. John P Bland of Cambridgeport, will preach in the Unitarian pulpit to-morrow morning.

TURKEY SWAMP.—The contract for for building the dam at the proposed reservoir has been awarded to Charles Linehan of Cambridge, and he has commenced operations. Mr. Linehan built the railroad connecting the B. & L. R. R. with the Arlington Branch.

[Communication.]

There are some very handsome estates in this town, our town has made great advances in growth and style of buildings. Our streets are being improved, new ones laid out and a general improvement all around. We want more harmony of action between different sections. No jealousy should exist. Personal and selfish action should be no bar to wise and united advances in all the interests of our people. School houses should be located so as to divide the travel of all pupils. Sidewalks built to assist those who walk the most; churches to accommodate those who have not the means to be seated on velvet cushions; church singing, impressive and soul-elevating; ministers, social, devoted, earnest (and very able to be popular), with the same attention to the poor and lowly that the rich command. More charity should exist in different denominations, less of sectarianism and exclusive tests of religion; let the heart reach up as it longs for its own food. Let good and progressive libraries be opened to all; lectures by master minds at rates within the means of the poor and humble. A united and individual action to improve the character of our town, to make it attractive to visitors, to elevate its social, moral and intellectual condition. Then we can expect prosperity, satisfaction and a healthy and lasting growth.

Intemperance finds plenty of patrons in our town. The sale of beer and other stimulants is very lively here. Great blame rests somewhere; constant evidence is offered of a gross violation of law, by men who are seen staggering along our streets, disgracing humanity and annoying citizens as they receive their insults. Why do not our authorities put a stop to this evil? Why is it suffered in this professedly temperanc town? Execute the law, or repeal it, that it may no longer be a stumbling-block to the cause. VIETOR.

☞ Read our local news.

Arlington.

☞ Number of applicants for water up to Thursday, Sept. 18th, was 300.

LOSS.—The town lost its most valuable work horse this week, by disease.

Mr. A. F. Allen also lost a very fine horse.

☞ Friend Litchfield came very near furnishing us with an item this week. When grape jelly boils over, look out. Russia Salve is good for scalds.

☞ The nice walks which border and transect Russell Park are a great improvement. The officials hint that some shade trees shall take the place of the sticks which now disfigure the grounds.

TRUMPET.—At Pearson's apothecary store, may be seen an elegant silver fire trumpet (gold-lined), which will be given to the fire company polling the largest number of votes at the Catholic Fair to be held Thanksgiving week.

SHERIFF'S JURY.—The following gentlemen have been drawn as Jurors on a land damage case, caused by the towns of Malden, Melrose and Medford taking water from Spot Pond: M. A. Richardson, Jos. Butterfield, Lemuel Pitts, Wilson W. Eay, Wm. A. Clark,

FOILED.—Another party of burglars were frightened away from the barn of Mr. S. W. Hill, corner of the Avenue and Winter street this week, the family being aroused by the noise of the gang. They had entered the barn and had got a few things ready to remove.

THROWN OUT.—Edward Sweeney, local agent for the B. L. & N. Express, on leaving the grounds surrounding the house of Mr. Adolphus Davis, Mystic street, last Saturday, accidentally struck against the gate post. The wagon was broken, Sweeney was thrown out, the wheels passing over his chest. His head was badly scratched by being dragged along the ground.

NUISANCE.— Many of our farmers haul manure from Boston. Some of these live upon the Winchester road, and it is their practice to bring out larger loads than their horses are able to draw, over much of a hill. Therefore they throw off a part of their load on Bow street, between Farmer's corner and the railroad. These piles they leave for another time and frequently they remain a day or so before they are removed. Such things are disagreeable to the residents in the locality, and to the olfactories of passers-by. Will the Board of Health look after this?

SMASH-UPS.—One day last week, as two young gentlemen and a lady were driving up the Avenue, the bit broke as the horse was turning opposite Russell's hotel. This was sufficient to frighten the animal, and the result was that the phaeton was overturned, by which the occupants were thrown out and the body of the vehicle was detached from the running part. The latter portion the horse took with him into a field, smashing it against a tree, and then left for home in West Medford, arriving there in a very short time with only the fragments. The gentlemen were somewhat bruised and the lady frightened.

On Monday a lady named Bastine, drove to the horse car station with a friend. Upon leaving, the reins caught around the shaft, causing the horse to move backward suddenly and thus forced the carriage against a passing coal team. The carriage was crushed, but the occupants escaped without injury. The lady blamed the driver of the heavy team, but among all the spectators we cannot find one who agrees with her in this.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Carter. Sept. 12th, John Develin, drunk. John is an old visitor at this office, and not being very particular as to his condition when he calls, the judge got him a letter of introduction to Capt. Adams, where he will rest for 60 days. Sept. 13, Ann Lister, drunk. Anna is not a very youthful nymph—sixty years having left their wrinkles on her face. She claims to belong in Billerica, but she wandered from home last Friday, got drunk, slept in the lockup, and paid $1 and costs therefor the next morning.

PROF. BLISH.—We are happy to announce a reading by Prof. George W. Blish in the Town Hall, Arlington. He is one of the finest elocutionists on the platform; has a good voice and presence, and his power of facial expression is wonderful. He is very humorous, and those who wish to have a good laugh must go and hear him. In pathetic passages he also excels. We are authorized to state that if the public endorse this entertainment, others will be given.

Lexington.

☞ We notice that in the organization of the English High School Battalion, Boston, O. M. Chandler, was chosen Major.

RUN OVER.—The last train from Boston, Thursday the 11th, inst., ran over an unknown man near Willow avenue, killing him instantly.

BAND STAND.—Each village has now a band stand. The one at East Lexington is opposite the brick store. The band has been there and christened it.

DEPOT.—Under the hands of the workmen the depot is fast assuming an improved appearance. The internal arrangement cannot but suit every one, and when the outside is complete in its new dress of clapboard and paint, few depots will surpasss it.

NEW PASTOR.—Since Mr. Gannett left, the society at East Lexington has been without a settled pastor. Various gentlemen have occupied the pulpit, and their relative merits have been the theme of much discussion. The result of this has been the extension of a call by the society to Rev. Edward Elder, formerly of the Unitarian society, Houlton, Maine. His first sermon in the new field was given last Sabbath, and was an earnest and impressive discourse. Rev. Mr. Elder has done a good work in Houlton, building up a flourishing society there.

☞ We were in hopes that ere this the Grand Army Post would have made some announcement, in regard to a series of entertainments during the coming winter. They made their first appearance last season with so much *eclat*, and their efforts were attended with so much success that it would only be necessary to say to the public "come," and they would

meet with a hearty response. Gentlemen of the Post, let us hear from you, with a few lectures, a concert or two, and one or more dramatics.

DOGS—CHAPTER 2.—And now it appears that our friend who forwarded the canine freight for interment, visited town since that act and calling upon the undertaker after he had retired for the night, requested that he would accompany him to the cemetery, as he wanted some alterations in the lot. This was only an excuse however, for when the party reached the cemetery, they found the wife of the owner of the lot, and it was then proved that the dogs were sent here during her absence, and she would not believe her husband had done this thing until the undertaker should vouch for it, and her husband had left her while he went to get that official. The dogs were much loved by a member of the gentleman's family, and it was a dying request that he complied with. Dying requests are hard things to refuse, but we think refusal would have been proper under the circumstances. Granted that the mind of one person was made happier, but what will you do with the many others whose feelings are shocked at the sacrilegious act. The believers in a Darwinian theory may be buried beside their fellow animals if they like, but to the most of us the idea is repugnant. There is an old-time sacredness that clusters about these "silent cities," which the whims of eccentricity should not invade.

☞ Jay Cooke & Co., the great bankers, have suspended, and with this firm falls several other banking establishments. Northern Pacific stock swamped them.

☞ Rumor gives Judge Devens the vacant seat on the supreme bench.

Married

In Charlestown, Sept. 9th, by Rev. W. J. J. Dennard, Mr. Albert Gleason of Woburn, and Miss Mary A. Denahy of Charlestown.

In Arlington, Sept. 17th, by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cutter, Mr. John E. Devlin, Jr., of New York, to Miss Mary E., daughter of Adolphus Davis, Esq.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Sept. 9th, Margaret Connors, aged 26 years, 1 month, 2 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 13th, Thomas J., son of John and Mary A. Martin, aged 3 years, 4 months, 17 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 14th, John J., son of John and Catherine Mullane, aged 3 months, 27 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 16th, Joseph, son of Thomas Grantfield, aged 3 years, 10 months, 16 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 11th, Margaret Keating, aged 33 years.

In Woburn, Sept. 16th, John Kemmick, aged 66 years, 7 months.

In Augusta, Me., Sept. 12th, Sarah Cornelia, wife of Samuel G. Sewall, aged 51 years, 4 months.

TEA

Everybody knows, or ought to know that the strength and delicious flavor of Tea is seriously injured by exposure to the air. The essential oil and delicate aroma of

COFFEE

Is still more volatile and a single day's exposure causes it to become flat, stale and "good for nothing." As these goods are usually kept for sale in loosely covered chests or caddies, such exposure is unavoidable. This, in part, accounts for the poor quality of teas and coffees sold by retail dealers.

To overcome this difficulty the

Oriental Tea Co.,

Of Boston have adopted a method of packing the choicest high grades of finest Teas DIRECT FROM FRESHLY OPENED CHESTS, and their celebrated strictly pure Coffees, while still warm from their own mills, in TIN CANS and immediately sealing them up AIR TIGHT. Every one who buys these goods will find their Teas as strong, fresh and nice as if taken from a new chest just opened; and their Coffees as rich and full-flavored as when first roasted and ground.

In addition to the great advantages of the Oriental style of packing, THE PRICES OF THEIR GOODS are only about one half what is usually charged for THE SAME QUALITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to accommodate customers in this vicinity we have arranged with

JOSEPH SYKES,

AT

262 Main Street, Woburn.

To act as our agent. He will keep on hand a full assortment of our unequalled Teas and Coffees, and sell them at our lowest Boston prices.

Try them, and if they do not give satisfaction, bring them back and have your 206

MONEY REFUNDED.

ORIENTAL TEA CO.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his Sermon of April 12th, speaks of

The Parlor Kaleidoscope,

The most superbly beautiful and useful ornament for the household ever produced. It is an unfading source of entertainment and instruction in every household where it is introduced; its beauties are inexhaustible; the combinations are never repeated.

Read the Notices of the Press.

We copy the following letter from Mrs. Beecher:

"BROOKLYN, May 8, 1873.

C. G. Bush & Co.—Mr. Beecher desires me to inform you that he referred to your Kaleidoscope in his sermon, to which you refer. Yours respectfully, MRS. H. W. BEECHER."

THE PARLOR KALEIDOSCOPE.—C. G. Bush & Co., have brought this very pretty article to great perfection, and by its ingenious mounting and sealed liquids of brilliant colors, the combination far surpass any we have ever seen. If any on thinks there is nothing new under the sun, we a vise them to take a peep through the parlor kaleidoscope, and realize the fact that there is *something* new and novel at every turn.—*Boston Journal.*

[Extract from Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon.]

Antiquity not a Sure Authority.

In turning the kaleidoscope probably five hundred times, and causing thousands of combinations, I have never seen two combinations in it that were alike. The combinations are *never repeated*, are *never reproduced*. I do not know as they would be if I were to turn the kaleidoscope five hundred ears. There is always some difference in the combinations which they form, and which report themselves to the eye.

"To the designer it offers patterns that his skill could never devise."—*Christian Union.*

Elegantly mounted on walnut stand, furnished with Revolving Object-Box and sealed liquids of brilliant colors. **Price $3.50.**

The Parlor Kaleidoscope can be seen at GEO. S. DODGE'S Drug Store.

JAMES MOONEY, Agent.

Also Agent for

"BOSTON BY DAYLIGHT & GASLIGHT. Price $3.00.

"TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA." 200

Orders left with GEO. S. DODGE, will receive prompt attention.

GRAND Concerts.

A series of four concerts will be given at the

UNITARIAN CHURCH,

WOBURN,

BY

CHARLES H. MORSE,

ORGANIST OF THE SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY EVEN'G, Oct. 22d.
" " Nov. 26th.
" " Dec. 24th.
" " Jan. 21, '74.

The following talent will assist.

ORGANISTS,

GEORGE E. WHITING,
The celebrated Cathedral organist, of Boston.

DUDLEY BUCK,
The distinguished organist of the Music Hal Association, Boston.

S. B. WHITNEY,
Organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

HENRY M. DUNHAM

AND

ALLEN W. SWAN,
Organ graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music.

VOCALISTS.

The favorite Sopranos.

Mrs. J. M. Osgood, of Boston.
Miss Mary D. Wyman, of Woburn.
Miss Sallie M. Clough, of Woburn.
Mary G. Clapp, Contralto, Boston.

Mr. E. Prescott, Tenor, Boston.
Mr. T. Robie, Tenor, Woburn.
Mr. C. E. Hay, Basso, Boston.
A. H. McKenney, Basso, Boston.

And a splendid Male Quartette, from Boston.

Season Tickets, $1.00.
Evening Admission, 35 Cts.

Tickets for sale in Woburn Centre, by Sparrow Horton, and Fosdick & Buss, at North Woburn, by E. J. Jenks, and C. F. Mansfield. In Winchester, by George P. Brown. 207

Concerts commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

The Piano used at these Concerts will be kindly furnished by Mr. O. Green, Railroad St., Woburn.

Middlesex Agricultural Society.

SEVENTY-NINTH

ANNUAL CATTLE SHOW,

—AT—

CONCORD, MASS.,

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,

SEPT. 23d and 24th, 1873.

ORDER OF ARRANGEMENTS.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, SEPT. 23D.

At 11 o'clock a. m., precisely, a meeting of Committees in the Upper Hall, to receive their Entry Books; immediately after which they will examine all the animals and articles.

At 11.15, Trial of Working Oxen and Farm Horses.

At 11.30, Trial of Horses on the Track, as follows: 1st, Breeding Mares; 2d, Colts; 3d, Family and Matched Horses; 4th, Roadsters.

At 12 M., Subscription Purse of $100, For Gentlemen's Driving Horses. Owners to drive to road wagon. $60 to first, $25 to second, $15 to third. Best two in three to harness. No distance except for foul driving. Open to all horses owned in Middlesex County.

At 1 P. M., Ehxibition of Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, Needle Work, Agricultural Implements, &c., in the Hall.

At 1.30, Plowing Match on the Society's grounds.

At 2.30, Annual Meeting of the Society in the Upper Hall, for the choice of Officers.

At 3.30, Subscription Purse of $200. For horses that have never beaten 2.42. $160 to first, $60 to second, $20 to third. Best three in five to harness. Open to all horses owned in Middlesex County.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24th.

At 9.30 A. M., Trial of Stallions on the Track.

At 11 A. M., Subscription Purse of $150. For Gentlemen's driving horses that have never beaten 3 minutes. Owners to drive to road wagon. $75 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third. Best two in three to harness. No distance except for foul driving.

At 12 M., Subscription Purse of $175. For horses that have never beaten 2,50. $100 to first, $50 to second, $25 to third. Best three in five to harness. Open to all horses owned in Middlesex County.

At 1, P. M., Annual Dinner of the Society in the Upper Hall. After which, speeches from prominent gentlemen, and music by the Band.

At 3.30. Subscription Purse of $250. For horses that have never beaten 2.38. $150 to first, $75 to second $25 to third. Best 3 in 5 to harness. Open to all horses owned in Massachusetts.

Conditions of the Races.

The above races will be conducted under the rules of the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the promotion of the interests of the American Trotting Turf, except as otherwise specified. Entries must be made in writing and sealed, and and accompanied with entrance fee, 10 per cent, of purse, addressed to John B. Moore, Superintendent of Middlesex Agricultural Society, Concord, Mass.

Concord Mass., Aug. 27, 1872.

JOHN CUMMINGS, President.
JOHN B. MOORE, Secretary.
THOMAS J. PEIRCE, Chief Marshal.

FOR SALE AT TOWN HALL.

A lot of nice second furniture for sale very low,

AT TOWN HALL,

WOBURN.

Consisting in part of the following articles viz.

2 doz. Chairs various kinds.
3 Nice looking Glasses.
1 8 ft. Extension Table.
Lot of Comforters, Blankets and Mattrasses.
3 Bureaus. 1 Nice Library Table.
4 Kitchen Tables.
5 Feather Beds, Pillows, Bolsters &c.
Lot of Straw Matting.
Also one nice Cabinet Bed, suitable for parlor use; former price $35.00; will be sold cheap, call early.

G. W. POLLOCK.

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at MRS. FOX'S, Lexington Street, or address Box 121, P. O. 197

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 203

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street. Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCES.—Rev. W. S. Barnes, and Mr. C. H. Morse.

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co., Russell Street, Woburn. 204

Town Warrant.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Middlesex, ss.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County,

GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in Town affairs, to meet at Lyceum Hall, in said Woburn, on Monday the twenty-second day of September inst. at 3½ o'clock P. M., to act on the following articles viz.;

ART. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting,

ART. 2. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out as a public Town way, the extention of Poole street to Winter street, as petitioned for by Stephen Nichols, and others.

ART. 3. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out Sheridan street as a public Town way.

ART. 4. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out as a public Town way, a street leading from Pleasant street, to Rag Rock Avenue.

ART. 5. To see if the Town will instruct their Selectmen to cause seats to be placed on the Common, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 6. To see if the Town will authorize the School Committee to purchase all books for scholars in the public schools, at the expense of the town, under such rules and regulations as the Committee may deem just and proper, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 7. To see if the Town will approve the Rules and Regulations governing the Fire Department, as submitted by the Engineers, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 8. To see if the Town will make a special appropriation for the purpose of grading streets where water pipes are laid, or do anything in relation to the same,

ART. 9. To see if the Town will authorize their Water Commissioners to extend the water pipes on Salem, Bedford, Canal, and several other streets, as petitioned for by different citizens of the town, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 10. To see if the Town will instruct their Selectmen to petition the next Legislature for authority to issue additional water scrip, or do anything in relation to the same.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by causing a copy of the same to be posted up in each of the public meeting houses in town, seven days ta least before the time of holding said meeting.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands and the seal of the Town affixed this Thirteenth day of September, A. D. 1873.

E. W. HUDSON,
E. E. THOMPSON,
LINCOLN EMERSON, } *Selectmen of Woburn.*

A true copy. Attest:
JOHN W. DAY, *Constable of Woburn.*

Administratrix's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court for Middlesex County, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the 7th day of Oct. 1873,

at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Rufus Pickering, No. 2 Wade Block, Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right, title, and interest, which Patrick Bishop, late of said Woburn, deceased, had at the time of his decease in and to the following described real estate, viz:—

A lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing about 15,323 square feet, bounded and described thus, to wit:—Beginning at the corner of the main street and a private street running easterly therefrom to Washington street, near the house of Wm. Richardson; thence running easterly on said private street 123 feet to a stake; thence southerly parallel with said main street 131 feet to a stake; thence westerly about 124 feet to a stake at said main street; thence northerly by said main street 117 feet to the place of beginning: being part of the lots, Nos. 36 and 37, on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company's grounds, dated August 1, 1850, made by A. L. Richardson, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 2, page 29.

Also three acres in said Woburn, the same being the easterly and undivided part, nearest the B. & L. R. R., of the following described lot, to wit:—

A lot of land called Cedar Swamp, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto, bounded and described as follows: Easterly by land of the B. & L. R. R.; southerly by land now or late of Putnam Emerson; west by land formerly of W. Wood and Sewell Flagg; northerly by land formerly of Bartholomew Richardson; said entire lot contains six acres and forty-three poles.

Also another lot of land in said Woburn, being Lot No. 69 on said Plan, and bounded southerly by a street about 80 feet; westerly on Lot No. 70 about 175 feet; northerly on lot No. 78 about 80 feet; and easterly on lot No. 68 about 175 feet, containing about 14,000 feet, more or less. Said lot 69 is subject to conditions in deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated August 18, 1866, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 985, Fol. 599.

Also two lots of land in said Woburn, being lots Nos. 70 and 71, on said plan, bounded as follows, to wit:—

Northerly by lots No. 76 and 77 one hundred and sixty feet; easterly by lot No. 69 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street one hundred and sixty feet; and westerly by lot No. 72 one hundred and seventy-five feet; containing twenty-eight thousand feet, more or less.

Also lot No. 72 on said Plan; said lot 72 is bounded as follows, viz:—

Northerly by lot No. 75 eighty feet; easterly by lot No. 71 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street eighty feet; and westerly by lot No. 73 one hundred and seventy-five feet; and is subject to the conditions named in a deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated April 20, 1868, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 1,114, Fol. 126.

MARY BISHOP, Administratrix.
R. PICKERING, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Sept. 11th, 1873.

CARPETINGS,

CURTAINS,

AND

Paper Hangings!

We offer for the consideration of our customers our

Fall Importations.

We have received per Siberia, Olympic, Hecla, and other recent arrivals, a large line of

CARPETINGS

from Crossley, Templeton, Henderson, and other well known makers, in new and elegant designs.

Upholstery Goods, Lace Curtains,

AND

WINDOW SHADES,

From the best Manufacturers in the World.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Paper Hangings and Decorations

to match the above in color and design. We call especial attention to our stock of *Fr. Beck's Washable Tints*, with Fresco Trimmings, which is the largest in the city.

While we have exercised great care in placing our foreign orders, we have not neglected our domestic manufacture, and have in store a splendid assortment of fine, medium and low priced American goods, all of which is placed upon the market exclusively at retail, at prices as low as the lowest.

CHILDS, CROSBY & LANE,

116 Tremont St., Boston.

(Nearly opposite Park Street Church.) 202

1873. 1874.

LECTURES

AT THE

BAPTIST CHURCH.

WINCHESTER.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Young People of the Baptist Society.

Tickets for the Course,	$2.00
With Reserved Seat,	2.50
Tickets for Gough's Night,	1.00
With Reserved Seat,	1.50
Admission Other Evenings,	50

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.
Lecture to commence at 7 3-4 o'clock. P. M.

Tickets for sale at the Post Office Winchester.

AND BY

FOSDICK & BUSS WOBURN.

Trains from Woburn at 6.25. Returning at close of Lecture.

LECTURES,

Oct. 6. John B. Gough,
Subject.—"Now and Then."

Oct. 17. Rev. W. H. H. Murray,
Subject.—"Civilized Heathen."

Nov. 3. Rev. Edward E. Hale,
Subject.—"In his name."

Nov. 17. Hon. William Parsons,
Subject.—"Richard Brinsley Sheridan."

Dec. 1. Mrs. M. A. Livermore,
Subject.—"The Battle for Money."

Dec. 17. Prof. J. W. Churchill,
Subject.—"Readings."

Dec. 29. Oliver Optic. (W. T. Adams.)
Subject.—"Family Jars, or the Troubles of the Twelfth Parish.

Jan. 12. Rev. Elias Nason,
Subject.—"Greenbacks."

DODGE'S

Piano Forte

ROOM,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,

WOBURN.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs,

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

First-class Pianos,

Piano Stools,

Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new pianos.
PIANOS To let.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS Bought and sold.
PIANOS Of every variety to suit all customers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices
PIANOS Furnished for less and lower for cash than any other dealer.
DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 199

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Two first-class houses on the corner of Court Street and Church Avenue, containing nine large rooms each and to be finished within one year. Also, a house near by to be finished over the 1st of October. 188 JOHN CLOUGH.

PARTIES

Having Houses for sale or to let will please call upon E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent, 194 Main St., Woburn.

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 167

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,
19 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 183
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The firm of H. Bulfinch & Son is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

HENRY BULFINCH.
HENRY F. BULFINCH.

Woburn, Sept. 1st, 1873.

NOTICE.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past, the undersigned would respectfully inform his customers and friends that he can be found at the old stand 222 Main street, where he will be happy to serve them in the future as in the past, with meats, vegetables, &c.

176 HENRY F. BULFINCH.

TEA

Was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India Co., about the year 1500. Tea, Coffee and Chocolate are first mentioned in English Law-Books in 1660.

DON'T BUY

Your TEAS put up in cans, but go to

SMITH'S

and get the BEST, and SEE what you are buying.

COFFEE

put up in CANS loses its strength and aroma. We grind it fresh and have it roasted twice a week. We sell CHEAPER than parties who take BOSTON agencies, as we pay no commission of 25 per cent to agents for selling. We buy only of importers, and we CAN and WILL sell at lower prices than can be found elsewhere. 165

Make no mistake, but go to

H. F. SMITH'S

Woburn Tea Store,

190 Main St., Woburn.

House Lots For Sale.

Twenty eligible Lots for Sale on the South side Horn Pond Mountain. Fine views and splendid situation. Terms easy. Inquire of S. M. Allen, 28 State Street, Boston, or Lewis W. Erskine, on the premises, 196

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

REMOVAL.

We have just opened an

Entirely Fresh Stock

—OF—

CARPETINGS

At our New Store,

178 & 179

TREMONT STREET

Near Boylston Street,

which includes a large assortment of

Axminster, Wilton,

BRUSSELS,

Tapestry and Ingrain

CARPETS.

ALSO

Oil Cloths, Mattings, Bockings, Rugs, Mats, etc,

J. LOVEJOY & SONS,

(Formerly of Summer St.) BOSTON.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c.

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

WARREN CUTLER,

JOB WAGON.

Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.

TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

☞Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 125

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet. Also, a lot of doors, blinds, desks and drawers. Inquire of

169 JOSEPH KELLEY.

MRS. LAMB,

Would announce to the LADIES of Woburn that she is prepared to do

DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING,

in the most fashionable style at her residence, No. 12 Salem street. Satisfaction guaranteed. 135

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,

Bill Poster & Distributor,

Office, 150 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 118

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches and Jewelry,

No. 187 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, - MASS.

At the Old Stand.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that they are now prepared to Kill and Dress Hogs with the most neatness and dispatch.

60 HANCOCK & BULLARD, New Boston street, near Main street.

JAMES LITTLE,

FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.

ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS

Furnished at the lowest cash price. Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery. All orders promptly attended to.

242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

A Band in Every Village.

It is, or is soon to be, and the new and modern noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. See that you be in haste to buy the best, and if you wish to purchase the finest

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

or any other Band Instruments, which are

Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral instruments, and all instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise, can be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 Court St., Boston.

(Op. the Court House.) 123

HOUSE FOR SALE.

A new house, never occupied, containing 14 rooms. For sale by D. F. EAGER. 177

THE VERY

Cheapest

Lines of first-class BOYS' CLOTHING of all grades and sizes, in the best manner can be seen at RICHARDS' "OLD CORNER,"

24 and 25 Dock Square.

Boys' Blue Sailor Suits,	$5
Boys' Nice Chevoit Suits,	$7
Boys' do. (9 to 14 yrs. old.)	$9
Boys' do. do.	$10 to $15
Boys' Vacation Suits,	$6
Boys' School Suits,	$6 to $10
Boys' Grecian Linen Suits,	$3.50

Boys', Youths', Children's suits, all sizes. Also, Boys' New York White Vests of every lowest price, including

G. H. Richards,

24 & 25 Dock Square, BOSTON.

BUY THE

BOSTON

DAILY

GLOBE,

THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

New Church Music Book.

THE STANDARD. Price $1.50, is a very superior **Collection of Church Music,** for *Choirs, Conventions,* and *Singing Classes.* Compiled by L. O. EMERSON and H. R. PALMER, men of the highest reputation as conductors and composers. Sells largely. Already a great success.

Sabbath School Music.

THE RIVER OF LIFE. $30 per hundred, is a Sabbath School Song Book of extraordinary merit. 40 composers contribute Hymns and Music alike new, original and beautiful. Specimen copies mailed for 30 cents.

CHEERFUL VOICES, Price 50 cents. By L. O. EMERSON. A SCHOOL SONG BOOK is the one to introduce in Common School the present season.

All books mailed, post-paid, for retail prices.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 166
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of J. C. WHITCHER.

FRANK FLINT,

Manufacturer of

SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIE.

Special attention given to the manufacture of

FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS

258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS and ORGANS

from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired

WOBURN MUSIC STORE,

No. 6 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS.

O. GREEN.

STILL'S

ICE CREAM

—AND—

DINING SALOON,

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

Confectionery

of the purest and best varieties.

Catering for Parties, &c., as usual.

Parties and Families supplied with

Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c.,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

103 O. R. STILL.

☞ Remember the place! New Store!

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

FOR SALE!

A house with 8 rooms, one unfinished, with 20,000 feet of land or 10,000 if no more is desired. For sale at a low cash price. 175

C. H. BLAISDELL, on Chestnut Street, Woburn.

Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the usual complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices. 57

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT

J. W. HAMMOND'S. 61

MISS ALICE FLETCHER,

OF WINCHESTER,

WOULD LIKE

A CLASS OF MUSIC,

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE. 173

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

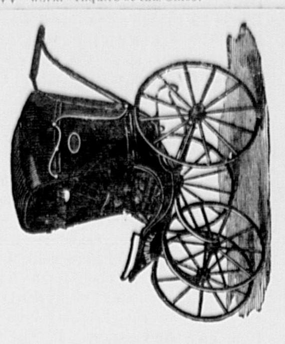
Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

Low Rate Advertisements.

WANTED.—A Nova Scotia Girl, to do housework. Inquire at this Office.



Perambulators,

FOR

Children & Dolls.

MATS AND AFGHANS.

Carts, Wagons and Wheelbarrows.

Croquet,

And Other Games,

AT

HORTON'S

BOOKSTORE,

SPECIAL.

Notice is hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of William H. Leach, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate, represented insolvent; and six months from the tenth day of June 1873, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and they will attend to that service at the office of the W. A. & M. Association in said Woburn, on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, Nov. 4th, Dec. 9th, from 2 to 5 o'clock P. M.

JOHN JOHNSON,
LEMUEL G. RICHARDSON, } *Commissioners.*
Woburn, Sept. 13th, 1873. 194

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

THE

GREATEST SACRIFICE

ON 172

Pure Human Hair

Ever offered to the Public,

AT THE

Fashionable Hair Emporium,

307 Washington Street

On the Corner of TEMPLE PLACE,

AND AT

No. 34 Winter Street

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Our 2d annual Closing-out Sale.

The Largest stock of the best manufactured goods in the country, and all adapted to the present Fall Fashion.

$64.000 Worth of

PURE HUMAN HAIR,

CONSISTING OF

7434 Switches.
1850 do Gray and White mixed.
1992 Chatelaine Bands.
144 do do Gray mixed.
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336 do do Gray mixed.
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ALL IN EVERY VARIETY OF SHADES AND SIZES.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

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MR. FINNEGAN'S WEDDING.

The district attorney of Murderer's Bar stood up to his knees in the Yuba. But as his rubber boots came up to his hips, there was no danger of his getting wet, as he had made the muddy river muddier by his unceasing labor at the rocker.

Distance lent beauty and picturesquness to the district attorney. A nearer view disclosed several details that were not creditable to the guardian of the legal honer of Murderer's Bar. His red shirt, that at a hundred feet off would have set an artist to sketching incontinently, at ten would have made a laundryman groan. At photograph distance, his mother would have wept, for though the district attorney had only been away from Yale two years, and in California one, his nose had acquired a color, that like the hue of a choice meerschaum, it could only have gained by steady effort. If the parson of his native town could have been concealed on the bank of the Yuba, he would have changed his opinion of the district attorney's natural piety, for although the young man was of excellent family, he took a clay pipe from between his teeth and swore ably at the poor results of an hour's hard washing lying in the bottom of the rocker. Then he looked up at the sun and transferred his profanity to that body, as he took off his slouched hat and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. As the district attorney stood scratching his matted head, a bravely arrayed figure, bestriding a gaily caparisoned mule, trotted down the bank and cried out—

"I say, sur, are ye the boss lahyer of the bar?"

"I am," said the district attorney, putting on his hat.

"Are ye on the marry?" the stranger asked pleasantly, as he got off the mule and took a seat on a rock by the water's edge.

"Eh?"

"Is marrying in yer line?"

"I don't catch your meaning," said the district attorney, anxiously.

"I mean have ye iver done any marryin' yerself?" explained the stranger, leisurely cutting a pipeful from a plug of tobacco.

"Well, no," said the district attorney. "Why?"

"Bekase I'd like ye to splice myself an' Mary Brady over at the Flat the night.—Mary, ye know, the daughter of Ould Brady, what keeps the deadfall—kin ye do it?"

"Oh, certainly," said the district attorney, without any hesitation.

"Well, come on, thin—there's a horse fur ye at the cabin beyant."

Brown, who is a distinguished lawyer now with no bad habits, had his doubts about it. He had never heard of a district attorney marrying people before. but he remorsefully reflected that his profession had not been profound. Anyway it was reasonable to suppose that law, like morals and religion, might relax a little in the California atmosphere on this occasion. And so Brown has said, "I made up my mind to risk it, and go with Mr. Flannegan over to the Flat. And besides, I have always prided myself on having a good memory, so I had no doubt, after my pious bringing up, that I could remember the marriage service perfectly."

The wedding was to be celebrated at the Cosmopolitan saloon,—Mr. Finnegan had been irreverent in calling it a deadfall—and the district attorney found a large and tipsy company making a tremendous noise, and pledging the expectant bride in raw rum, pending the arrival of the bridegroom and himself. The company was larger than select. The whole male population of the Flat, had come out as a matter of course, despising the formality of waiting for invitations. There were only three ladies—the bride and her mother, and Mrs. General Hardinage, who was stopping a few weeks at the Flat with a view to investment. Mr. Brady having gotten money and lands, by means of the Cosmopolitan, took an interest in the General, and his beautifully dressed lady got an invitation. There were several other ladies at the Flat, but I regret to say they were not such as could be invited to a wedding.

It was a very lively assemblage indeed. Old Brady himself could hardly keep his feet and refused to charge for his rum—something that is handed down in the Flat to this day—for when Mr. Brady was sober or even ordinarily drunk, he was a great skinflint. The boys were sitting round the tables playing cards or standing at the bar in knots. Everybody was speaking at once, and everybody was anxious to drink his glass with everybody else in honor of the bride. The healthy young lass sat between her mother and the general's lady, who were perfect batteries of sorrowing sympathy. Poor Miss Brady was as red as a piece of cinnabar, with the excitement and the attention, and occasional bashful sips of watered rum, a dozen tumblers of which beverage were constantly presented by gallant hands. General Hardinage, the only man present who wore a white shirt, and his was very large and white indeed, kept near the blushing Miss Brady and roused the envy of every Flatter present, by his manners and handsome person.

"Gintlemin, come to orther," cried Mr. Brady, thickly, knocking a glass on the counter in a shambling way; "the lahyer's come."

A deep silence came upon the bar-room of the Cosmopolitan, as this important truth was given forth. And a great many jaws dropped, and a great many pairs of arms became burdens to their owners, as the district attorney, gravely followed Mr. Finnegan, who, looking neither to the right nor the left, stalked solemnly to the side of the bride. Everybody felt oppressed and uncomfortable, somewhat as one would on being presented at court if ignorant of etiquette. General Hardinage, in his slight embarrassment, smilingly lifted a pack of cards and shuffled them mechanically. One-eyed Jim, the gambler, took advantage of the occasion to slip an ace up his sleeve, and winked at General Hardinage, when he saw that gentleman observing him.

"Hould on," murmured Mr. Brady, swaying behind the bar, "Mr. Lahyer, have a sup before the work."

"Thank you," said the district attorney, glad of an excuse for delay, for he found with alarm that his memory was not near so strong on the church service as he had thought. But he knew it wouldn't do at all to look embarrassed, so he drank gracefully to the bride, and taking on a grave frown, he buttoned his shirt at the neck, and turned to the gaping assemblage.

"The friends will please gather in a circle."

While this was being done on tip-toe, the district attorney scowled impressively.

"The gentleman and lady about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please to stand up— the gentleman on the right, the lady on the left—so. We will begin at your convenience, madam."

This was addressed to the maternal Brady, who, as if to add to the agony of the purple bridegroom's position, had thrown her arms around her daughter's neck and set up a howl. The general's lady came to the rescue, and drew off the fond mother in the midst of her lamentations, and soon the fearfully constrained silence was restored.

"Dearly beloved brethren, (hem!)" began the district attorney in a sepulchral tone, "dearly beloved brethren," he paused again to blow his nose and scowl at the Flatters who looked guilty—"Dearly beloved brethren, we are gathered here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company to—to—to in fact, to marry Mr. Finnegan and Miss Brady."

The district attorney cleared his throat and seemed to challenge contradiction. "This is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men." Here the attorney looked solemnly around again One or two of the Flatters nodded assent and Lanky Tom went so far as to murmur, "You bet yer." "And therefore," continued Brown, "it is not to be entered into lightly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly, advisedly and in the fear of God, the laws of California, and—" The district attoney being in the mess again, had recourse to his pocket handkerchief. The Flatters improved the opportunity to relieve themselves by changing their position and sighing. Mr. Finnegan also drew out a colored handkerchief to mop his brow, and the bride accepted a sip from the tumbler offered by the gallant general. Old Brady still smiled stupidly behind the bar, and nodded approvingly.

"As I have said," resumed the attorney, desperatley, "it should not be entered into lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and—and—and in short, Miss Brady, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

Miss Brady, after an anxious glance at the general's lady, murmured that she would.

"And you, Mr. Finnegan, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"Ay," said Mr. Finnegan, stoutly.

Again the district attorney was hopelessly stuck. He scowled and pulled out his handkerchief once more.

"And so you both say you will, do you?" Brown asked this question as if clinching some damaging admission of a witness.

"Yis, sur," said Mr. Finnegan, with the air of standing by his colors at all hazards.

"You do?"

"Yis, we do." Mr. Finnegan was becoming nettled. There was no time to lose.

"Then hold up your hands. You, Michael Finnegan, and you, Mary Brady, do both solemnly swear that you tell the truth, nothing but the truth, and the truth only, so help you God?"

"Yis," gasped Mr. Finnegan.

"Then according to the laws of California and the United States, I pronounce you man and wife. And," added the district attorney, with his eyes rolled up—"what God hath joined let no man put asunder—amen!"

No calm or decorous pen can describe the extravagances of congratulation that followed this impressive ceremony. Mr. Brady, half an hour afterwards, was carried up stairs, and forty minutes later the bridegroom was also borne to his chamber insensible. After these to be expected preliminaries, the company settled down to solid enjoyment. In three hours after the retirement of the bride every table was a roof to at least one sleeping Flatter. By midnight only a party of four had not succumbed. Their enjoyment was poker. General Hardinage had one-eyed Jim for a *vis a-vis*, and the district attorney sat opposite Lanky Tom. They were playing with that self-possessed excitement and quick-eyed eagerness, belonging to old poker devotees.

"Bet an ounce," said the general, in the professional low tone, and reaching over to snuff the candle.

"I'm out," said the attorney, so softly as scarcely to be heard above the snores and gasps of the sleepers who covered the floor.

"So'm I," said Lanky Tom, giving a sharp little kick to a gentleman on whom he was warming his feet, for moving.

"See your ounce and raise you two," said one-eyed Jim.

"Five better," quoth the general.

"See it—call."

"Four kings."

"You stole 'em," said one-eyed Jim, drawing his revolver, and putting his hand on the pile of gold.

"You lie," said the general, and shot him through the head.

It was done before poor one-eyed Jim could raise his pistol, as the general would in all probability have been killed himself, but for his promptness, nobody can blame him. Whether or not he stole the kings, is another and irrelevant question.

This was the view taken of it by the Flat next morning, and as a public manifestation of confidence in the purity of the general's motives, every Flatter felt it a duty to ask the general to drink. And then, poor one-eyed Jim had not been a favorite at the Flat. His profession having been poker, many of the Flatters recalled sundry losses, and had their private belief in an overruling Providence strengthened.

But there was nothing mean about the Flat. It cheerfully voted a holiday to bury one-eyed Jim. The district attorney was again pressed into the service as master of ceremonies. A party was detailed to dig the grave in an old claim that had once been the property of the deceased.

One-eyed Jim, in life, had a habit of cursing his possession as the means of driving him to poker, for he had never seen any color in it after months of patient working. Another party knocked up a rough coffin for the body, and then, after a solemn drink all round, the funeral cortege left the Cosmopolitan—the coffin on a round bier, and General Hardinage following as chief mourner—for the general feelingly declared that no one more than himself regretted the gentleman's misfortune.

The district attorney began to think he had mistaken his profession. Previous to the funeral, and while drinking at the bar with the general, he had confided to the gentleman that the ministry might have been a more congenial field. He also made a secret resolve to brush up on the sacraments. We may write it to the credit of the district attorney that he made no pretence of following the burial service over the body of poor one-eyed Jim. He spoke movingly of the increased uncertainty of life, and the many accidents incident peculiarly to this new western civilization.

"The gentleman who has been the unwilling cause of this unfortunate fellow-citizen's decease," said the district attorney, looking solemnly around among the solemn crowd, and indicating the general who stood at the head of the grave, hat in hand, with a woe-begone expression, "must, while regretting the necessity, thank God that no lower law than that universal one of self-preservation has—"

At this instant, to the astonishment of everyone, the general threw up his hat with a shout of joy and jumped into the grave. In a second he stood up with his head just above the surface, and called aloud to the amazed crowd, as he exhibited a half ounce nugget: "Gentlemen, I give notice that I take up this claim for sixty yards, two hundred feet each side, with all its dips, spurs, etc., according to the laws of the mining district of Brandy Flat."

The body of one-eyed Jim was not buried that day, nor the next, nor the next, for all Brandy Flat was wild with tearing up the ground of the new diggings and taking out the chunks of gold that have made the Flat famous. The disagreeable duty was done at night, by the district attorney and Mr. Finnegan, in ground that they made sure was not auriferous.

"That marriage of Mr. Finnegan's was a lucky speculation for me," says Mr. Brown, when talking of '49, "for besides getting seven hundred dollars from the bridegroom for my services, I had a quarrel with the rascally general; he was not so quick with me as he had been with poor Jim, so I had the satisfaction of burying him beside that poor fellow two days after, and then I jumped his claim and made my fortune.

THE HISTORY OF A SMUGGLED DIAMOND.—The most noted diamond ever smuggled into New York, was one seized from a German lapidary some years ago. The stone was of an immense size, and originally belonged to an impoverished German prince. It is now worn by a well known belle in New York society. This diamond has a history:

A rich Boston lady had as a family heirloom a diamond of unusual depth and brilliancy. She wore it only on State occasions. Wishing to get another like it for a pair of ear rings, she commissioned a jewelry house in Boston to make the match. The task of matching diamonds is very difficult, as only experts are aware. A lapidary in the employ of the Boston firm scoured Europe to find one of the exact cut, size and brilliancy of the one in the lady's posession. After a long search he found one in a virtuoso's collection in Vienna. At the time he purchased it there was a duty of 60 per cent on precious stones. This was a strong temptation for smugglers. The jewelers' agent hoped to bring the diamond through free, and accordingly had it set in a finger ring of antique fashion. He wore it on his hand across the Atlantic. On landing he was astonished to find that his plan was known. The Government had received the particulars of his purchase through its spies abroad. His diamond was seized, despite his protestations that it was his personal property. The proof of his guilt was fully proved by the discovery of a quantity of uncut rubies and other gems sewed into his undershirt. The invoice which showed what the diamond had cost was also found concealed on him. The stone was a beauty. It was as large as a marrowfat pea, and was one of the bluish-tinted sort which are so rare. It fairly flashed fire. The gem was valued at $12-000, gold. Mr. Hatch, the banker, tried to buy it from the Government for $8000. It was shown to Mr. Wickham the diamond broker, who pronounced it the finest he had ever seen. The Boston firm sought to get it back, but the court ordered it condemned. It was sold by auction for $3000, currency. The Government auctioneer was himself the purchaser. For the last two years the seizing officers have endeavored to get it back on the ground that the sale was fraudulent.

A SOFT-TONED BELL.—Rev. Azel Beckus, D. D., was a graduate of Yale, and became President of Hamilton College. It was in the good old days when they had prayers and recitations before breakfast, so that early rising was in order. The chapel bell was moderate in size and feeble in utterance, and it became a standing excuse for sleeping over, "I didn't hear the bell!" At last one morning the President himself was late at morning prayers and as he opened the Bible to commence the service, he delighted the boys by indorsing their own threadbare excuse:—"The fact is, young gentlemen, I didn't hear the bell. And no wonder, for it scarcely makes more noise than would the shake of a fur cap with a sheep's tail for a clapper."

HOW GREENBACK PAPER IS MADE.—All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine, blue silk threads is dropped upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.—*Paper Trade Journal.*

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Go to "Grant."

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As they should be made.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7§, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A.M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00 P.M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P.M.

Billerica, 7, 10, A.M., 2.30, 6, P.M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P.M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4, P.M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.

E. Woburn, 7; 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5. 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A.M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45†* P.M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A.M., 2.20 P.M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 6.25 P.M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 6.27 P.M.

Wilmington, 7.29, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 6.37 P.M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.45 P.M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P.M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.40, 6.50 8.20‖ P.M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P.M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 72

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NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 78

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Are now prepared to show the

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CROCKERY

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GLASS WARE

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STEAM COAL

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Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.

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E. O. Soles,

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RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

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WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a

Daily Express

between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 90 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

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April 1, 1870. 92

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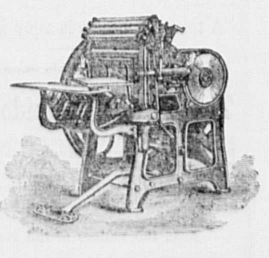

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 2.

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Extracts of Roots and Herbs which almost invariably cure the following complaints:—

Dyspepsia. Heart Burn, Liver Complaint, and Loss of Appetite cured by taking a few bottles.

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TRADE MARK.

Which has stood the test for more than 50 years, is acknowledge the most reliable Medicine for the relief of JAUNDICE, NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS, LOSS OF APPETITE, COUGHS, COLDS, HEARTBURN, BILIOUS ATTACKS, COLIC CRAMP IN THE STOMACH, DIZZINESS AND DULLNESS OF THE HEAD, LIVER COMPLAINTS, PILES, PIMPLES, BOILS, SOUR STOMACH, CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, HEADACHE, LOWNESS OF SPIRITS, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, and all complaints arising from an impure state of the Blood, or the deranged condition of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, or Kidneys.

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AGENTS WANTED.—*Gazetteer of Massachusetts*, by REV. ELIAS NASON, a complete and graphic history of the State, together with each *County, City, Town, &c.*, alphabetically arranged, forming a complete historical Library in itself; to be published in one volume, and sold exclusively by SUBSCRIPTION. A CANVASSER wanted in every Town for this Work, being invaluable to every person in this Commonwealth, and a *splendid Book for Agents*.—B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 55 Cornhill, Boston. 179

Poetry.

THE CANARY AT CHURCH.

They were singing good old *London*,
As the evening cool and sweet
Drifted with purple shadows
Adown the city street.

Round every churchly window
The lusty ivy clung,
The red, faint sunshine flickered
Its matchless leaves among.

The dim nave, with its arches
And clustered pillars rare,
Had echoed to the cadence
Of the pale rector's prayer.

And now through tender silence
The thrilling flute notes rang,
And sweet as angel's voices
The rare old tune they sang.

When sudden, lo! appearing
On carving quaint and old,
Like fair estray from heaven
Fluttered a speck of gold.

On to the lecturn flying
Up to the Bishop's chair,
With clear notes, soaring, chanting
His wondrous vespers there.

Full rolled the singing voices;
Yet sweeter, richer, higher,
God's silver throated chorister
Out sang the trained choir.

Selected.

FINANCIAL FINESSE.

Forty years ago the brokers and speculators knew very little of "corners," such as have rendered the operations of these gentry in New York and Chicago notorious, in these latter days. Stocks, grain, and provisions were bought and sold then in quite a primitive fashion, according to our present ideas. But, notwithstanding their ignorance of the improved facilities for making money which these latter days have developed, our fathers at times conducted financial schemes so daring and startling as to evidence they were not unworthy progenitors of the brilliant geniuses of this day. One of these, a desperate and reckless effort, made during the fore part of General Jackson's administration to gain control of the then United States Bank for the aid its funds would afford about election time, was entirely worthy of the best of our present party managers.

The first effort was made upon the Branch bank at Portsmouth, N. H., of which the celebrated Jeremiah Mason was president; but the result was so hopeless that the tactics were changed; and so a great hue and cry was finally commenced upon the bank, as a monster of political corruption and public danger. This then aroused the bank—for its charter would expire if not renewed, in some five or six years. This new element of controversy speedily drew in all the adherents of the respective parties, and in a short time the entire nation was hotly by the ears upon a subject that nobody had thought about at all until the politicians cried aloud over it.

From insinuations, the assailants of the bank soon proceeded to specific charges; and finally they came out with the astounding assertion that the bank was positively insolvent, and they made the confiding "old hero" honestly believe this was so. A charge so grave only added to the fury of the contest, as might well be supposed; but the story was stronger meat than the public mind was yet ready to digest. In this state of the struggle the idea was conceived of breaking one of the branches of the bank, of which there were twelve. If the attacking party could do this, they might feel certain that the adversary would fall under the shock. Such an effort was full of danger. A discovery and exposure of a plot so diabolical would have overwhelmed its originators and swamped the party.

But it was not a time, nor were the managers in a mood to stick at means, nor hesitate over dangers. The agent chosen to do the work was a New York broker, whose name we will call Clark. For the valuable consideration it would net to his purse, he readily undertook it—in a regular business way, of course. The branch selected to be assailed was the Savannah bank. This was not so difficult a task, either, as might be supposed; for that bank was at a very remote quarter in those days, and its business was comparatively small. Usually the amount of specie in its vaults was only from eight to twelve thousand dollars. To secure far more than that sum of its bills was easy; and as every bank was liable to pay specie for every bill presented, and was a broken bank if it failed to do so on demand, it appeared to be an assured work that the Savannah branch would be broken. True even if the matter proved a success, the scandalous means and the malignant motive would be plainly exposed and every where denounced among intelligent and business men. But the greater mass of voters would only see and hear that the bank had failed; and one part being proved to be rotten, the whole concern would be regarded as in like condition. The insolvency of the United States bank would have too much probability with the masses for it to stem the tide, or secure a renewal of its charter. And so $200,000 was placed at the disposal of Clark, with orders to call for as much more as he required, and to take his own time to complete his work.

As a broker, Clark quietly gathered and hoarded Savannah Branch bank notes as they came along, or as he could secure them without suspicion in the regular course of business.

But there was another chapter which was forgotten or unknown to Clark, but which came into the story and gave it finishing touches; and that was the inexorable laws of financial tides, and the system pursued by the mother bank at Philadelphia in dealing with its branches—not omitting Nicholas Biddle, President of the mother bank—familiarly known in the strategy of that notable war as "Old Nick." This important consideration seems not to have been fully studied nor comprehended by the New York broker, nor the political field marshals in Washington. From the Revolution up to the days of which we write, neither money nor fame were sufficient to secure men in places of high trust and responsibility. Integrity, experience, and brains were the essentials for such honors.

It was certain, therefore that no second-rate man would the vast power in the money world, and the complicated duties involved in the Presidency of a bank with thirty millions of capital, collecting and disbursing every dollar of the national revenues, and with a business credit that had penetrated even to Hong-Kong. Nicholas Biddle was the happy individual to whom this distinguished honor fell, and right ably did he sustain his place and reputation. So while Broker Clark was mousing around New York, slyly gathering in Savannah Branch notes and hoarding them, Nicholas Biddle sat on his golden throne in the back parlor at Philadelphia,

"calm as a summer's evening."

We know what Broker Clark was about, with his little "corner" in New York. Now let us see what Nicholas Biddle is about in his parlor at Philadelphia.

The branches of the United States Bank made weekly returns to the mother bank, including the amounts of respective branch notes received during the week. This kept "Old Nick" always informed of the general amount of notes in circulation from each branch, as well as a bird's eye view of the circulation and business of the whole. Necessarily these weekly returns were critically scanned and compared. An understanding of this part of the business system pursued by the principal bank will make what follows clear, and incline us to feel curious over the success of Mr. Clark, the broker, in his search for Savannah branch notes.

Of course "Old Nick" was constantly on the alert for his cunning and powerful foes.—Like a spider in the center of his net he watched sharply to see whence and how it was threatened. Studying over the usual weekly returns one day, he observed this in the return from one branch.

"We return you less than our average of Savannah branch notes."

This was not calculated to arrest any special attention. But the next week two branch returns said:

"Our return this week, shows less than the average of Savannah Branch notes."

It may be supposed that Nicholas Biddle turned his eye glasses upon this second warning with curious interest, and when the next week—and the succeeding weeks and every week, the steady wholesale disappearance of Savannah Branch notes from circulation was thus proved, we fancy we see Mr. Nicholas Biddle place the right digit aside his nose, and thoughtfully ponder. No one but himself knew of those signs of a storm coming from all quarter. Just what it all meant he could only guess, but he hit the truth. So, keeping his own counsel, he quietly shipped $200,000 of specie to the avannah Branch—with a letter to the President, who was directed to keep his eyes wide open, and his mouth close shut. Meanwhile, Broker Clark was "gathering them in," and chuckling over the success and secrecy of his labors. What he did he meant should be thorough; and when he started to squelch the Savannah Branch, he intended to snuff it all out, sure; and so he made no undue haste, and took no perilous risk,—not he.

One fine, sunny day, at a time of the year unknown to this deponent,—only all sunny days are specially fine in Savannah,—a strange gentleman entered the quiet office of the United States Branch Bank of Savannah, and inquired for the President,—an occurrence not unusual. Coming into the presence of the great man of the bank, the stranger introduced himself as "Mr. Clark, of New York."

Mr. President courteously clasped the hand of Mr. Clark, who reciprocated. Seats were now taken, and the first general chat of such meetings ensued. At last something like the following took place:

"Mr. President, I am a broker, and have some of your notes for which I want the specie."

Certainly, Mr. Clark. What amount have you?"

"Well, perhaps I have more than you anticipate."

"Why, what sum is it?"

"Very much larger than you usually have presented, I presume."

This catches the ear of the President, who recalls "Old Nick's" letter of instructions. Mr. President, with a bland smile then remarks:

"We shall be most happy to give you the specie, whatever the amount, Mr. Clark."

It is Mr. Clark's turn now to indulge in a soft, inward smile. How little does the President dream of the crushing bundle of Savannah notes now impending over his doomed bank! With a nonchalance, which only a broker can put on, Mr. Clark finally replies to Mr. President's inquiry:

"One hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars."

Strange to say, Mr. Clark, the President never winced. With a look of surprise, he said:

"That is a very extraordinary sum of notes for even a broker to have. How came you in possession of such an amount of Savannah notes, Mr. Clark?"

"I don't know that I need to make any explanation, sir. All I ask of you is the specie."

"I hope, Mr. Clark, that this does not cover any malicious attempt to injure our bank?"

"I repeat, Mr. President, I came for the specie of those notes and would be obliged if you would let me have it."

"Oh, certainly. Cashier!"

The cashier presents himself, pen on ear.

"This gentleman says he has $173,000 of our notes, for which he wants the specie. Please count his money and give him the specie. I suppose, however, you will prefer drafts for most of this, Mr. Clark? How will you have them,—on New York or Philadelphia? or are you wanting to place your funds in New Orleans?"

"I want the specie."

"Very well. Drafts on New York will be specie to you, of course. What amount of drafts will you have, and how much specie?"

"I want no drafts at all—only the specie."

"But so much specie will cost you a very large sum for insurance and transportation."

"That is my lookout, sir."

"Oh, very well. I beg your pardon. Give him the specie, Mr. Cashier."

Smilingly the polite cashier receives Mr. Clark's pile of notes,—counts them,—announces the amount correct, and, returning to the back room, calls one or two clerks to the vaults, and attacks the specie kegs. And now they roll out—the memorandum clerk calling out in a clear, sharp voice,—"Five thousand"—"twenty thousand"—"twenty-five thousand"—and yet steadily the kegs rolled out, and the clerk called aloud the accumulating specie.

At first Mr. Clark, broker, from New York, admired the cool and easy way in which the President played his "bluff,"—for, in his heart, Mr. Clark was sure that it was sheer bluff. And so, when the President, after his directions to the cashier, commenced a social chat on general topics, Mr. Clark responded. No sign was made by either that indicated the real thoughts of each.

Clark was sure he had Mr. President foul—and Mr. President knew Mr. Clark was hopelessly his victim.

"Thirty-five thousand!" called the memorandum clerk.

Mr. Clark talked—but he was greatly surprised, inwardly.

"Forty-five thousand!"

Mr. Clark's talk was not so easy. He was a little, or rather a good deal disturbed. Perhaps the kegs didn't hold specie. He didn't believe they did. It was a ruse of some kind. But there was an astonishing air of matter-of-fact business in the way those kegs rolled out, and in the way the ominous voice announced, "sixty-five thousand," and it was provoking to see the sweet serenity which sat upon the face of the chatty President. He paid no more attention to those kegs than if they had been paving stones.

"Seventy-five thousand!"—"eighty thousand!"—"eighty-five thousand!" and the stream of crushing kegs was still rolling out. Clark, broker from New York, could hold in no longer. Those kegs might not contain specie, but they might—and he wanted to break the bank—not specie. And the kegs looked and rolled, and behaved just as though they were honest kegs.

"Ninety-five thousand!" and there is another keg in sight and coming.

"Mr. President," Clark broke in upon that official's opinion of the probable cotton crop,—"on the whole, I don't know but that I might as well take a draft on New York."

The gleam of the President's eye told Mr. Broker Clark that he was a victim beyond peradventure.

"Not now, Mr. Clark. I offered you drafts and you declined them. The fact is, I am very much obliged to you for taking so much time, and spending so much money as you must have done, to bring all those notes down here for the specie. It is just what I wanted, and you have come just in the nick of time to pay for the risk and insurance of getting the specie to New York; for just where you will take it is just where I want it. You will have the specie, and I want the notes. The bank is greatly obliged to you, Mr. Clark, and will be to you, or any of your friends, hereafter, when you feel inclined to help us in the same way."

"One hundred and twenty-five thousand," said the voice. And so Clark, the New York broker, so brave an hour before, now went all to pieces. He just begged for terms, and the President, retaining only as much specie as he wanted, giving Clark just as much in drafts as he pleased, sent that defeated financier off with his heavy kegs and scarcely less heavy heart.

It is believed that no further efforts were made to break the United States Bank in a like manner after the return of Clark from Savannah, and that he never boasted over the trip, even to his employers in the dirty work.

BELIEVE THE BEST.—He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only, who believe all men base, or in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least, while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny; however incorrect they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friend or foe.

☞ When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his bootjack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with a paper knife, takes a cold potato in hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

Reception in Boston of a Brave Woburn Returned Soldier, One Hundred and Eighty-Three Years Ago.

First, who was this soldier?

From a work in manuscript on epitaphs in Woburn old cemeteries we extract the following:

"Memento mori." "Fugit hora."

"Here lyes buried ye body of Maior Iames Conuers Esq'r aged 61 years who departed this life Iuly ye 8'th 1706."

To which the writer of manuscript named appended this note:

Major James Convers, Esqure, son of Lieut. James and Ann (Long) Convers, the distinguished officer in the Indian war, mentioned by Mather, in Magnalia, book VII, was born in Woburn, November 16, 1645, * * * was made freeman, 1671; selectman, 1680—1688; town-clerk, 1688, and following years; representative, 1695—'99, &c. &c. He lived a little east of Winter Pond, in the present town of Winchester, in a house not now in existence. [Here authorities cited are named.]

Major (then Captain) Convers is most celebrated for his resolute defense of Storer's Garrison at Wells, in 1692. The characteristic and minute account of this "memorable action" by Dr. Cotton Mather, occupies pages 613 to 618, of the "Magnalia Christi Americana" (Hartford edition, 1853) vol. II.

Persons who have read the History of Woburn by the late Rev. Samuel Sewall, cannot fail to remember the extremely interesting account given therein, pages 178—183, of Converse's heroic defense of Storer's Garrison at Wells, one of the most thrilling events of early New England annals, if not of our country's history.

Wells was defended by Converse and fifteen men against a fearfully desperate and savage assault by five hundred French and Indians, which lasted forty-eight hours; and to him belongs the distinguished honor of closing eventually this exceedingly bloody war. Intrepid and invincible, as commander-in-chief of the eastern forces operating in Maine, he became the scourge and terror of the foe. The Indians were in distress and despair. They felt themselves hunted to the mountains by this indefatigable leader, and deprived of their last resource of assistance—the French, by his means—crest-fallen and humbled they sued for peace.

In 1690, about two years before the attack on Wells, Major Converse participated with the ever famous Colonel Benjamin Church of Plymouth Colony, in the difficult and unfortunate expedition under the latter against the enemy at Pejepscot. The government of Massachusetts thought Church's exploits in this expedition wholly unworthy of applause, and on his return from the scene of action to Boston with Captain Converse in a sloop commanded by Capt. Alden, Converse met with him the reception there, which we chronicle below.

Second,—Reception.

Baylies, the historian of Plymouth Colony, an author by no means friendly to the then existing colony of Massachusetts, describes Church's arrival on that occasion at Boston, a description in which Converse, his companion, must be considered to share, as follows:

"He returned worn down with fatigue, his clothes in tatters, and moneyless to a solitary sixpence. He was received by the government of Massachusetts in the most frigid and repulsive manner, without a word of compliment, or even of civility, and without even a whisper of remuneration.

"Under such circumstances he disdained all importunity, and to supply the means of his indispensable expenses solicited the loan of 40s. from two gentlemen of the town whom he knew, and it was refused! And this great captain who had saved New England by his prowess, was compelled to solicit the charity of Capt. Alden for three nights' lodging."

Another writer says the "Eastward expedition" rolled home upon Church like a snowball, gathering size at every turn, till he was quite overshadowed and hidden from all favorable view of his friends. Church thus learned that military merit, as in our times, is alone measured by success. His own colony of Plymouth is admitted to have given him but a meagre pecuniary remuneration, and he was compelled to sell at a reduced price a part of his own lands to pay the expenses of this unhappy expedition.

Baylies, above cited, relates—and here we reach that part of the narrative that applies more particularly to our hero, Major Converse—that as Church and Converse were walking on this occasion near a celebrated tavern kept by one Pollard, at the south end of Boston, they wished to take a parting glass, but their united means were not sufficient to procure this trifling indulgence—Church having but sixpence, and Converse not a penny! Church pursued his walk to Roxbury and at the tavern found one of his neighbors—a drover, of whom he solicited a small loan and got it. "The necessities of this heroic man," says Baylies, "which the united generosity of Boston would not relieve, were relieved by the kindness of a drover!" A brother of Church, living at Watertown, brought him a horse, and he returned home. How our good Converse disposed of himself after his adieu to Church, the historian does not state.

In letters published in the appendix to the History of Woburn, written by him a year or two before his death, this unflinching old soldier tells Dudley, the governor of Massachusetts to whom the letters were written, some plain truths, and fearlessly and boldly—bold in those days of extreme official etiquette—concludes the second and last letter thus—a letter that had to be sent to its destination in Boston on snow-shoes, for it was mid winter and the snow was so "exceeding deep" that no other mode of travel was feasible—ending with a clause highly honorable to the heart, head and spirit of the man. He wrote: "Your Excellency promised Colonel Phillips and Colonel Foxcroft that I should be a *perpetual drudge* to them [the italics are ours], and so I *am*. I am willing to do what I can, but not all. Watertown and Cambridge Farms [now Lexington] expect a call, please let *them* have it. [Converse had received shortly before an order from the governor about mustering sixty men to be in readiness at an hour's warning to march to the assistance of the frontiers, &c. This he had prosecuted as far as he could in the several towns round about, at a time when the depth of the snow would not allow travel on horseback or on foot, only on snow shoes, and when owing to the blockade of snow, Converse had not been as far as his next neighbor's house for a fortnight.] So craving pardon, I humbly subscribe your Excellency's poor and old, but very ready, willing servant, to the utmost of my ability,

JAMES CONVERSE."

A man of such metal and such energy would consider the distance on foot from Boston to his home at Woburn near Winter Pond a trifle! So, though "worn down with fatigue," clothes "in tatters," &c., on the return with Church, he doubtless compassed the way home on his pedal extremities without great difficulty.

People of Woburn, not only was Converse a faithful, though abused servant of the public at large, but he served signally the interests of your town! The early and invaluable records of births, marriages and deaths in Woburn, left by his predecessors in the office of Town Clerk in a loose, shattered and perishing condition, he gathered into one volume, bound at his own expense. Further concerning this, consult History of Woburn, p. 183, &c.

It is to be observed that Converse acquired his great military distinction, afterwards, and *not* before, Church's ill-fated expedition to Pejepscot in the Indian wars.

We conclude this hasty sketch with the historian Baylies' scathing comment on this transaction which we have deemed a "soldier's reception (?)"

"This niggardly parsimony has been the bane and curse of New England. It has checked the spirit of enterprise; it has chilled the aspirations of patriotism; it has blighted the fairest hopes; it has withered the noblest hearts, and what is worse, while it denies the means of living, it would snatch from a public benefactor the fame of his good deeds, as though that was too much for the public *to give!*"

No gladsome shout, no cheering crowd,
No martial note of fife or drum;
No bugle blast, no voice of joy welcomed them back!
Weary from war and toil, tattered and travel worn;
Disgraced, unpaid and poor
They sought their humble homes.

THE SMALL BOY OF THE PERIOD.—Where the road between Merced and Snelling crosses the Merced river, that stream is about two hundred yards in width, and even at this season of the year, when the water is quite low, it looks like a dangerous and deep stream to cross. Last Thursday, a patent medicine agent, travelling on horseback through that region, came to the river, and hesitated about attempting to ford it, as he saw the wide expanse of rushing waters. There is no bridge anywhere along there, so, after some indecision, he concluded to swim his horse across. Spying a boy fishing in a small punt tied to the bank, he said:

"Hello, bub."

"Hello, yourself."

"Can I get you to take my clothes across the river in your boat?"

"I reckon you kin, if you've got any soap."

"All right, I'll give you a quarter to take over my clothes and this carpet sack to the opposite shore."

To this, the boy nodded assent, the stranger disrobed, turned over the carpet sack and habiliments to the juvenile, who paddled into the stream, and mounting his horse, prepared to swim the river, and enjoy the luxury of a bath. With a splash at every movement, the horse stepped into the stream and walked across—the water was nowhere more than eighteen inches deep! To say that that medicine man, perched on the back of his horse, was a man of iniquity for the space of half an hour, would hardly do justice to the occasion. There were enough "dams" along the Merced that afternoon to supply a hundred mill sites. —*Stockton (Cal.) Gazette.*

THE DIFFERENCE.—When two young ladies meet in the street, they kiss and shake hands, and one of them says:—

"Why, Lucy, how do you do? I have not seen you for an age. Where have you kept yourself lately?" Lucy explains where she "has kept herself lately," and then an animated discussion ensues as to what they are going to wear the coming fall, and how they are going to have it trimmed, &c., which by an easy and natural transition leads into a protracted conversation about what people were at church last Sunday, and how they were dressed. Finally at the end of half an hour, they make a movement to part.

"Well, I've got lots of shopping to do, so I suppose I must be going. Now you be sure and come up and see me, won't you? I shan't like it a bit, if you stay away as long again."

"Well, I've been so busy, you know, lately, that I haven't been hardly anywhere; but I will try and call in some time next week, and you must come up and see me."

"Thank you, I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

An hour later the brothers of these young ladies pass each other in nearly the same place:—

"Holloa, Jim!"

"Holloa, Joe!"

"Hot, ain't it?"

"C'rect."

Comment is unnecessary.

AURORA VILLAGE.

From the Charleston *Chronicle* we make the following extract concerning Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps' new village on Beach street.

Leaving the cars at the watering station in Woburn Centre, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, with a score of thriving villages within a radius of five miles, four minutes' walk over a most luxuriant pasture, sloping up a hillside crowned with pine, brought us upon a large rolling upland with a warm southerly exposure. It is truly a pleasant place. Around the valley bounding the tract on south and east, the iron horse champs his fiery bit. Across the intervales the hillside towns glisten in the sun. At our feet, almost in the center of the woman's domain, a flashing brooklet dances over miniature falls, filling a tiny lake flocked with lillies, and full of shiny, speckled trout, and tame, for the women are averse to any "cruelty to animals," even if wearing the "human form divine." But little gardening has been done, a patch of potatoes, another of turnips look well, a piece of mowing land is said to cut four tons English hay to the acre; there is a small peat meadow from which some has been cut, showing a superior quality. Roads are staked and some are now being graded across the land which will give some of the neighboring towns an advantageous short cut from their present routes of travel. A public green of considerable width borders one side of all these main roads which are themselves eighty feet wide, giving ample space for driving, etc., and making the lots alongside desirable residences, even for Boston nabobs who can here find help trained to order right at hand.

The homestead dwellings, as in Vineland, will have, each one, its garden in front with vines and flowers, a plan that must commend itself to all lovers of the beautiful, and exert a strong influence for good upon the youth of the place. Fruit trees of the best varieties are to grace the public grounds, the fruit of which, when ripe, is to be free to all hungry souls. The labels will be "don't harm the trees, nor eat unripe fruit—eat the best and plant the seed." Just fancy the "phelinks of Boston children, used to seeing on their common, "don't walk on the grass," when they reach this Utopian home and green. These women have great faith in the better instincts of humanity, if rightly appealed to, and are confident the children will appreciate sooner or later a genuine effort to do them good in this way. Care will be taken to provide work for women purchasing homes, so that the payments need not lapse, but if by sickness or providential cause, the small payments cannot be met the League will loan the needed sum, so that crime persisted in can alone deprive any homestead buyer of her home in this Eden. An industrial school for adults as well as minors, with a co-operative store for the members of the League, will help the women in following one of Poor Richard's maxims.

A domestic school will aid the younger women to attain thorough proficiency in all home duties; and a Baby Home where any parentless child will be received as the ward of the League, and reared with the best skill of science and hygiene in the nurture and admonition of God up to womanhood or manhood, that if possible all disease, physical or moral, may be driven from their systems, will be cared for under the instruction of competent teachers, by the pupils of the domestic schools, who will thus become better able to take upon themselves the obligations of wifehood and motherhood. A free Hospital for general diseases of women, and a Lying-in-Home, where infanticide in any form will not be tolerated, will make excellent training schools for medical students and nurses; and as women will probably be the M. D.'s of the future, let us have them as skillful as may be. Twenty or fifty thousand dollars might be well bestowed on this charity, for such it truly will be to women and children. As an investment it would pay large interest, as all such institutions always do, however poorly cared for, while this will have the best obtainable talent at its head.

But these women have an eye to money making also. It is known to the initiated that several car loads of soiled goods weekly find their way from Boston and vicinity to Troy, N. Y., there to be made "as good as new" and returned to their owners.

The women think there is no reason why all this "circulating medium" should leave the state, when so many here need work; they therefore propose to beg or borrow three thousand dollars wherewith to erect a laundry with the best modern labor savers, that the work can be done better and cheaper, and yet pay better profits than at Troy. This they will locate at the lakelet's outlet adjacent the rail, and as all trains but the express will stop there the plan promises success. Where is the large souled man or woman who will give the laundry a push? Here is their chance to increase their bank accounts in both worlds, celestial and terrestrial. We counted sixteen lots preempted in western manner, by the owner's name on a stick, or a cellar dug, but probably all these will have the dwellings ready for occupancy before winter, as the owners will build for themselves, having sufficient means so to do. The soil is a rich, yellow loam, now bearing ample crops of berries; as all the poor people in the vicinity can testify, who are now busy harvesting them with well filled pails. They are making the most of their opportunity as they do not expect the privilege another year if success still attends the efforts of the Boston working women as it has in times past. The object of the league is truly excellent and if its schemes can be made practicable, it will accomplish a good thing for society at large.

MODERATE PRICES.—Our whole American life is keyed too high. If a man go into business, he will not be content with either a moderate business or moderate profits. Everything must be on a large scale—business, living, hospitality—everything. The hotels are like the rest, and their proprietors expect to make fortunes in ten years and many of them do it. There really seems to be no respectable place for a respectable family of moderate means; the low-priced hotels are not genteel; the low-priced houses are either unfit to be lived in or are in mean localities; and thus the great need of the time—respectable homes for respectable men of moderate incomes—is unprovided for. If the Saratoga hotels should reduce their prices to $2.50 or $3.00 per day, and gave their guests plain, wholesome fare, minus the splendor and the music, they would not only be crowded, but they would make money. If a nice three dollar hotel could be established in a respectable quarter of New York, it would be crowded from year's end to year's end, and give a remunerative income to all connected with it. If plain, comfortable houses could be built in districts now unoccupied, for what their owners were willing to take a fair rent, people would not be driven by thousands as they are now, either into hotels or into the surburban towns. We have now in New York only the rich and the poor. The middle class, who cannot live among the rich, and will not live among the poor, and take the risk of living among the vicious, as all do here who live among the poor, go out of the city to find their homes. So the words "To Let" stare upon us from the windows of multitudes of houses which many would take at a fair rent, but which nobody can afford to hire. Real estate is very high, and considering the scarcity of money, wonderfully firm; but a change will come sooner or later. Our greatest fear is that it can only come through a great commercial disaster, involving the overthrow of all existing prices, and another beginning at the bottom of the ladder.—*Scribner's for October.*

HOW SMOKING-TOBACCO IS PREPARED.—The tobacco as it comes from the plantation is dried to the utmost, and passed through a mill in which a revolving cylinder armed with small projections grates it into tiny particles. It is then by the same machine sifted through a series of sieves similar to a wheat fan, that which is left on the upper and coarser sieves being passed and repassed through the mill until sufficiently fine for use. For this it is unnecessary to stem the leaves, the refuse stems being themselves used in the manufacture of the inferior grades, and the sweepings of the stemming room are devoted to a like purpose. These last are first carefully examined, to make sure that nothing is left in them to break the mill, no nails or stones to injure the machinery. A man on his hands and knees was picking over a pile of sweepings the day we visited the factory, seeming as intent on his task as the searcher for pearls in the oyster pits of Ceylon.

The inferior grades of lugs, etc., can be used only for smoking. Indeed, no leaf is worthless for the manufacture of one or another of the innumerable brands some where between the golden chaff with which the millionaire fills his costly meerchaum and the black mixture which Paddy smokes in his clay pipe as he drives his dray—there is a place and a use for it all.

Smoking-tobacco is generally put up in bags holding from two ounces to one pound each, a pound being the limit allowed by Government for any single package. The packing is done by means of hollow iron cylinders, over which the bags fit closely and are tightly drawn. Into these the tobacco is poured, and by working a treadle a wooden mallet is forced into the cylinder, compressing the mass into the smallest possible compass. This operation is repeated until the bags are full, when the cylinders are withdrawn leaving the closely packed tobacco in the bags.

The number of bags required for this business may be imagined from the fact that in the single factory visited by the writer, their manufacture furnishes a support for fifteen poor families, besides which a large number are made by persons who merely do the work as a source of pocket money. The manufacture of tobacco is the principal industry of Richmond, outstripping even iron in the revenue which it produces. The largest income listed last year in the State of Virginia was that of a Richmond tobacconist, and what the Bourse is to Paris, the Stock Exchange to New York, that the Tobacco Exchange is to Richmond.—From "In a Tobacco Factory," by Mrs. M. P. Handy, in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

HOMEKEEPING VERSUS HOUSEKEEPING.—The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted. The object of home is to be the centre, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it attractive, so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives if they see a speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of bread or a bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort, increases until they become the slaves of the dust-pan and broom. [Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house cleaning quite another.—*Scribner's for October.*

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Administrator's Sale,	3	2	4
House to let, A. A. Ferrin	3	1	5
Horse for Sale,	3	1	6
To Let—G. Parks,	3	1	3
For Sale,	3	1	4
Probate Court—Lydia Parker,	3	2	3
Lyceum Hall—Lectures, etc.,	3	2	1
New Singing Books,	3	2	2
Wedding, etc.,	3	1	1
Best Yet—G. W. Pollock,	3	1	2

OFFICIAL DISFRANCHISEMENT.—The Lawrence *Eagle* demands the removal of the Lawrence postmaster because he happens to be a Butler man, and works to carry out his ideas. We are more liberal in Woburn, and any one who would object to our postmaster working in the interest of his political friends, or to carry out his political notions would be laughed at for his pains. And he should be, for there is no talk so silly as this outcry against government officials taking part in local politics. If a man happens to be a federal officer it is no reason why he should only be interested in federal offices. American people are not confined to one idea, and if such officer does interest himself in local or State politics it is no concern of any one but his superior, and his only so far as he may neglect the business of his office. The attempt of the lymphatic Durgin to keep federal office holders off the executive committee of the State Central Committee failed ingloriously, and the *Advertiser* which employed him doubtless experienced a disappointment. The party must be weak that feels obliged to raise this cry to carry its ends.

WATER WORKS.—In accordance with Mr. Nichol's suggestion, we would announce that the work of making the reservoir tight devolves upon Mr. Norman, the contractor, and he will proceed to do it with an earth bank on the inside, similar to that on the south end. The Commissioners desire us to state that if those who want the water along the lines of main pipes now filled, will notify the Superintendent, Mr. Bean, as soon as their houses are plumbed, he will let the water on for them. A slight break at the junction of Main & Railroad streets occurred Monday. The water was let into Fowle, Hudson and Green streets and their tributaries on Tuesday.

CORRECTION.—We stated last week on what we deemed good authority that Hon. Thomas Talbot, of Billerica had donated the Soldier's monument to the Town. The act seemed so much in unison with his well known generosity that we did not doubt it. The following letter will explain itself:

BILLERICA, Sept. 24, 1873.

MR. EDITOR.—In your paper of last week you state that the Soldiers' monument now building in this town is the gift of Mr. Talbot. This statement is an entire mistake. The monument is erected by the town and the necessary appropriation was made with great unanimity. Yours truly,

THOS. TALBOT.

ENGROSSED.—The resolutions adopted by the Town at the annual meeting, April 7, 1873, expressing thanks to the retiring Town Clerk, Nathan Wyman, Esq., for long and honorable service, have been engrossed upon parchment, signed by W. T. Grammer, moderator, and also by the retiring and incoming boards of Selectmen. It is handsomely executed, and is the work of Mr. J. A. Boutelle. A very rich black and gilt frame surrounds the whole, measuring about 22x28 inches. It is temporarily adorning the walls of the Selectmen's Room.

A GOOD RIDE.—By invitation of Mr. E. O. Soles we rode behind "Nellie S." and "Kitty B," a pair of steppers that require something less than three minutes to cover a mile, and on Monday visited the Adams Stock Farm in Billerica. We found Fred Adams, the presiding genius, at home among his horses, of which he has a numerous stud. Mr. Adams can make nearly as good a show with horses as a county fair, and if he kept tavern he would not have more visitors than may be seen at his hospitable farm on a favorable day.

HUMANE.—During a race at Concord last Wednesday, Mr. John Cummings, President of the Society, entered the judges' stand, and protested against the driving of horses under the lash, as was done by the driver of Dictator. This created quite a commotion, the owner of the horse insisting that the president had no right to interfere. The latter insisted and declared that the rules of the Society should be so modified as to prevent a repetition of such unwarrantable treatment of the horse. Would that there were more such humane Presidents of agricultural shows.

CAVALRY.—At a meeting of gentlemen interested in the matter it was thought desirable to have a battalion of cavalry in the procession at the Water Celebration, and all who would like to join in it are requested to meet at the Armory, Lyceum Hall, this Saturday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. A mounted band will be furnished for the occasion.

CAMP SOLITARY.—One of the campers beyond Carritunk, wandered away from his party and became lost in the woods. He was obliged to make camp alone, and he named his stopping place Camp Solitary. He says he liked it very much, but we couldn't make him promise to go down there again.

DANGEROUS.—The new concrete sidewalk in front of the Fox & Hart building is constructed on such a grade that in winter it will be unsafe for travel. If the Town don't have damages to pay for injuries received there we shall be much mistaken.

NARROW ESCAPE.—While framing Mrs Cutter's house on Winn street, last week, a falling timber struck Mr G W Kimball in the face, bruising him severely. He narrowly escaped serious injury.

TOWN MEETING.

At half past three o'clock, Monday afternoon the Town Clerk, M. S. Seeley, Esq., read the warrant for the Town Meeting and called for votes for Moderator. The ballot resulted as follows:—

Whole number of votes	36
Thomas H. Hill	1
D. D. Hart	35

Mr. Hart thanked the town for the honor, but declined to serve. Another ballot was then had, with the following result:—

Whole number of votes	75
Thomas H. Hill,	2
William M. Miller	3
L. L. Whitney	26
Joseph G. Pollard	44

Mr. Pollard assumed the chair, and the meeting proceeded with the business.

Under Article 2, on motion of E. E. Thompson, Esq., it was voted to extend Poole street, North Woburn, as reported by the Road Commissioners. The aggregate of land taken was 36,892 feet, and the damages awarded $105 86.

Under, Art. 3, on motion of Mr. T. H. Hill, it was voted to accept Sheridan St., Cummingsville, as a town way. The land taken is 37,880 feet, and the damage $246.13.

Under Art. 4, on motion of L. L. Whitney, Esq., it was voted to accept as a town way, a street leading from Pleasant street, past the "Bacon Place," to Rag Rock avenue. Land taken, 27,188 feet, damage, $913.72.

Under Art. 5, on motion of Mr. Hill, it was voted to instruct the Selectmen to place seats around the Common.

Under Art. 6, Mr. Hill moved that the School Committee be instructed to furnish the scholars in the public schools with school books at the expense of the Town.

Mr. S. Nichols asked what the General Statutes provided in this case.

Mr E. W. Hudson moved to amend so as to include all articles used in schools, such as slates, pencils, drawing and writing books. These should be furnished free of all expense to the highest and the lowest. Perhaps it would be well to fix a time for this system to take effect, say all scholars entering school after Oct. 1st. Scholars at present are supplied. This arrangement can be carried out at an average cost to each scholar of $1, making in the aggregate $2000 per year. Without doubt, parents were paying out $5000 per year for this branch. Mr. H. said he was sperking disinterestedly, as he had no children to send to school but he made the motion so that he might be enabled to do his part in the work of educating the young.

Mr. S. Nichols thought there were a good many present who would like to see the law and hear it read before they voted on the question.

A copy of the General Statutes was here sent for, and pending this, Mr. C. A. Smith moved to lay Art. 6 on the table temporarily, and take up Art. 7. After two attempts this was carried, and under Art. 7, the Chief Engineer presented a set of Rules and Regulations for the Woburn Fire Department, which were read by the Town Clerk. Mr. John L. Parker moved that the same be adopted.

Mr. S. Nichols said he failed to hear how many men should constitute a company. He moved to amend by making the number 30. This was amended by Mr. E. W. Hudson, leaving the number to the Chief Engineer.

Mr. J. Gilcreast said that the Statutes provide what shall constitute a hand engine company. The maximum number is 50. Under the old law, so much was allowed to each company. We paid $200 for not more than 50 and not less than 35 men. If under 35 members, the engineers might disband the company. Since then the law had been changed.

Mr. S. Nichols: The last gentleman but one who has spoken, says leave it to the Engineers. We have left it to them once and what is the result? The foreman of the North Woburn Co., says that there are not 12 active members in that company, and that those 12 men drew $500 last year.

Mr. Gilcreast replied that no hand engine company received $500, and at no time last winter did the North Woburn Co. return less than 30 men. The returns are signed by the clerk and foreman of the company, and Engineer of the district, and if the return is false, the fault is theirs. We cannot go back of it. There has been trouble there lately and the membership has dwindled down considerably, but it is picking up at present, and there is no doubt but what it will soon reach its former position. They only want time and they guarantee a first class company in every respect.

Mr. Nichols fell back upon the foreman's statement, and knew no better authority.

Mr. Hudson's amendment was carried, which killed the one of Mr. Nichols.

The question now recurred upon the motion to adopt.

Mr. L. L. Whitney moved as an amendment that the engineers be authorized to enforce the code, and have a sufficient quantity printed for the use of citizens.

E. W. Hudson hardly saw the need of that motion.

Mr. Whitney liked the code and thought them carefully drawn up and very judicious. They will meet the approval of the citizens generally. They give the Engineers more authority if we endorse and approve them, and they should be printed so all may know what they are. I (said the speaker) am ignorant of what should be done at a fire, and I would like to learn it.

The amendment was withdrawn, and Mr. Parker's motion of adoption was carried. Then the amendment of Mr. Whitney's was moved as a separate motion. It was declared carried, but was doubted, and the test revealed 38 yeas to 31 noes.

Art. 6 was taken up and the statute read in regard to furnishing school books to scholars. The question was upon Mr. Hudson's amendment to include all articles used by scholars in school.

Mr. John Johnson asked if the motion did not cover more than the statute allowed.

Mr. Hill being willing to allow Mr. Hudson's motion to be substituted for his, the motion was stated to be as follows:—

Voted, that the school committee be instructed to provide such text books as said committee may from time to time require, for permanent and regular use, and purchase such other articles at the expense of the town, and loan them to every scholar in our public schools who shall enter any one of said schools after Oct. 1st, 1873.

Mr. Johnson again claimed that such a step was outside the limits of the law.

Mr. C. A. McDonald moved to strike out the words "all other articles."

Rev. H. C. Townley wanted to know what is meant by those who enter after Oct. 1st.

Mr. Hudson explained that all the scholars were at present supposed to be supplied, and some time must be decided upon to commence the new system. The committee had a right to purchase such articles under the statutes.

Mr. Nichols suggested that hats and coats were included.

Mr. Murphy failed to see how the motion of Mr. Hudson conflicted with the law. In the old country, in Germany, they provide all things for the scholars, and Germany occupies no mean position in the world.

Mr. Hudson resumed. The law says text books. Now writing books are text books just as much as a printed one. I want free schools,—free in every sense. We build expensive school houses; let us make the work complete and furnish to our scholars all the books and material they require.

Mr. McDonald explained that the motion to strike out was not made in any spirit of antagonism to the measure, but he wanted to secure the best part of it. He was afraid this was illegal, and if we passed it, the school committee might throw it all out and thus balk the wishes of the town.

The amendment to strike out was carried.

L. L. Whitney spoke on the question as amended. He thought the plan a good one, and hoped that it would be worded so that the Committee would supply all others in school, who in their judgment needed books. The question amended was carried.

Mr. Hudson then moved that the committee be instructed to furnish all other articles in use except text books at the expense of the town. Carried.

Art. 8.—Mr. D. D. Hart of the Road Commissioners, said he supposed every man understood the case, but if not, he would say that according to a vote of the town, a grade of all the streets of the town was established. This was necessary before the water pipes could be laid. This grade was established, and the Water Commissioners have laid their pipe in accordance therewith. Now it appears that in certain places, where the established grade necessitated filling, the water pipes are so near the surface of the ground, that, without the streets are filled at these points the water will freeze during the coming winter. These circumstances call for immediate action, and he moved that $5000 be appropriated for this especial purpose.

Mr. M. M. Tidd of the Water Commissioners substantiated the foregoing statement, and stated that if these streets were not filled, the water would have to be cut off during the cold weather; and in answer to Dr. Clough, who wanted to know who established the grade and who made the mistake if any had been made, the speaker further said, that the town established the grade, and no mistakes had been made. In some places the streets were to be cut down and there the pipes had to be laid lower; in some there was filling to be done, and the pipes were nearer the surface. This was necessary in order that when the grade was complete the pipes would all be at the right distance under ground. This obviated the trouble of changing the pipes when once laid.

The motion to appropriate $5000 was carried.

Art. 10 was taken up in place of Art. 9, on motion of E. W. Hudson.

C. A. Smith moved

"That the Selectmen be instructed to apply to the Legislature of the State at its next session, for authority to issue Water Bonds, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding 7 per cent to an amount not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of laying main and service pipe, and for other purposes for supplying Horn Pond water to such sections of the town, which in the opinion of the Water Commissioners may be justified by the probable expenditure."

Dr. Clough thought it well for citizens to understand the need for this additional amount. The first cost of the works was estimated at $175,000. It has reached $300,000, and now $100,000 more is asked for. Are the real wants of the community consulted in this? If the citizens demand this it should be granted. No doubt the money has been expended judiciously so far, but the town should be convinced that it is absolutely necessary before more is granted. There is no doubt but what the introduction of water is beneficial. Property will be advanced; but although every man will say—I pay my taxes and I have a right to the water—yet the town cannot be expected to go every where. If there is any urgent demand for this water, let us know it. We are in debt heavily with our water works and school houses, and it is hard on the tax-payer. It comes hard upon the people. I ask that the subject may be investigated and judgment used.

C. A. McDonald spoke of the increase of property value, and claimed that the people recognized this benefit and that was the reason they asked for the water.

John Murphy said that the people had been referred to—the poor people. These people had worked hard; many of them had built for themselves little homesteads and had not provided wells, expecting to have this water. One piece of land which three or four years ago sold for $1300, now is worth $30,000, and comprises the village near Horn Pond. We can look at the Pond and we can look at the reservoir, but we cannot have the water. We want it, and it is our right to have it, as much as if we lived upon Academy Hill, or in the centre of the town. These men—these working men have helped to make rich the gentlemen in broadcloth. It is justice to us that the same blessing be extended to us that others enjoy. What is the use of expending $300,000 and then halting? The work must be done, whatever its cost. You might just as well think of building a house and leave off the shingles. Whoever said the water works would not cost but $175,000, might make a good leather manufacturer or dealer, but he would never do for a Water Commissioner.

Dr. Clough: The point I made seems to have been avoided. I asked who wanted this water, to supply which, $100,000 is asked for.

E. W. Hudson: I am glad to hear the gentleman express his belief in the benefit of the water movement. We do not want the money to use just now, but we want to go to the Legislature this winter and petition for leave to issue further scrip, and it will expedite matters to have this vote passed. We have in hand now petitions from citizens, which will necessitate the laying of seven miles more of pipe if we grant their requests. It may not cost more than $50,000. In introducing water, there is no stop short of supplying the whole people. Gentlemen should not talk of early estimates. They are always incomplete and necessarily so. We wish this $100,000 might do, but it may not, and we shall spend it just as fast as it will pay. My estimate of the cost was about $500,000, and it looks as if that was about the figure.

M. M. Tidd: The Water Commissioners do not ask this additional amount. It is the body of the citizens represented by 30 petitions. The lines petitioned for, cover a large area and will require over 39,000 feet of pipe, costing about $48,000. Of these, several ought to have it. Other localities will never pay for the investment. If the town however, decides to appropriate this amount, we shall proceed and carry out the will of the people.

Dr. Clough offered an amendment that the bonds so issued should pay six per cent interest, be sold at par and be exempt from taxation when taken by citizens of Woburn. Bonds had been sold at less than par, and it would be an inducement to our citizens to buy, could they be assured that they would not be taxed.

M. M. Tidd interrupted the Doctor, and inquired what amount of bonds he would take on those terms. The Doctor made no reply, and soon afterward left the hall.

E. W. Hudson: The Legislature has no right to exempt the bonds from taxation. It would open up an endless question should it be done with Woburn. Every town which had water works would make the same demand and there would be no end to it. In regard to six per cent bonds, you cannot sell a six per cent bond at par.

The amendment was not seconded.

L. L. Whitney desired to ask a question as to the liabilities of the Water Commissioners. He was in favor of the movement, but thought well for the Commissioners to keep the people informed as to the expenditure of money. Fairness alone demanded this. We hear that the reservoir will not hold water; it will cost a large amount of money to repair this, and it is rumored that the town will have it to pay.

S. Nichols referred to the first estimate. $175,000 was all that was asked to lay 12 miles of pipe, and $200,000 was voted. Then to extend the pipes to North Woburn, East Woburn and Cummingsville, $60,000 was the estimated cost; we voted $100,000, leaving $40,000 for contingencies. Now $100,000 more is demanded, and we want to know something about it.

E. W. Hudson: The Water Commissioners do not see any money. They have no money. It all goes through the hands of the Treasurer. And we cannot give you an account upon demand at any moment. We have a reserve. We are too cautious to lay out every cent before we ask for more. The reservoir is still in the hands of the contractor, and he will not be allowed to deliver it until it is complete and satisfactory.

S. Nichols thought the last remark was an item of news to most people. He, for one, was glad to hear it, and he hoped the Editor of the *Journal* would make it public, so that the citizens of the town might know it.

The motion offered by C. A. Smith was adopted.

Art. 9, in reference to extending water pipes on Salem, Bedford, Canal and other streets as petitioned for, was now taken from the table.

John Murphy moved the acceptance and adoption of this article.

E. W. Hudson amended by adding "any other streets the Commissioners may see fit." This would be justice to all parties.

Another motion was made, authorizing extension to the above named streets, also Buck street, and such other streets as the Commissioners may decide.

George Munroe moved that the water pipes be extended to all streets where the investments would pay six per cent. Lost.

S. Nichols claimed that he had already moved to leave the whole matter to the discretion of the Commissioners.

C. A. McDonald reminded Mr. Nichols that when the extension of the water pipes to North Woburn was under consideration, he (Mr. Nichols) was not willing to leave it to the Commissioners, but wanted specific action.

The motion to extend to the four named streets, after considerable discussion was carried, and the meeting, having passed upon all the articles of the warrant, dissolved.

WATER CELEBRATION.—There have been two meetings to arrange details for the Water Celebration, Oct 9th. Invitations have been sent to the various societies in town and further time was wanted to hear from them. Another meeting will be held this (Saturday) evening, at which time it is hoped most will respond. Col W T Grammer will act as Chief Marshal. The Phalanx will perform escort duty.

YOUTHFUL TRAVELLERS. — Three young lads, named Charles Shay, Thos Bishop and Thomas Callahan ran away from home Wednesday. Shay got $2 from Mann's grocery, and Bishop, 50 cents from Ellis's grocery, each on his father's account. They brought up in Lynn, where the police locked them up and telegraphed here. Officer Day brought them home.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.—The Stoneham Water Commissioners have received from the Woburn Board terms upon which Woburn will furnish Stoneham with water, and they have the matter under advisement. We understand that the terms are equally favorable as those offered Winchester.

☞ The Sale of Tickets for Parker & Thompson's course of entertainments the coming season, will commence Wednesday morning, Oct. 1st at the usual places.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.—One of the most important of the advantages to be derived from the introduction of water is the protection it will afford from the ravages of fires. With water in our streets a sense of security comes to us hitherto unknown. With it in our shops, stores and houses many a fire may be stopped in its incipiency. Our enterprising fellow townsman, Mr. N. J. Simonds, ever ready to adopt improvements has placed his block in a state of defence against fire which our other manufacturers will do well to imitate. As most of our readers know, Mr. Simonds' shop is a five-story building in which a fire would hold high carnival, should it once gain a footing. Mr. Simonds gave his superintendent, Mr. John Gilcreast (Chief Engineer of the Woburn Fire Department) carte blanche in the matter of arranging this admirable system of protection, and the result is that every part of the building is provided with a supply of water which can be brought to bear upon a given point in an incredibly short time.

To start at the beginning we must go into the basement and there we shall find that a four-inch pipe connects with the street main. From the four-inch pipe at the cellar wall a two and a half-inch pipe runs along the ceiling of the basement to the center of the building. At this point a smaller service pipe is joined which supplies the various sinks, water closets and drinking tanks throughout the building. This service pipe is supplied with stop cocks at every point where water is needed, so that any portion or the whole of the service may be cut off at any time without interfering with the fire supply. This brings us back to the pipe for fire service. Commencing in the basement, the two and one half-inch pipe is carried up straight through the building to and out upon the roof. This is called a stand pipe and to this upon each floor are attached couplings for hose. In the engine room upon the first floor is found the first one of these; the second is in the entry way on the 2nd floor; the third in the cutting and pasting room, 3rd floor; the fourth in the rolling and packing room, 4th floor; the fifth in the drying room 5th floor; the sixth upon the roof, the pipe being brought out through the ventilator. To these various points hose and a nozzle will be attached, coiled and hung up upon brackets ready for an emergency. The first and second floors will have 50 feet each and the others 25 feet each of Clark's best linen hose. With these lengths every foot of space upon each floor can be reached with water from the hose upon that floor, while the lengths from the floors above and beneath can be brought into use. This would provide three streams in a few moments time. Hose will not be kept attached to the pipe upon the roof, but it is a rule of the establishment not to obstruct the passage to the stairs which lead thereto, so that only a few moments would be required to supply that point. From the roof a fire upon the neighboring coal sheds and building could be attacked with great advantage. Mr. Simonds has supplied his building heretofore with water and protection by pumping from a well into two large tanks, holding 12,000 gallons in the upper story. These tanks and the old pipes are retained and in case Horn Pond water should fail for a time, or any other equally improbable case should occur, that means could still be used. Mr. Gilcreast has completed the system, and it is protective and simple. Every contingency which can possibly arise seems to have been foreseen and provided against. If that building can burn down with the means now at hand then human ingenuity is naught.

JEWISH RABBI.—On Monday evening, Rev. Abraham Jaeger formerly a Jewish Rabbi, gave, in the Baptist church an interesting account of his experience. He was converted to Christianity about one year ago, and now occupies a professorship in the Theological seminary at Greenville, S. C. He related his experience from Judaism to Christianity showing the struggles of the Jews who believing in total depravity, knew of no means of escape save through ceremonial law. In this faith he lived ten years. Gradually he embraced Christ as an ideal power, but not as a Saviour. At last, however, he was converted to a full knowledge of Christian belief, and has since that time been an earnest worker in the cause.

He is a very fine speaker and his remarks were listened to with interest.

ACCIDENT TO A PHYSICIAN.—Dr. Ephraim Cutter met with an accident Wednesday afternoon between 3 and 4 while in Boston. He had just left the rooms of President Runkle (of the Technological Institute) on Boylston street and was descending the stairs when his heel caught upon the edge of the step and the muscular contraction which attended the act, snapped the kneepan. The Dr. thought at first that it might be dislocation, but found it was not upon examination. He was brought home in the evening and during Wednesday night his suffering were intense.

S S CONCERT.—The usual exercises of the Baptist S S Concert, were partly dispensed with last Sunday evening for the purpose of allowing the audience to listen to Rev Dr J W Gardner, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society. Dr Gardner illustrated some very happy remarks by specimens of missionary relics, such as garments, shoes, lamps and walking sticks.

TRUMPET.—A silver fire trumpet worth fifty dollars will be given to the fire company receiving the greatest number of votes at the Catholic Fair in Stoneham, each vote costing twenty five cents. The Fair will commence on the second day of October, and continue nearly two weeks. Now why can't some of our fire boys go for that silver trumpet? We would like to see it come to Woburn.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—One of the drivers of the teams at work in the cellar opposite, found a difficulty in backing his horse into the pit, and taking hold of the animal's tongue, wrenched it so violently that it was torn badly on the under side.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—The Board has commenced in earnest to carry into effect the matter of grading the streets where the water pipes are too near the surface.

BREAKING IN.—We hear that the Catholic church was broken into Wednesday night and the penny box robbed of its contents.

☞ Before you read anything else look at Pollock's "ad."

FALL.—Tuesday a commotion in the church cellar opposite the *Journal* office, collected a crowd. Matthew Costello, a workman there, while wheeling a barrow of stone along the top of the wall, in some way lost his footing, and down went Costello, barrow and all. The barrow was arrested however, by an angle of the wall; Costello fell upon a pile of rock, and a portion of the load upon Costello. Ugly gashes were cut over and under the right eye, and one of his arms was bruised.

About an hour afterwards one Michael Kelley at work in the same cellar, was caught in a shower as follows: He was digging in a corner of the cellar which is 12 or 15 feet deep at that point. Upon the bank above was a pile of brick and other debris. Something started the pile and down it came, literally like "a thousand of brick," only there was about two hundred of them. Kelley was so well covered that his fellow workmen had to remove the pile before he could get up. Luckily, however, he sustained no particular injury.

AN INCIDENT.—Last Friday's evening papers contained an account of the finding in Charles River that morning the body of a man apparently about 65 years old, five feet seven inches in height, and dressed in dark mixed clothes. Fears being entertained that this might prove to be the body of Mr. Conn, two of his friends visited Boston that evening to determine the matter and brought to Woburn the welcome news that it was the body of a stranger. It has since been identified as that of a Frenchman named Joseph Gaschet, who had resided with his son in Boston, and who is supposed to have jumped off the foot of Pinckney street the previous Saturday.

☞ The newly filled water trenches have proved in many cases during the past week, pitfalls for man, beast and wagons. Unsuspecting citizens, while walking along our sidewalks, have suddenly found themselves below par, so to speak. Sections of the walk have sunk in one or two places, a foot or two. An ice team was located for some time in front of Wyman & Bennett's, one rear wheel having sunk in as far as the hub. A horse got into another of these places, Wednesday. No damage to life or limb has as yet occurred.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Converse—Sept 20, John Coffee, John Manning, Daniel Murphy, Patrick McHugh, Timothy Sexton, Jr, Thomas O'Brien, larceny of grapes from George H Miller, all guilty but Murphy, placed on probation on payment of costs. Sept 22d, Barney Quigley, drunk, $5 and costs;—Sept 23, James Sheehan, illegal keeping of liquor, $10 and costs, $1000 recognizance—Sept 24, Wm Kenney, assault, $5 and costs.

ACCIDENT. — Charley Wade started Wednesday evening to carry a gentleman to North Woburn. Dr. Kylander also accompanied him and when opposite Dr. Hutchings' house as the carriage crossed a ridge over the water pipe the transiom bolt broke, and the occupants were thrown out while the horse ran a short distance. Dr. Kylander was bruised about the face and very much jammed, the passenger was scratched, and the whole party badly shaken up.

HIGHLAND HOSE.—This company has decided upon the following uniform: Plain red shirts with black necktie; white double belt with "5 Highland 5" in black on the back and "Woburn" on the clasp; black fire hats, with black shield and in white letters "Highland Hose, 5, Woburn." They propose to make their first parade with 20 men.

☞ The Nashua (N. H.) *Telegraph* comes to us in a new dress throughout. It is now closing its 41st volume, and this evidence of its hale and hearty condition entitles it to congratulation. Its new headings are very tasty, and its new type stands out clearly, symbolic of its position for years. We wish you, gentlemen every success.

RUNAWAY.—J S Marcy's horse ran away or tried to this week Monday. A boy was driving the team up Winn St, when the horse suddenly halted, reared up, faced about, threw out the boy, and started into a run. He was soon stopped but not until the wagon had been somewhat broken.

TEMPERANCE. — A union temperance meeting will be held at the Baptist church to-morrow (Sunday) evening. All of the societies and the community generally are invited. Rev. W. J. Hambleton will conduct the exercises and remarks are expected from the other pastors.

NEW LANDLORD.—The Central House has been leased to Leander Hammond, of Dorchester, for three years from next January. He has bought out Mrs. Hartshorne's lease, and will take the house about the middle of October.

POLICE CAPS.—The police have provided themselves with a uniform cap of dark blue cloth. The pattern is neat. Upon the sides are gilt buttons with the initial "P." Some distinctive feature of dress has long been needed.

S S CONVENTION.—At the State Sunday School Convention, at Worcester, Hon J G Pollard of Woburn, was elected a member of the State Central Committee.

SLIGHT BREAK.—Monday forenoon, one of the trains ran into the depot with more force than was anticipated, and a broken platform was the result.

RESUMED.—Work was resumed at the tannery of H Conn & Co, last Monday. During the week, Mr Conn has been in communication with his family.

SIGNS.—Green's Music Store has a large sign painted on its western wall. Dodge also occupies all his blank wall with an announcement.

PAINTED.—The hydrants are being painted white on top, to make them easy to find in the night.

THUMB OFF.—Ann Doherty cut off a thumb at Simonds' shop, Monday.

G A R PARADE.—The Parade at Lowell will take place Oct 9th.

CONCORD CATTLE SHOW.—The 79th Annual Cattle Show of the Middlesex Agricultural Society was in every respect except financially, a complete success. The weather of Tuesday was fair but during the night a heavy rain storm prevailed, and the inclement weather of Wednesday morning, had the effect to keep from the fair hundreds of people who had intended to go. We rode over on Wednesday, arriving on the ground in time to see the trial of speed between gentlemen's driving horses, including G. A. Tidd's birck mare, "Queen," and S. W. Twombly's bay mare, "Jennie Smith." The race was won by Jennie Smith, Queen taking second money. The best time made was 2:55 3-4. Jennie Smith trotted in the three minute race the day before, coming in third.

In the exhibition hall the show of vegetables was the best we have ever seen. Woburn, Winchester, Arlington, Lexington and Burlington were well represented in the various departments. There were 70 exhibitors of bread, including several from Woburn. Miss Maria E. Carter made a very fine show of wild flowers with their botanical names. W. B. Harris showed a collection of antique agricultural implements which he has presented to the Society. Simeon Weymouth showed a fine collection of sweet corn on the stalk, the stalks of which had grown to an enormous height. Mrs. Susan Thurston exhibited a specimen of a drawn-in rug. The principal exhibition of poultry were C. L. Parker of Winchester, and Wm. H. Eastman of Stoneham. Mr. Eastman's display of poultry and coops was the finest we have ever seen.

The cattle pens were not so full as usual, owing no doubt, to the threatened weather. The Ayrshire herd of J. R. Kendall & Co., and some Holland cattle from the farm of John Cummings, Esq., looked very fine.

The annual dinner occurred in the afternoon, after which there were addresses by Prof. Agassiz, Ex Gov. Claflin, President Clark of the Agricultural College, and Judge Hoar. The President John Cummings, Esq., introduced Prof. Agassiz in the most flattering manner.

Prof. Agassiz remarked that he had been a school master for 52 years, and the habit of fault finding had become second nature. He thought there was something going wrong in Concord. Everybody knew that the town was leading in agriculture as well as statesmanship and philosophy, alluding to the seedling grapes and vegetables, to Judge Hoar and Mr. Emerson, but he felt deeply the fact that in education their schools did not supply practical knowledge, They taught only three arts, "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," The rising generation needed more than these, and they should be brought face to face with nature.

The schools should teach something beyond the elegances of education; the physiology and anatomy of plants being the most essential studies for the agriculturist. He had just returned from Penekese, and was surprised to find that the lady students would compete with the gentlemen in the use of the dissecting knife, which was not so repulsive to them as he supposed. He thought it would be beneficial to teach the young how they were made and how the machinery of the body was fed. The gardener could not get rid of insects which destroy his crops if he did not know the source from which they sprung. He admired the grape which Concord had produced, and he expressed the wish that wine had been made from it and placed upon the tables before him. In conclusion he spoke in favor of the Agricultural College, and of the schools of Massachusetts, which were in advance of those of other States.

The next speaker was Ex. Gov. Claflin, who spoke in favor of cheap transporation. The question was before the people, who were threatened by a power which many think will be as disastrous to the interests of the masses as was the landed monopoly of Great Britian. The railroads absorb the lands and coal fields of the country, and the burden was felt even here in New England. Great lines of railroad were run by two or three men, whose system of management should be changed. There was great agitation in the West upon this subject, and even in our own State we are in danger of great loss through the monopoly of the great through lines of railway, which were the rivers of the Commonwealth, not less valuable than the Hudson river to the City and State of New York. He spoke at length in favor of State ownership of the Tunnel line, and denied that the managment of the road as a trust would lead to political corruption. If the water works of Boston, cost ten millions, could be managed by a board of commissioners why could not the railroads? Place the railroads which the state has a right to take in the hands of twenty responsible men from all parties, and the complaint of political corruption would never be heard of at the State House any more than at the City Hall.

The reduction of fares and freights could be done only by the State, and in this movement Massachusetts should take the lead, and show that this question can be settled to the honor of the State and the benefit of the nation.

He was followed by President Clark, who remarked that the practical purpose of these festivals is improvement. The State pays six hundred dollars a year to each of these fairs. She annually gives away ten thousand volumes of the agricultural reports. She has encouraged farmers clubs, and county fairs, and has established the agricultural college. He spoke warmly in favor of an education, and the man don't live who will say that every dollar spent on his education, was not the best investment that could be made. We are not trying to perfect the agriculture of Massachusetts, but we have done something to improve it. We have shown that sugar can be raised here as well as in Germany, France, Russia or Sweden, who raise all the sugar they use. A ton of sugar can be raised from an acre of land, and as much fodder beside as from an acre of meadow. If the farmers will take as much interest in the college as its directors do, we will send their boys back better farmers than if they had no education.

Judge Hoar was the next speaker. He said it always made him good natured to come to a cattle show. Referring to the Concord grape he remarked that he had no doubt that we will have better grapes than Concord, but any man who tried wine from this grape will not try it again. He placed the farmers club and cattle show above the agricultural college; had a word in favor of the unsuccessful exhibition, and encouraged them to try again. Everything that can encourage owners of land to raise fine vegetables, fine animals, is making them better citizens. Those foreigners who herd together in tenement houses slowly assimilate our ideas. But every Irishman who gets a piece of land, and has a house of his own, is a better citizen. He closed with the assertion that Common schools and manual labor are the the hope of our State,

The annual meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday for the choice of officers: John Cammings of Woburn was elected President, Wm. A. Tower of Lexington, Vice President; John B. Moore of Concord, Secretary; and Charles Thompson, of Concord Treasurer,—the latter in place of Captain Richard Barrett who declined a re-election. The members of the old Board of Trustees with few exceptions, were re-elected.

The following is a partial list of premiums awarded:

For grade Ayrshire and Durham, 2d of $20 to Webster Smith, of Lexington.

For best Heifer, 1st to Henry Wood, of Bedford,

For Holsteins, 1st for bull, and one and two-year old heifers, to John Cummings, of Woburn.

For Herds of Cattle, 1st for Ayrshires, to J. R. Kendall, of Woburn.

For Matched Horses, 3d to C. L. Wait of Bedford.

For Breeding Mares, 2d to H. J. Gilbert, of Burlington.

For Colts, best three-year old, broken to harness, John Cummings, of Woburn. Best colt less than one year old, H. J. Gilbert, of Burlington.

For Poultry, 1st to C. L. Parker, of Winchester. W. H. Eastman, Stoneham $20.40, for best show of fowls and coops. White Leghorns, Delmont Butterfield, of Lexington.

For Pears, best five varieties, R. L. Hodgdon, of Arlington.

For Apples, Hubbardston's, Josiah Crosby, of Arlington.

For best display in vegetables, $15, to Elijah Marion, of Burlington. 2d best, John Cummings, of Woburn. Carrots and parsnips, Josiah Crosby, of Arlington; carrots, blood beets and horseradish, John Fillebrown, of Arlington; Turban and Hubbard squashes, J. F. Harrison of Winchester; celery, W. W. Rawson, of Arlington; Drumhead cabbage, Hubbard squash, flat turnip and sweet corn, J. R. Kendall, of Woburn; largest squash, $2.00, Abel Harrington, of Burlington; 2d best Savoy, 1st best Hubbard squash, J. F. Hanson, of Winchester.

For Grain, Henry Wood, of Bedford, seed corn.

For Rugs, $1, Mrs. V. Wilson, of Bedford. Mrs. Martha White, of Burlington, $1.

For Flowers, special premium for best wild flowers, with botanical names, to Miss Maria E. Carter, of Woburn. John Cummings, 3d best basket flowers, $3.00; 1st prize for hot house plants.

For Grapes, gratuity, $2.00 Concord grape, John Cummings, Woburn. S. G. Damon, of Arlington, best 10 varieties of grapes. J. Cummings 2d best single.

For Corn, Simeon Weymouth, Woburn, gratuity, $2.00. H. A. Wood, of Bedford, gratuity.

For lot of Horse shoes, gratuity $5.00, to J. F. Ham, of Lexington.

For drawings, gratuity $1.00, Harry L. Alderman of Lexington.

For Moss Picture, $3.00, Mrs M. C. Paine, of Lexington.

For best Worsted Work, $5.00, Mrs. C. L. Wait of Bedford.

For 4th best Fancy Knitting and Crocheting, Maria C. Bliss of Lexington.

For Counterpane, gratuity, $1.00, C. L. Wait of Bedford.

For Jellies, 3rd best lot, $2.00, Mrs. M. A. Dodge of Bedford.

For best prepared Fruit, $2.00, and best lot Jellies, $5.00. Hannah Hosmer of Bedford.

West Medford.

CHURCH CORNER STONE.—On Saturday afternoon last took place the laying of the corner stone of the new Cong'l church referred to in our last issue. The exercises consisted of brief addresses by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Jaggar and others, singing by the choir, and benediction. The sealed tin box which was placed under the corner stone contained the articles of agreement, constitution, names of the members and officers of the society, congregational documents, town records, and the two Medford newspapers. The edifice is to be 85 feet by 45, with a steeple 120 feet in height. It will seat over 500 persons. The cost, including fixtures and land, will amount to $20,000,

Winchester.

NEW COMERS.—Mr. Walter H. Fish has moved into the new and elegant house recently erected by him on Main street near Symmes corner.

F. H. Nourse, the purchasing agent of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, has bought the house recently built and owned by Capt. Kinsman.

NEW HOUSES.—The houses of Geo. P. Brown and S. B. White are nearly completed. They were built by A. P. Palmer in the thorough and workman like manner for which he is so well known. That hole in front of Brown's has at last been filled up and has been levelled, squared and plumbed. The cupola on top of the house is to be used for signalizing the weather and if we want to know whether or not a storm is approaching, we have only to look up to that.

FIRE PROTECTION.—There will be a trial at Moseley's at 5 P. M., this Saturday of the new system of protection against fire, which they have lately attached to their shops.

CLEAN CARS.—We think every lady, if not gentleman will thank us for calling the attention of our railroad officials to the importance of having the railroad cars kept cleaner and purer. Before a car is used, some one should go through it and see that it is in proper condition, properly aired, and that the floor is not covered with filth of any kind. A few mornings since in one of the ingoing trains some one in a previous trip had been sick, and left the floor in a dirty condition, which had not been cleaned up, unfit for any one to occupy one of the seats, while the effluvia was anything but pleasant. Ladies do not want their dresses spoiled by contact with this fifth which is too often found upon the floor nor is it agreeable to gentlemen. We would suggest that notices be posted up in the cars to the effect that persons are requested not to spit upon the floor or use it as a repository for the remains of their fruits or nuts.

New Publications.

THE NURSERY.—The October number of this magazine for youngest readers is out, and a host of young readers will soon be made happy by its receipt. We have so frequently noticed its attractive features and commended them that it seems hardly worth while to do more than to announce its publication. Its readers will certainly be willing to take it in trust. We presume its readers are constantly increasing, and we certainly hope so, for where happiness and innocent enjoyment can be so easily obtained, it seems a pity that any child should be deprived of it.

LADIES' WINTER WINDOW GARDENING.

We have in this little work which has already reached its sixth edition, a very valuable adjunct to the Ladies' Department of Agriculture and Floriculture. In this work are found numerous illustrations as to the manner of constructing rustic baskets and other pretty devices for the window, the aquarian and the box garden of all kinds. In a word there is some kind of information for each and all; and every lady who would enjoy a pleasant winter window garden, in her parlor home will purchase without delay *Williams' Window Gardening*, and they will receive instruction of a practical character, that would otherwise cost them $20. This book is for sale by Henry T. Williams, 5 Beekman St., N. Y. Sent by mail.

DETAIL COTTAGE AND CONSTRUCTION. Architecture. A. J. Bicknell & Co., N. Y. Architectural Book Publishers-

We have received from the publishers the above very valuable work upon architectural, constructive cottage designs and many other styles of building adapted to the wants of the building community. For some time past there has been most sensibly felt the want of just such a work as the above. Every builder of taste will thank Mr. Bicknell for these simple, elaborate and very practical designs, all of which are reduced to the working scale of the operative house builder. This work contains 75 large lithographic plates done in beautiful style, showing a great variety of styles and designs, entirely new, for cornices, brackets, windows, window caps, doors, piazzas, porches and bay windows. Also dormer windows, observatories, towers, chimney tops, balconies, scroll work, stan-building, designs of exquisite finish, with styles for mantels never before given to the public. 45 elevations, perspective, plans modern style, 18 elevations, perspective, and specifications for summer cottages. In short, this is the most new and original work in the market and just published by Bicknell in elegant royal quarto form at the exceedingly low price of ten dollars. This work cannot be beat by any work upon new designs in the country.

THE BOYS' OWN.—This is the name of a neatly printed 16 page illustrated weekly newspaper. It is published by our old friend Charles F. Richards, and printed at Rockwell & Churchill's, Boston. It is full to the brim of stories suited to the boys, has a fine head dress, is well illustrated, and fully worth $2.50 a year. Boys, send 10 cents to Mr. Richards, 122 Washington St., Boston, and after you have read two numbers you will be sure to become constant readers.

Bedford.

RE-UNION.—The Page family had a re-union at Bedford on Thursday. About 200 members were present.

COMMITTED.—John Jordan was committed to jail for 20 days last Saturday for liquor selling.

☞ If it was so heinous a sin to pass the salary bill, it is equally a sin to keep it on the statute book. We go for its repeal. The last Congress had no more power to fix the next Congress's salary, than we have to fix the advertising rates of the *Monitor*. Each Congress is responsible for itself, and itself only. If every member who wouldn't take his back pay, or took it and gave it away, who is re-elected, don't advocate and vote for a repeal of the salary bill, he is a hypocrite.—*Lowell Journal*.

HEAVY BAIL IN A LIQUOR CASE.—Thomas Salmon of Woburn, who was defaulted in the Superior Court last term at East Cambridge, on a bond for his appearance on a charge of liquor selling, was yesterday committed to jail on a capias. He applied to Judge Dewey for leave to give new bail, on the ground that he was in Europe during the last court and did not intend to avoid answering the charge. The judge concluded that at all events it should be made certain that he should be on hand at the next term and ordered him to give new bail in the sum of $2,000.—*Herald, Saturday.*

Married

In Watertown, Sept. 6th, by Rev. Edwin P. Wilson, William H. Drew and Sarah M. Kilburn, both of Woburn.

In East Cambridge, Sept. 23d, by Rev. William Graham, Mr. Thomas E. Giles and Miss Emma Foster, both of Winchester, Mass.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Sept. 19th, John C., son of John H. and Olive McMillan, aged 9 months, 2 days.

In Lexington, Sept. 24th, Alice Gardner, daughter of George G. and Mary T. Davis, aged 3 months.

In Bedford, Sept. 24th, Miss Eliza Townson, aged 74 years.

In Winchester, Sept. 21st, Annie Mabel, eldest daughter of Abijah and Maria S. Thompson, aged 5 years.

In Northwood, N. H., Sept. 19th, Lois, widow of the late John Carswell, aged 77 years, 6 months, 16 days.

In Fitzwilliam N. H., Sept. 23d, Lena H., only child of Henry F. and Helen S. Smith, of Woburn, aged 1 year, 10 months.

In St. Louis, Sept 3d, of Cholera, Mary W., wife of John B. Horne, and daughter of the late Luke Tay, of Woburn, aged 31 years, 10 months, 20 days.

In Woburn, Sept. 22d, Meline Ann Cogswell, aged 19 years.

In Woburn, Sept. 23d, Mary B., wife of Charles O. Ames, aged 49 years, 4 months, 20 days.

WEDDING

AND

Presentation Silver.

Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

[AGENTS FOR THE

GORHAM MANUF'G CO

Invite an inspection of their large and varied assortment of the manufacture of the above Company, comprising the new Productions of the Season, which for Artistic Design, Beauty of Finish, and Utility, have never been equalled, and cannot fail to meet the requirements of the most refined taste.

— ALSO —

In Stock a full variety of their Celebrated

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

BIGELOW, KENNARD & CO.

JEWELERS.

391 Washington Street, Boston.

BEST YET!

The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK OF

FURNITURE

ever exhibited in Woburn.

Call and see for yourself.

G. W. POLLOCK,

Town Hall Building.

TO LET.

A two story dwelling house, containing eleven rooms in good repair. Also for sale a one story house. Apply to

217 G. PARKS, North Woburn.

FOR SALE.

The house and land on Mt. Pleasant street, occupied by Mrs. Anna Kemmick. For particulars inquire on the premises or of

G. F. SMITH,

218 187 Main St., Woburn.

HOUSE TO LET.

A house on Mt. Pleasant street, corner of Green, containing seven rooms to let to a small family.

Inquire of

220 A. A. FERRIN.

Horse For Sale.

A Black mare, weighs 1000; good roader; perfectly sound and kind; not afraid of cars, and very quiet in the stable. Will be sold because the owner has no use for her. Can be seen at corner Green and Highland streets, Woburn.

216 CHARLES H. POLLARD.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his Sermon of April 12th, speaks of

The Parlor Kaleidoscope,

The most superbly beautiful and useful ornament for the household ever produced. It is an unfading source of entertainment and instruction in every household where it is introduced; its beauties are inexhaustible; the combinations are never repeated.

Read the Notices of the Press.

We copy the following letter from Mrs. Beecher:

"BROOKLYN, May 8, 1873.

C. G. Bush & Co.—Mr. Beecher desires me to inform you that he referred to your Kaleidoscope in his sermon, to which you refer. Yours respectfully, MRS. H. W. BEECHER."

THE PARLOR KALEIDOSCOPE.—C. G. Bush & Co., have brought this very pretty article to great perfection, and by its ingenious mounting and sealed liquids of brilliant colors, the combination far surpass any we have ever seen. If any on thinks there is nothing new under the sun, we advise them to take a peep through the parlor kaleidoscope, and realize the fact that there is *something* new and novel at every turn.—*Boston Journal.*

[Extract from Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon.]

Antiquity not a Sure Authority.

In turning the kaleidoscope probably five hundred times, and causing thousands of combinations, I have never seen two combinations in it that were alike. The combinations are *never repeated*, are *never reproduced*. I do not know as they would be if I were to turn the kaleidoscope five hundred years. There is always some difference in the combinations which they form, and which report themselves to the eye.

"To the designer it offers patterns that his skill could never devise."—*Christian Union.*

Elegantly mounted on walnut stand, furnished with Revolving Object-Box and sealed liquids of brilliant colors. **Price $3.50.**

The Parlor Kaleidoscope can be seen at GEO. S. DODGE'S Drug Store.

JAMES MOONEY, Agent.

Also Agent for

"BOSTON BY DAYLIGHT & GASLIGHT." Price $3.00.

"TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA."

200

Orders left with GEO. S. DODGE will receive prompt attention.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

LYCEUM HALL

WOBURN,

1873. A COURSE OF 1873.

LECTURES,

CONCERTS,

READINGS, DRAMATICS, &c

Will be given the coming season under the management of

Parker & Thompson.

Oct. 31, Prof. J. W. Churchill

Subject—"Select Readings"

Nov. 5, The Beethoven Quintette Club

C. N. ALLEN, 1st Violin, H. HIENDL, 2d Violin, J. C. MULLALY, 1st Viola, WM. RITZLE, 2d Viola and Flute, WULF FRIES, Cello,—assisted by Miss MARY D. WYMAN.

Nov. 12, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Cobb

In their new and novel entertainment, "The Cruise of the Cobweb," which never fails to produce "a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, a wassail of wit."

Nov. 25, Mr. H. W. Shaw, (JOSH BILLINGS)

Subject—"Buty and the Beasts."

Dec. 3, The Original "Medford Dramatic Society"

In the pleasing Comedy of "DOING FOR THE BEST," with the WOBURN AMATEUR QUINTETTE CLUB.

Dec. 10, Rev. W. H. H. Mnrray

Subject—"Civilized Heathen."

The Managers will do everything in their power to make these entertainments perfectly pleasing and satisfactory to all those who may purhase.

Tickets $1.50, $2, $2.50, according to location.

The tickets will be ready for sale Wednesday, Oct. 1st, with a clean plan of the Hall, at Horton's, Adkins', A. E. Thompson & Co.'s, G. R. Gage & Co.'s, and F. B. Dodge's; North Woburn at E. J. Jenks'.

T. MARVIN PARKER, } Managers.
ALBERT THOMPSON, }

THE BEST

New Singing Books.

CHOICE TRIOS. For High Schools and Seminaries. By W. S. Tilden. Just out, $1.00

RIVER OF LIFE. For Sabbath Schools. By Perkins, Bentley, and 40 other composers. 35c

CHEERFUL VOICES. For Common Schools. By L. O. Emerson. 50c

HOUR OF SINGING. For High Schools. By Emerson and Tilden. $1.00

STANDARD. For Choirs, Conventions &c. By Emerson and Palmer. $1.50

DEVOTIONAL CHIMES. For Social Meetings. By Asa Hull. .57c

MUSICAL TREASURE. For the Parlor. (Vocal and Instrumental.) $2.50

Seven admirably constructed books, whose sales are to be numbered by the hundred thousand; so perfectly is each fitted to the popular taste.

☞ Either book sent, post-paid, for the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 211

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Lydia Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, William Winn, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

213 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate.

BY a License from Probate Court, will be sold at public auction, on

Saturday, October 18th, 1873,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, in Woburn, a certain lot of land containing about 9½ acres with the buildings thereon, situated on Eastern Avenue and East Street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Eastern Avenue at land of Jeduthan Fowle, the line runs northerly by said land about 158 feet; thence easterly by said land about 25 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of S. O. Pollard about 551 8-10 feet; thence westerly by land of John Brauer about 48 8-10 feet; thence again southerly by land of said Brauer and B. McConlogue, about 325 5-10 feet; thence westerly by land of J. Munroe about 260 feet to East street; thence northwesterly by said street about 337 8-10 feet to land of S. O. Pollard; thence northerly and northeasterly by land of S. O. Pollard about 300 feet; thence northerly and northeasterly by lands of Stowers, Turner, Bulpit and Whitford by the wall about 625 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. D. Gilman, to said Eastern Avenue; thence southerly by said Avenue about 35 6-10 feet; thence easterly by said Avenue about 223 feet to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land containing about 3 95-100 acres situated southeasterly from the center village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a proposed street, the line runs easterly by land of Horton about 178 5-10 feet; thence southeasterly, southerly and southwesterly by land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman about 832 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of said Heirs about 19 feet; thence southwesterly by land of Sawtelle about 90 5-10 feet by the wall; thence northerly by land of Glennon about 166 2-10 feet; thence nearly westerly by land of Glennon about 132 5-10 feet to East street; thence northerly on East street about 51 4-10 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace about 143 4-10 feet; thence northerly by land of Wallace, Maxim, Fowle and Symmes about 420 feet to the line of the proposed street aforesaid; thence easterly by said line about 23 feet; thence northerly by said line about 44 4-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The above offers a rare opportunity to any one looking for an investment for business purposes or for a residence, the location being near the heart of the village and near the depot, schools and churches. Terms made known at the time of sale. For further particulars inquire of the Auctioneer or of L. G. Richardson, Administrator.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 27th, 1876. 219

GRAND

Concerts.

A series of four concerts will be given at the

UNITARIAN CHURCH,

WOBURN,

BY

CHARLES H. MORSE,

ORGANIST OF THE SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY EVEN'G, Oct. 22d.
" " **Nov. 26th.**
" " **Dec. 17th.**
" " **Jan. 21, '74.**

The following talent will assist.

ORGANISTS,

GEORGE E. WHITING,
The celebrated Cathedral organist, of Boston.

DUDLEY BUCK,
The distinguished organist of the Music Hal Association, Boston.

S. B. WHITNEY,
Organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

HENRY M. DUNHAM

AND

ALLEN W. SWAN,
Organ graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music.

VOCALISTS.

The favorite Sopranos.

Mrs. J. M. Osgood, of Boston.
Miss Mary D. Wyman, of Woburn.
Miss Sallie M. Clough, of Woburn.

Contralto,
Miss Mary G. Clapp, Boston.

Tenors.
Mr. E. Prescott, Boston.
Mr. T. Robie, Woburn.

Bassos.
Mr. C. E. Hay, Boston.
Mr. A. H. McKenney, Boston.

AND A

Splendid Male Quartette,

FROM BOSTON.

Season Tickets, $1.00.

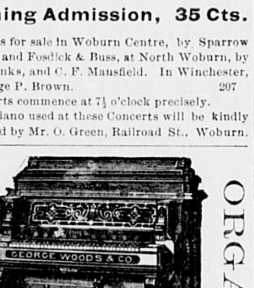
Evening Admission, 35 Cts.

Tickets for sale in Woburn Centre, by Sparrow Horton, and Fosdick & Buss, at North Woburn, by E. J. Jenks, and C. F. Mansfield. In Winchester, by George P. Brown. 207

Concerts commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

The Piano used at these Concerts will be kindly furnished by Mr. O. Green, Railroad St., Woburn.

GEO. WOODS & CO'S ORGANS



Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 203

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street.

Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCES.—Rev. W. S. Barnes, and Mr. C. H. Morse.

TEA

Everybody knows, or ought to know that the strength and delicious flavor of Tea is seriously injured by exposure to the air. The essential oil and delicate aroma of

COFFEE

Is still more volatile and a single day's exposure causes it to become flat, stale and "good for nothing." As these goods are usually kept for sale in loosely covered chests or caddies, such exposure is unavoidable. This, in part, accounts for the poor quality of teas and coffees sold by retail dealers.

To overcome this difficulty the

Oriental Tea Co.,

Of Boston have adopted a method of packing the choicest high grades of finest Teas DIRECT FROM FRESHLY OPENED CHESTS, and their celebrated strictly pure Coffees, while still warm from their own mills, in TIN CANS and immediately sealing them up AIR TIGHT. Every one who buys these goods will find their Teas as strong, fresh and nice as if taken from a new chest just opened; and their Coffees as rich and full-flavored as when first roasted and ground.

In addition to the great advantages of the Oriental style of packing, THE PRICES OF THEIR GOODS are only about one half what is usually charged for THE SAME QUALITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to accommodate customers in this vicinity we have arranged with

JOSEPH SYKES,

AT

262 Main Street, Woburn.

To act as our agent. He will keep on hand a full assortment of our unequalled Teas and Coffees, and sell them at our lowest Boston prices.

Try them, and if they do not give satisfaction, bring them back and have your 206

MONEY REFUNDED.

ORIENTAL TEA CO.

PARTIES

Having Houses for sale or to let will please call upon

E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 105

1873. 1874.

LECTURES

AT THE

BAPTIST CHURCH.

WINCHESTER.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Young People of the Baptist Society.

Tickets for the Course,	$2.00
With Reserved Seat,	2.50
Tickets for Gough's Night, With Reserved Seat,	1.00
Admission Other Evenings,	50

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.

Lecture to commence at 7 3-4 o'clock. P. M.

Tickets for sale at the

Post Office Winchester.

AND BY

FOSDICK & BUSS WOBURN.

Trains from Woburn at 6.25. Returning at close of Lecture.

LECTURES,

Oct. 6. John B. Gough,
Subject.—"Now and Then."

Oct. 17. Rev. W. H. H. Murray,
Subject.—"Civilized Heathen."

Nov. 3. Rev. Edward E. Hale,
Subject.—"In his name."

Nov. 17. Hon. William Parsons,
Subject.—"Richard Brinsley Sheridan."

Dec. 1. Mrs. M. A. Livermore,
Subject.—"The Battle for Money."

Dec. 17. Prof. J. W, Churchill,
Subject.—"Readings."

Dec. 29. Oliver Optic. (W. T. Adams.)
Subject.—"Family Jars, or the Troubles of the Twelfth Parish.

Jan. 12. Rev. Elias Nason,
Subject.—"Greenbacks."

Administratrix's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court for Middlesex County, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the 14th day of Oct. 1873

at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Rufus Pickering, No. 2 Wade Block, Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right, title, and interest, which Patrick Bishop, late of said Woburn, deceased, had at the time of his decease in and to the following described real estate, viz:—

A lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing about 15,323 square feet, bounded and described thus, to wit:—Beginning at the corner of the main street and a private street running easterly therefrom to Washington street, near the house of Wm. Richardson; thence running easterly on said private street 123 feet to a stake; thence southerly parallel with said main street 131 feet to a stake; thence westerly about 124 feet to a stake at said main street; thence northerly by said main street 117 feet to the place of beginning; being part of the lots, Nos. 36 and 37, on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company's grounds, dated August 1, 1859, made by A. L. Richardson, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 2, page 29.

Also three acres in said Woburn, the same being the easterly and undivided part, nearest the B. & L. R. R., of the following described lot, to wit:—

A lot of land called Cedar Swamp, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto, bounded and described as follows: Easterly by land of the B. & L. R. R.; southerly by land now or late of Putnam Emerson; west by land formerly of W. Wood and Sewell Flagg; northerly by land formerly of Bartholomew Richardson; said entire lot contains six acres and forty-three poles.

Also another lot of land in said Woburn, being Lot No. 69 on said Plan, and bounded southerly by a street about 80 feet; westerly on Lot No. 70 about 175 feet; northerly on lot No. 78 about 80 feet; and easterly on lot No. 68 about 175 feet, containing about 14,000 feet, more or less. Said lot 69 is subject to conditions in deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated August 18, 1866, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 985, Fol. 599.

Also two lots of land in said Woburn, being lots Nos. 70 and 71, on said plan, bounded as follows, to wit:—

Northerly by lots No. 76 and 77 one hundred and sixty feet; easterly by lot No. 69 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street one hundred and sixty feet; and westerly by lot No. 72 one hundred and seventy-five feet; containing twenty-eight thousand feet, more or less.

Also lot No. 72 on said Plan; said lot 72 is bounded as follows, viz:—

Northerly by lot No. 75 eighty feet; easterly by lot No. 71 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street eighty feet; and westerly by lot No. 73 one hundred and seventy-five feet; and is subject to the conditions named in a deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated April 20, 1868, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 1,114, Fol. 126.

MARY BISHOP, Administratrix.

R. PICKERING, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Sept. 26th, 1873.

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at

MRS. FOX'S,
Lexington Street,
197 or address Box 121, P. O.

CARPETINGS,

CURTAINS,

AND

Paper Hangings!

We offer for the consideration of our customers our

Fall Importations.

We have received per Siberia, Olympic, Hecla, and other recent arrivals, a large line of

CARPETINGS

from Crossley, Templeton, Henderson, and other well known makers, in new and elegant designs.

Uphostery Goods, Lace Curtains,

AND

WINDOW SHADES,

From the best Manufacturers in the World.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Paper Hangings and Decorations

to match the above in color and design. Special attention is called to our stock of Fr. B[illegible] Washable Tints, with Fresco Trimmings, [illegible] largest in the city.

While we have exercised great care in placing our foreign orders, we have not neglected the home manufacture, and have in store a splendid assortment of [illegible] goods, all [illegible] clusively [illegible]

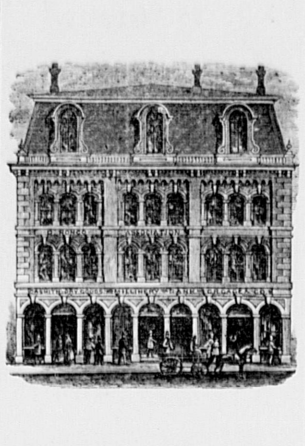
CHILDS, CROSBY & LANE,

116 Tremont St., Boston.

(Nearly opposite Park Street Church.) 202

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,



171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 167

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 183 J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The firm of H. Bulfinch & Son is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

HENRY BULFINCH.
HENRY F. BULFINCH.

Woburn, Sept. 1st, 1873.

NOTICE.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past, the undersigned would respectfully inform his customers and friends that he can be found at the old stand 222 Main street, where he will be happy to serve them in the future as in the past, with meats, vegetables, &c.

176 HENRY F. BULFINCH.

DODGE'S

Piano Forte

ROOM,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,

WOBURN.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs,

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

First-class Pianos,

Piano Stools,

Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS For sale in every way to suit purchasers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices.
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices.
PIANOS Of better class and lower prices than any other
DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 199

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.,
Russell Street, Woburn. 204

BUY THE

BOSTON

DAILY

GLOBE,

THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

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The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet. Also, a lot of doors, blinds, desks and drawers. Inquire of

169 JOSEPH KELLEY.

MRS. LAMB,

Would announce to the LADIES of Woburn that she is prepared to do

DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING,

in the most fashionable style at her residence, No. 12 Salem street. Satisfaction guaranteed. 135

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,

Bill Poster & Distributor,

Office, 150 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 118

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

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Watches and Jewelry,

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A Band in Every Village.

is, or is [illegible], and the mellow noise of him who practi[illegible] Cornet is heard all over the land. So be i[illegible] the fashion, and in season, and purcha[illegible] best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

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Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 Court St., Boston.

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Twenty eligible Lots for Sale on the South side Horn Pond Mountain. Fine views and splendid situation. Terms easy. Inquire of S. M. Allen, 28 State Street, Boston, or Lewis W. Erskine, on the premises. 196

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REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to **Collecting Bills.**

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

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We have just opened an

Entirely Fresh Stock

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CARPETINGS

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178 & 179

TREMONT STREET

Near Boylston Street,

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BRUSSELS,

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Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of

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Special attention given to the manufacture of

FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS

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The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS and ORGANS

from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

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No. 6 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS.

O. GREEN.

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ICE CREAM

— AND —

DINING SALOON,

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

Confectionery

of the purest and best varieties.

Catering for Parties, &c., as usual.

Parties and Families supplied with

Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c.,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

103 **O. R. STILL.**

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A house with 8 rooms, one unfinished, with 20,000 feet of land or 10,000 if no more is wanted. Inquire of 175

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Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices. 57

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 61

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

MISS ALICE FLETCHER,

OF WINCHESTER,

WOULD LIKE 173

A CLASS OF MUSIC,

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE VERY

Cheapest

Lines of first-class BOYS' CLOTHING of all grades and sizes, to be found to-day in Boston, are now to be seen at RICHARDS "OLD CORNER,"

24 and 25 Dock Square.

Boys' Blue Sailor Suits,	$4
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Boys', Youths', Children's suits, all sizes.

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All at very lowest prices, uniformly.

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HOUSE FOR SALE.

A new house, never occupied, containing 14 rooms. For sale by 177

D. F. EAGER.

Low Rate Advertisements.

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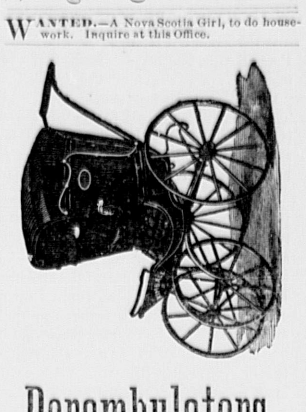

Perambulators,

FOR

Children & Dolls.

MATS AND AFGHANS.

Carts, Wagons and Wheelbarrows.

Croquet,

And Other Games,

AT

HORTON'S

BOOKSTORE,

SPECIAL.

Notice is hereby given that the subscribers have been appointed by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of William H. Leach, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate, represented insolvent; and six months from the tenth day of June 1873, are allowed by said Judge to the creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and they will attend to that service at the office of the W. A. & M. Association in said Woburn, on Tuesday, Oct. 6th, Nov. 4th, Dec. 9th, from 2 to 5 o'clock P. M.

JOHN JOHNSON, } Commissioners.
LEMUEL G. RICHARDSON, }

Woburn, Sept. 13th, 1873. 194

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

THE

GREATEST SACRIFICE 172

ON

Pure Human Hair

Ever offered to the Public,

AT THE

Fashionable Hair Emporium,

307 Washington Street.

On the Corner of TEMPLE PLACE,

AND AT

No. 34 Winter Street

Next to Messrs. Shepard, Norwell and Co.'s

Our 2d annual Closing-out Sale.

The **Largest stock** of the **best manufactured goods** in the country, and **all adapted to the present Fall Fashion.**

$64.000 Worth of

PURE HUMAN HAIR,

CONSISTING OF

7434 Switches.
1850 do Gray and White mixed.
1992 Chatelaine Bands.
144 do do Gray mixed.
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336 do do Gray mixed.
236 Fronts, including Gray mixed.
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ALL IN EVERY VARIETY OF SHADES AND SIZES.

We beg attention to the **FACT** that we keep **no Second-class cheap Goods,** but that we **sell the best articles at the lowest prices,** wherein we defy competition.

Ladies who have purchased of our stock previous to this sale can testify that we invariably give satisfaction to our customers.

The Sale will commence on Thursday, Sept. 4th, and continue for a short time only.

CAUTION!

To prevent mistakes, we beg to repeat that our Stores are at

No. 307 Washington Street,

The Corner Store of Temple Place,

AND

34 Winter Street,

Next to Messrs. Shepard, Norwell & Co.'s,

BOSTON.

Public Library

OF KENTUCKY.

Fourth Grand Gift Concert and drawing, at Louisville.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	$250 000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	100,000
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In all 12,000 Cash Gifts; $1,500,000. Only sixty thousand tickets: the chances being as one in five. Whole tickets, $50; halves, $25; tenths, $5 each. For the last concert 100,000 tickets were sold. the capital prize of $100,000 being drawn by L. H. Keith of Kingston Mass.

For tickets, circulars or information, apply to

Thos. E. Bramlette,

Agent Pub. Library Ky., and Manager Gift Concert. Public Library Building, Louisville Ky.

Or, **THOS. H. HAYS,**

Manager Branch Office,
609 Broadway, N. Y.

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the last cent it is worth and I owe a heap of money besides—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful bad to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sal, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you know are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course, they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land, and things they've always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," said Peter brightening up. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young people would take to it?"

"I don't know; but it seems to me they've always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than anything else."

"But suppose the Browns would object—and most likely they would. You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put up John to elope with Sally."

"Agreed. I'll leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances. About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife, held an important conference.

"Do you remember that note for six hundred dollars I gave for stock last spring?" said Jonas.

"Yes," replied his wife.

"Well, it's coming due in about a month and how under the sun we're going to pay it, I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged, and there's Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from is a mystery to me. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith, they're together enough, gracious knows, to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You don't eh? Well I do. Ain't his folks rich? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Sally."

"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation. "But the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Smiths and the Browns planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The step in each case was to mould the young ones to the proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny, country fellow, with plenty of good sense and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would be glad to do so, but he feared her parents would object. Then his father proposed an elopement, and offered to aid in carrying out such an exploit.—John said he would think about it.

Sally was a rustic maiden, with much redness of cheeks, and rejoicing in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little retrousse nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump figure was encased in a well fitting dress which was neatness itself. When her parents spoke to her about John, she blushingly, and after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but they feared parental objection.

"Now I'll tell you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our finger to prevent it."

"No," repeated the old man, "we wouldn't lift our finger to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They ought to have known John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unbosom themselves—for how could true lovers keep a secret? And they didn't. At the first meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks. However, they were not disposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished, seemed so near at hand to question how it had been brought about. Fully conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded the matter, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to elope—it is all settled, and we are ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Sally to-night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope with me; so I think the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time, all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a bran new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been given enough to buy a new suit of wedding toggery. The respective parents were laughing in their sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, who were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses, and drove towards Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house, he gave a signal whistle and Sally came out. Under the present circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helping her into the wagon, and off they drove.

Shortly after their departure, two scenes transpired which must here be recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store and entered his house in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. B. exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The deuce they have! I hoped to get here in time to stop 'em."

"To stop them?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: Old Smith hain't worth a cent, can't pay what he owes—will be sold out within a month—it's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do; Sally shan't marry the beggar. I'll follow to Squire Jones's and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse and spun away towards Jones's house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smith residence, and was opened by the precipitate entrance of Mrs. S. with the breathless exclamation:

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired her husband.

"John."

"Yes;" and Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went off all of a half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbing your hands," screamed the old lady; "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Browns ain't worth a dollar in the world—Kate Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be fore-closed, so Sally won't get a solitary cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into her harness, and rattled away toward Squire Jones's residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm and holding Sally with the other, when they heard the sound of wagon wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across, they saw revealed in the moonlight the pursuing Brown.

"Why, that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischief, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" she squealed.

"I will show you," said John.

Jumping from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence, and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a fearful rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheels collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Brown was picking himself up from the ditch, he saw the accident repeated; this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloping away with the four wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run for the Squire's about a mile off, where they arrived very much out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife?"

"Hold on there," yelled Brown, "I object!"

"So do I," screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the Squire. "Nothing but a divorce can fix it now."

The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said—"

"My daughter," hurriedly interposed Brown, turning very red, but striving to appear dignified, "I am not disposed to be tyrannical. Now that you are married, I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you, father," said John; "we would never have eloped if you and mother hadn't said—"

"Never mind, my son, interrupted Smith, "I will not be hard with you; I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the eloper's wagon.

Solving a Difficulty.—A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to a Sabbath school, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way the little fellow, with the philosophy which reads sermons in stones, said:

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Why," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No, sir," emphatically responded the child; "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing until they reached the richly laden tree, when he said:

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he exclaimed:

"Well, grandfather, the *tree* belongs to God, but the nuts are *ours*."

Going to Housekeeping.—Mr. and Mrs. Fullwidth took a wedding tour to all the best watering places, and just came home and went to housekeeping on the 1st of September. Fullwidth was tired out with his summer vacation, and insisted on commencing housekeeping at once, because there is no comfort in boarding houses. He wanted a quiet time. For two days he went down town in the first car every morning, and home in the last car every night, with baskets full of queensware, and bundles of oilcloth, and rolls of paper and carpet, papers of tacks, packages of screws, sacks of vegetables, and arm loads of roasts and boils and chops and steaks, and he never missed a car all day, going up and down with loads of furniture, upholstery, cooking utensils and things to eat. At the end of the second day, he found they had all the rooms in the house, filled with miscellaneous goods, and no place to put them, and he "coundn't turn around in the cellar, so full was it of assorted meat and vegetables. Then he asked Mrs. Fullwidth if she had everything she wanted, and she said "yes—all but some tomatoes, green corn, lima beans, crooked-necked squash, egg plant, asparagus, green peas, and a few varieties of watermelons to put up fresh in cans, and some grapes, plums, peaches, pears, quinces, bananas, pineapples, and strawberries to preserve, some crab apples and red currants for jellies, some blackberries for jam, and a few bushels of elderberries to make wine of, in case of—that is, in case I—or rather in case we should need it; ma always kept a little elderberry wine in the house," said Mrs. F. with a dreamy smile. Fullwidth was never married before, and had no idea how much business there was connected with it. He had filled up his cellar with potatoes, turnips, cabbages and shelled corn, and now found he didn't have anything he wanted. He went down to market and bought a few bushels of everything he saw. Then he had no boiler to cook them in, and no cans to put them in, and had no idea how many they would want. He engaged a tinsmith to go to the house and make an estimate. The tinsmith made an estimate, and set up a shop in the back yard, where two men and an apprentice hammered on tin cans all day, and some extra time at night. The kitchen was blockaded with decaying fruits and vegetables, and the back yard was rendered impassable by all kinds of diabolical machines, for seaming, folding, bending and grooving tin ware. Mrs. F. got a headache from the noise of the tinsmiths, and had to sit in the parlor rocking chair all day, with the window blinds closed,—the hired girl was "tight" at all hours. Mr. F. had to engage a couple of colored men to put up the fruits, and they left the cans out doors all night, and in the morning they were gone, and at last Mrs. F.'s mamma had to go up and set the house to rights. She told Mrs. F how she was imposed on by her unfeeling husband, who was crowding her to death with overwork, and now Fullwidth takes his meals down town, and sleeps on a lounge in the bath room, and wonders who in the world invented housekeeping. —*Pittsburg Leader.*

General Harrison.—He had great respect for the members of his cabinet, and generally acquiesced in their suggestions without remonstrance. On one occasion, however, he asserted the authority of his office with a degree of determination and dignity that astonished the executive counsel. Colonel Chambers, of Kentucky, an intimate personal friend, who had served on the staff of General Harrison in one of his campaigns against the Indians, was under an engagement of marriage with the widow of his son. Chambers accompanied him to Washington, at his request, and the arrangement was that he should have the appointment of Register of the Treasury, and after the marriage he was to reside at the White House, Mrs. Chambers to be the presiding lady of the mansion. She was an accomplished, elegant woman, greatly caressed in Washington society. The finished gentlemen by whom she was surrounded at the seat of government contrasted so strikingly with her Kentucky lover, who was a plain man of brusque manners, that she finally declined to fulfil her engagement. General Harrison was much concerned at this unfortunate contretemps, and perceiving that Chambers would be uncomfortably placed in Washington, offered him any appointment elsewhere that he might select. The unlucky suitor asked for the office of Governor of the Territory of Iowa. The place was assured him as a matter of course. Meantime Mr. Webster had promised the office to his friend General Wilson of New Hampshire. At a cabinet meeting Mr. Webster informed the President that it had been decided by the gentlemen of the cabinet that James Wilson should be Governor of Iowa. "Ah! that is the decision then is it?" said General Harrison. The gentlemen of the cabinet replied in the affirmative. Without making any further remark, the old gentleman wrote a few words upon a piece of paper and handed it to Mr. Webster, requesting him to read it aloud. The Secretary of State looked a little embarrassed, but there was no alternative, and he read, in an audible voice, "William Henry Harrison, President of the United States." The general, rising to his feet said, "And William Henry Harrison, President of the United States tells you, gentlemen, that, by——, John Chambers shall be Governor of Iowa." Of course that concluded the subject and Chambers was appointed.—From "Recollections of an Old Stager," in *Harper's Magazine for October.*

☞ The older and wiser I grow the more I am impressed with the idea of every man's personal responsibility. Make what allowance you will for taint in the blood, sordid circumstance, and all that, I believe more and more that every soul has a chance. I doubt if there is any well deep and dark and smooth-walled enough to keep a poor devil down if he is determined to get to the top of it. He will win out if he wants to hard enough. It is wonderful how good luck follows the hospitable mind and honest endeavor.—*Scribner's.*

—— Daniel Webster is not the only bright boy born in New Hampshire. The Boston *Globe* has heard of another, a youth residing in Dover, who refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked, "Tommy, have you eaten the pear?" He said, "Yes; all but the seed, mother!"

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is,

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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Call on

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If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

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A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

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New books added as soon as published. 55

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

54

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 75

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

into the

NEW DRY GOODS STORE

and see what a nice

BLACK ALPACCA

you can get for a little money

also other

DRESS GOODS,

AND

PRINT

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(Allen's Block.)

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WOOLEN CARPETS

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

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PRICES

REDUCED.

We offer for THIRTY DAYS

A FEW OF

Eddys Improved Refrigerators,

which still have the lead in the market, at reduced prices, in order to make room for Fall goods. Call and examine.

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JAMES BUEL & CO.,

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boilers Snafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metalic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 66

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand,

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY. 9

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 67

96 Main Street.

DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 2

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 3

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.

Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.

An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7¼ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 5

F. J. Culbert,

PLUMBER.

No. 200 Main St., { In Store with C. M. STROUT.

Woburn, Mass.

68

☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

At the Old Stand.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that they are now prepared to Kill and Dress Hogs with the utmost neatness and dispatch.

BANCROFT & BULLARD,

60 New Boston street, near Main street.

JAMES LITTLE,

FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.

ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS

Furnished at the lowest cash price.

Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery

All orders promptly attended to. 69

242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

Office—Near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 101

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. Thompson, Jr.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7½, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A.M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P.M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P.M.

Billerica 7, 10, A.M., 2.30, 6, P.M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A.M., 2.30, 6, P.M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4, P.M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6, P.M.

E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A.M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45†* P.M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A.M., 2.20 P.M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 6.25 P.M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 6.27 P.M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 6.37 P.M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.45 P.M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P.M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 6.50 8.20‖ P.M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P.M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 72

A. E. THOMPSON & CO.

DEALERS IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

Woolens and Small Wares,

West India Goods, Flour

AND GRAIN.

Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

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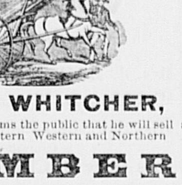
E. H. NICHOLS. 73 WOBURN

New Lumber Yard.



J. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder,

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,

WOBURN. 74

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

75 S. SIMONDS.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c Also attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.

Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work. 76

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 Niles Block, Boston. 77

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 78

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION

BUYERS!

Stearns,

Brown,

& Co.,

Are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

assortment of

CROCKERY

AND 79

GLASS WARE

ever displayed in

WOBURN,

at very

LOW PRICES

ALSO,

FLOUR,

Grain and Groceries,

STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,

216 Main Street,

WOBURN.

RUFUS PICKERING,

REAL ESTATE AGENT

CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,

AND COLLECTOR

No. 2 WADE BLOCK,

WOBURN, MASS. 81

CHAS. HOWARD,

Gravel Roofer.

Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention. 82

All work warranted satisfactory.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 38

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819.

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.

Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.

Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec. 1st, 1871. $2,500,00.

Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.

CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.

CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.

HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem.

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.

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B. T. H. PORTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

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Livery, Hack and Boarding

STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, 7 Proprietor

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 8

WM. WOODBERRY

SAMUEL RINN,

Fashionable Bootmaker,

139 Main Street

Opposite the First Congregational Church,

WOBURN.

☞ Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 11

WILLIAM WINN,

Auctioneer,

Burlington, - - - Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 12

Dr. M. H. ALLEN

DENTIST.

127 Main St., Woburn, { Allen's Block.

Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 51

WORK WARRANTED.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 52

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

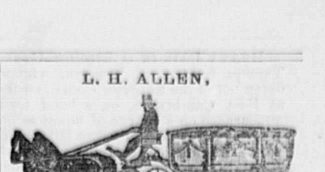
PINO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

L. H. ALLEN,



FUNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

Railroad st., near corner of Main

WOBURN.

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 87

EBENEZER PARKER,

BILL COLLECTOR.

Residence, 38 Main treet,

WOBURN, MASS.

All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 88

Great Display

OF

ROOM PAPER

AT

A. E. Thompson & Co.'s,

No. 3 Wade Block. 89

WOBURN.

Woburn and Boston Express.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a

Daily Express

between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 90 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

W. A. & M. Association

Capital Stock $30,000.

Directors—J. B. Winn, M. F. Winn, Charles Bond, John Johnson, Horace Conn, E. N. Blake, and E. D. Hayden.

Depositors are hereby notified that all moneys remaining with this Association, one year from April 1st, 1870, will draw interest at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum. All moneys withdrawn within one year, five per cent. as heretofore.

Depositors are guaranteed the payment of all obligations, by the capital stock and private property of the stockholders.

All moneys draw interest from date of deposit, unless payed within thirty days.

J. B. WINN, President.

JOHN JOHNSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

April 1, 1870. 92

G. F. HARTSHORNE,

Civil Engineer & Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.

Also, attention given to Conveyancing.

Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays. 95

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

96

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass.

M. ELLIS & CO.,

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS

AND CELLAR BUILDERS,

Park st. Rear of Baptist Church

Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 97

Superior Printing

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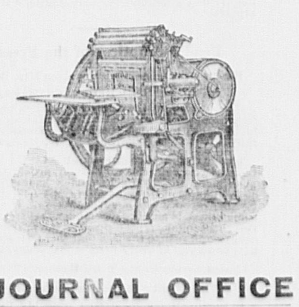

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

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Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to.

E. K. Willoughby,

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Walnut St., Woburn, { Near Main Street.

☞ Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 93

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, Jr

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. | WOBURN, MASS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873. | NO. 3.

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FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

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212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
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Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
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N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,
No. 80 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.
All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.
Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2

Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear
October; the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss:
I dredge the days of the odd eleven,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the hounds upon the track;
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime,
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets;

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smouldering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

—*From the Aldine for October.*

Selected.

An Illustrated Rebus.

Violet Starre put down her work and looked out of the window; somebody was coming across the lawn. She turned to the glass involuntarily to put a straying lock aside, to settle her bows and fallals, 'to see how she looked,' in short; not that she was especially vain of the ripple of yellow hair, of the ripe, red lips and smiling eyes, but because—because it was Philip Ingersoll coming across the lawn. He came in like a west wind.

'You'll spoil your eyes yet over that worsted work,' he said, taking Violet's embroidery out of her hand, and filling in wrong stitches with the wrong color.

'Dear me!' she cried, 'you're just spoiling my cushion cover! I shall have to pull it all out unless you make something real pretty.'

'I shall make something beautiful, depend upon it. This cushion is too be made of random or mosaic work, I have understood, and you design anything that fancy or feeling dictates. Now, I intend to add a few stitches, and you will pull them out at your peril. I want an interest in this cushion; and when my part is complete, if it doesn't please you, why, say so!' For half a dozen afternoons or more, Philip stooped to conquer worsted work, and finished his random design upon the cushion.

'There,' said he, 'it's given me a headache. What is good for headaches, Miss Violet?'

'Paulinia powders, peace, and a pillow.'

'Put your hand on my head and see how hot it is.'

'That comes of such close application. I declare, where did you learn to do worsted work? This eye you have fashioned here is enough to startle the strong-minded.'

'Natural talent; that eye speaks. Come, who is for a gallop through the woods today, to the tune of the wind? I will have the horses around in no time.'

'I can't go,' said Maud; 'don't tempt me.'

'But you will, Violet?'

'Yes, I will. I was just thinking that these Indian summer days were too few and fair to waste indoors.'

'Come then; we will off across the river, and into Folly Mill woods.'

Violet ran to put on her hat and habit, while he ordered the horses, and they went off in the best of spirits, the wind ruffling her yellow hair, and tossing the purple plumes of her hat, the bloom deepening upon her cheeks unlil she looked like some brilliant flower.

Crossing the fishing boats putting out across the bar, the pleasure seekers idling the afternoon away in golden pleasure; then they pushed on, leaving the river with its shifting shadows, and changing scenes' behind, and, plunging into the heart of the woods. What echoes of their words and laughter, haunted the stillness there long after they had passed on. Had you met them in any of the forest paths, you would have been reminded of some Old World romance, some page of the poets, to which the fantastic shapes and blended colors of the woods lent a marginal illumination. Underneath them the pine needles spread a carpet; everywhere the pines themselves shed an odor of frankincense, their boles wreathed with wild vines drooping leaves like heart's blood; all the lavish tints of autumn, beckoned into more enchanting distances, wove gay garlands along the way, while through netted boughs overhead, the blue sky laughed down indulgently, and sun beams touched even the dead twigs into beauty.

'If one could write all the poems the autumn woods inspire!' said Ingersoll. 'It is like a tune, you know, which sings itself into the brain, but eludes the voice.' He idly lashed a spruce tree that grew close to the path as he spoke; the action started Violet's horse, and he threw her before she had time to cry out. Philip Ingersoll was off his horse in a trice—his heart beating hotly in his bosom seeing that she neither moved nor spoke; and lifting her, he found that she had fallen against a projecting point of stone, and her face was one mass of cuts and bruises. He got her home with the assistance of some men who were felling timber in the wood, and called the doctor, who declared that the Grecian nose of Violet Starre was broken, and her lovely cheek would always carry the scars of ragged wounds.

In a few weeks, however, Violet was up and about as usual, but she saw nobody at home, and declined invitations abroad. When she walked out, she was disguised behind thick veils. 'Though nobody would ever guess I was Violet Starre—I am sufficiently disguised already,' she said to herself. She seldom walked in the thoroughfares, but in unfrequented lanes and byways. One day she was met by Philip Ingersoll in her solitary stroll, whom no amount of thick vails could deceive.

'Violet,' said he, 'you never allow me to see you now. I see Maud and your mother, and any one but yourself. I haunt your door like a shadow. Do you wish to go into a nunnery?'

'I never thought of it; but it wouldn't be so bad now; I shouldn't frighten any one there.'

'Violet, you will always be lovely to me.'

'Wait till you see me without my veil, sir, no compliments till then.'

'Well, do you remember that veiled lady in Hawthorn's Blithedale?'

'Whom Theodore was not brave enough to trust? Yes.'

'Well. I am braver than Theodore; say that I may see you when I come again.'

'If it will be any pleasure, yes; I suppose it looks vain to hide away. But, somehow—it may seem silly—but I would rather look vain than ugly.'

'I cannot imagine you in such a plight, Violet.'

'Then you had better not come.'

'I never have surrendered ground once ceded.'

When he acted upon this permission he found Violet busy over her random work cushion, with an old fashioned screen of white silk embroidered in palms and pansies standing in a carved rosewood frame before her.

'The light troubles my eyes,' she said, in apology; 'they are not quite strong yet;' but he observed that as they sat together with their accustomed familiarity she was constantly shifting it between them.

'Come,' said he, 'it is the light of my eyes that dazzle yours? Wherever, I move, the screen follows.'

'No,' said Violet, laughing constrainedly, 'it is the light of other days I guess.'

'The light of other days, Violet, was not one whit more dazzling to me than of the present,' he said going to her side, and dropping his voice to an undertone.

'Thanks, but do not feel it necessary to make polite speeches to me. See how famously I am getting along with my mosaic cushion. Won't it be a splendid middle? What a queer color you made that star of yours! It is the violet star that poets rave about, isn't it? I'm going to match it with a flame-colored sun.'

'I hope you recognize my other effort of art as an old acquaintance of yours?'

'Which? This little imp? What is he doing? Shooting angles to make a pot pie, as Mrs. Hurd thought she had a confirmed habit of doing when she went to the asylum? I mistook him for a comet at first or a heavenly body.'

'He is a heavenly body; and though he resembles an interrogation point with his wings as much as anything, I thought his bow and arrow would speak for him.'

'Oh, the little blind god, to be sure?'

'Yes, none so blind as those who won't see.'

Having broken the ice of Violet's reserve, Mr. Ingersoll never gave it time to skim over again, but presented himself almost daily. He always took his position now on the other side of the screen, where the two sat, withdrawn from observation in a world of their own. The family called the space behind the screen, 'Violet's reception room,' but no other person was admitted there. It made a sort of barrier between the other persons in the room and the lovers, in whose shadow they could pass and take glances full of significance, words full of tenderness; there he held her silks and her worsteds, and drew picturesque pictures in her pocket diary, and made absurd records of events that had never occurred, and wrote impromptu love verses, and talked as lovers will of anything or nothing. He brought her great flowering plants to hang in her window, dropping a hundred sprays of bloom and breathing out perfume with every current of air; he brought her the quarterlies, and read to her while she worked on her cushion; he lowered the shade to suit her eyes, arranged the hassock, shifting the screen, and was in all things hers to command. Every action, every look expressed devotion, declared that no chance or change could alienate his regard. By degrees he drew her out into places of public resort—sometimes they went together to sit under the inspiring teachings of a modern prophet; sometimes an elegant lecturer enticed them out of their happy seclusion; oftener the full-throated melodies of some renowned soprano entranced them; the impassioned imaginations of the old masters of harmony lent them the 'open sesame' into fairy land, and enriched their existence with the lavish embroideries of fancy; or the vivid creations of Shakespeare walked before them, lived and breathed in their presence, translating the lovers into their own time and place, and surrounded them with an atmosphere of love and romance.

In those happy days Violet almost forgot that she had ever been beautiful, or had ever desired to be. She dressed herself at the mirror daily, without ever relating the scarred image reflected to herself, whose being was a poem. Since it made n odifference to Philip, but rather had cemented his friendship, it became a thing of no importance to her that the classic profile of her nose was defaced, and the wounds had puckered the skin upon her cheek, and drawn the eyelids out of place and had given a totally new expression to the whole countenance, that she no longer beheld herself reflected in the admiring gaze of passers in the streets. However great the blow might have continued to be it had been skillfully treated by the tender hand of Philip Ingersoll.

They were returning one winter afternoon from a matinee. Violet's hand slipped into his arm and held there; the gaslights flickered against the steel-blue sky, where a handful of stars were sprinkled; every one was hurrying and hugging himself against the cold; but these two loitered along the way, happy and warm enough in each other's neighborhood.

'I have an insatiable curiosity,' said Violet, 'to know where all these people are going—into what sort of homes, along what rough highways of life. If one could get behind these masks which they all wear, and know what was taking place in their experience, what plans and hopes and disappointments they conceal, would it not be finer than a novel?'

'Let us begin with each other, then,' said Philip; 'tell me first what hopes and plans you hide away from the common gaze.'

'I?' she laughed. 'Yes; I hope sometime to go to all symphony concerts and to wear a camel's hair shawl.'

'My hope is more presumptuous than that, Violet. I hope to take you to all the symphony concerts with a wedding ring on your finger. May I?' and Violet must have given consent, for the next day there was a diamond like a dewdrop flashing upon her hand, and, in spite of scars, a look of happiness that dazzled the beholder.

The diamond had reposed on Violet's finger hardly a month, when Mr. Ingersoll was called out of town to paint the portrait of a beautiful heiress, the ward of his uncle, who had occasionally visited at his mother's.

The idea of jealousy in connection with his absence never occurred to Violet, while he wrote letters full of the extravagance of lovers, that read so much like pure poetry; but having several other orders in the neighborhood, he was obliged to postpone his return; almost daily, 'Mr. Clayton wishes me to paint his child,' he would write; 'Mrs. Vermillion wishes to sit for Mary Stuart; thus I shall be obliged to stay away from you still longer which disappoints me sorely,'—till Maud said:

'I suspect he's having too fine a time out there; you had better have him home without delay. I wouldn't trust a lover of mine within eye shot of Miss Heather's facinations. Violet slays her thousands, but Miss Heather her ten thousands.'

'I'm sure I shall not ask him to return,' answered Violet, who for the first time experienced an unfortunate sensation, 'If he wishes to do so he will need no urging, if he prefers to stay, I would not have him come at any solicitation of mine. Besides he has finished Miss Heather's sittings, and he said she had begun to fade.'

But somehow the suggestion rankled, and refused to be exorcised, till she forgot it for a while; but every now and then it returned to her, like a pain that one vaguely remembers at wakening, groping about in one's conscience for the wound that caused it. What if he should succumb to Miss Heather's beauty? It would not be wonderful. The only wonder was that he should ever have cared for herself—with her ugly scars; and they began to burn and throb forthwith.

She had been shopping one day, and getting into a crowded car to return was obliged to stand jammed so closely against two ladies that were seated that she could hear their remarks without an effort.

'It would never have happened, I suspect but for that accident,' the elder lady was saying. 'It was a dreadful misfortune, truly. I have only seen her once since, and I should never have guessed that she was beautiful. You know a broken nose changes the outlines and the expression essentially.'

Violet shivered behind the thick veil and lent an eager attention.

'Well,' said the other, 'why should he marry an ugly woman because she is unfortunate?'

'The fact is he felt himself to blame; he invited her to ride, and it was the flirting of his whip that startled her horse; there you have it in a nut shell. It was simply a matter of duty. His mother told me herself that it never would have happened but that Philip's conscience ran way with his judgment. There, I musta tear myself away. Don't mention any thing I've told you; I wouldn't like it to reach the ears of the parties concerned, you know. Will you pull the strap for me, please?' she said to Violet; 'it is so crowded here. Thanks!' working her passage out, while Violet sank like a crushed flower into the vacant seat.

It seemed strange to her that she should be yet alive after listening to such tidings. Two school girls beside her were laughing over the unknown quantities in their algebra lesson; a pair of lovers were smiling into each other's eyes, standing in the aisle, with each a hand in the same strap; some Calcutta merchants were discoursing jute, butts, linseed and duties; the sunbeams were glistening in at the car windows; everything and everybody were just where they had been half an hour ago; she only of all the assembly, had epitomized the sufferings of a lifetime in one sharp pang had lost 'the light that never was on sea or shore.'

She made no more ado, but went home in a sort of blank amazement, and wrote to Philip Ingersoll that she released him from the engagement—on the receipt of which he dropped brush and pallette, and replied:

'If you are in earnest, dear Violet;—which I hardly credit, if, after all my protestations of love, you believe that I never would have asked you to marry me had I not felt myself to blame for your accident—I refer you to the illustrated rebus which I finished in your cushion of random work the afternoon of our unfortunate ride, and when a proposal of love could not be expected to savor of duty or conscience. Even worsted work has its usages, I find.'

Violet took up her sofa cushion and looked at it curiously; all the figures ran into each other and blurred their designs. 'If I could only be sure that he loved me before!' she murmured; 'but what can this random work prove?—Maud,' she asked with assumed carelessness, 'Did you ever translate this rebus that Philip says he worked in my cushion! Did you?'

'Mercy, I hope so, answered Maud, coming to look over her shoulder at the cushion; 'it's as plain as a man's nose on his face. I guessed it that afternoon you were riding. I wondered afterward if your disfigurement would annul it, but he stood the test, you see.'

"Well," impatiently, "and what is it, pray?"

"Don't you know!"

"No. I never dreamed it had a meaning."

"Oh, what a stupid! why—there's an eye, symbolic of the first person singular, alias, Philip Ingersoll; then there's the little blind god of love,—you know him, I hope; and there's a star in violet floss; literal translation, "I love Violet Starre."

And so when Philip Ingersoll followed his letter, he found one person convinced that he loved Violet Starre in truth as well as in worsted work.

"I know now," said he, "that worsted was invented to prove the fidelity of lovers."

He "Didn't Like Beans."—Probably no branch of business affords such a field to the ludicrous side of nature as the theatrical profession, and a short anecdote related to us by a friend who is connected with the above profession is too good to be lost, and the fact of its being an actual occurrence will give it a keener relish.

About a year ago a troupe was started from Boston to make a short season through the principal towns in the East. In the company was the leader of the orchestra (Jake Tannerbam), a gentleman of fine musical abilities, of decided Teutonic extraction, who liked his beer and cheese, but had a mortal horror of our Yankee dish, pork and beans. Among the places they visited was the famous "brick and herring" town of Taunton, where our favorite dish is always to be found on Sunday. The boys of the troupe, aware of Jake's peculiar aversion, resolved to have a little fun at his expense, and accordingly "put up a job" on him. The landlord was let into the secret, the waiter feed, and the fun commenced at the breakfast table, where he was politely asked by the waiter:—

"Will you have a few beans for breakfast?"

"No," was the emphatic answer, "I dond vant no peans."

"Oh," said the waiter, "you must eat beans; everyone here eats beans on Sunday."

With a look of extreme disgust, Jake replied: "I tole you I vont eat peans; vat's the madder—are you crazy? Gif me some sdeak and some fried perdaders."

"Very well; but you will have to wait till it is cooked," said the waiter; and he did wait for about fifteen minutes, when his temper getting the best of him, he left the table to see the landlord and state his grievances. No sooner was he out of the dining room than the door was locked, and Jake not finding the landlord, was compelled to go without his breakfast. Resolving not to be cheated out of his meal, he put on his hat and went in search of a lager beer saloon, where he could get his favorite Bologna and beer. But alas! for poor Jake, the Sunday law was in force, and nothing to be had, so he had to wait till noon to satisfy his appetite which was never poor. Well, the dinner bell sounded, and up went our hero, who, as before, was met by our faithful waiter, who again approached him, and smilingly said:

"Well, Mr. T., will you have a few beans to commence with?"

This was too much, and the answer, not couched in the most amiable tones, came forth:

"No, py tam; I tole you dwo dimes, I vont eat peans."

"But you must have a few beans," persisted the waiter.

"Mine got in himmel, who der—ll is going to eat this dinner, you or me; dat's vat I'm drying to fine oud."

"Oh, very well," responded the waiter, "if you can't speak civilly, I shall not wait upon you."

Up jumped the irate Dutchman to find the landlord again, which he did, and related his grievances, but was partially pacified on being told that the waiter should be promptly discharged, and told him to go up stairs and get his dinner, while he in the meantime was going to take a short ride. Back went Jake, only to find that the boys had again locked the door, and he was wild. Seizing his hat, he again rushed out, to make a more thorough search for something to eat, but with no better success than before. Ashamed to come back too soon, poor Jake waited till near supper time, when he again returned to the hotel and seated himself in a corner, and nobody could get a civil word out of him. Soon supper was announced and Jake was one of the first at the table.

Prompt to his cue, the waiter again went for him, but before he could ask his order, Jake broke out:

"Yas, you vas may pring me some peans; you vas right dis morning ven you say I moost eat peans. You may pring me some peans!"

And for the first and probably the last time in his life, Jake did eat beans; but how the lager and Bologna did suffer when the company struck the next town.

☞ Alexander H. Stephen's loss of an overcoat brings out the following story told by President Grant to a General Gordon. "When the three Commissioners met us at Fortress Munroe," says Grant, "Mr. Stephens came swaddled up from top to toe in an enormous overcoat. Lincoln called me aside as Stephens was disrobing, and observed, "Grant, what does that performance of Stephen's remind you of?" I answered him: 'Mr. President, I do not know; what does it remind you of?' With one of his queer winks, Lincoln said: 'It reminds me of the biggest shuck off the smallest ear, I ever saw in my life."

☞ There can be no real stability in business, and no security against periodical money famines, until Congress takes some practical step toward the restoration of specie payments.

☞ The man who tried to light his pipe with a billiard match says he did it out of cue-riosity.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES.

In the old days before women talked so much about "progress" and their "rights," and the "government of the intellect," it was said that a girl who could read a newspaper aloud understandingly, was well educated. But now we have reached a higher standard. There is now a greater test than this. Young ladies need no longer sigh for Harvard examinations. They can guage the measure of their culture in another way.

In the place of the newspaper to be read aloud understandingly, I propose a concert programme. Take one and look at it but be not cast down. Achieve its mastery and go on to conquer. Do you call this a delusion?

Come to a Music Hall concert. It is the half hour before commencement. The audience are gathering. Mrs. Fashionable Goabout and her neice, Miss Daisy, take their seats. The former with rustle and bustle and bows—the latter with a shy look at the great organ and the wonderful gas jets. Miss Daisy has come for a season at the conservatory, and being "so fond of music," has chosen to come to the concert to-night in preference to the theatre. Mrs. Goabout flutters the programme, and fingers her watch guard for her eyeglass. How unfortunate! Left her eyes at home though you never would know it.

"Read me the programme, child."

Miss Daisy's eyes came back from a curious inspection of a "strictly classical audience," and taking up the paper she opens it. A blush instantly covers her face. She hesitates.

"Well, child."

She begins:

"1. Quartette, No. 2, in E, Op. 10—What is op, auntie?"

"Opus—go on."

"Please, what is opus?"

"Oh, it is a technical term, the musicians all know."

"And 10?"

"There, don't ask questions. Go on."

Again she looks puzzled and appealingly to her companion, and at last whispers,

"It's all Greek, auntie, just hear this;" and without stop or stay, she rattles off what might be Hebrew, "Allegro Maestoso—Andante quasi Adagio—Vivace ma non troppo, Finale Vivace."

"Mercy! don't read that!"

She looked down the page and thought why, it is all "that." But the next number was better. It was familiar.

"2. Sacred air, 'Pour out thy heart before the Lord."

How she wished she could. She would bewail her ignorance, and make a solemn vow never to come into a concert room till she had mastered every language heard at Babel.

"There is no more English, auntie," she said, despondingly, wishing she had gone to the theatre. For if the names were so unintelligible, what would the music be! Horrible thought!

"What a delightful audience," she overheard a woman in the seat behind her say; "so refined. You always see the *elite* at these nice concerts. It's a first rate place to get the styles."

"I wonder if she knows what all this means," thought Miss Daisy, still looking with awe at the programme.

But the music began. The first number was long with its many parts. I do not wonder it had so many names, sighed the novice. But it was beautiful, and I wish I knew what it was all about.

She was delighted with the English air. It seemed as if she had been wandering where no word was known to her, and had suddenly found a friend with an English tongue in his head.

"Don't you like English opera the best, auntie?" she asked, timidly, in the interval.

"No, indeed. Our language is harsh and unpoetical, not at all adapted to music."

"But they sing oratorio in English, and I am sure I think it is grand. Do you know Italian, auntie?"

"No," with a look of annoyance, "but I always read a translation before going to the opera. Do not ask so many questions, child. Why the musicians themselves do not understand Italian. The most of them only pronounce it. You will learn at the Conservatory. But do not be impatient."

In the pause, the woman behind, who "came to see the styles," said:

"How delightful that *allegro* was—so soothing. It almost put me to sleep. The movement is deliciously slow and quieting, you know."

Oh, that horrid woman knows all about it, thought Miss Daisy. What an ignorant creature I am. I am afraid I shall never learn it at all. I wish it was not too late to go home.

At the close the great organ pealed forth with all its power, and Miss Daisy was overwhelmed by the grandeur of the sound, but the spell was soon broken.

"Come child, let us get away before the crowd."

And away they rushed hastily, Mrs. Goabout seeing some friends and determined on a word with them.

"Delightful concert!" she said; "such a classical programme."

"The greatest treat of the season," returned her friend. "None but these thoroughly artistic selections satisfy my fastidious taste. I shall not want to go anywhere for days, to spoil the exquisite pleasure." And there was rapture and gush on every hand.

Miss Daisy went home in a maze and took down, before she removed her hat, Webster's Dictionary. This is what she read.

"Programme.—A brief outline or explanation of the order to be pursued, or the subject embraced in any public exercise, performance, entertainment or series of exercises." Miss Daisy felt wiser but not better.

Now, soberly, is the programme of to-day an explanation of anything? Why cannot we have a little more English? What is the need of these senseless abbreviations? It will not cost any more to print the words in full. Talking with a musician lately on this subject, he said "Oh, everybody knows what these things mean." Then I am woefully ignorant for I do not. And it is fair to suppose there are many more like me.

There are of course plenty of people who attend concerts because they are fond of music, but they know nothing of its meaning. It takes a student of music to understand these programmes, and it takes a scholar in a broader sense, to read them so that others will understand. And so I repeat, that she who will master this new mountain of difficulty, may well hope to attain eminence among her sex greater to-day, than the old newspaper achievement won for her when ignorance was her portion. But the whole thing seems unnecessary. We may have an explanatory outline of a performance. It is possible. Musicians should not make programmes for musicians, any more than journalists in making up a newspaper should cater to their individual tastes. It is the people, the ignorant people if they will, but not the cultivated few, to whom musicians appeal. And it is useless to say that the members of a Music Hall audience, are not all musical scholars.—*Vox Humana.*

For Jesus.—A Christian man went one day to a poor widow, taking with him a warm, but well worn garment and two good, but stale loaves of bread. The weather was severe, and the garment was very thankfully received. The bread, also, was better than her usual fare, and she blessed the kind giver. Afterward, hearing a sermon upon giving to the Lord in the person of his poor children, he reflected, "If I had thought it was Jesus that I was visiting in the person of one of his disciples, I would have taken her a new garment and fresh loaves of bread."

There was a lesson for us in the commands God gave to his ancient people about what was dedicated to his service. Nothing was accepted which had a blemish. They were required to give the very best to God. They could not offer in sacrifice a kid or lamb that was lame and so fit for nothing else. They could not wait till the year was done, to see if they had anything left for the Lord. They were required to bring the first fruits to him.

Have we not departed a long way from the practice of his ancient church? The peculiar forms of their worship have been done away with, but never the spirit of benevolence which God taught through them. All through the New Testament we have still broader charity inculcated. Nowhere does Christ teach us a religion that costs us nothing. If we are unwilling to give something for Christ's work in the world we have good reason to fear we are none of his.

The Thing Needed.—A French actress once said; "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman, during twenty of the four and twenty hours of the day, then, whatever effort I make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman the remaining four. How imperative is it that those who personate the higher and purer forms of female virtue should bear within themselves the reflex of the qualities which diffuse an ideal charm over the pre-eminently attractive among Shakespeare's women."

Precisely so it is with music. If the "ordinary woman" cannot personate the pre-eminently attractive among Shakespeare's women, neither can a shallow, uneducated man or woman sing the nobler songs of Handel. Imagine the comic man of a minstrel troupe singing "If with all your heart," from Elijah, or a Tostee essaying "I know that my Redeemer liveth." We cannot imagine it, and we do not wish to.

The time was when people thought the singer or player could perform anything be it sacred song or lightest waltz. So they could and can, but it is only performing. They may give the notes and words correctly, and all the time it will be nothing more than a colorless imitation of the music—the sound without the soul.

A liberal culture, refinement and a good heart are essential to success in the high or forms of oratorio music. This may seem absurd to many a shallow, little soprano, or half educated tenor, but this very belief is the stamp of their own neglected culture. Mere musical ability and a voice does not make the great singer, and the sooner we understand the truth of this, the sooner shall we reach success in the art.

Republican State Committee.—This body was organized in Boston on Saturday, 36 of its 40 members being present. Dr. George B. Loring was unanimously elected its chairman. An effort was made to prevent the appointment of U. S. officers on its Executive Committee, but it was unsuccessful. In settling the contested seat from the 2nd Middlesex District, Mr. Powers of Watertown (Butler) won the victory. Mr. Merrill of Lawrence (Butler) was re-elected Secretary, and Mr. Stebbens of Boston (anti-Butler) Treasurer, and it was voted that neither gentleman be allowed a vote in the Committee. On the Executive Committee, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected: Suffolk—Charles J. Prescott and W. A. Simmons; Middlesex—A. J. Bailey and F. M. Johnson; Essex—James S. Lewis; Worcester—W. W. Rice; Hampden—L. A. Tift; Hampshire—C. A. Stevens; Berkshire—J. M Barker; Bristol—John E. Sanford, and F. M. Ames of Norfolk, was subsequently added. This is believed to be a division of 5 advocates and 6 opponents of Gen. Butler.

Baby or Beans.—Here is a pleasant story of the Rev. Dr. Stone, the immediate predecessor in the pulpit of the Rev. Adirondack Murray. Dr. Stone, whose church is in Boston, resided in the beautiful suburb known as Brookline. Fond of a good horse and owning a fine turnout, he was accustomed to drive into town every Sunday, and used to maintain that the ride gave freshness and life to his ministrations in the pulpit. One stormy winter Sabbath morning, he overtook a respectably dressed young woman slowly plodding through the snowy street carefully holding under her closely folded cloak, what seemed to be an infant. The doctor, always gallant, stopped his horse, and politely offered to give her a place in his comfortable sleigh, at the same time mentioning his name and profession, and adding that he admired the courage and zeal which had impelled her to walk to church with her baby on such a stormy day. Slighty embarrassed she still accepted his invitation. "Let me take the child till you get in," said the courteous doctor. "Thank you sir," said the young woman, with a smile and a blush, "but—it's a pot of baked beans." The doctor accepted the situation, joined in the laugh, and drove the good housewife to her own door.

☞ Ex-Senator Foote having been engaged in four duels and more than once "winged his man, as well as been perforated here and there himself, has finally arrived at the conclusion that the practice is open to objection. The Senator was in truth, one of the neatest hands in those affairs that the South has produced; but at present he does not think it the correct thing to go about making holes in people. As to his personal example in duelling, he says, "I had the misfortune twice to be challenged to the field of honor, in two other instances I was foolish enough to be the challenging party. On the first occasion in 1828, I was shot in the shoulder by one of the celebrated duelling pistols of General Jackson, borrowed by my antagonist from the venerable hero of the Hermitage, who by the way, had certainly no hand in instigating this duel, and who lived and died my friend, bestowing upon me an important office almost in the last days of his ever-glorious administrations The last time I ever fought was in 1837, when, after five shots having been exchanged, the affair terminated without the least personal injury to myself, my adversary having been disabled by my fifth shot which had wounded him in the hip."

☞ It is once more going the round of the press that a beetle can lift 315 times its own weight, while a man of ordinary muscular power is fully 100 times feebler. Why should man forever be brought into unfavorable comparison with beetles? Has it ever struck anybody how many beetles a man can lift? We are also told for the thousandth time that the flea, "scarcely three hundredths of an inch in height, manages to leap without difficulty over a barrier fully 500 times its own altitude. For a man, six feet is an unusually high leap. Imagine him jumping 3000 feet, or nearly three-fifths of a mile." We shall imagine no such thing. It is well enough for a flea to jump. He never does any thing else, except to make a dog's life a burden to him. He never leaves his foot prints on the sands of time, or sounds the light guitar. He never hired himself out to turn a derrick in Chicago, or gave us the least assistance during the great fire. He has done nothing but jump 500 times his own altitude ever since he was first created, and will continue to do nothing else until his race becomes extinct. It is inexpressibly painful to us to be continually taunted with the fact that mankind are not fleas, ants, beetles, or something of that sort.—*Boston Globe.*

The Hat as a Life Preserver.—It is pretty late in the season to suggest a means of assisting persons in danger of drowning. Nevertheless, we venture to repeat some observations on the subject made by a Mr. Lawson in 1806. This gentleman had noticed in his day that a great many people were drowned because they were indiscreet enough to get into deep water at just the place where no boat, no rope, and often not even a board were to be had by those anxious to render assistance. He noticed also that of those anxious but unable to render assistance because of their ignorance of the art of swimming, all the men wore hats, and therein he saw a means of deliverance.

His experiments showed that a common hat reversed on the water will support nearly ten pounds weight, and will bear seven pounds weight with safety, and as the human body is of nearly the same weight as water, an additional buoyancy of seven pounds, under ordinary circumstances, forms an effectual life-preserver. If a handkerchief be tied over the aperture of the hat he asserted, that it would enable one who did not know how to swim to assist safely any one in danger. Two hats thus prepared, with a walking-stick connecting them, are better than one.

The sixty-seven years which have passed away since Mr. Lawson published his conclusions have left the human family unchanged in their tendency to put themselves into danger of being drowned without proper provisions for their rescue. Here and there, however, one of these may be saved by applying this rule for the use of a hat.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ Once a gentleman who had the gift of shaping a good many things out of orange peel was displaying his abilities at a large dinner party before Theodore Hook and Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat and after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of a dozen or more oranges, gave it up with the exclamation:—

"Hang a pig! I can't make one."

"Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the table, "you have done more; instead of one pig you have made a litter."

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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
A. Pratt & Co.,	3	3	3
Classes in German,	3	2	3
Cavalry Battalion,	3	2	4
Fair,	3	2	1
Musical,	3	2	2
Merrill & Baker,	3	2	5
Notice to Tax Payers,	3	2	6
School Committee Notice,	3	2	9
Tenements Wanted,	3	3	1
Wistar's Balsam,	3	2	8

THE FINANCIAL PANIC.

The events of the past two weeks must have opened the eyes of intelligent people to the danger attending investments in the stocks and bonds which emanate from the offices of New York bankers and brokers. The investor has the assurance of the broker only that they are a safe and profitable investment, but can have no definite knowledge of his own regarding them. In ignorance of their real value, and in hope of large annual returns, he buys because they sell below par, or bear a high rate of interest. He satisfies his conscience by trying to believe that he is helping to develop Western resources. He does not know whether his dividend is paid from borrowed money, whether a corner has been formed in that particular stock, or what temporary circumstances affect its price. Large sales may be reported, but others may be made from moneys advanced by the broker who manipulates them. When at last the public confidence is shaken and subscriptions cease, these paper castles go to pieces. The broker's miserable chicaneries are disclosed, and the illegitimacy of their business becomes apparent. A rush is then made by their depositors for moneys entrusted to them, and a panic ensues. The panic is contagious; it spreads its black wings of distrust over the whole country, and such results ensue as are now being experienced in financial circles. This is the history of the present trouble.

But it teaches a lesson, and that is, to encourage home investments. If the people, guided by experience, will confine themselves to investing their savings in well known securities, and no t bedeluded by the promise of high rates of interest, its effects will indeed be salutary. Our mechanics would do better to build homes in town than to build fortunes—in the air. Our State and municipal bonds ought not to go a begging to foreigners. Our own Town Water Bonds, the safety of an investment in which cannot be questioned, should not be put up as collateral in a savings bank for lack of investors.

A continuation of the present confidence and a cessation of the hoarding of greenbacks can alone prevent the panic from seriously affecting business. The course of the exchanges has been hindered, and business men who have been more bold than prudent, are obliged to pay ruinous rates to obtain money with which to pay notes coming due. The banks are chary of discounting, preferring to keep all their resources in hand. The Boston Banks suspended currency payment on Saturday last, making use of certified checks therefor. Our own local institutions are weathering the trouble finely, and a continuation of the confidence of the people in their bank officers, will prevent the panic from being felt at all in our own community.

DEFACING NATURAL SCENERY.—Some of our business men who have been advertising on the rocks and fences, instead of in the newspapers, may not be aware that they are liable to a $10 fine for each offence. Chap. 349 of the Laws of Massachusetts, approved June 9, 1873, provides as follows:—

Whoever paints or puts upon, or in any manner affixes to, any fence, or structure, or to or upon any rock or other natural object, the property of another, any words, device, trade-mark, advertisement or notice, without first obtaining the consent thereto of the owner of such property, shall upon complaint of the owner or tenant of such property, or the city or town authorities, be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars for each offence: *provided*, that this act shall not apply to any notice required by law to be posted in a particular place.

The Woburn By-Laws, Art. IV, Sec. 20, also provide—

SEC. 20.—Whoever paints, draws, or stamps any letter, notice, figure, advertisement, or marks upon or into any wall, fence, post, tree, building, or structure not his own, without the permission of the owner of such wall, fence, post, tree, building, or structure, or without said permission mars, defaces, or disfigures in any way such wall, fence, post, tree, building, or stucture shall forfeit and pay for each offense a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars to be paid into the treasury of the town.

Several of these defacements have occurred around Horn Pond Mountain, and the Water Commissioners authorize us to say that unless the signs painted on the rocks there are removed forthwith, they will proceed against them according to the laws above quoted. There is considerable defacing on the ledges along our highways, and it might be well if the Road Commissioners would give the defacers a gentle hint.

☞ Quirkum is fond of a game of cards; his favorite is euchre; he thought it was so good a game that it must have had a very ancient and kingly origin; so he commenced to study out its first use as a game; he failed to dig out its origin, but said it was the oldest game of cards now known, and asserted that it seems to have been a favorite game in Bible times among kings.

"How is that shown?" asked Deacon ——, who was shocked to hear the Bible spoken of as recording the history of games of cards.

"Why," says Quirkum, "we read Neb euchred Nezzor, King of Babylon several times in one chapter."

RATS.—The financial panic seems to have seized the animal creation outside the "bulls and bears" of Wall street, for only a day or two since upon opening the money drawer in his store one of our merchants discovered that a specimen of the rodent mammal of the genus "Mus," had been endeavoring to lock up greenbacks by eating them. Portions of several bank bills had been gnawn away, in fact his Ratship was discovered in the act and quickly retreated back of boxes, barrels and sich. A neighbor's dog, however, soon put an end to this financial schemer.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from O. Green, No. 6 Railroad street, the following new music:—Little Sunshine; Flowers of May, nocturne; Happy Home, galop; Homeless to-night, or Boston in ashes.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The second temperance meeting of the church series was held at the Baptist church Sunday evening. The house was well filled, the exercises commenced with an anthem by the choir. Rev. Mr. Hambleton read a portion of the 28th chapter of Proverbs. Rev. Mr. Kelsey offered prayer. Rev. Mr. Barnes read the 152nd hymn, which was sung by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Hambleton opened the discussion and declared that the only question for a Christian man to ask was, Does the Bible demand that I shall live a life of total abstinence. The whole tenor of the Scripture is against intoxicating drink. Appealing to a Christian congregation he remarked that if the Bible had never been read with a view to finding the texts against intoxicating drink, the great number of them would be a matter of surprise. There are more than those which condemn murder and theft. No man should be able to sustain himself in the community and in the church, who is not governed by the principles of total abstinence. It is sometimes said that the church is not alive on this subject, but nine out of ten of the ministers of the gospel are total abstainers. God demands that you shall live temperate and that you shall support the temperance cause, and if every member of the churches of Woburn would stand up to this work, their power would be irresistible, and intemperance would soon be banished from our midst.

After another hymn by the choir, Rev. Dr. Young took up the subject. We meet, he said to encourage each other and to strengthen the hands against intemperance. If we allow anything to come in contact with our bodies that will injure us, we sin against God. The use of intoxicating drinks is an element of decay. an element that stops the progress of Christianity. The Christian who drinks even moderately neutralizes his influence on his family and in the community. The gospel of Christ is a reformer, and the Christian man must be up to all reforms. There should be no compromise with sin, and none with intemperance. He appealed to the women to aid in this work, and hoped they might have the ballot, as he believed their first one would be a temperance vote. He illustrated his remarks by numerous incidents drawn from his own observation, and in an impressive and often eloquent manner, urged his Christian hearers to take high grounds in favor of temperance. The next meeting will be in November at the Unitarian church.

FALSE ALARM.—Saturday night a little after 12 o'clock, some one up town heard Linnell & Houston's whistle humming, as it sometimes does, and they started the Baptist bell. This called out the firemen, who after running about awhile, went back to their houses. The engineer at the Water Words hearing the bell, started his engines, and his escape steam sounding like a whistle, kept up the excitement for a long time after Linnell's had been stopped. Some steam pipes evidently need fixing.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for October, has thrust its cheery little self into our presence. It brings to us the treasures it has been gathering the past month, and all are deserving of notice. There is also a pretty engraving of the chromo Yosemite, which the publisher is offering as a premium—which it would be well for all our readers to examine. Price of the magazine, one dollar a year—with chromo, one dollar and a half. Address *Wood's Household Magazine*, Newburgh, N. Y.

COLLISIONS.—Monday evening was uncommonly dark, but as the moon ought to have shone, the street lamps were not lighted. As a consequence, travel in the street or on the sidewalk was dangerous. The hack driven by John S. Higgins, and a wagon driven by John Ferrin, collided opposite Lewis Shaw's. Both drivers were thrown off, and Mr. Higgins was dragged as far as Franklin street, sustaining several sprains and bruises. The carriages were somewhat battered.

SLIGHT FIRE.—At ten o'clock Wednesday evening fire was discovered in the tan shed by Linnell & Heuston's watchman. The alarm was given and the Department was soon on hand, but the fire was put out with a few buckets of water, the water being obtained in the yard from the W. W. hydrant which had been opened while a break was being repaired. The new Gilcreast truck trundled into the yard in seven minutes.

MORE MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., have sent us the following new music:—Danbury Waltz, Volunteers Galop; and the songs, Flowers of June, Magic of Music, Lover's Vows, Changed, The Ring, "only a time worn circle of gold," Faces vanished like a Dream, So the Children say, The snow lies white, Yes, we must part, You came to me.

HYDRANT TRIAL.—A part of the Perham Hose Co. went down to the water works last Saturday to try a hydrant stream. They threw an inch stream over the chimney, which is more than a hundred feet. A singular part of this trial was the fact that an inch stream would rise higher than a three-quarter. There was only a few feet of water in the reservoir.

FIRE.—About five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, an alarm was given which emanated from J. B. Sawtelle's shop on Green street. The department rallied with great promptness, but the fire was subdued with pails of water before their arrival. The fire caught on the roof near the chimney, and the damage done was very slight.

VISITATION.—The annual visitation by Deputy G. M., S. B. Harrington of Medford, occurred at Mount Horeb Lodge last Wednesday evening. After the exercises at their hall, they adjourned to the Fox & Hart Block and partook of refreshments.

NARROW ESCAPE.—E. W. Andrews narrowly escaped being seriously hurt by being run over by the Hook & Ladder truck at the corner of Green street last Tuesday afternoon.

BIG POTATOE.—Mr. R. Smith has raised a potatoe that weighs two pounds and three ounces. It may be seen at Bulfinch's.

BREAK DOWN.—The market wagon of one Manning of Billerica broke down on Winn street, Wednesday morning. Jones officiated as surgeon.

The Woburn Water Celebration.

Next Thursday, the 9th of October, has been definitely settled on for the formal letting on of Horn Pond Water. The committees have settled on their order of arrangements, and we now lay before our readers the official programme for the day. Should the weather prove favorable, next Thursday will be one of the greatest days our town has ever seen. The fire department takes an important part in the proceedings, the usual contest of the Champion Flag being a part of the programme. The hose companies will exhibit hydrant streams, first one perpendicular at the Orthodox church, and then two horizontal from the same hydrant. There will be no running trial. Below we give the programme.

PROCESSION.

Squad of Mounted Police.

ESCORT.

Brigade Band.

Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.

Aids. Chief Marshal. Aids.

FIRST DIVISION.

Officers of the Town and invited guests in carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Asst. Chief Engineer. Asst.

Bands.

Perham Hose Company, No. 1.

Highland Hose Company, No. 5.

Jacob Webster Engine Company, No. 2

Washington Engine Company, No. 3.

Niagara Engine Company, No. 4.

Gilcreast Hook & Ladder Co., No.1.

Steam Fire Engine.

Perham Hose Carriage.

Highland Hose Carriage.

Jacob Webster Engine.

Washington Engine.

Niagara Engine.

Gilcreast Truck.

Relief Hose Cart.

Fuel Wagon.

THIRD DIVISION.

Aids. Marshal. Aids.

Band (Mounted).

Cavalcade.

The procession will move promptly at 1 1-2 P. M. The Escort and Division will form at one o'clock in the following order: Escort on Common street, right on Main. First Division in rear of Escort. Second Division on Pleasant street, right on Common street. Third Division on Railroad street, right on Main.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

Common, Main, Johnson, Franklin, Winn, Main, Green, Mt Pleasant, Fowle, Warren and Pleasant streets to Common when the procession will be dismissed.

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Brigade Band.

Address by the Hon. J. G. Pollard.

Water let on by order of M. M. Tidd, chairman of Water Commissioners.

Music by all the bands.

The Fire Department will then occupy two hours as follows:

The hose companies will show perpendicular and horizontal streams from hydrants.

The Champion Flag will be awarded to the hand engine company playing the best horizontal stream through two hundred feet of hose furnished by the engineers. The following rules will govern this trial:—

1.—Companies to play from reservoir at the foot of the Common in the order of the number drawn by its foreman.

2.—Twenty minutes will be allowed for getting ready and play.

3.—Each company to choose its own nozzle.

4.—No water will be allowed in the tub.

5.—The company winning the flag will be entitled to hold the same so long as the company sustains the position of champion at the future annual musters of the Department. Provided, however that in case the champion company shall disband, the flag shall be returned to the engineers to be contested for at the succeeding annual muster.

6.—Each company may select a judge to represent it while the trial is in progress, but the award of the prize will be made by three judges appointed by the engineers.

The flag will be awarded at the close of the trial.

W. T. GRAMMER,
Chief Marshal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.—The eighth annual meeting of the Woburn Sabbath School Conference met on Wednesday with the Orthodox Congregational Church in Melrose. The Conference opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Cobb of Medford. Mr Ezra A Stevens of Malden was elected moderator, and John L Parker of Woburn, secretary for three years. The next business in order was reports from the 19 schools comprising the conference, all but four of which were represented and gave cheering reports. A discussion followed on the best mode of doing the Sabbath School work. Rev H S Kelsey of Woburn spoke on the nature of the work, which he considered to be the awakening of the conscience and opening the heart for the entrance of the Holy Spirit. Rev J W Kingsbury of North Reading thought the best method was by prayer by the teacher for himself and his class, and prayer by the class for the teacher; learning of, leaning on, and looking to Christ, the teacher will not lose his reward. Mr W L Greene, of the *Congregationalist* favored the praying for the scholars daily by name, and with the feeling that there is efficacy in it. Rev. B. A. Robie of Wilmington remarked that prayer will not be very effective unless it is accompanied by study. The Bible should be thoroughly studied, so that the teacher could be his own commentator. Rev. W. H. Thompson of Reading, favored the taking a personal interest in the scholars, win their confidence and affection, and it will help them to understand the love Christ has for us. The subject was further briefly considered by Stevens of Malden, Boynton of Melrose, Cobb of Medford, Chase of Bedford, and Pollard of Woburn. An adjournment was then had for dinner, which was generously served.

In the afternoon a very interesting discussion arose on questions written by the audience and read by the moderator. Some of the answers they elicited were very instructive, covering as they did, the entire range of Sunday School work. Rex Mr Willcox then exemplified his method of conducting a Bible class, using the Parable of the Sower. After singing by a choir of children, Bro Webster of Malden offered prayer. Addresses were made by Rev W Hazelwood of Stoneham, Hon J G Pollard of Woburn, and Rev W S Hubbell of Somerville. The convention closed with the Doxology and the benediction by Rev Mr Willcox. The next meeting will be at Woburn, and Revs H S Kelsey and E G Porter, with Hon J G Pollard are the committee of arrangements. The convention was very well attended, and was a very profitable meeting.

G. A. R.—Post 33 will be represented in the procession at Lowell on the 9th.

MISSED.—A little four year old of a friend of ours took it into her head to attend school, when the fall sessions began. For four weeks everything went smoothly, but a few days since she came to her first grief in school discipline. She had learned from hearing the other pupils talk, that "missing" was, in that school a great offence. A few days since she threw a slate pencil at a boy in school time and the teacher kept her a few minutes after school, by way of correction; and this is her account of the whole affair:—

As she came home some ten or fifteen minutes late, her mother, having already learned the cause from some other child, said to her as she came in, "My dear, what makes you so late home?" "The teacher kept me after school," said she. "Why did the teacher keep you after school?" asked the mother. "Because I *missed*," said she. "Missed! how came you to miss; what did you miss?" asked her mother with seeming solicitude. "Oh," said she, "I throwed a slate pencil at a boy's head and *missed him*; but," said she with radiant face, "I won't miss him again, and I told my teacher so."

KILKENNY CATS.—A subscriber asks for the origin of the story of the Kilkenny cats. It seems there is a military station at Kilkenny, in Ireland, and the soldiers were accustomed to amuse themselves by tying two cats by their tails and hanging them over a line, where the animals would engage in a desperate fight to the delight of their brutal tormentors. This coming to the notice of the commander of the garrison, he issued strict orders for the discontinuance of the cruel practice. Disregarding this, however, it was not long before the cats were at it again, and while the sport was at its height, an officer was seen approaching. One of the soldiers, an expert swordsman, with a blow severed the tails, and the men and the mutilated animals at once disappeared. When the officer arrived nothing was to be seen but the *debris* of the battle, and two tails swaying on the line. "Ah, the bloody brutes," said he, "they have eaten each other, all but their tails."

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Converse, Sept. 29,—John Dyer, assault upon John Guildea, $3 and costs. Edward Doorley, drunk, $3 and costs.—Sept. 30, Joseph Carpenter, theft of steak from Charles Boutwell, $15 and costs; Luke McGrath drunk, $3 and cost.—Oct. 1, N. Martin, Winchester, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor with intent to sell, $10 and costs, $100 personal recognizance; Oct. 1, Margaret Fitzgerald, Winchester, common seller, $50 and costs, $100 recognizance; appealed, held in $200; M Ferrin, Jr., illegal keeping, etc., $10 and costs, $100 recognizance; Joseph Carpenter, assault upon Charles Boutwell, $5 and costs.—Oct. 2, John Clancy, Boston, evading the payment of fare on R. R., $10 and costs; committed for non-payment.

BRILLIANT LIGHT.—The Selectmen have recently put a new light on Prospect street, which is a great improvement on kerosene. It is called the Globe Gas Burner, and is made by the New England Gas Light Co., of which Fred'k A. Brown, 15 Devonshire street, Boston, is agent. The oil is placed in a tank fixed on the upper section of an ordinary street lantern, and is fed through a tube to the burner, and gives a light as brilliant, as clean, and as cheap as gas. It would be a great gain if all the street lamps not supplied with gas were fitted to this new style of lamp.

NEW HOUSE.—The new house for Highland Hose Co., No 5, was turned over to the company last Monday evening. It is a very tasty affair and the members are well pleased with it. The carriage room is fitted up with all the usual conveniences, including water and gas. A flight of stairs leads to the hall, which is suitably furnished. The hose carriage will be placed there next week. George W. Kimball was the builder, and he has made a good job.

A. O. H.—At the State procession of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, nineteen lodges were represented in the procession by about 2000 members, and there were 16 bands of music in the line. The places represented were Lowell, Boston, Lawrence, Haverhill, Woburn, Ayer, Fitchburg, Charlestown, Medford, Lynn, Salem, Amesbury, Newburyport and Fall River.

SELECTMEN.—At the regular meeting held Thursday evening, all present but Emerson. Petition of J. H. Parker, et. al for a street lamp on Broad street; referred to Sup't of Street Lamps, also petition from E. K. Willoughby, et. al. for lamp on North Warren street similiarly referred. Jurors were drawn. Regular monthly bills approved.

BREAK.—Dr. Scales left his horse and buggy tied beside the horse railroad track at Central Square on Wednesday. The passing car caused the horse to plunge and back violently, and this action on his part broke the shaft, crossbar and harness.

SMASH UP.—Mr. Fosdick left his horse and carriage at his house, corner Main and Church streets, on Tuesday, and the horse in grazing attempted to walk up the bank. The carriage was overturned, and the horse was startled, which caused him to run. The carriage was badly damaged.

TREAT.—The celebrated musical artists Joseph and Ada Heine were in town Thursday, and while at Green's music rooms kindly volunteered to furnish a few selections, much to the gratification of a few people present. It was a rare musical treat.

CARELESS.—Owing to careless harnessing one of the steamer horses was pulled off the bridge leading out of the house, and the steamer escaped an upset by a small shave. As it was, it smashed the side of the door. No one was hurt.

ACCIDENT.—Georgie, son of G. F. Smith, aged seven years while playing about a derrick on Salem street Wednesday, got one of his fingers caught in the cog wheels, and the result was the loss of the first joint.

GILCREAST H. & L. TRUCK.—The new truck for the Gilcreast Hook & Ladder Co, was received by its members on Wednesday evening Oct. 1. The truck was modeled after the "Liberty Bigelow," of Melrose, but in many respects is its superior. It was built by Mr C P Pollard, of Woburn. It is a double ender, can run either way equally well, is 42 feet long from tip to tip, and carries nine ladders. The wheels are high, and as both sets cut under, the truck can turn in a very small space. There is no body to it, the ladders resting on frames over the wheels. The perch is quite graceful, and carries four axes, four lanterns, a crowbar and ropes for the long hooks and ladders. A rope connects the two frames, and it may be used as a foot rope to stand on in taking off the ladders, and to hold back by in going down hill. The frames are finely carved with fire emblems on the side, and the ends terminate with lion's heads. Over the front of the ladders is the name plate inscribed "Gilcreast 1." Over the hind wheels is a large gong. All the metal work is nickel plated. The woodwork is painted light cream color, striped and gilded. The truck cost $1132, and the work throughout is well done, reflecting much credit on the builder, Mr C P Pollard, and his assistants in the various departments of wood working, forging and painting. Wednesday evening Perham Hose Co, with torches, marched over to the Gilcreast house and escorted the Hookies to Pollard's shop, where their truck was delivered to them, and they marched back to Railroad street where a collation was served.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—A short time since as we were coming to the Lowell depot in Boston through Portland street, about three P. M., we noticed three young fellows standing near an alley which separates the machine shop from the wood workers' shop. A young lady was coming along the sidewalk when one of the young roughs snatched her umbrella, but she held on to it, and the three then ran away through to Merrimac street. A few days later three ladies from Woburn were passing the same place in broad daylight, when four of these boys were there, and they snatched the shopping bag from one of the ladies and ran through to Merrimac street. The ladies determined not to leave the place without some satisfaction, and while they were hunting for a policeman, two of the robbers passed by. The ladies followed them, until a policemen was met, who on being told the story, took the boys into custody, and they will be tried next Wednesday. One of them had just been discharged from imprisonment for stealing; the other two are known to the police, and we hope the whole gang will be punished. Meantime ladies had best be careful how they go through Portland street.

SOCIAL MEETING.—The first meeting of the Ladies' Charitable Society connected with the Unitarian Parish took place on Thursday afternoon and evening, in the vestry. In the afternoon the usual business was transacted, and resolutions were adopted, deploring the loss by death of the late president, Mrs T J Pierce. Mrs Pierce had been for years an active and earnest member and was endeared to all on account of her many good qualities as exemplified in her life and character.

In the evening the time was spent until 9:30 in social converse.

WATER WORKS.—Work has commenced on the earth wall in the reservoir and the town is supplied by direct pumping. Several slight breaks have occurred, but they have been promptly repaired, and no great inconvenience has been felt. A pipe has been laid from the main opposite the Town Hall to a point west of the Common fence, and the water will be formally let on there next Thursday, when we may expect some high playing. The Commissioners will move into Bank Block, in the room formerly occupied by Ronco, to-day.

ROBBERY.—Last Monday while Chas Boutwell was peddling meat on Elijah street, a man named Joseph Carpenter stole a piece of meat from his wagon. On discovering his loss, he went after the man and secured his meat. Carpenter then took it again, and being joined by three others made it hot for Boutwell, who finally armed himself with his cleaver, when the enemy withdrew. Carpenter was arrested and fined for larceny and assault. The others have thus far avoided arrest.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS. Considerable prominence is being given the name of Mr Daniel G Walton of Wakefield, as a candidate for County Commissioner. Combining most happily, rare personal qualifications with fortunate experience, Mr Walton's nomination is one eminently fit to be made, and we doubt not he will receive a warm support from all over the county.

☞ A Boston paper says the Lowell Railroad depot in that city is being completed by workmen who are not allowed to smoke, for smoking is prohibited, and the prohibition is enforced.

☞ Andy McHugh's horse fell with a load in Dr Scales's yard last Saturday, and for a while was in such a position that there was fear of choking. He was quickly relieved.

COLLIDED.—Mr. W. H. Wheelock's phaeton collided with another team, Wednesday, and said phaeton will have to be repaired before it is used again.

FELL DOWN.—While Mr Henry E Smith, who lives near the watering station, was out driving, the horse fell, and the carriage was badly damaged.

LEASED.—The upper hall of 194 Main street has been leased to the Woburn Athletic Associates.

TRUMPET.—The trumpet we spoke of last week is on exhibition at P Kenney's. It looks very well.

RESIGNED.—Mr. Daniel Kimball has resigned his position on the School Committee.

CAVALRY.—See the notice of cavalry meeting, among the special notices.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

WATER GAP HOUSE, Sept 26th 1873.

From far away on the western declivity of the Catskill mountains, flow two small streams, the "Coquago" and the "Popacton," which at Hancock unite, forming the Delaware river, which is the boundary line between New York and Pennsylvania, near the northwest angle of the Patten. It separates these states for about seventy miles, until it reaches Kittitinny or Shawanqunk mountain near Port Jervis. At this place it makes a sharp turn to the southeast and forms the dividing line between New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In its passage southward the Delaware breaks through a bold ridge of the Blue mountains. At this grand pass, the "Delaware Water Gap" the cliffs rise perpendicularly from one thousand to twelve hundred feet. The scenery here is wild and romantic in the extreme. To see the river in all its grandeur, let the visitor take a seat in one of the many little skiffs moored at the boat landing, cast adrift and float leisurely over its dark, silent waters, through the "Gap;" no sound breaks the silence, save the plashing of the oars, or perhaps the rumbling of a train of cars as they glide with slackened speed along the distant bank, around the base of the bold bluff, past which the waters course on their journey to the sea. The hotels are located a mile above the "Gap." The most desirable, the "Water Gap House" is perched like an eyrie, on a cliff four hundred feet above the river, commanding a magnificent view of the mountains, and river scenery for miles in extent. Rustic bridges, quaint nooks, a miniature lake, nestled among the rocks, and shady walks make the place a most attractive resort. This most lovely spot is reached in four hours' ride over one of the most delightful routes leading out of New York,—that of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, connecting with the Delaware, Lack. and Western Railroad at New Hampton Junction.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DENTAL SCIENCE.—At the annual meeting of this association Monday, Dr. J. F. Adams of Worcester and Samuel F. Ham, of Boston, were elected members, and Dr. R. M. Gage and E. A. Bogue, of New York, and Dr. Wm. Jarvis of Brooklyn, were elected associate members. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Joshua Tucker; vice president, L. D. Shepard; recording secretary, W. L. Tucker; corresponding secretary, E. N. Harris; treasurer, Geo. T. Moffat; librarian, John Clough; censors, E. G. Tucker, J. L. Williams, and W. W. Codman.

JURORS.—George W. Kimball has been drawn as a juror for the special term of the Superior Judicial Court at Cambridge, Oct. 13, and Charles E. Richardson and Austin H. Perkins were drawn for the regular term of the same court, Oct. 21. Henry Thompson and Albert Thompson were drawn as jurors for the Superior Court to be holden at Lowell, Oct. 17th.

FALL.—F F King, a carpenter upon Dever's building, while at work Friday morning, upon a raised platform, sheathing, stepped upon a loose board and fell backwards, down about six feet, breaking in his descent two of the large front lights in the window. Fortunately the falling glass did not cut him, and no bones were broken.

BUILDING.—Grammer Brothers are preparing the cellar for an elegant mansion on the east side of Warren street. It will be 44 by 38 with a piazza on each side, giving a front on Warren street of 56 feet. There will be an L 16 by 32. The rooms are arranged very conveniently, and when the house is completed it will be an ornament to Academy Hill.

LUCKY.—Our friend Levi Cooper last week while talking with a friend on Union street, was struck by a passing cart and thrown down. Luckily the horse stopped instantly at the word from the driver, otherwise the heavy load would have passed over Mr Cooper's limbs.

WATER RATES.—The water rates will commence Oct 1st, and all now using the water will have quarterly bills presented for a quarter's rent in advance. As fast as water is let on for takers their bills will be due for the balance of the quarter in advance.

STAFF.—Col Grammer has appointed C T Lang and F A Flint as personal aids, and J R Kendall, J H Walker, S W Drew, and H Collamore on his staff for the Water Celebration.

PINCHED.—Anderson, the brakeman, used his thumb as a cushion, between two cars, but the cars struck just the same, and Boardman furnished the liniment.

☞ One of J B Winn & Co's tan teams fractured an axle on Friday, and it was conveyed to Pollard's hospital.

CUT.—A girl named Walker sacrificed a portion of one of her fingers at Simonds' shop, Saturday.

—— C P Pollard's horse tried to furnish us with a runaway item, Saturday, but was checked before he reached the Main street.

Winchester.

BRILLIANT WEDDING.—Among the notable events of the season was the brilliant wedding on Tuesday evening last of Miss Nellie D. Cook, daughter of Marcus C. Cook, of the firm of Cook & Aldrich to George H. Carter, eldest son of the late John Carter and one of the firm of Carter, Mann & Co. Our young people had been on the qui vive for some weeks in anticipation of and preparation for the event, to which a large number of invitations had been issued.

At seven o'clock the invited guests began to assemble in the First Congregational church, and were entertained during the interval before the arrival of the bride and bridegroom by some fine music upon the organ by Handel Pond, the organist of the church. At 8 o'clock the joyous strains of Mendelsohn's wedding march announced the approach of the couple who were conducted to the altar by the ushers, Frank W. Daniels, L. A Dunbar, A. E. Whitney and Geo. G. Stratton who also stood with them at the altar during the ceremony, on the right and left. Rev. A. H. Plumb of Chelsea performed the ceremony in a very happy and impressive manner. The bride was very elegantly dressed in white muslin, en-train with the usual bridal veil and other adornments and the groom was dressed in the conventional suit of black, and they were as handsome a couple as is seldom seen on such occasions. After the services in the church, the newly wedded pair repaired to the residence of the bride's parents, where a reception was held during the evening. The spacious mansion house of Mr. Cook was thrown open for the occasion and the beautiful rooms were tastefully decorated with choice flowers intermingled with uatumn leaves. A large number of the youth, beauty and fashion of the town in addition to the relatives, filled the rooms, and paid their respects to the newly wedded pair, who received the congratulations of their friends standing under a flowery marriage bell. Not being au fait in the description of ladies' dresses or appearance we are unable to do justice to the many elegant toilets or to the personal carms that graced the occasion.

A large table was profusely covered with wedding presents, among the most costly of which was a large bronze clock, costing about one hundred dollars, the gift of the Young Men's Association, of which the groom was a valued and highly esteemed member. A silver pitcher, salver and goblets of unique patterns the gift of the bride's father. All of the presents were very apppropriate and of much value.

During the evening the company were invited to the dining room where the tables were bountifully spread with a choice assortment of edibles, including of course the inevitable wedding cake. At a late hour the guests retired, with their best wishes for the health and happiness of these their young friends who start so auspiciously on their wedded life. The bridal tour will be to Niagara and other places of note. The large number of guests were conveyed to and from the church and house in carriages provided for the occasion by Mr. Cook under the superintendence of D. B. Winn and every thing was done that was possible to make the event a joyous and pleasant one to all concerned.

FIRE PROTECTION.—Alex Moseley has recently fitted up his shops with Hall Brothers' Fire Extinguishing apparatus, and last Saturday gave an exhibition of its peculiar method. The apparatus consists of an iron pipe called a receiver, from which open pipes connect with the roof, and with each room in the building. These pipes are made of galvanised iron, and perforated with small holes so that when filled with water, they will send out a spray in all directions, wetting all the exposed parts of the building. The receiver is in the counting room, and by turning a valve the exact spot on fire can be reached, and the flame put out. Water enters the receiver either from a hydrant, as it would do if Mr. Mosely has Horn Pond water, or from a steam fire engine as on Saturday. On that day the "Alex Moseley" steamer was set at the yard reservoir, and two attachments, made, one in the engine room and another in the counting room, and the roof pipes were opened. In a very short time the entire roofs were sprinkled, and put in a condition to resist fire. The trial of last Saturday was very satisfactory, and was witnessed by a large number of spectators, after which the firemen and guests had a collation at the Waldmyer hose house.

A WAIF.—On Friday night of last week the occupants of Marshall Symmes, Jr.'s house at Symmes corner were aroused by a knock at the outside door and at the same time heard a vehicle being driven away. On going to the door they found a basket in which was a male child apparently but a few weeks old. The child was plainly dressed and there was a copy of the Boston Herald in the basket. There was nothing in the basket to indicate its parentage or any direction in regard to it. The vehicle went, it was thought, in the direction of Medford. The little waif was taken in and kindly cared for until Sunday morning when, no one being found to adopt it, it was by order of the Selectmen taken to Tewksbury Alms House for its tender (?) care. Before it left town the name of John Winchester Banks was given the child, who though deserted by its natural protectors, we hope may live to honor the high sounding name he bears.

SEWERAGE.—It may not be known to our readers that a movement is on foot by the Water Commissioners of Charlestown to have the sewerage of Woburn and the refuse of its tanneries conducted by drains to a certain part of our town, there to be congregated in a vast heap and disposed of by the method in practice at Moseley's tanneries. Our Board of Health were called to a conference upon this subject, a short time since and opposed it so far as they were able. The objection to this plan is so great and so apparent that we need not present it, but would only call the attention of our citizens to what an intolerable nuisance is proposed to be put upon us. No such movement must be tolerated, and the filth of our neighbors must be carried elsewhere, if at all, where it will not poison the atmosphere and endanger the health of the resident population.

HIGHWAYS.—The extension of Walnut street is being pushed forward and the bridge over the Abajona river is in process of construction. If the County Commissioners cannot be more prompt in executing their plans we think that the voters in the County had better commence this year and infuse some new life into the Board, and thus in process of time have a live Board, and not the fossil remains of one.

SIGNS.—A practice seems to have crept into vogue of late of putting up business signs and advertisements painted on wood, gotten up in cheap style, at the corners of the streets on fences, and in public places to attract attention and draw customers thereto. We think a law has been passed by our Legislature which forbids this nuisance and we hope that it will be enforced here.

LECTURE.—John B. Gough opens the course of lectures by the young people of the Baptist Society next Monday evening. Subject—"Now and then." We advise all to go and hear this popular lecturer if they cannot get more than standing room.

[Communication.]

During the past week we have looked through the water region. A large amount of work has been done; a large extent of territory has been cleared up of timber and brush, and the many piles of ashes mark the spot of the fire purifier. If the ashes are not removed a good quantity of potash will strengthen and color the to-be-collected water. Some of the ditches dug are partly filled with water, but the whole bed of the swamp is uncovered with water. The dam at the outlet, is being constructed by a large gang of men and teams.

It was stated at Town Meeting by Dea. Luther Richardson (and denied by others) that a sickening nuisance existed upon the easterly line of the swamp. Dea. Richardson was right, and to-day, upon the margin of the proposed reservoir, in the "Spring Pasture" so called, where the brush has been cut for the water to flow up, with only a stone wall to separate, and within twenty-five rods of the water line, with a slope running direct to it, is a field of several acres, leased by parties who collect all the bristles, hoofs and waste of the East Cambridge slaughter houses, and by night bring this filth at the rate of one hundred bushels a night to this spot and spread it out, to be washed by rain, and dried by sun, packed in sacks and sent to Newport and Philadelphia to be further cleansed by machinery, and used for mechanical purposes. The land is covered several inches deep with this waste and offal of swine; it is worked over, and the best parts taken away, and the rejected parts suffered to wash down the slope into the upper end of the reservoir. The sight is disgusting and the smell most offensive. The matter is brought to this secluded spot across from Stoneham turnpike, and away from human habitation. It is the worst part of the Miller river nuisance, and brought here because no community would tolerate its presence. From this, great black flies breed in legions, while bugs and worms cover the earth. With heavy rains and melting snows, (more work is done in cold weather, we were told by the workmen) all this filth will run directly into the pond, the lay of the land is such that it can run no where else. When parties go to view the charming valley, hereafter to be the receptacle of that sweet element, so conducive to health and comfort let them go to the upper end of the pond that is to be, and all that is here written will be seen, and the plagues of Egypt duplicated in our midst. Sometime hereafter we propose to see what impurities run into Mystic Pond.

VIETOR.

Bedford.

DEAR EDITOR:—The re-union of the Page family, of which you made a note last week was a most enjoyable occasion. The descendants of the Page to whom a deed of certain real estate in Bedford (then Billerica) was given, from Grimes, bearing date March 1, 1687, have formed an association, and this meeting was one of their annual gatherings. Agreeable to a notice and invitation generally circulated, the numerous descendants of one of the first settlers of Bedford, gathered at the old place which has been in the Page name for 186 years; but as Bedford was formerly part of Billerica and Concord, this estate belonged to the former 42 years. Bedford being incorporated in 1729, the leading cause for a petition to be set off as a separate town being the long distance to church, people frequently being obliged to start the day before in order to reach church in time for services, we find that the above mentioned Page was very active in this movement.

As one of the benefits of our railroad, this company was able to gather on the old spot. A special train from Boston, brought all who could make it most convenient to come that way, while a general flocking from all directions was an evidence that a noble ancestry is a pride to their posterity, and to meet and recall their virtues is a pleasure.

The company assembled in the house and on the beautiful green in front, now owned by Captain Cyrus Page, who inherited a military spirit which has pervaded the whole line of ancestry. The remnants of an old flag waving over the front door attracted much attention; it is supposed to have been carried to Concord on the 19th of April, 1775 by John Page. It once had a very handsome border, which was taken off by one of the family to trim a dress for a military ball. After spending awhile in the usual salutations and congratulations of like gatherings, all partook of a collation furnished by the company, tables being spread beneath the shade of the elms that have witnessed the joys and sorrows of the occupants of this old residence for ages. Many states and more towns were represented about this festive board, your own Woburn furnishing her share in the family of B F Wyer, Esq. After the cravings of appetite were satiated, the company came to order, and Mr Timothy Page of Barton was introduced, as president of the P M, who, after a few preliminaries, called upon his venerable aunt, Mrs Rhuamah Lane (mother of Jonathan A Lane, Esq. of Boston) who was too well known and dearly loved to need an introduction. She was the oldest of the company, being 86, and the last of her generation. Her address in her own language was listened to with great interest, calling upon all to imitate the noble characters of their ancestors, and expressing a heartfelt wish that their virtues, integtity and Christian nobility might descend upon and be received as a precious legacy by all who inherit their name or blood.

Capt. Cyrus Page was then introduced as the historian of the day. He first read the deed above mentioned, and then gave the genealogy of the family down to the present. He has a most remarkable memory, which served him well on this occasion. Rev Lucus R. Page occupied some few minutes in enlarging on the remarks of the Captain. After a few remarks from others, and the transaction of some business, most of the company left for the cars with a universal acknowledgement that it had been good for them thus to meet again.

Yours &c.,
One of the descendants, ABRAM.

Arlington.

☞ Wm Penn Hose Co 3 was out for practice Wednesday night.

—— Rev Mr Cady is on his way home from Europe, having sailed on the 25th of Sept.

READING.—Prof Blish read to a small audience Wednesday evening this week. We are sorry that no more were present, as the Professor is a very pleasing reader, and such a chance does not often occur.

JURORS.—The following persons were drawn to serve as Jurors at the Superior Court for the October term: Joseph Butterfield, John Peabody F. H, Whittemore.

RUN OVER.—A man named Heald,

employed by Nourse Bros, in getting out of a wagon Tuesday, was knocked down by the team as it started, and his wrist run over by the wheel. No bones were broken.

PARADE.—The Total Abstinence Societies in this section of the State will parade in Boston, Oct 10th. The Lexington and Arlington societies will join. P H Byron is the Marshal of the Arlington body, and they have engaged the Medford Band to accompany them.

POLL TAX PAYERS.—This class of people are requested to examine their tax bills and see if they are receipted. If not, by immediate payment, they can save further expense. Mr. Allen, the Town Treasurer, has waited about as long as he wishes to.

ACCIDENT.— Cornelius Linnehan, a former resident of Arlington, has been employed as brakeman on the Boston, Hartford & Erie R. R. While on duty Wednesday, he was struck by a bridge the train was passing in Franklin, and badly hurt. He managed to retain his hold of the car until the train was stopped. He was taken to the hotel in F. and cared for. The extent of his injuries we do not learn.

FIRES.—Tuesday morning a fire was discovered in the new house being built by James Gillespie near the Town farm It was the work of an incendiary, as a bottle of kerosine was found among the boards. The neighbors extinguished the flames before much damage was done.

A burning pile of brush near the Gilboa station Sunday evening attracted notice, but a bucketful of water or two put an end to the affair.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Carter of Arlington. Sept. 26th, Owen McDonald was before the Court on two complaints, one of drunkenness, and the other, illegal transportation of intoxicating liquor. $3 and costs, amounting to $10 05 satisfied the Court on the simple drunk, but $20 and costs was required for the other, from which the said Owen appealed, and furnished two sureties in the sum of two hundred dollars, to be present Oct. 28th, at Lowell.

SIDEWALK LOAFING.—This rowdyish habit is expressly forbidden by our bylaws. Our readers know that a crowd often blocks up the sidewalk in front of the Town hall building. Last Saturday night there was an instance of this kind, and Officer Hartwell requested the crowd to move on. All obeyed but one, a man named Bland. During a little disturbance which followed the request, Officer Hartwell was struck by Bland. The officer signalled for aid and Bland made off. Tuesday he appeared before Justice Carter, but was bailed until Wednesday, and then the trial was postponed until Saturday.

ROGUERY.—An attempt was made on Saturday evening last, to throw the 10 o'clock Lexington express train on the Lowell Railroad, off the track, between the Walnut street and Medford street bridges in Somerville. Some unknown person placed a board fifteen feet long and eighteen inches wide upon the track used by outward bound trains, and fastened it securely. The board was discovered by the engineer of an inward bound train about half past eight o'clock, and the obstruction was removed by him and the police. The locality chosen for the accident was a dangerous one, and had the obstruction not been discovered there would undoubtedly have been great loss of life, as the train is usually crowded on Saturday evenings. A thorough search was made in the locality, but the rascals were not secured.

Lexington.

SALE.—Mr. J L Norris has sold the house last built by him on Hancock Avenue to A L Scott, a gentleman in the employ of the R R Company. The price was $3000.

FATAL.—The man named Vaughn who fell from the wagon while on his way from Boston a short time since, and was run over, died last week at the Mass. General Hospital, whither he was conveyed. He was employed by Mr F B Hayes. It is supposed that he was intoxicated at the time. This is the third instance of this kind of accident.

CARY LIBRARY.—The following books were added Oct 1st: The Perfect Horse; Geological Stories; Bazar Book of Health; Character of St Paul; German Songs; Waubun; Against the Stream; Lectures on Education; The Soldier and Patriot; Life of Bach; Arthur Bonnicastle; Mission of the North Americans; In Search of the Castaways; The Fair God; Quixstar; Lombard Street; Oldport Days; Aftermath; The Wooing O't; New England Handbook; Life of Thoreau; The Atmosphere; Thinkers and thinking; The Marquis De L'Etoriere; Ten Nights in a Bar-room; Three Years in a Man Trap; Memoir of Channing, 3 vols; Ten Great Religions; Christianity the Science of Manhood; Spirit of the Bible, 2 vols; Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University, vol 1; Hotel du Petit St Jean; Vera.

BUILDING.—Mr L Prosser is to build a nice house on the land adjacent his residence on the Main street.

The satisfaction universally expressed with our depot as it from day to day reveals more of the plans of the remodeller, is a sufficient excuse for our speaking of the building again. It will not only be serviceable but ornamental. Ventilators and sky lights adorn the top. Large round windows have been placed at the end and brackets and mouldings in various places, giving a very pretty effect to the whole.

RUN OVER.—Wednesday the 24th ult', Mr. Joshua Hobart was called from his house by the report that a woman was lying in the road. He found upon proceeding thither that it was the body of Hannah Robbins, an elderly lady residing in the East Village. Nothing is known definitely in regard to the circumstances, of the accident, but it is presumed that she was run over by a passing team. She was very deaf, and thus would have been unconscious of its approach. Her face was badly cut and one arm was broken. She lingered until Saturday, the 27th ult, when death put an end to her sufferings.

COOL WORK.—The ice team of Mr. Walcott was standing at the residence of Mr. L. Wetherell, on Hancock street last Saturday, when from some cause, the horses became frightened, and started into a run. Their gait was not a particularly swift one, but it was accompanied with some force, if we may judge from the appearance of the lamp post near Spaulding's shop, which they caromed on as they came along. The glass case which protects the lamp is all there, but we should dislike to be obliged to gather it up. The runaways did no other material damage, that we can learn, and were secured down town.

☞ We think it about time that Wakefield should have its turn in the occupancy of one of the positons on the Board of County Commissioners. We state it, simply as her due, prepared at any time and anywhere to defend and support her claim by what seems to us unanswerable arguments. It is well known that the Wakefield delegation of last year, presented in County Convention the name of one of her citizens, Daniel G. Walton, Esq., well and favorably known in the county as her candidate; and it is the wish of many that his name should be prominently brought forward again this year, indeed, every year—his, or some other from this town—until our interests are regarded. We are tired of this incrusting in office of men not possessed of special fitness for it, to the exclusion of others who are capable, and of districts that of right demand representation. We shall oppose earnestly and continuously the re-election of Mr. Waitt of Malden, to the position he now holds, believing his further tenure of the office to be without benefit to the county and injury to rights that should be regarded. Personally Mr. Waitt is not without hosts of friends, and with reason; and we have ourselves only the kindest sentiment toward him, but inclinations must not be allowed to govern public policy.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Religious Notices.

☞ Methodist S. S. Concert in Lyceum Hall, Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Married

In Woburn, Sept. 29th, by Rev. L. Thompson, Mr. Frank Wendell and Miss Amelia Sevrens, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Oct. 3d, by Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Mr. Jairus W. Stanley and Miss Mary S. Briggs, both of Woburn.

In Lexington, Sept. 18, by Rev. Henry Westcott, Mr. Donald McIntyre to Miss Augusta D., daughter of Joseph F. Simonds, Esq.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct. 3, John Weston, aged 59 years, 27 days. Funeral Sunday at 2 P. M., at his late residence.

In Woburn, Sept. 28, Rosella, daughter of Alexander and Lizzie A. McNab, aged 5 months, 8 days.

In Lexington, Sept. 27, Catherine McGee, aged 78 years, 9 months.

In Lexington, Sept. 27, Hannah Robbins, aged 61 years.

In Lexington, Sept. 28, Nellie L., daughter of Leonard F. and Annie M. Pierce, aged 1 year, 2 mos. 7 days.

In Arlington, Sept. 25, Gertrude D., daughter of J. Fred and Louisa Bitzer, aged 3 months, 13 days.

Special Notices.

FAIR.

The Ladies of Mishawum Division, No. 59, Sons of Temperance, and friends interested in the Work, intend holding a Fair the 22nd of OCTOBER, for the sale of Useful and Fancy Goods, the proceeds of which will be used for the prosecution of the Temperance work in this town, in the employment of Lecturers, &c. Should the success of this enterprise warrant it, it is proposed to establish a Temperance Reading Room.

Contributions however small, in money or articles will be thankfully received by the committee as their means are very limited.

An earnest appeal is hereby made to the good people of Woburn, to aid this movement.

Contributions may be left with Mrs. R. F. Ellis, Winn Street. Mrs. George Hunt, Main Street, Mrs. Abbie Taylor, Central Square, Mrs. C. W. Dorr Franklin Street, and Mrs E. D. Layton, Canal St.

MUSICAL.

Madam Ada Heine having determined to remain in this section of the Country, desires to receive a limited number of pupils in piano-forte playing and singing for concert, or opera. She has studied with the best European Masters, and students may depend upon thorough and artistic instruction.

She will accept pupils in Woburn. Mr. Heine will also accept scholars in violin playing. 105

Address at STONEHAM MASS.

CLASSES IN GERMAN.

A lady teacher who has resided nine years in Germany, wishes to form classes for the German language in Woburn. Refers to Rev. W. S. Barnes and E. H. Davis, Superintendent of Schools.

CAVALRY BATTALION.

All persons interested in the Cavalry Battalion which proposes to join the Water Celebration on the 9th, are requested to meet at Armory Hall, Saturday Evening, Oct. 4th, at 8 o'clock, for the choice of officers and other necessary business.

Per order of the Recruiting Committee.

Woburn, Oct. 3, 1873.

MERRILL & BAKER,

CARPENTERS, BUILDERS, JOBBERS & MILLWRIGHTS.

SHOP OVER GREEN'S,

No. 6 RAILROAD ST., WOBURN.

Orders promptly attended to.

Notice to Taxpayers.

The attention of the tax payers of Woburn are call to the following extract from Article III. of the Town By-Laws:

SEC. 2.—All taxes shall be due whenever a bill of the same shall have been presented to any person taxed, or his agent, or the tenant of any non-resident proprietor of any property taxable in the town, or left at his usual place of abode or business, and interest at the rate of twelve per centum per annum shall be charged from October 15th on all taxes not paid on or before that date: provided, that nothing in this section shall prevent the Assessors, in case of doubtful credit, from exercising the powers given them in fourth section of the twelfth chapter of the General Statutes.

SEC. 3.—In all cases where tax bills for poll or for poll and personal tax only, are not paid on or before the fifteenth day of October in each year, it shall be the duty of the Collector to forthwith issue a summons to each delinquent, and if such delinquent do not pay the amount with twenty cents added for the summons, within ten days from said summons, the Collector shall issue a warrant to an officer who shall forthwith proceed to collect the amount due in the manner provided by law.

SEC. 4.—The delivery of a tax bill as directed in the preceding section, shall in all cases be deemed a demand for payment of the tax.

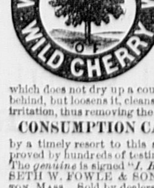
EDWARD SIMONDS, Tax Collecter.

Woburn, Sept. 26th, 1873.

HOUSE TO LET.

A house on Mt. Pleasant street, corner of Green, containing seven rooms to let to a small family. Inquire of

9 A. A. FERRIN.

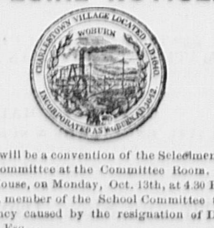


COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The *genuine* is signed "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper, SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, Mass. Sold by dealers generally.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



There will be a convention of the Selectmen and School Committee at the Committee Room, High School House, on Monday, Oct. 13th, at 4.30 P. M., to elect a member of the School Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Daniel Kimball, Esq.

Per order of the Selectmen

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Oct. 3d, 1873. 109

Tenements Wanted

—BY—

E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,

194 Main St., Woburn. 19

BEST YET!

The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK OF

FURNITURE

ever exhibited in Woburn.

Call and see for yourself.

G. W. POLLOCK,

Town Hall Building.

A. PRATT & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork,

Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.

Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,

Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts., 102 BOSTON.

WEDDING

AND

Presentation Silver.

Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

AGENTS FOR THE

GORHAM MANUF'G CO

Invite an Inspection of their large and varied assortment of the manufacture of the above Company, comprising the new Productions of the Season, which, for Artistic Design, Beauty of Finish, and Utility, have never before been equalled, and cannot but meet the requirements of the most refined taste.

—ALSO—

In Stock a full variety of their Celebrated

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

BIGELOW, KENNARD & CO.

JEWELERS. 5

381 Washington Street, Boston.

TO LET.

A two story dwelling house, containing eleven rooms in good repair. Also for sale a one story house. Apply to

7 G. PARKS, North Woburn.

FOR SALE.

The house and land on Mt. Pleasant street, occupied by Mrs. Anna Kemmick. For particulars inquire on the premises or of

G. F. SMITH,

8 187 Main St., Woburn.

Horse For Sale.

A Black mare, weighs 1000; good roader; perfectly sound and kind; not afraid of cars, and very quiet in the stable. Will be sold because the owner has no use for her. Can be seen at corner Green and Highland streets, Woburn.

10 CHARLES H. POLLARD.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn,

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Calvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

House Lots For Sale.

Twenty eligible Lots for Sale on the South side Horn Pond Mountain. Fine views and splendid situation. Terms easy. Inquire of S. M. Allen, 28 State Street, Boston, or Lewis W. Erskine, on the premises, 37

REMOVAL.

We have just opened an

Entirely Fresh Stock

— OF —

CARPETINGS

At our New Store,

178 & 179

TREMONT STREET

Near Boylston Street,

which includes a large assortment of

Axminster, Wilton,

BRUSSELS,

Tapestry and Ingrain

CARPETS.

ALSO

Oil Cloths, Mattings, Bockings, Rugs, Mats, etc,

J. LOVEJOY & SONS,

(Formerly of Summer St.) BOSTON.

LYCEUM HALL

WOBURN.

1873. A COURSE OF 1873.

LECTURES,

CONCERTS,

READINGS, DRAMATICS, &c

Will be given the coming season under the management of

Parker & Thompson.

Oct. 31, Prof. J. W. Churchill

Subject—"Select Readings"

Nov. 5, The Beethoven Quintette Club

C. N. ALLEN, 1st Violin, H. HIENDL, 2d Violin, J. C. MULLALY, 1st Viola, WM. RITZLE, 2d Viola and Flute, WULF FRIES, Cello,—assisted by Miss MARY D. WYMAN.

Nov. 12, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Cobb

In their new and novel entertainment, "The Cruise of the Cobweb," which never fails to produce "a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, a wassail of wit."

Nov. 25, Mr. H. W. Shaw, (JOSH BILLINGS)

Subject—"Buty and the Beasts."

Dec. 3, The Original "Medford Dramatic Society"

In the pleasing Comedy of "DOING FOR THE BEST," with the WOBURN AMATEUR QUINTETTE CLUB.

Dec. 10, Rev. W. H. H. Mnrray

Subject—"Civilized Heathen."

The Managers will do everything in their power to make these entertainments perfectly pleasing and satisfactory to all those who may purhase.

Tickets $1.50, $2, $2.50, according to location. 12

The tickets will be ready for sale Wednesday, Oct. 1st, with a clean plan of the Hall, at Horton's, Adkins', A. E. Thompson & Co.'s, G. R. Gage & Co.'s, and F. B. Dodge's; North Woburn at E. J. Jenks'.

T. MARVIN PARKER, ALBERT THOMPSON, } Managers.

THE BEST

New Singing Books.

CHOICE TRIOS. For High Schools and Seminaries. By W. S. Tilden. Just out, $1.00

RIVER OF LIFE. For Sabbath Schools. By Perkins, Bentley, and 40 other composers. 35c

CHEERFUL VOICES. For Common Schools. By L. O. Emerson. . . 50c

HOUR OF SINGING. For High Schools. By Emerson and Tilden. . . $1.00

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Seven admirably constructed books, whose sales are to be numbered by the hundred thousand; so perfectly is each fitted to the popular taste.

☞ Either book sent, post-paid, for the retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 13

C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Lydia Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, William Winn, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

14 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate.

BY a License from Probate Court, will be sold at public auction, on

Saturday, October 18th, 1873,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, in Woburn, a certain lot of land containing about 9½ acres with the buildings thereon, situated on Eastern Avenue and East Street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Eastern Avenue at land of Jeduthan Fowle, the line runs northerly by said land about 158 feet; thence easterly by said land about 25 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of S. O. Pollard about 551 8-10 feet; thence westerly by land of John Brauer about 48 8-10 feet; thence again southerly by land of said Brauer and B. McConlogue, about 325 8-10 feet; thence westerly by land of J. Munroe about 260 feet to East street; thence northwesterly by said street about 337 8-10 feet to land of S. O. Pollard; thence northerly and northeasterly by land of S. O. Pollard about 300 feet; thence northerly and northeasterly by lands of Stowers, Turner, Bulpit and Whitford by the wall about 625 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. D. Gilman, to said Eastern Avenue; thence southerly by said Avenue about 35 6-10 feet; thence easterly by said Avenue about 223 feet to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land containing about 3 95-100 acres situated southeasterly from the center village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a proposed street, the line runs easterly by land of Horton about 178 5-10 feet; thence southeasterly, southerly and southwesterly by land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman about 832 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of said Heirs about 19 feet; thence southwesterly by land of Sawtelle about 90 5-10 feet by the wall; thence northerly by land of Glennon about 166 2-10 feet; thence nearly westerly by land of Glennon about 132 5-10 feet to East street; thence northerly on East street about 51 4-10 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace about 143 4-10 feet; thence northerly by land of Wallace, Maxim, Fowle and Symmes about 420 feet to the line of the proposed street aforesaid; thence easterly by said line about 23 feet; thence northerly by said line about 44 4-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The above offers a rare opportunity to any one looking for an investment for business purposes or for a residence, the location being near the heart of the village and near the depot, schools and churches. Terms made known at the time of sale. For further particulars inquire of the Auctioneer or of L. G. Richardson, Administrator.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 27th, 1876. 15

GRAND

Concerts.

A series of four concerts will be given at the

UNITARIAN CHURCH,

WOBURN,

BY

CHARLES H. MORSE,

ORGANIST OF THE SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY EVEN'G, Oct. 22d.
" " Nov. 26th.
" " Dec. 17th.
" " Jan. 21, '74.

The following talent will assist.

ORGANISTS,

GEORGE E. WHITING,

The celebrated Cathedral organist, of Boston.

DUDLEY BUCK,

The distinguished organist of the Music Hal Association, Boston.

S. B. WHITNEY,

Organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.

HENRY M. DUNHAM

AND

ALLEN W. SWAN,

Organ graduates of the New England Conservatory of Music.

VOCALISTS.

The favorite Sopranos.

Mrs. J. M. Osgood, of Boston.
Miss Mary D. Wyman, of Woburn.
Miss Sallie M. Clough, of Woburn.

Contraltos.

Miss Mary G. Clapp, Boston.
Miss Susie C. Gould, Boston.

Tenors.

Mr. Edward Prescott, Boston.
Mr. T. Robie, Jr., Woburn.

Bassos.

Mr. C. E. Hay, Boston.
Mr. A. H. McKenney, Boston.

AND A

Splendid Male Quartette,

FROM BOSTON.

Season Tickets, $1.00.

Evening Admission, 35 Cts.

Tickets for sale in Woburn Centre, by Sparrow Horton, and Fosdick & Buss; at North Woburn, by E. J. Jenks, and C. F. Mansfield; in Winchester, by George P. Brown. 16

Concerts commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

The Piano used at these Concerts will be kindly furnished by Mr. O. Green, Railroad St., Woburn.

GEO. WOODS & CO'S

ORGANS.

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street.
Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCES.—Rev. W. S. Barnes, and Mr. C. H. Morse.

TEA

Everybody knows, or ought to know that the strength and delicious flavor of Tea is seriously injured by exposure to the air. The essential oil and delicate aroma of

COFFEE

Is still more volatile and a single day's exposure causes it to become flat, stale and "good for nothing." As these goods are usually kept for sale in loosely covered chests or caddies, such exposure is unavoidable. This, in part, accounts for the poor quality of teas and coffees sold by retail dealers.

To overcome this difficulty the

Oriental Tea Co.,

Of Boston have adopted a method of packing the choicest high grades of finest Teas DIRECT FROM FRESHLY OPENED CHESTS, and their celebrated strictly pure Coffees, while still warm from their own mills, in TIN CANS and immediately sealing them up AIR TIGHT. Every one who buys these goods will find their Teas as strong, fresh and nice as if taken from a new chest just opened; and their Coffees as rich and full-flavored as when first roasted and ground.

In addition to the great advantages of the Oriental style of packing, THE PRICES OF THEIR GOODS are only about one half what is usually charged for THE SAME QUALITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to accommodate customers in this vicinity we have arranged with

JOSEPH SYKES,

AT

262 Main Street, Woburn.

To act as our agent. He will keep on hand a full assortment of our unequalled Teas and Coffees, and sell them at our lowest Boston prices.

Try them, and if they do not give satisfaction, bring them back and have your 18

MONEY REFUNDED.

ORIENTAL TEA CO.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

1873. 1874.

LECTURES

AT THE

BAPTIST CHURCH.

WINCHESTER.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Young People of the Baptist Society.

Tickets for the Course,	$2.00
With Reserved Seat,	2.50
Tickets for Gough's Night, With Reserved Seat, }	1.00
Admission Other Evenings,	50

DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.
Lecture to commence at 7 3-4 o'clock, P. M.

Tickets for sale at the

Post Office Winchester.

AND BY

FOSDICK & BUSS WOBURN.

Trains from Woburn at 6,25. Returning at close of Lecture.

LECTURES,

Oct. 6. John B. Gough,
Subject.—"Now and Then."

Oct. 17. Rev. W. H. H. Murray,
Subject.—"Civilized Heathen."

Nov. 3. Rev. Edward E. Hale,
Subject.—"In his name."

Nov. 17. Hon. William Parsons,
Subject.—"Richard Brinsley Sheridan."

Dec. 1. Mrs. M. A. Livermore,
Subject.—"The Battle for Money."

Dec. 17. Prof. J. W. Churchill,
Subject.—"Readings."

Dec. 29. Oliver Optic. (W. T. Adams.)
Subject.—"Family Jars, or the Troubles of the Twelfth Parish.

Jan. 12. Rev. Elias Nason,
Subject.—"Greenbacks." 20

Administratrix's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court for Middlesex County, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the 14th day of Oct. 1873

at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Rufus Pickering, No. 2 Wade Block, Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right, title, and interest, which Patrick Bishop, late of said Woburn, deceased, had at the time of his decease in and to the following described real estate, viz:—

A lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing about 15,323 square feet, bounded and described thus, to wit:—Beginning at the corner of the main street and a private street running easterly therefrom to Washington street, near the house of Wm. Richardson; thence running easterly on said private street 123 feet to a stake; thence southerly parallel with said main street 131 feet to a stake; thence westerly about 124 feet to a stake at said main street; thence northerly by said main street 117 feet to the place of beginning: being part of the lots, Nos. 36 and 37, on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company's grounds, dated August 1, 1850, made by A. L. Richardson, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 2, page 29.

Also three acres in said Woburn, the same being the easterly and undivided part, nearest the B. & L. R. R., of the following described lot, to wit:—

A lot of land called Cedar Swamp, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto, bounded and described as follows: Easterly by land of the B. & L. R. R.; southerly by land now or late of Putnam Emerson; west by land formerly of W. Wood and Sewell Flagg; northerly by land formerly of Bartholomew Richardson; said entire lot contains six acres and forty-three poles.

Also another lot of land in said Woburn, being Lot No. 69 on said Plan, and bounded southerly by a street about 80 feet; westerly on Lot No. 70 about 175 feet; northerly on lot No. 78 about 80 feet; and easterly on lot No. 68 about 175 feet, containing about 14,000 feet, more or less. Said lot 69 is subject to conditions in deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated August 18, 1866, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 985, Fol. 599.

Also two lots of land in said Woburn, being lots Nos. 70 and 71, on said plan, bounded as follows, to wit:—

Northerly by lots No. 76 and 77 one hundred and sixty feet; easterly by lot No. 69 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street one hundred and sixty feet; and westerly by lot No. 72 one hundred and seventy-five feet; containing twenty-eight thousand feet, more or less.

Also lot No. 72 on said Plan; said lot 72 is bounded as follows, viz:—

Northerly by lot No. 75 eighty feet; easterly by lot No. 71 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street eighty feet; and westerly by lot No. 73 one hundred and seventy-five feet; and is subject to the conditions named in a deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated April 20, 1868, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 1,114, Fol. 126.

MARY BISHOP, Administratrix.

R. PICKERING, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Sept. 26th, 1873. 21

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at

MRS. FOX'S,
Lexington Street,
22 or address Box 121, P. O.

CARPETINGS,

CURTAINS,

AND

Paper Hangings!

We offer for the consideration of our customers our

Fall Importations.

We have received per Siberia, Olympic, Hecla, and other recent arrivals, a large line of

CARPETINGS

from Crossley, Templeton, Henderson, and other well known makers, in new and elegant designs.

Uphostery Goods, Lace Curtains,

AND

WINDOW SHADES,

From the best Manufacturers in the World.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Paper Hangings and Decorations

to match the above in color and design. We call especial attention to our stock of *Fr. Beck's Washable Tints*, with Fresco Trimmings, which is the largest in the city.

While we have exercised great care in placing our foreign orders, we have not neglected our domestic manufacture, and have in store a splendid assortment of fine medium and low priced American goods, all of which is placed upon the market exclusively at retail, at prices as low as the lowest.

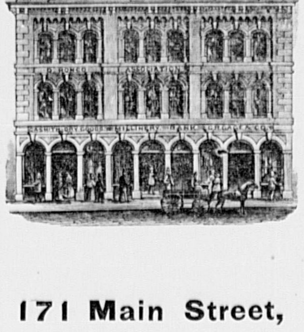
CHILDS, CROSBY & LANE,

116 Tremont St., Boston.

(Nearly opposite Park Street Church.) 202

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,



171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 24

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 25
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DODGE'S

Piano Forte

ROOM,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,

WOBURN.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs,

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

First-class Pianos,

Piano Stools,

Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS For sale in every way to suit all customers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices.
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices
PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other

DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 26

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet. Also, a lot of doors, blinds, desks and drawers. Inquire of

31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

E. PRIOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to **Collecting Bills.**

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

BUY THE

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE,

THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

Low Rate Advertisements.

WANTED.—A Nova Scotia Girl, to do housework. Inquire at this Office.

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

FOR SALE!

A house with 8 rooms, one unfinished, with 20,000 feet of land or 10,000 if no more is wanted. Inquire of 44

C. H. BLAISDELL,
on Chestnut Street, Woburn.

FRANK FLINT,

Manufacturer of

SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES.

Special attention given to the manufacture of

FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS

258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of

J. C. WHITCHER.

STILL'S

ICE CREAM

— AND —

DINING SALOON,

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

Confectionery

of the purest and best varieties.

Catering for Parties, &c., as usual.

Parties and Families supplied with

Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c.,

AT SHORT NOTICE.

43 **O. R. STILL.**

☞ Remember the place! New Store!

No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS and ORGANS

from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired

WOBURN MUSIC STORE,

No. 6 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS. 42

O. GREEN.

THE VERY Cheapest

Lines of first-class BOYS' CLOTHING of all grades and sizes, to be found to-day in Boston, are now to be seen at RICHARDS "OLD CORNER,"

24 and 25 Dock Square.

Boys' Blue Sailor Suits,	$4
Boys' Nice Chevoit Suits,	$7
Boys' do. (9 to 14 yrs. old,)	$9
Boys' do. do.	$10 to $15
Boys' Vacation Suits,	$6
Boys' School Suits,	$6 to $10
Boys' Grecian Linen Suits,	$3.50

Boys', Youths', Children's suits, all sizes.

Also, Boys' New York White Vests

All at very lowest prices, uniformly.

47

G. H. Richards,

24 & 25 Dock Square,
BOSTON.

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office. 34

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.,
Russell Street, Woburn. 27

Public Library

OF KENTUCKY.

Fourth Grand Gift Concert and drawing, at Louisville.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,	17,500

In all 12,000 Cash Gifts; $1,500,000. Only sixty thousand tickets; the chances being as one in five. Whole tickets, $50; halves, $25; tenths, $5 each. For the last concert 100,000 tickets were sold. the capital prize of $100,000 being drawn by L. H. Keith of Kingston Mass.

For tickets, circulars or information, apply to

Thos. E. Bramlette,
Agent Pub. Library Ky., and Manager Gift Concert. Public Library Building. Louisville Ky.

Or, THOS. H. HAYS, 51
Manager Branch Office,
609 Broadway, N. Y.

The Trials of the Ticket Seller.

Traveller—"Hello, pard! Whar can a feller buy a ticket?"

Agent—"This is the ticket office."

T—"Can a feller git a ticket now?"

A—"The office is open for the sale of tickets."

T—"Didn't know whether you had opened yer box yit—What's a ticket."

A—"Don't fully comprehend your meaning, sir."

T—"What's the damage?"

A—"Do you mean the fare, sir?"

T—"Just so. How do you sell tickets?"

A—"It depends entirely on where you purchase them to. Where are you going?"

T—"Oh! on the train."

A—"I presumed that you were. But what train; where?"

T—"Goin' on the Nashville train."

A—"That train leaves at 10.50, sir."

T—"10.50! When, to-night?"

A—"Yes, sir."

T—"Why, don't a train go before that? A feller told me that it left nigh unto sundown."

A—"This train leaving at seven, runs to Memphis."

T—"Well, why can't I go on it?"

A—"Simply because it is not your train."

T—"Don't this'n stop no whar?"

A—"It makes all stops south of Lebanon Junction."

T—"Well, I reckon I can go on it, then."

A—"But, my dear sir, you said that you took the Nashville train."

T—"I'm just goin' a piece out. Can't I go on this 'un?"

A—"Where do you go?"

T—"Want to go to the station."

A—"Yes, but what station?"

T—"Down to the station."

A—"But, my man, there is no such station on the road. Where do you want to get off the train for the creek?"

T—"Just beyond the bridge, you know."

A—"No, but I don't know. Do tell me where you live, if you can?"

T—"In Hart."

A—"What portion of Hart county?"

T—"Two miles and up'ards from the bridge."

A—"And the nearest station to the bridge is—"

T—"Why, pardner, it's just right thar at Bacon creek."

A—"Am I to understand that you go to Bacon creek station?"

T—"Exactly. How much does it damage a feller?"

A—"The fare is two, sixty."

T—"Is that for us all?"

A—"That is one fare only."

T—"What will you let a fellow have one that'l take the old 'oman and her children?"

A—"It depends on the number and age."

T (pointing to the old lady near)—Thar's the old 'oman, and Andrew Jackson, George Washington, Henry Clay, Susan Jane, and—"

A—"Hold, my friend, just go and bring your family and let me count them."

T—"Jest so; hellow! Tennessee, bring the young 'uns up here, so this ticket master can count 'em; thar, stranger."

A—"Two wholes and six halves will do; don't charge for the four youngest, only those of four and upwards.

T—"Pardner, that's steep, can't you come down?"

A—"No, sir, it's the fare."

T—"Well, where can a feller find the train?"

A—"Just behind you."

T—"Which box will a feller git in?"

A—"The second coach."

T—"When does she start?"

A—"At 7 o'clock."

T—"How long first?"

A—"Ten minutes."

T—"Can I get in now?"

A—"Yes, sir."

T—"Pardner, jest take a feller and show him in the right box. I'm a stranger in these parts."

A—"My dear sir, I have other passengers to wait on. There is the train just before you."

T—"Good-by, pardner; come along, Tennessee; Andrew Jackson, pick up that dog; you, Henry Clay, help Sarah Ann with them cats; come along thar, George Washington, you'll be left."

"HEADS"—BY A SMALL BOY.—Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not hold the most. Some persons can tell what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anyone, is called hot-headed. If he is not quite so bright, he is called soft-headed. If he won't be coaxed nor turned they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off, you are beheaded. Our heads are covered with hair, except bald heads. There are barrel heads, heads of sermons,—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon—pin heads, heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen, head winds, drum heads, cabbage heads, logger-heads, come to a head, heads of chapters, head him off, head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right; but the worst of all heads are dead heads, who hang around an editor for free tickets to shows.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.—Never send thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name may perchance secure publication. Never do thou loaf about a printing office, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee like they do shade trees—when thou leavest. Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the composer thereof may knock thee down. Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for, behold, it is his business at the appointed time to give it thee without asking. It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things to himself. when thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding. Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye—that thou mayest understand.

JAY COOKE.—Jay Cooke was born at Portland, Ohio, August 10th, 1821, of a good old Pilgrim family, his lineal ancestor, Francis Cooke, having come over in the Mayflower in 1620, and erected the third house in Plymouth. He was educated at home by his father, Eleutheros Cooke, the leading lawyer of Sandusky County, and First Grand Master of Ohio Free Masons. Poverty assailed the family, and at thirteen, the boy, resolved to earn his own living, sought and obtained a clerkship with a Mr. Hubbard of Sandusky. He soon attracted the attention of his brother-in-law, William G. Moorehead, who employed him as book-keeper in Philadelphia. He subsequently entered the service of E. W. Clark & Co., of that city, the largest domestic exchange banking firm in the country. He became a partner when he was twenty-one years old, and remained in the house until 1858, when he retired on a competency, having gradually attained the leading position in it. When nineteen years of age he wrote the first money article ever published in a Philadelphia newspaper, and was engaged as financial editor of the Daily Chronicle. In 1861 the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., was formed between himself and Mr. Moorehead, and now commenced his successfully patriotic efforts to relieve the Government, harrassed by the rebellion, of all financial trouble. In the spring of 1861, Cooke without compensation, procured a large number of subscribers for the first government loan. He then placed a war loan of several millions for the State of Pennsylvania at par. Mr. Chase, noting his ability, appointed the firm to one of the 400 special agencies, for a loan of $30,000,000. Jay Cooke & Co. returned one-third of this. This led Mr. Chase to select Mr. Cooke as special agent to place the $500,000,000 of five-twenty bonds authorized by Congress. It was an enormous task, entailed an enormous outlay and brought little profit though an immense reputation to the master mind who engineered it. His efforts kept pace with and were always equal to the vicissitudes of war, and counteracted the dreadful depression of the currency. When Mr Cooke resigned in June, 1864, and gold rose to 185 per cent premium, from 88, in 15 days, Jay Cooke's shoulder was put to the wheel, and early in 1865, $200,000,000 of seven-thirty bonds were placed in Europe, and were subsequently increased to nearly $500,000,000. The Government had to spend $3,000,000 a day, and with it saved the Union. Jay Cooke provided the money. His operations since the war are a part and parcel of the history of the day, the most recent and gigantic being the participation of the firm in the famous Syndicate, of which Drexel, Morgan & Co., and Morton, Bliss & Co., are the other partners, and through whom the Alabama difficulty has just been happily terminated. A man of princely liberality, dispensed in widest streams, the misfortune that has now, it is to be hoped temporarily, befallen him, must be deplored by thousands of beneficiaries, and is, indeed, a matter of national regret.

A BAD BOY.—They say that the chief astronomer at the Observatory, was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday School experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire fly and stuck it with the aid of some mucilage, in the center of the largest lens in the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spirts, then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved about 10,000,000,000 in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs, and when he went to the dome the next morning to polish up his glass he found the lightning bug. People down at Alexandria heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it much whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to $2,600, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.

☞ A lady was recently stopping at a Chicago hotel with her little son. The boy was not perfectly satisfied with matters and things at the dinner table, and expressed himself frequently to that effect. The mother finally rose and said in an undertone to the youthful offender, "Come with me up stairs and I will attend to your case." The lad understood at once what "attending to his case" meant, but there was an important matter of detail which he was painfully anxious to have more fully explained; so, pulling backward on the hand of his mother, he blubbered out in a voice loud enough to be heard over most of the well filled dining-room: "Say mother, are you going to take your hand or your slipper?" The enthusiasm with which this brief, touching address was received was unbounded.

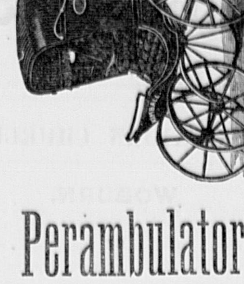
FREAKS OF CHILDISH SPEECH.—A little four year old girl of Branford, Ella Linslay, looked at the rainbow with great attention recently, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Mamma, I dess Dod is doin' to play croquet. He's dot his wicket set." Another little rogue named Freddy Scott, went for the first time in his youthful career recently, to see a minstrel performance where he was immensely delighted to hear Captain Jinks sung in character. The following Sunday he went to church for the first time in his life and after listening to the choir for some time without great interest exclaimed, "Muzzur! how long afore Capt. Jinks will come out?"

☞ Favorite Western air—"I want to be a Granger and with the Grangers stand."

THE FIRST LYNCH LAW TRIAL.—In the autumn of 1789, the settlement in Ohio, at Columbia, contained less than a score of log cabins. Most of them were near the bank of the Ohio, a short distance below the mouth of the Little Miami. The most prominent of the settlers were Gen. John S. Gano, Rev. Stephen Gano, William Goforth, John Reily, Francis Dunlevy, (afterwards President Judge) Jacob White, Ephriam Kibby, Luke Foster (afterwards Judge) Rev. John Smith (afterwards U. S. Senator) John Brown, James Flinn, Thomas Hubbell, Colonel Oliver Spencer, Major Benjamin Stiles, Hezekiah Stiles, Elijah Mills, Edmund Buxton, Peter Sken Smith, James Seward, Thomas C. Wade, Benjamin Shoemaker, Evan Shelby, Allen Woodruff, Joseph and Benjamin Cox. One of the most useful men in this colony in the wilderness was Peter Sken Smith. A shrewd and skillful artisan, he only amongst them all could repair and keep in working order, the only hand mill in the settlement, used almost constantly for grinding their Indian corn. This he did by softening the steel, filing it sharp, and then hardening it. A trader from Redstone Old Fort (now Williamsport) on the Monongahela, arrived with a small Kentucky boat filled with flour and other produce, of which the pioneers in their new settlement were much in need. So welcome was his arrival that they lent him willing aid to carry up his dozen barrels of flour, and pile them between two trees so that they might be safe from the perils of the river. Next morning it was found that one of the barrels had mysteriously disappeared during the night, much to the surprise of the trader and the indignation of the villagers. They speedily assembled together, and were not long in coming to a conclusion. It was immediately determined *nem con.* that a general search should be made, some of the principal citizens proposing that their domiciles should be examined first. This was speedily done, but not until the fourteenth house was searched was the lost barrel found in the cabin of Peter S. Smith, who proved to be the Archan of the village. They unhesitatingly arrested him. He submitted with a very bad grace. When informed they would proceed to try him for felony, with provoking *sang froid* he demanded their warrant, well knowing that from want of civil organization there could be none. Having no leader with supreme authority like Joshua of old, they formed themselves into a Lynch law court, and after a fair trial, found him guilty of the larceny, and sentenced him with forty stripes save one, according to the Hebrew law, and that he make the restitution of the stolen flour to its owner. Smith now dared them to inflict so ignominious a punishment without authority of the law. They procured a stout cord with each end of which they tied his thumbs, and then carrying the line over a heavy thorn bush, proceeded to execute the sentence of their own court with a good will; each of the thirteen giving him three stripes with a hickory withe. With this degrading punishment all boldness and daring forsook him. He repaired to his cabin, but was never afterwards seen in the settlement. It was supposed he found his way to the Fall of the Ohio, and there enlisted in the United States army. This statement is made on the authority of one of the most respectable members of that primitive court, the late Judge Foster. It has been revised by the venerable Major Daniel Gano, a native of the very place where it occurred, now in his eightieth year. —*American Historical Record.*

BRIGGS' BABY.—Thomas Briggs, of Twelfth street, has a boy baby about ten months old, who is admitted at the beginning of this article to look just like his father, and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in Detroit. Yesterday morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six big coat buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out the first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor, were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under the mat and started to finish the apple. A bit of skin got in his throat and he gave a cough and a whoop, and pawed the air and rolled over on his head. "Oh, them buttons! he has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, as she yanked him up and shook him. "Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the child's legs still. "Run for the neighbors?" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, he'll die, he'll die!" said the other, as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed him on the stomach, and joggled him about all sorts of ways, until he got mad and went to howling. Then a boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for a doctor, and a doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everyone knew that those six big buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face, and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured sweet oil down him, and put mustard across him, and wept over him, and the mother said she would never forgive herself. Boys drove by calling out "Slab wood for sale!" and the scissors man went by shouting "Sharp, sharp!" but that distressed crowd held the baby down and shed their tears over his whole length. The doctor was looking serious, and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everyone laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom, and called him her "wopsy, topsy, hopsy, popsy little Cherubim."—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ The jug is a singular utensil. A pail, a tumbler or a decanter may be rinsed, and you may satisfy yourself by optical proof that it is clean. But the jug has a little hole in the top, and the interior is all darkness. No hand penetrates it, no hand moves the surface. You can clean it only by putting in water, shaking it and pouring it out. If the water comes out clean, you judge that you have succeeded in cleaning the jug, and vice versa. Hence the jug is like the human heart, no mortal eye can look into its recesses, and you can judge of its purity by what comes out of it.



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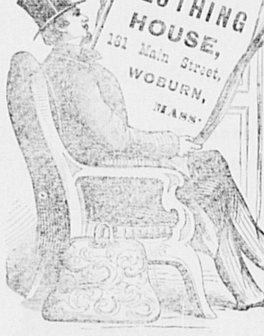

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and everything usually found in a

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.

Billerica, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4. P.M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.

E. Woburn, 7; 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A.M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45†* P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 6.25 P.M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 6.27 P.M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 6.37 P.M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.45 P.M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 6.50 8.20‖ P.M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P.M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

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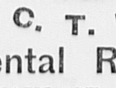

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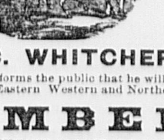

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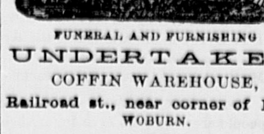

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Poetry.

THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the village might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time.
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough the folks were singing.

So the foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them out before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said,

This made the little maiden feel so very very cross
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sung was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs,
Will never get a blessing from sermon or from prayers.

—*Our Young Folks.*

Selected.

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

Luke Hart leaned upon his scythe, glancing back along the swathes of fragrant, fresh cut timothy, and then up to the sun which was beaming down with the heat of mid-afternoon. How slowly the hours dragged, and how the work to which he had willingly devoted himself, hung upon his hands!

He was a stalwart young fellow of only one and twenty. His hands were rough and hard with labor, to which he had long been accustomed; his cheeks were tinged reddish brown, but his brow, when he raised his broad brimmed straw hat, showed white and delicate as a girl's. Farmer Dobbit, jogging slowly along the road on his sleek gray mare, looked at him approvingly, and drew his rein by the meadow bars.

"Hard at it, Luke, eh? Well—an' how does the work go—heavy?"

"A little, sir, but I don't mind that."

"Good!" And Farmer Dobbit nodded, well pleased. "Light work leaves light mows, you know. But what may it be that you do mind?"

"It's the thought of giving up the land to strangers. I'd willingly plant and dig grub, and hoe and reap all my life if I could keep the dear old place."

"And why mayn't you? I thought you'd given up your notion of bein' a lawyer, an' concluded to be an honest man. There's no better trade than farming, let me tell you, youngster."

"I shall be a farmer, sir, though in my vocation I hope I should prove myself an honest man. It was never my wish to be a lawyer."

"No, no, that was your father's doin'. He allers had high notions, an' was determined to make a gentleman of you. But to my mind you're aiming higher now."

Farmer Dobbit's idea of a gentleman embodied only the graceful sprigs of society who occasionally fluttered down in the neighboring village during the warm season. Luke did not attempt to contravene his opinion.

"My father meant it all for the best," he said, and in spite of himself his voice wavered as he thought of the bright visions in which his dead parent had indulged, and of the sorry inheritance that had descended at last. "It was not his fault that he was unfortunate."

"Ah, of course." The other's assent was not given heartily. He had not approved of Mr. Hart's speculations, though as yet he did not know of their disastrous consequences. "You'll be over soon, Luke?" touching his gray mare upon the flank with a switch he carried. "Fanny's home again."

"Yes, I know."

Luke's face flushed as he prepared to resume his work. But he paused a moment as Farmer Dobbit moved away, leaving a line of fine white dust in his wake.

"Perhaps I should have told him," the young man reflected. "But I wanted Fanny to hear the worst from me."

Then he fell to work again, steadily mowing down the tall grass, waving a little to spare the partridge's nest, while the mother bird fled affrightedly away.—The sun dropped lower in the west, and glancing at the lengthening shadows from time to time, Luke at last hung up his scythe in the boughs of a stunted apple tree growing near, and went away across the fields to the big white house which would not much longer be his home.

His mother, a meek little woman with glossy brown hair tucked away beneath her widow's cap, looked up as he entered. A dainty little woman she was, with white, plump, soft hands, and a face that at forty retained the rosy bloom of youth. One of the clinging, dependent sort, with no will of her own—one who would sit down inertly, with no force to resist or overcome adversity. During these latter days, Luke had guarded her tenderly as his father had always done through his lifetime.

"In so soon, Luke? It's not supper time for half an hour yet. You'd better speak to Huldah and have her hurry; but then I have asked her to make some cream biscuit, and they must have their time."

"Never mind, mother. I will not be ready for supper before it is ready for me. How is your head to-day, dear?"

"Better. See, I have been working this afternoon." And she held up a frill of soft, snowy lace. "I'm so tired of black, and crape grows rusty so soon. You don't think it would be wrong to wear this, do you, Luke? Your father has been dead four months, now."

"Certainly not. The color of our garments will make no difference in our grief for him."

"Oh, I couldn't think of wearing colors again," Mrs. Hart declared. "Huldah wanted me to put on a lavender bow, and I told her no, just black and white for me now. My wedding dress was lavender, Luke, and your father always liked me to wear it. But I never can again, you know."

Luke went out of the room, up the stairs, to his own chamber. His mother's words pained him, though he knew they arose from her love of beautiful things rather than from any light esteem of his father's memory. He knew what she did not, that she would soon be parted from all the comforts that had tended to make her life pleasant. He knew, too that his own young shoulders must be bowed down beneath a grievous burden, but it was one which duty and honor alike imposed on him. He would not shrink from it, though it should throw some bright fancies of his own into the far future. He had not contemplated that this self imposed task of his, might wipe them out of existence altogether. He was young and hopeful, and did not realize how many uncertainties, and how much weary time might intervene before he could count himself free again.

When he appeared at supper he wore his Sunday suit, and his mother exchanged meaning smiles with Huldah, though she made no remark. Afterward he went out, taking the grassy lane and beaten field path which led by a shorter path than the highway to Farmer Dobbit's house.

The sun had disappeared, and clouds of rose and amber were piled in billowy masses, while the whole upper sky was one scroll of purple and fleecy white. The insects in the leaves and grass began to chirp their evening refrain and a whip-poor-will at intervals cried its sweet, sad plaint.

Luke listened as he went. He loved the country with its beautiful sights and sounds, its varying phases of life and growth, its pure lessons and constant testimony of a higher Power.

Then the Dobbit farmhouse came into view. A quaint old gabled building, guiltless of paint without, but brown from the brush of the weather artist. The wide latticed porch in front, with clambering rose vines showering down petals on floor and greensward, was ruddy yet with the fading western light.

On the upper step, trying to look unconscious of Luke's approach, was Fanny, the only daughter of the house. A pretty, graceful girl, with a bright, oval face, hardly perfected by its rather small mouth and thin lips, which might betoken some selfishness of disposition. But Luke saw no defect in her.

Their greeting was slightly embarrassed, as is apt to be the case between young people who have not learned the world's lessons.—She would have conducted him within, but he pleaded otherwise.

"Get your shawl, Fanny, and walk with me in the lane. I have something important to tell you."

So Fanny disappeared and returned with her scarlet tunic draped about her shoulders, and Luke almost forgot his disagreeable news in contemplating the neat little figure at his side. When it came back to him it seemed less shadowy than before, and he announced his purpose bravely, expecting her ready concurrence and earnest sympathy.

"I have told you, Fanny, of father's embarrassments when he died, so far as I knew them when I saw you last. But things were dreadfully tangled—it was hard to get at a true state of affairs. It's been coming out little by little ever since. I knew that he had invested some in silver and copper mines, but I had no idea to what extent. Not only all of his money in the bank, but the farm is mortgaged to its full value, with a foreclosure in September. And oh, Fanny, that is not the worst." Luke's voice broke as he drew nearer to her. "He held a thousand dollars for Sally Bain, the poor crippled woman that lives in the cottage on the farm, and it went with the rest. He hoped to get it all back doubled and trebled, but it's swept away every penny. I'm not only a poor man, but am weighed down by debt that it will take me years to cancel. But I'll do it; I'll clear my father's name of dishonor, as he was guiltless of it in thought, and then if you will wait for me Fanny, I'll take you to the home which I had hoped would be ours sooner."

"Tell me just how bad it is, Luke," she said. "Must you let the farm go? Can't you get the time extended? Father will help you I know."

Luke shook his head.

"It would be no use. I couldn't pay the interest of the mortgage, and do anything for poor Sally. The interest of her money eked out by her knitting work, was all she had to depend upon. I must support her until I can pay it all back again."

"Why should you?" argued Fanny. "You were not the cause of her losing it She ran the risk of entrusting it to your father; why should she not bear the consequences?"

"Fanny, Fanny, the poor creature would starve."

"There is the poorhouse," suggested she.

Luke's mouth settled grimly, and he shot a rapid glance at her. He had fought the battle before, and had put down some selfish temptations. He would have despised her heartlessness but for the remembrance of them.

"You forget what that means or you wouldn't counsel me to it," he said. "There's just one course for me and that I've decided on. I'll not hold you to your promise though, since I can't make good my own. You're free to give me up, Fanny."

"If I do, it will be your own fault. You can't expect to support all the old women in the neighborhood and a wife, too."

"I shall never take a wife until I can support her—honestly at that."

"And by that time, if you hold to your notion, the little brick house with the syringas and iron railing in front will be in ruins."

Luke shrank a little before the remembrance of all the pleasant things which had seemed so near reality when they spoke of them last. The brick house, with the iron railing and the syringas, situated on the outskirts of the village, and the one to which, the following spring, he was to have taken Fanny, his bride. When this had been decided on, Farmer Dobbit had declared his intention of furnishing the house, and Mr. Hart, sanguine over his business speculations, had named a generous capital which he would advance to him.

Few couples in their station have a fairer prospect than theirs promised to be at the outset. But now how changed! Luke felt it keenly, but he never wavered from the right.

"Even if I were free from other obligations, and at liberty to marry, my wife would have to be content with my lowly lot. I don't blame you, Fanny. May be it was selfish of me to expect you to throw away the best years of your life on that which may prove a forlorn hope at last."

"We can always be friends you know," Fanny said, glad to escape from her engagement so easily. But Luke made no response to this disinterested offer.

He went away soon, feeling very hopeless and a little bitter against womankind, because one of her sex had proved less devoted, less unselfish than he had hoped. At a little distance he encountered Farmer Dobbit leaning over his barnyard gate, smoking a short clay pipe and surveying his pure blooded stock with pardonable complacency.

"Why, what ails you, Luke?" he said, as the other was passing. "You look as grum as that cross grained Alderney, yonder. Not been quarreling with Fan, I hope?"

"Not quarreling, sir; but we have parted good friends. Fanny is quite right in breaking with me considering the change in my prospects."

"All nonsense!" declared Farmer Dobbit, emphatically. "I tell you, Luke, I'd rather have you for my son-in law, poor as you are, than the white handed lawyer chap your father proposed to make of you. You are showin' real pluck now. Go you back and make up with the girl; she's sorry now. I'll warrant."

"But you don't know my actual situation, sir." And in a few words Luke rehearsed the facts which we already know.

These placed a very different aspect upon the case. Luke Hart with his industrious habits and broad acres, even though the latter might be encumbered, had been a desirable match for Fanny. But the same Luke, penniless, and with a heavy debt saddled upon him, was by no means a hopeful *parti*.

"Well, well, 'twas all for the best, then. Mind you, I would not hev made objections if Fan hed stuck by you. But it wouldn't have ben doin' right by the gal to hev kept her from other chances. I honor your purpose, boy, and if you get too hard pushed, be sure of help by coming to me."

Luke thanked him, but mentally resolved to ask aid of no man. It was a help though, to know that he had willing friends still, who appreciated his resolve, and encouraged him in it.

Five years passed.

The Hart farm had long since been consigned to stranger hands. Luke had aged more than the time alone would warrant. He had worked early and late, through heat and cold; had even denied himself ordinary comforts, and yet he had advanced only a step toward the object he had in view.

Upon quitting the farm, he had first obtained work as a day laborer, and afterward rented land, sharing the crops. He was then obliged to hire help, and at the close of the year, his proceeds barely met his expenses. Then he devoted himself to gardening, and for a season did well. His plants thrived, and his produce found a ready market.

The next year he engaged in the same enterprise more extensively, and began to indulge hopes of speedily freeing himself from his obligation. But in the early summer came a time of drouth; his plants despite his utmost care, drooped and withered and came to no fruition. Not only did he forfeit the proceeds of the season, but the little hoard he had scraped together, melted away before the necessities of the succeeding winter. And thus it was that after the lapse of five years, he had saved but two hundred dollars towards the liquidation of his debt.

Sally Bain had been taken into the family and cared for as one of themselves. Indeed ere long she proved herself indispensable to their general comfort. She had at first been very bitter over her own loss, but when she saw how manfully Luke was striving, and realized better than he did, the odds against him, she put both hands and will to work with practical results.

Mrs. Hart, always delicate, gave way beneath the first blast of misfortune. She became a confirmed invalid, and constantly bewailed their change of condition. Huldah, who had been her stand-by for years, left with their removal from the great house. A half grown bound girl supplied her place in the kitchen, but Mrs. Hart proved herself totally incapable of conducting domestic affairs, and for a time Luke's heart sank within him as he beheld the waste of hardly earned provisions with no power to prevent it.

Then Sally took the helm and brought order and frugality into the little household. Her lower limbs were paralyzed, but Luke constructed a chair in which she could wheel herself from place to place. She was a neat seamstress, an indefatigable knitter. Beneath her watchful care, the garments and household goods were never out of repair. But such things cannot be made to last always, and there came a time when their replenishing caused a severe draft upon the little exchequer.

Luke's constant daily struggle was not the only trial he had to endure. The brick house with the syringas in front had been put in order, and Fanny went there the bride of the merchant's son, who, upon his wedding day was made an equal partner in his father's establishment. She lived there now, more matronly, but not less pretty than in her girlish days, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed, prattling baby boy made music in her home.

Luke passed it often on his way to the village, and caught glimpses through the open doors and windows, of the bright and tasteful rooms within. He grew sick at heart then, and almost envious of the man who occupied the place that should have been his. It was hard to put away the thought of a home of his own, brightened by the presence of a bright, neat-handed wife, and toddling babies. The life to which he was destined would rise up bare and bleak, but duty commanded him to it and he kept on.

Then, when five years had passed, his mother died. He had loved her fondly, indulged and petted her, as far as lay in his power, and with her loss, the void in his life became unendurable. He studied over many plans, and then resolved to emigrate westward.

Out upon the fertile prairie he started anew again. His plow furrowed up the mellow land, and the sod from which rank and luxuriant grass and weeds had floated, gave way to fields of waving corn and grain. Every year he sent back a letter to Sally Bain, enclosing the interest of a thousand dollars, and at last wrote that ere long he would pay the principal also.

Luke had prospered. A little colony had sprung up within a mile or two of his prairie farm, and a branch railroad running near it, afforded transportation for his produce to the city market. But notwithstanding this, he was thirty-five when he stood gazing across his ripening harvest fields, and his judgment told him that this year would free him from his bondage.

He had acres upon acres of waving wheat and corn, and the tons of yellow grain would bring him a harvest of golden dollars. He forgot the weary years that it had taken to accomplish all this, and felt himself growing young again over the near acquittal of his debt.

He went to bed light hearted and hopeful. At midnight he awoke with a dull roaring and fierce crackling sounding in his ears, an intense glare about him, obscured now and then by driving volumes of blinding, stifling smoke.

In a moment he knew the prairie was on fire. The flame was too near to fly from it, for it was sweeping on with the speed of the wind. There was but one way to save himself, and he went to work with all the haste and energy that despair could give. He cut long wands o prairie growth, and setting fire to the grass in a clear spot, beat it constantly to keep it within bounds, and so burned bare a space before the sea of fire was down upon him.

He had drenched his clothes in water from the well, and snatched a blanket from the bed. Now he threw himself on his face in the midst of the spot he had cleared, muffling his head in the blanket. The ground was baked and hot, and all around him surged the glowing fire. He was scalded with steam from his clothes, yet wet as they were they crisped in the intense heat. He was suffocated, dying, he thought, and then the red glare faded away from him, and he lost consciousness alike of his surroundings and his escape.

Hours afterwards, when they could venture over the smoking, blackened ground, the neighbors found him there, burned and helpless. The fire had not crossed the stream that lay between his farm and the village. To the latter place he was conveyed to the minister's abode, and there he lay for long weeks, swathed in bandages from head to foot, and tended carefully by gentle hands.

It was a hard lesson for him to learn—that of submission—one to which he could not at first take kindly. It was hard to know that the weary struggle through which he had passed, would have to be gone all over again.

The winter passed, and the spring found Luke Hart unable to move about, broken in health and destitute.

"Well, neighbor," questioned one of the villagers, "what do you propose doing next? You'll not be able to put your farm in order soon I fear."

"I scarcely know, said Luke, despondingly. "I'm not fit for hard work, and don't know when I will be."

"If you were stronger," continued the man, "you might do well at the mines I've a notion of going there myself, and would like you for a partner. The Grantham silver mines that was tried an' give up years ago as a failure—hev been reopened by the old company, an' they hev struck some rich veins. They're making fortins out of 'em, I hear."

"The Grantham mines?" repeated Luke with a vague recollection of having heard of them before.

Then he sat down weak and trembling, before the hope this news had brought him. It was in the Grantham mines that his father had invested most heavily, and Luke still held the certificates of stock.

This time Luke's misfortune proved no myth. He went back to his native village before the summer was over, a rich man.

Sally Bain could scarcely comprehend that so much wealth was hers, when Luke paid her back the original sum quadrupled by its investment in the mines.

Luke bought back the old homestead, and in time realized his early dream of a home made bright by the presence of a wife and children. From thenceforward, the current of his life was fair and smooth.

How Joe Arch Began.—This is the way Joe Arch began: A couple of laborers knocked at Arch's cottage in Barford one evening. Mrs. Arch answered the summons and saw two sturdy bread winners from a neighboring village. "We want thy man, Joe, is'e at whoam?" "What's wantin', lads?" "Why, we want to talk to 'im about formin' a Union. Other trades 'ave a Union, an' we doant see why we shouldn't 'ave one; it's time we did summat." "You form a Union! Why, you ain't got spirit enough, my lads for no such thing." "Yes we 'ave, if Joe will lead us." And it came to pass that Joe consented to lead them, and before the men left his cottage that night he had pledged them to address a gathering of laborers at Wellesborne the following week. The intelligence that Arch would have something important to say to the poor folk spread rapidly. It was the talk of the cottage for miles around. "Whoy, lad, thee 'as 'eard as Joe Arch is goin' to preach to us?" "Noa! be he? Dang it Joe knows a good bit an' 'e not stuck up wi' 'is larnin'. Awl go wi' thee an' 'ear 'im." Arch expected to talk to a small gathering in a little room in the village inn. To his astonishment he found upon reaching Wellesborne an out door gathering of some fifteen hundred laborers, with a sprinkling of farmers and squires. A pig-killing board was brought out. Joe mounted it, and began his speech. An enemy sent down to the gas works, and the lamps on the street were extinguished. The laborers procured candles, and the meeting continued. The address made by Arch on that occasion was magnificent in its effect. The Union which he advocated that night now numbers one hundred thousand men.

☞ Douglas Jerrold's 'spittoons for two,' though a very good joke, has been thrown into the shade by an eminent Professor in one of our colleges, who recently remarked to the Senior class that if it was necessary for them to spit so much he wished they would bring spittoons to the recitation room. Accordingly at the next recitation in marched the sedate Seniors, each bearing a spittoon, which, as they sat down, were deposited at their feet. The Professor, not in the least disconcerted, patiently conducted them through the lesson, and at its close said: 'I am very glad, gentlemen, to see that you are so attentive to my wishes, and as there is some danger of your spittoons being broken or lost, between recitations, you may carry them to your rooms at such times, bringing them with you when you come to recite again.' It is needless to remark that the members of that class saw that the point of their joke was most decidedly in favor of him of the spectacles and lore.

Deep-Sea Waves.—According to careful investigation, the longest sea waves observed, appear to have been a little more than 200 yards in length, with a period of about 11 seconds. The highest waves are generally very long; but, for that very reason, they are not the steepest. There seems good ground for believing that the greatest slope of the external surface of a wave in the open sea never reaches thirty degrees, and seldom exceeds fifteen. It is possible that in a storm there may be short portions of wave surface exceptionally steep, as the result of superimposed waves, and these may be very dangerous to boats; but they do not represent the slope of the large, underlying wave from which a ship takes up its motion, nor do they occur in a simple swell. Moreover the vessel's own depth carries it below the surface wave, and the mean effective wave acting upon the ship is always less steep, and in short waves very much less steep, than in the surface wave.

Off the Scent. — "That meat smells," said a miserly fellow to a butcher as he put a bit of suspicious-looking meat to his long and not very inviting nose.

"I'll take off a copper," answered the butcher.

This was what the chap was after, and he took the meat and marched off.

"Haven't you sold the fellow?" asked a friend of the butcher.

"Oh, no; only thrown him off the (s)cent," was the reply.

☞ A "Life of Washington" is announced, we are told, by a Yeddo (Japan) publisher, to be brought out in no less than forty-four volumes in the Japanese characters, and to be profusely illustrated in the highest style of art. Washington is represented in the clothes and fashion of the present day, and with a moustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied by a Skye terrier, and is gazing at a lady with a train, a Grecian bend and a hideous waterfall.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD TRADE.

We had a man mowing our door yard yesterday, I watched him pretty closely, for fear he would snip off my rose bushes. I put my shawl on and sat on the grass, and pretended I was keeping him company. He is a man of good sense, and he said a great many sensible things. I remarked that mowing must be his trade, he did it so well, and made such nice work.

"Heh?" he sniffed, "I'm jack of all trades, and master of none. I can do most anything that I take hold of;" and he leaned over and shaved the grass neatly from about a snarl of rose bushes, a beautiful tangle that I couldn't prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh, thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother would dress her babe. Any other man would have said: 'Here's a dead branch, Miss Potts;' or 'You is a useless shoot;' or 'That bush yonder is a sufferin' for the knife.' It's my bush you see, and I want it to grow as wild, and ranting, and riotous and just as extravagantly as it pleases. I don't care if it leaps as high as the top of the house," I said, a good deal excited.

"Well, I calculate that it would be the better of a little trimmin', but, as you say it's well enough to let natur' have her own way, jest to see what all she can do when she takes a notion. If I was a reg'lar gardenur, I s'pose I would haved attacted that bush whether or no. I often wished father had apprenticed me to that trade—poor man, he's been dead and gone this many a long year; he was a good father, and I don't find it in my heart to bring up a word o' blame agin him;" and here he leaned on the handle of the scythe in a comfortable sort of a way. "But, Miss Potts, I think it's every man's duty to give his boys trades. When father died, he left a farm of one hundred and sixty acres; there was mother, and we three grown boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny and grandmother. Well, we couldn't all have the farm, and we couldn't any more than make a good living, and pay the preacher and the taxes, and put the children to school, and meet an occasional doctor's bill; and so Jack and I talked it over one night, and though it did seem a little hard, we resolved, 'fore God and ourselves, that we'd give up all right and claim to the old farm to Tom, our oldest brother, if he'd care for mother and the children, and do the part of a dutiful son and brother. It did seem kinder hard, strikin' out to do for ourselves, two green boys who'd always been cared for. Jack had always wanted more larnin', he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to shift for himself as best he could. Well, he worried along somehow, until now he is qualified to teach—he teaches in winter and goes to school in the summer. I'd taken a shine to Milly Brown—she was a modest little hard-workin' cretur—and so we concluded to marry and help each other along. We never regretted it; and though I don't own a foot o' land, and have no trade, we have always managed so that we never had to endure much privation. Be sure I've had to wear patch upon patch, and Milly's had to turn her dresses bottom end up, and t'tother side out; we have got along grandly.

"But, Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up and feel myself a man among men. I ain't an independent man; I've no trade. To-day I mow your yard, to-morrow I help Farmer Hutchins move his smoke house, the next day I plough corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next day I'll make a chimney in Ephriam's kitchen, or elevate grain in Taylor's warehouse, or haul coal for Caster, or make a pavement on Milk street, or weed somebody's garden. That's no way o' doin', hackin' round for Tom, Dick and Harry; sometimes getting paid, and sometimes only paid in worthless promises. Why, very often I work half a day for a man, and he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn sometime, Wilson;, or 'it's a mighty nice thing to be as handy a man as you are, George.'

"No, Miss Potts, I'm not a free man—I am a bondsman, I wear shackles, and here I've a family coming on, promising boys and girls, and I'm afraid I shall not be able to do my whole duty by 'em. God helping me I mean to give every boy of mine a good trade, anyhow; maybe the girls, too. When Bowzer broke up and had to sell his farm and move to town, I jest spoke right up before I thought. I said, 'Bowzer,' said I, 'now you can't do a better thing than apprentice Ned and Timothy to trades. You don't want to live in town and have two big idle boys trifling away their time. Don't do as my father did, don't let 'em feel as though you had not done all a father's duty. You can have Ned learn the tinner's trade, and let Tim be a mason, or a plasterer, or a cooper,' and what does neighbor Bowzer do but up and git mad, and tell me to mind my own business, and that he was capable of lookin' after his own family.

"Well, to-day those Bowzer boys are like me, going jobbing round wherever they can get a hand's turn to do. I think it is a blasted shame for a man to bring poor children into this world and not do a father's duty by them, jest leave them to shift for themselves, crippled, shackled, hobbled, wings clipped and not feeling that they belonged to the class of men who are free and brave and bold, and who can stand up and look the world in the face and feel themselves no man's inferior.

"That was a nice thing, sensible, too, that Esquire Hamilton did last week. His youngest son, Ralph, don't like to go to school—is dull about learning—it is a drudgery to him, and so, with his own consent, his father bound him to the blacksmith's trade. My! what a growth that boy'll get! He is pretty hearty now, but what muscle will be developed, and what a ruddy face and strong arm, and how happy he'll be.

"Oh, I think it's a God's blessing for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it to make a living! So—so—well—I'll try and do my duty by my boys;" and my neighbor drew his sleeve across his moist face and went on with his mowing.

My heart ached for the poor man, and I shut my teeth a little viciously in memory of the indifferent old father in his grave on the hillside. In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and I thought what a pity it is that young men so rush into the over crowded professional ranks, preferring to be a fourth rate lawyer, an ungodly minister, or an illiterate quack doctor, to that of a first rate blacksmith, wagon maker or a brick layer.

I'd rather see a young man know how to make a good basket, than a poor, plagiarized plea at the bar; rather see him toil, horney-handed in a sweaty, check shirt than to sneak around public places in a seedy black, trying to eke out a miserable sham existence by pettifogging dirty cases and manufacturing falsehoods, and then esteeming himself better than the honest toiler, just because he has the little tag of Esq. dangling to his name.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

The Erie Islands and the Erie Indians.—Let an Indian tribe vanish entirely from the earth without leaving a shadow behind, not even one chieftain to go as a deputation to Washington, not even one brave who refuses to live upon his reservation, and skulks around the settlements, clad in the cast off silk hats of the white man, and forthwith we begin to exalt the extinct race with the heart of an antiquarian and the pen of a novelist. It is only the degenerate, mind-fatiguing Indians of to-day whom we despise; no doubt the tribes of the past were of a nobler nature. Among these tribes of the past there are none more completely past than the Eries, who have left scarcely more than a name behind them. They belonged to that remarkable confederacy of tribes called the Neutral Nation, dwelling upon the southern shore of Lake Erie, a city of refuge for warring parties on either side. To them belonged the right of lighting the council fire of peace, a ceremony which was said to require a maiden hand, and for years they held their place, respected and at peace. Upon these western islands were some of their fastnesses; traces of their fortifications were discovered by the first surveyors, earth works built, apparently to enclose a village, with gates and sally ports of wood, and in one place a quantity of new stone axes and arrow heads stored away in a rude armory for future use. Picture writing was also found, and one rock inscription upon Kelley's Island, has been pronounced "the most extensive well sculptured and well-preserved inscription ever found in America." The Eries were at the head of the Neutral Nation, and at the time of the first French explorers, they were in the height of their power. So much is known, but no more. The Iroquois came and swept them from the face of the earth. "Of course," says the student of lake country history, wearily. "The Iroquois are as sure to come sweeping in at the last as Sir William Johnson!" The Eries were so utterly destroyed that the most patient investigator can only say, "They were, and they are not." "Little besides their existence is known of them," says Parkman, whose histories are reliable as they are facinating—an unusual combination.—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ The portrait of Benjamin Franklin on the one cent stamp, in imperial ultramarine blue, is after a profile bust by Rubricht. The head of Andrew Jackson on the two-cent stamp, in velvet brown, is from a bust by Hiram Powers. The Washington head on the green three cent stamp is after Houdon's celebrated bust The Lincoln profile in red, on the six cent stamp is after a bust by Volk. The seven cent stamp, in vermillion, gives the head of Stanton, after a photograph. The head of Jefferson on the ten cent stamp, in chocolate, is drawn from a life size statue by Hiram Powers. The portrait of Henry Clay, in neutral purple, on the twelve cent stamp is after a bust by Hart. The head of Webster on the fifteen cent stamp, in orange, is after the Clevinger bust. The portrait of General Scott on the twenty-four cent stamp in purple, is after a bust by Coffee. The head of Hamilton on the thirty cent stamp, in black, is after the Cerrachi bust, and the portrait of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, in carmine is after Wolbot's statue.

A Modern View of Chevalier Bayard.—What did Bayard do, anyhow? He has been held up to the nineteenth century as a model of virtue and deportment about long enough. If it comes to riding around on a breastplate mustang, carrying a pair of number nine ladies' kids in his castmetal hat, and flourishing a lot of cheap ribbon on the end of a fish spear, any crazy ass could do that—I could do it myself. But what hospital did he establish? What college did he endow? What new mine has he ever opened Where be his railroads, his telegraph lines, his Hoosac Tunnel and things? Will some of you literary people, who are like seraphims and cherubims, and continually do cry the praises of Bayard, be kind enough to give us a list of his useful achievments?

Too Busy.—There's a moral taught by the following conversation which needs to be learned by many fathers:—Said a little four-year-old:—

"Mother, father won't be in heaven with us, will he?"

"Why, my child?"

"Because he can't leave the store."

☞ The near-sighted hen that ate saw dust, supposing it to be corn meal, then went and laid a nest of bureau knobs, set on them three weeks and hatched out a complete set of parlor furniture, was a pretty fair hen.

☞ A Swede walked into a Leavenworth bookstore the other day, and remarked, "Got any overalls for letters?" He was handed a bunch of envelopes.

☞ The art of being interesting is largely the art of being real—of being without art.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Assessor's Notice,	3	2	1
Auction,	3	3	7
Boarders Wanted,	3	3	3
Board Wanted,	3	3	4
Boardman,	3	3	1
H. L. Carter & Co.,	3	3	7
McClure, Ross & Co.,	3	3	5
Mercantile Institution,	3	5	4
Macullar, Williams & Parker,	3	3	2
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	4	4

WOBURN WATER CELEBRATION.

Thursday, the 9th of October, proved a good selection for the day to celebrate the completion of the Woburn Water Works. Though windy, it was bright, and may well be termed a fair day for Woburn. Business for the most part was suspended in the afternoon, every one seeming desirous of taking part in the celebration. In the morning, a company of visiting firemen arrived from Chelsea, and were duly received by the Perham Hose, whose guests they were. Hundreds of former residents, whose faces have not been seen in Woburn for years, came into town to join the festivities, and seldom has our town presented so populous an appearance. Delegations of firemen were present from all the surrounding towns and even from more distant localities. The City Government of Lowell was represented in several of its departments. The Boston press was represented by the veteran Bradley of the *Herald*, Hitchcock of the *Journal*, and Flint of the *Advertiser*. Morse of the Medford *Chronicle* was also present. The Phalanx came out strong. The firemen never looked better. The Gilcreasts and the Highlands appeared in new uniforms, the latter making their first parade. Brown's Brigade Band left the cars at Horn Pond station, and taking Green street in their way, No 5 marched to its place in the line to the strains of Brown's best music. They started with their carriage, but the horses became unmanagable at Main street, broke the pole and the company marched up town without its apparatus. Mr. John Maxwell witnessed the accident and generously loaned a pair of horses, although his son was about mounting one to join the cavalcade. A friend in need is a friend indeed. The engine house on Winn street and the one on Green street were decorated, and flags and decorations appeared at various points. An impromptu fountain, arranged with a garden hose, at 70 Main street, attracted considerable attention. While the procession was passing up Green street, a tug buckle on Perham Hose carriage harness broke, and the carriage pulled out of line. On Main street near Franklin, a portion of the steamer's harness broke, causing a short delay. There was a very noticable absence of accidents, however, and the day passed very pleasantly.

PROCESSION.

Squad of Mounted Police.
Chief J. W. Day, officers Plummer, Sweetser, Osgood, and Doyle.

ESCORT.

Brown's Brigade Band, 20 pieces.
Woburn Mechanic Phalanx.
Capt. Alonzo Richardson, 44 men.
Chief Marshal.
Col. W. T. Grammer
Aids.
F A Flint, C T Lang, H Collamore,
J R Kendall, S W Drew, J H Walker

FIRST DIVISION.

12 carriages containing the Selectmen, Water Commissioners, Orator, Officers of the Town, and invited guests

SECOND DIVISION.

Chief Engineer.
John Gilcreast
Assistants
John S Brown, C Porter,
North Woburn Band, 28 pieces
Perham Hose Company, No. 1.
Capt W S Fifield, 19 men
Delegation from Suffolk H & L, Chelsea, Bunker Hill 2, Charlestown, Chelsea S F E
Reading Engineers
Highland Hose Company, No. 5.
Capt E F Wyer, 22 men
Jacob Webster Engine Company, No. 2.
1st Asst Sylvester Call, 35 men
Medford Band, 20 pieces
Washington Engine Company, No. 3.
Capt J T Doherty, 50 men
Waldmeyr Hose, Winchester, M Sullivan, foreman
Niagara Engine Company, No. 4.
Capt T G W Smalley, 53 men
Gilcreast Hook & Ladder Co., No. 1.
Capt F E Ordway, 18 men
Asst Engineers Tay and Winship
Steam Fire Engine.
Perham Hose Carriage.
Highland Hose Carriage.
Jacob Webster Engine.
Washington Engine.
Niagara Engine.
Gilcreast Truck.
Relief Hose Cart.
Fuel Wagon.

THIRD DIVISION.

Irish Band, 22 pieces
Marshal.
Aids. John Murphy. Aids.
John McGovern. M. K. Mooney.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, 77 men

FOURTH DIVISION.

Dunbar's Band, 11 pieces
Marshal.
Aids. Major T. J. Pierce. Aids.
Lt. Col. Tay. A. J. Parker.
Cavalcade, 59 men.
Large number of carriages.

The procession formed on Common, Pleasant and Railroad streets, and moved at 1:30 o'clock, through Common, Main, Johnson, Franklin, Winn, Main, Green, Mt. Pleasant, Fowle, Warren and Pleasant streets to the Common, where the procession was dismissed.

After music by the Brigade Band, and invocation by the Rev. H. C. Townley, Hon. J. G. Pollard delivered an address. Referring to the time 233 years ago when Woburn was a howling wilderness, he noted the progress of the town through the intervening years to the present high position in population and material wealth. He sketched the struggles and trials of those who had preceded us, and compared their hardships with our advantages. He gave a resume of the history of the events which culminated in the introduction of water, and closed by presenting to the assembly M. M. Tidd, Esq, chairman of the water commissioners, the gentleman to whom largely is due the successful accomplishment of this great work.

Mr. Tidd came forward and said:—

My eloquent friend who has preceded me has covered the whole ground and my colleagues upon the Water Board have left me to my fate, therefore you will not expect any remarks from me. It is now sixteen months since we commenced operations upon these works. We have endeavored to faithfully carry out the instructions of the people which were to introduce pure water. The result will be known in a moment when you will see it in all its beauty and purity.

A branch pipe had been laid from the main on Common street in front of the town house, and ending with an upright pipe at a point in line between the monument and music stand. To this upright which projected from the ground about a foot, a one and one half inch nozzle was at first attached. At a signal from Mr. Tidd a crystal stream rose into the air, forming a beautiful fountain. Across the same and through the broad sheet of falling spray a brilliant rainbow was to be seen as if Nature vied with us in decorating for the event we celebrated. This was the formal introduction of Horn Pond Water, and the shouts of the assembled thousands greeted the act while the various bands lent their aid to the welcome.

The height attained with the 1 1-2 inch nozzle was estimated to be a little above 100 feet. A 2-inch nozzle was then tried, and after a few moments playing the water rose nearly if not quite as high as at first. A final trial was made through the open pipe which is three inches in diameter, and a solid column of water rose about thirty feet.

After the big squirt, 200 feet of hose were attached to the hydrant, corner of Main and Common streets, and the Perham Hose Co, directed a stream up the front of the Orthodox church, reaching a point about as high as the ridge pole of the church. The hose was then divided and two lengths of 100 feet each in length were attached to the same hydrant, and No. 1 and No. 5 played horizontal and perpendicular streams. At the same time upon the other side of the common the hand engines were indulging in the annual trial for the champion flag. The companies drew lots for the order of playing as follows:—1st, Niagara, 4 East Woburn; 2nd, Jacob Webster 2, North Woburn; 3rd, Washington 3, Cummingsville. The general judges were chosen from departments in the neighboring towns and were Chief Engineers C. H. Lang of Reading, George Hobson of Lowell, and C. T. Symmes of Winchester. The following acted as company judges:—No. 2, George Moore, Watertown; No. 4, Michael Sullivan, of Winchester; No. 3, John Thornton, Woburn Each company played through two hundred feet of hose, and were allowed twenty minutes in which to make their record. Below we give the result as compared with 1872.

	1872.	1873.
Niagara, 4,	168 ft. 2 in.	168 ft. 6 in.
Jacob Webster 2,	175 ft. 7 in.	166 ft. 1 in.
Washington 3,	168 ft. 1 in.	172 ft. 3 in.

The playing was governed by the following rules:

1.—Companies to play from reservoir at the foot of the Common in the order of the number drawn by its foreman.

2.—Twenty minutes will be allowed for getting ready and play.

3.—Each company to choose its own nozzle.

4.—No water will be allowed in the tub.

5.—The company winning the flag will be entitled to hold the same so long as the company sustains the position of champion at the future annual musters of the Department. Provided, however that in case the champion company shall disband, the flag shall be returned to the engineers to be contested for at the succeeding annual muster.

6.—Each company may select a judge to represent it while the trial is in progress, but the award of the prize will be made by three judges appointed by the engineers.

There was a strong wind blowing against the stream at the time of the playing which undoubtedly affected it. Chief Engineer Gilcreast called the department together in front of the Baptist church and read the report of the judges which we give.:—

WOBURN, Oct. 9th, 1873.

To the Board of Engineers, Woburn, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:—The judges appointed by you to report the playing of the Hand Engines this P. M. beg leave to report as follows:

Engine Co. No. 4, Niagara,	168 ft. 6 in.
Engine Co. No. 2, J. Webster,	166 ft. 1 in.
Engine Co. No. 3, Washington,	172 ft. 3 in.

The above is the horizontal distance in feet and inches.

Respectfully submitted,
GEORGE HOBSON,
C. H. LANG,
C. T. SYMMES.

The flag was then handed to Capt. J. T. Doherty of Washington 3. In a few moments the large crowd had dwindled to a sprinkling of people, and locomotion through the streets was once more easy. The different companies had collations in the evening: Gilcreast 1, Perham 1, Jacob Webster 2, Washington 3 at their respective houses and Niagara 4 at Still's. The Phalanx were furnished with supper at the hotel, while the Engineers and invited friends sat down in an upper room at Still's. Col. Grammer, Chief Marshal entertained many of the visitors at his residence on Warren street. Every feature of the day's entertainment was eminently successful, to which the ten thousand spectators will bear us witness.

"MILKY" WATER.—The water takers who have been puzzled at the appearance of their faucet water, which seemed milky, are informed that the appearance is due to the presence of minute air bubbles, which soon disappear when the water is exposed. It is caused whenever a break in the pipe occurs and air gets into them. If allowed to settle a few minutes the water resumes its crystal appearance.

NUISANCE.—The odor which arises from the ditch which crosses Railroad street and runs from Winn's tannery, is universally spoken of as particularly disagreeable. At times it is almost unbearable, and in some cases, people have been made sick by it.

HOMICIDE IN WOBURN.

Mann street was the scene of a tragic occurrence last Monday evening. It appears that a boarding house on that street has recently passed into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Hurst, who are English, and have the appearance of being quiet and well behaved characters. They were formerly boarders at the house and bought out the former keeper. Last Saturday there came to this house for the purpose of obtaining board two or three men, plumbers by trade, and among them one named Chambers and one named Meagher. The two were employed by Messrs. Buel & Flint. They added to their knowledge of the business a disposition to imbibe too much ardent spirit, under which influence the desire to fight seems to have reigned supreme. They hailed from Boston, and had been heard to express themselves as competent to clean out the insignificant town of Woburn. Saturday night these fellows enjoyed themselves after their own way. Sunday they made considerable disturbance in the house; they insulted Mrs Hurst grossly, as well as the hired girl. Sunday night they grew worse, and finally, Monday, Mr. Hurst told them they must go away, as he could not and would not keep them. At 4 P. M., Monday they left the house, but they only left for a time. The family were seated in the sitting room about 10.30 Monday night when the front door was pushed open and Chambers and Meagher entered, Chambers was armed with an ugly looking stick. Mr. Hurst ordered them out; they refused to go, insulted his wife with vulgar and profane language, and even threatened violence if help was sent for. Mr. Hurst went to an upper room and returned with a call whistle, which he blew as a signal to the officers from the front door. At this the men went out to the door and the verbal altercation continued. At this point a pistol appears in the hands of Hurst who told them he should defend his house and himself. Meagher under pretence of putting his hand into his pocket to get his money, drew back and struck Hurst in the face, staggering him back against the wall, and following up as if to inflict further blows. Hurst fired his revolver, as he says, intending to fire only into the air, but that Meagher struck his arm down so that the ball took effect in Meagher's body. After he was shot he ran about a hundred yards and then fell. He was removed after a short time to the Lock-up, and medical aid was summoned. Nothing could be done, however, to help him, and he remained unconscious until he died, which occurred at 1:48 P. M., Tuesday.

Mr. Hurst surrendered himself to the officers, and gave up his pistol. He asserts that it was an accidental shot and that he intended to fire in the air and thus intimidate his opponent.

Dennis Meagher was about 23 years old, five feet ten inches in height, and a well developed man. He has worked in Woburn about two months as a gas fitter. He has a sister residing in Boston. A post mortem examination of his remains was held Wednesday morning by Dr. J. M. Harlow, assisted by Dr. Drew of Woburn and Dr. Cowdrey of Stoneham. The ball was found under the left shoulder blade, death having resulted from internal hemorrhage.

Coroner A. Chapin, M. D., held an inquest Wednesday afternoon, the following gentlemen serving on the jury:—L. G. Richardson, E. E. Thompson, E. F. Poole, J. Gilcreast, Peter Kenny, L. Emerson. The testimony in the case is as follows:—

J. W. Day.—Am Chief of Police of Woburn, I went home about 10½ Monday night, and retired about 11. Had been abed a short time when I was called by a night officer who stated that a man had been shot on Mann street. I went out on Main street and met another night officer who said the wounded man had been carried to Martin Shields on Church street. I went to Church street and then to the Station house where I found him. Helped lift him out of the carriage. He was apparently insensible. Sent for Dr. Harlow. Before Harlow arrived I went to the house on Mann street and inquired who did the shooting. Mr. Hurst said "I was the man who did it." Asked for the pistol and he gave it to me. I took him in charge, he making no demur, and went to the lockup, where he has been ever since. Meagher died at 12 minutes of two, Tuesday afternoon. Hurst told me that said Meagher and Chambers came to board on Sunday previous and they were intoxicated Sunday and one of their chums was arrested Sunday; they were also drunk this Monday; Monday noon he discharged them, and told them to get another boarding place. They left, and returned at 10½ Monday evening and wanted to square up; to get satisfaction; they felt they had been wronged and wanted to be righted. Hurst tried to get a boarder to go for an officer but the boarder was afraid and didn't go. Hurst went to the door and blew a whistle for an officer. Meagher came out and struck Hurst in the head, and knocked him up against the building. Hurst then drew a pistol to fire in the air to scare Meagher and attract the attention of the police. Meagher at the same time rushed on him and seized him, and the shot went into Meagher's neck. I saw Meagher and Chambers Sunday and Monday several times, and they appeared to be on a "bum." Meagher was brought in by Chambers, Rocket, J. S. Higgins, and Allen. He boarded at Shields's before going to Hurst's. Hurst was aware that Meagher was dangerously wounded when he was arrested. Witness exhibited the pistol which Hurst says he used. It is a Wesson & Harrington pistol of the smallest calibre.

John H. Chambers.—Am a plumber, reside in Woburn. I went to the house of J. J. Hurst Saturday evening to board with Meagher. Went to bed about 10¼. About 4 in the morning two slats fell out of the bed. I got up, and two more fell out. We then took them all out, and went to bed on the mattrass. Got up Sunday morning about 8 o'clock, had breakfast, also dinner and supper with the family. When I got up Monday, found my leg sore and concluded not to go to work. We staid in room until ten o'clock. I said to Meagher, "you better go and get me some rum to put on my foot." He got whiskey, and I bathed with it. About ten we went out and walked around. Picked up a cane, and said this will help me along. Monday evening I met Dean, a boss on the water works, and we three walked up together as far as Mann street. This was about 10 o'clock. Meagher proposed that we go up and settle for our board. We walked into the sitting room and sat on lounge, putting my cane at head of the lounge. Meagher and Hurst had some hard talk. Meagher jumped up to strike him, and lifted his arm but didn't strike him. Hurst had a whistle in his hand, and went out to door to blow it, I passed him as he whistled and went away from the house supposing Meagher was following. Got away 20 feet and heard a shot. Meagher came running and fell on me, saying, "Chambers, I'm shot!" Then he fell. I opened my knife and cut away his shirts and saw the wound. I put on a handkerchief, and a young man named Rockett came up, and I asked him to hold him while I went for a carriage. Went to Central House, got a carriage and took him up to Martin Shields' on Church street, where he used to board. Shields got up and I told him Dennis was shot. While we were talking, a man came up and said "take him to the station house; Dr. Drew is waiting there for him." Monday night Meagher called Hurst a son of a bitch. Heard Hurst say he wanted him to go, and Dennis said "no need of being in a hurry." I went out when Hurst whistled because I didn't want to get arrested. Meagher was not drunk, though he had been drinking some on Sunday and Monday. Heard sharp words, pretty offensive, but not enough to influence Hurst to use a pistol. We didn't pay our board. Rockett was the chum I helped to carry home when I got my leg hurt. I didn't say if there's to be fighting I wanted part of it. Dean didn't go to Hurst's with us. I tried to get Dennis to go to hotel. Considered I had left the house for good. I said nothing offensive to Hurst or his family. [Stick shown and recognized.] Dennis and I had been drinking some through the day. Rockett was in the room when Hurst and Meagher were talking. There were six in there at the time. Hurst came out and wanted me to take Dennis into the house. I said "No, he won't go into that house." He said nothing and returned to the house. Don't think we had breakfast Monday. Don't remember about dinner.

James Joseph Rockett:—Reside in Woburn. Board now at hotel. Have been boarding at Hurst's. Boarded there three weeks. Was boarding there Monday night. Came out Sunday P M train. Was not there Sunday night. Went to work Monday P. M. Between 10 and 11—about 10 1-4—Chambers and Meagher came in. Family seated in sitting room. Hurst told them he did not want them—no room—told them to go out. Had a few words, during which they found fault with board. Hurst asked Kirkpatrick to go for an officer. Kirkpatrick declined. Hurst went up stairs; came back; asked them again to go; went to door and blew a whistle. Dennis and Chambers went; after that I heard the shot. Hurst said when he came in, "I haven't shot him." Hurst asked them to go the second time. They did not use vulgar or profane language only once or twice. There was no great noise. Meagher was not intoxicated, but some excited. After the shot I went out doors and Chambers asked me to hold him, and I did. Chambers cut his shirts open. Meagher was leaning against a stone. I ran into house and asked Hurst to take him in. Hurst said "Is he shot?" I said "Yes." Hurst said "Bring him in," and his wife said so too. Chambers said Meagher should not go in. So we took him in a carriage to his old boarding place. They would have taken him in, but a young man named Ferrin, who keeps a liquor shop on Main street, said the officers were coming. Heard only once or twice any bad language. Mrs. Hurst not there. Hurst asked them to go. Chambers said nothing. Meagher said he had not had a square meal while he had been there. Hurst blew the whistle because he wanted the police to help put them out. Heard no particular noise. Did not hear scuffle outside. About two minutes between the going out and the shot. Did not know where Hurst stood when he fired. He was coming in from the street when I saw him. I asked him if he had shot him; he said no; he fired in the air to scare him. I am a plumber; two weeks acquaintance with Chambers; four weeks with Meagher. Did hear Chambers say he came to stay the night. It was on the lounge. Don't know whether the door was shut or not. Did not look toward door. Did not see them after they got by the sitting room door. Chambers went out first; Dennis followed. Eight persons in room at time of talk. I was at dinner Monday, not at breakfast. Dennis and Chambers were there at dinner. Did not see them after they went out, till I found them on the hill. Three persons on lounge during talk. Bowman, Chambers and I. They might have been drinking, but were not drunk; no one would have known it. Cannot swear the two were there to dinner Monday. Know others were there but cannot swear to these. Saw them Sunday at supper. I went away to sleep Sunday night. Meagher said he would strike Hurst; he stood up and threatened to strike him. Then went and sat down and commenced laughing. Don't know why he should say this.

William Brownell.—Reside in Woburn. Carpenter; did board at Hurst's Sunday and Monday, also previously. No disturbance in my presence Sunday; witnessed nothing, but heard the folks say there had been trouble. Heard the bed break down Sunday, A. M. Sunday night Chambers, Meagher and Rockett went out. They came in late. Monday morning servant girl said they were knocking at her door all night and making a disturbance. Mr. and Mrs. H. corroborated this. Girl said she would not stay where such things were. Chambers and Meagher not up when I went away Monday noon. Hurst's wife said they had been making noise during the forenoon. Mrs. H. said at table they were going to discharge the two; at supper Mrs. H. said they had discharged them. Later in the evening Patsey and Rockett came in. At 10.30 Chambers and Meagher came in; Chambers armed with a stick. Hurst said, "you must go out. I don't want you here." Chambers said they didn't ask him to come in, and they asked if he had any hash for them, made some talk about pay. Hurst asked if they were going to leave. Asked Kirkpatrick to go for officer. He did not want to as he was afraid the fellows would hurt him. K. went to bed soon after. Then there was more talk. Hurst told them the girl said she would not stay where there were such actions. Mrs. Hurst was not there. Mr. H. stepped to call the girl, when Chambers says, jumping up, "If there is to be any fighting here I'm going to do it." Hurst said there was to be no fighting. Then both took seats. Hurst went up stairs. Meagher asked if he had gone up for his revolver; I replied that I didn't know. Mr. H. came back with whistle in hand. Meagher asked if it was a pistol, and said if it was they could shoot too. H. said no, but showed the whistle and said that he would call police. Meagher said if he called police he would break his nose. Then shaking fist in his face, he said "I will smash his brains out." Hurst went to door and blew the whistle 3 or 4 times. Chambers went out and Meagher followed. I went out with Pettengill. Was afraid of violence. The two were standing in front of Hurst. One of them said, what you keeping us here for, the police? I don't know what they meant by this. Then Hurst showed revolver and they said "step down;" asked if he was going to use that, and Hurst said he should defend himself. They said "step down" and something else (Mrs. H. says that they proposed to settle). Meagher then struck him in the face and Hurst fell back against the house. Meagher was right on him. Hurst raised the revolver and fired. I was on the first step. Hurst's arm seemed to fall as if something had struck it. Meagher shouted "I am shot" ran away and fell down about 50 or 60 yards from the door; saw him run but did not see him fall. Hurst went into the house. I went to see if Meagher was hurt. I did not believe he was hurt; did not think Hurst hit him; thought he fired to scare him. Heard Mrs. H. complain of their actions. They had used improper language. Heard Hurst say "I haven't shot him." These two men appeared to be intoxicated. Meagher said he could drink more than someone else he referred to. Did not see him strike H. in house, saw him shake his fist. Meagher said if Hurst offered to use a knife or to put him out he would smash his brains out. Chambers and Meagher followed H. Saw Meagher strike Hurst. Hurst had nothing in his hand but whistle while in the room. Meagher made the remark [about knife after he brought the whistle.

Daniel L. Pettengill.—Reside in Woburn; am a house carpenter. Board at Hurst's. Meagher and Chambers were there on Sunday. They were very uncivil. They talked bad at the dinner table, and made fun of things generally. They were profane and obscene, and very indecent. Sunday night after supper Chambers, Meagher and Rocket went out together and got in very late. Rockett didn't come in with them; understood he was looked up by the police. They were not at breakfast Monday. I saw them Monday at dinner, and Chambers and Meagher continued their vile language. The servant girl complained of their knocking on her door the previous night. In the evening about 10 1-2 o'clock I was in the sitting room when they came in, Hurst told them they couldn't stay there that night as he had told them so before. One said they didn't want to stay and the other said they should. They went on talking and Hurst spoke of calling the police. Meagher got up and said if he called the police he would smash his brains out. Hurst then went up stairs and got his whistle. He held it in his hand. He asked if they would leave without further trouble, but as they didn't seem disposed to he went to the door and blew his whistle several times. Then they went to the door where they had some talk that I couldn't understand. I went to the door just as Meagher struck Hurst and knocked him against the house. Hurst drew his pistol quick and fired, I thought he fired at random. Meagher turned and run. Hurst came in, and one of the men who had gone to his room came in and said "Mr. H. you have got us into a scrape." H. replied "I didn't shoot him, I fired over his head." Some one looked out and said "He is shot," and I then went out and saw Meagher lying on the ground bleeding. Staid there till they carried him off. When Hurst was told he had shot Meagher, a great change came over him. Hurst was on the lower doorstep when he fired. I board there still, and have had no conversation with Hurst since until just now. When the police came, Hurst went with the officer, and appeared willing to do so.

John W. Kirkpatrick.—Reside in Woburn, am clerk in A. Ellis's store. Board with Mr. Hurst on Mann street. Meagher and Chambers on Sabbath day used very obscene language at the breakfast table. Mr. Hurst was there and was displeased with it. At tea they appeared more sober. Chambers asked me if there was any service, and I said there was, and asked him to go to the Baptist prayer meeting. Supposed he was going until we reached the door, when he disappeared. Next saw them Monday noon. Monday morning heard the girl complain to Mr. Hurst that that she was disturbed of her rest all night by these men's carrying-on, and wouldn't stay if they were continued. At noon they were at dinner and used such bad language that Mrs. Hurst wouldn't come to the table. The trouble of the previous night was referred to, and they said the girl made as much noise as they. I went into the sitting room and Mrs. Hurst said she couldn't have such conduct. They followed me in and asked it they were welcome. She said, "no drunkard is welcome to my house." Hurst asked my advice, and I said if it was my case I would get rid of them. I saw the servant girl in the kitchen, and she said she shouldn't stay if their word was taken above hers. In the evening Mrs. H. after tea said, "I feel relieved as I've got rid of those men." I came home from the store about ten. The remainder of the boarders were in the sitting room. In half an hour Meagher and Chambers walked into the room and sat down. They began to talk and Hurst told them he couldn't keep them. They continued to talk in a profane and obscene manner. Finally they insulted Hurst, when he jumped up and went to the door and then returned to his seat, and asked me to go for the police. I declined, not wishing to enter into the matter. There was some further conversation, and they asked how much they owed, and he said a dollar and a half. They replied with an oath, "let's see you get it." They asked what reason he had for discharging them. He told them they had gone to bed that afternoon with their boots on, making a change of bed clothes necessary. They denied this, and endeavored to bring me into it in some way, but I declined to have anything to say to them, and took my light and went to my room. I had taken off my coat and vest, to retire, when I heard very profane language being used by the deceased. I heard Hurst go up stairs to the room over mine, and return to the room where they were, when I heard Meagher say several times in succession, "If you show a pistol or a knife, to me, I'll break your bloody nose." Heard Hurst go to the door and blow his whistle. Then heard the two men rush to the door, saying, "You want to stop me till the police come, do you?" and it seemed by the sound as if they were crowding. Hurst says "No; I want you to depart in peace; I don't want to stop you." I then heard Hurst say, "At the peril of your life, don't you touch me." Heard nothing more till a shot was fired. I rushed out, and met Hurst and wife coming in. Mrs. H. was not dressed, but had a shawl over her. I said "My God, Mr. Hurst, you've got us into a scrape!" He replied, "No; I haven't shot the man; I just fired to scare him." I then went into my room, opened the window and heard Chambers say "He's shot!" Went to sitting room and told Hurst he had shot the man. Hurst left the room, telling his wife to remain till he went out to see. I stopped in the house, and in a few minutes he returned looking the perfect picture of despair. "My dear," said he "I'm done; I've shot the man!" When Hurst went to call Mary to corroborate his story about the bed-clothes, Chambers got up and said, "If there is any fighting, I am come to do that." It was a cloudy evening.

Patrick H. Boleman.—Resides in Woburn, and is learning the trade of a plumber. Boards with Hurst. His testimony elicited no new facts, but corroborated previous witnesses.

At 5:55 the jury adjourned until seven o'clock.

Mrs. Henrietta Nina Hurst.—Reside in Woburn, keep a boarding house. Husband's name is Joseph James Hurst. Have had trouble with two of my boarders Chambers and Meagher. Sunday they were drinking; their conversation was improper, but not carried to excess. Sunday night they came home tipsey, and asked for cold meat. It was so late we did not give it, but in the morning found they had taken some. They were knocking at the servants door, jumping on the floor, making other noises all night. Monday morning they came down too late for breakfast, Chambers told me later, that he had had a glass, and hoped I would excuse him. He spoke of hurting his foot. At dinner their conduct was so disgraceful I told them I would not put up with it, and left the room. After dinner they asked if I wished them to leave, and I said I did, as I could not put up with such conduct. They went up and lay on the bed with their boots. My husband told them to leave the house. They asked him to come and have a glass, but he said he was not in the habit of it. I was grossly insulted by Chambers, while about my work, before dinner. He made indecent proposals to me. I went to bed about half past eight, and was awakened by loud words in the sitting-room. Went to the stairs and saw my husband in a sort of scuffle in the passage. Saw my husband on the steps and a man struck him, when I ran down. My husband fired his pistol. The man had my husband by the arm. I ran forward and took my husband's arm, and said "what have you done," he said there was no danger, he had only fired in the air, and frightened the man. Before he fired he warned them that he was armed, and would use his weapon to defend himself and his home.

Joseph James Hurst.—Reside in Woburn. Formerly a commercial traveler. Keep a boarding house. Last Sunday all the boarders were at breakfast, except the one who went to Boston, Sundays. Chambers and Meagher were at dinner, and were not very quiet. They were at tea, and were out after that till about 12. I always wait up till all my boarders are in. They were drunk when they came in, and asked for meat. I did not give them any. They were very noisy all night. Heard them go down stairs, and in the morning found considerable meat gone from the closet. In the morning Mary the servant complained of their noise, and said she was much annoyed by them, and couldn't have it. We sent up for them several times Monday morning, and finally said they would take no breakfast. At noon they came to dinner, intoxicated, and commenced a series of annoyances to offend me. My wife came in and said she would not sit sit down with drunken people. Mary came in and spoke of their noise, and I finally told her her place was in the kitchen. Finally I told Chambers and Meagher they must get another place. They went up stairs and went to bed. Later my wife went up and tried to get in to clean up the room. I went up and got them out. They came down, and I told them they owed me about a dollar and a half. One said do you want it now? I said yes. Then wait till you get it, said they. They asked me to drink. I declined. They said they would come up at night and pay. At half past ten, they walked in and commenced cursing and swearing. I told them they could have no room; they said they were come to pay me; I told them to pay me and go away. They swore they would go to bed. I said you went to bed in your dirty boots and we were obliged to change the sheets this afternoon. They denied it, and I went to the door to call Mary. While I was there Chambers got up with his club and said, "If there is to be a row, I have come to do the fighting, so you better hold your noise." I said there was to be no fighting. If they were to pay me, I wished them to do so and go away peaceably, if not to go away anyway. I then sat down. They continued their cursing. Meagher said if I said another word he'd knock my damn neck out, and knock my damn head off. I asked Kirkpatrick to bring an officer. He declined Meagher said if any officers came he could do for them all. I went up stairs and got my whistle. [Whistle produced.] Meagher said, have you been up stairs for your shooter or your dagger? I said I had been for neither. If you have, said he, I can shoot, or I can stab as well. I said, if you are not quiet, I shall call assistance. If you will go quietly I will give you what you owe me, if not, I shall call assistance. I blew it on the steps. Dennis came out and took me by the collar, and said, "You devil, are you pushing me out." He then ran out and I blew again. He came back past the house, and said "I'll pay you, if you'll stop any further trouble," and if I would come down he'd pay me like a gentleman. I went down a couple of steps. He pretended to be putting his hand in his pocket, when he suddenly struck me on the temple and knocked me against the building. I drew my shooter to fire into the air, when he sprang at me, knocked my arm down, and the shot took effect in his neck. I put it in my pocket after they came and threatened me. I didn't know what they had, and I thought it best to be able to defend myself. I got the pistol when I got the whistle, and had it wholly for self-defence. When he struck me, I thought myself in danger, but I fired into the air to frighten him. I didn't think the shot had taken effect, as he ran. Considered my life in danger, after his treachery in pretending to pay me and then striking me on the temple. One of the boarders went for the doctors, but one said he was sick, another said he was lame, and another said he wasn't well. When Mr. Day came to the house, I gave myself up. Been in this country about 3 or 4 months.

John Martin Harlow.—Reside in Woburn. Physician and surgeon. Saw Meagher Monday night between 11 and 12 in the lockup. He was lying on a cot bed on a mattrass on his back. Pale; breathing 26 a minute; pulseless in left arm and wrist; pulse distinct in right arm, 120 when counted. Uttering moans; extremities quite cold, apparently unconscious. Did not move right hand, arm and leg, but did left; swallowed with great difficulty several teaspoonfuls of water. There was blood on clothing, and front side of neck and chest, and below the middle of the neck vertically, and below the middle laterally, was a perforated wound in the skin, Appeared as though it might have been made by a bullet. Could not follow direction of wound with probe. Action of heart very feeble, giving only one sound. Man was evidently in state of collapse, near death. Examined surface of neck and body about the chest to see if I could find the ball but found nothing. I covered him up with warm blankets as well as I could. Strong alchoholic odor issued from his mouth at every breath. A mixed alcholic odor. Could not decide how far insensibility was owing to gunshot wound or alchohol. Thought it was a mixed case. I stopped with him until about 3 o'clock. Saw him again Tuesday A. M. about 7. Found him in much the same condition, only weaker. Saw him several times during Tuesday A. M., also Tuesday P. M., after he expired, which was about two o'clock. Man never spoke. Don't think he was conscious while I saw him or from the time I saw him.

(This closed the testimony of the Dr. as attending physician. This was followed by the account of the post mortem examination which commenced at 8 A. M. Wednesday, at Allen's Coffin Warehouse.) No external signs of violence upon the body. No evidences of disease. Rigor mortes, extreme. No discoloration except on neck. Wound, 1 1-2 inches below the middle of the neck vertically, and about the middle laterally, about in front of windpipe a little to the right. It was impossible to follow the ball with probe, clog of blood so dense, Removed each layer of the tissue carefully by itself, in order to trace the course of the ball. Great dullness on left side of chest, on percussion. Evidently filled with something. Found that the ball passed in front and to left of the windpipe and downward to collar bone. Great deal of blood collected. After removing breast bone and two collar bones, found left side of chest entirely filled with blood, so that the heart was pushed to right side. Took out 1-2 pailful of blood. On removing this and the lung, found the opening below and behind and about the middle of the left collar bone where the ball entered the thorax. In taking out the heart and long arteries from the neck to find the source of the bleeding, found the left common carotid artery very near its origin had been perforated by the ball in its passage, from the aorta. Then found a little discoloration on the n. w. corner of thorax, turned the man over and dissected the left shoulder blade, and found the ball emerged between 2nd and 3rd ribs striking the 3rd rib, about 3 inches from the spine. The lungs were healthy and not wounded; heart was perfect; real good heart physically, other parts looked well. Saw no indication of disease. Other parts not examined. He died from hemorrhage caused by perforation of the common carotid artery near the aorta. Pistol must have been above him. The course of the bullet was obliquely downward, and the right side of the deceased must have been towards Hurst. Some unaccountable symptoms. Could not account for the paralysis of the right side. [Ball was here exhibited to the jury.] It exhibits a bruise caused by striking the rib. Death was the merest accident, a 1-2 inch either way the ball would have gone through the body without danger. The muzzle of the pistol must have been higher than the wound and lower than the breech.

The hearing closed at 9:45.

The jury after deliberating upon the testimony, found the following verdict:

That said Dennis Meagher came to his death at the Station House in Woburn Centre, about 2 o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, Oct. 7th, 1873, caused by a ball discharged from a pistol in the hands of Joseph James Hurst, on Mann street, about 11 o'clock P. M. the night before, and we consider from the evidence in the case, that said Meagher was not intentionally wounded by said Hurst.

Mr. Hurst was then discharged from custody.

SOFT THING.—As a team belonging to Messrs. Perry & Eaton, soap manufacturers was being driven down the street on Wednesday, it locked wheels with Soles's team opposite Bank Block and was upset. Two large barrels of soft soap which formed the load, were thrown out, and there was soap everywhere. Now soft soap is a hard thing to pick up. It exhibits a facility of not being where you think it is, only equalled by quicksilver. But willing hands assisted however, and at last aportion was scraped together,

FISH HAWK.—On Monday a fish hawk swooped down into the clothes yard of N. Deloria, and getting entangled in the clothes line was discovered by Mrs. Deloria, who threw an apron over his head and soon had him safe in a basket. On the return of her husband, the hawk was killed, and its body will be stuffed and placed in the High School cabinet. The hawk measured 5 feet 3 inches from tip to tip.

☞ The October number of *American Homes* is brim full of good things, and fully maintains its high standard of amusing, interesting and instructive family literature. With a pair of beautiful chromos, it is only two dollars a year. The agents are doing splendidly with the combination of the publishers, Chas. H. Taylor & Co., 123 Washington street, Boston, and 92 Market street, Chicago.

SQUASHES.—Mr. Samuel Walker of Burlington, maintains his reputation as the champion squash raiser of this region. He took prizes at Concord and at Lowell this year. Judging from the loads he carries through town his stock must be well nigh inexhaustible. Any of our readers in need of squashes could not do better than give Mr. Walker an order.

NEW ENGINE.—The Essex which blew up at Winchester several years ago, has been rebuilt, and under the name of "Winchester," is now on the B. & L. R. R. under the management of Amos Pettingill. The Winchester is as good as new, has the vacuum brake, the cab is of black walnut, and the painter has done it justice. No wonder Amos is proud of it.

TREED.—A horse and sulky belonging to Gilbert of Burlington, was left Wednesday by the driver tied to a tree on Main near Myrtle street. The animal endeavored to climb the tree, or entwine himself around it, and the effect of his effort was to throw himself down, tip the sulky over and break braces and springs innumerable.

ANOTHER.—C A Carswell lost another valuable horse Tuesday. This is the fourth in ten months, aggregating in value over $1500.

CRUSHED.—Armstead Davis had a thumb crushed Tuesday by the falling of a log at the mahogany works.

☞ Courage and enterprise ought not to be expected of the rich; they are the virtues of poverty.—*Abbott*.

☞ The Methodist church edifice is progressing finely.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—It has been a long cherished idea with the Rev. W. S. Barnes to organize the young men of the Unitarian parish into a society for social and educational improvement. Much thought has been bestowed upon the subject, and these thoughts took definite shape on Tuesday evening, when a meeting was held in the vestry at which a score of young men were present. The plan was unfolded by the pastor with brief and pertinent remarks, and an organization was effected as follows: President, Rev. W. S. Barnes; Vice President, Frank E. Wetherell; Treasurer, J. Foster Deland. The platform of the society we insert here:—

We, the Undersigned, desiring to improve ourselves in knowledge and character, and to serve the social as well as religious interests of the Parish with which we are associated, organize ourselves into a Union to promote these ends and to be called the Channing Fraternity. We propose cultivating rational amusements, helpful studies and whatever promotes good will.

Weekly meetings will be held, one of which each month will be public. The initiatory one will be public and will be given in the large vestry in a short time. It will consist of readings, recitations, and music, and the nominal sum of ten cents will be charged for admittance.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Converse. Oct 4th, D Fahey drunk, $5 and costs. James Kelleher, Woburn, Chas Desmond and Frederick McCarthy, Winchester, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquors, Kelleher and Desmond, guilty, $10 and costs $100 recognizance each, McCarthy discharged. Oct 6, Lydia A Nason, pasturing a cow on Washington street East Woburn, contrary to bylaws of the town, $5 and costs. Emmeline Hopkins, Burlington, drunk, $5 and costs, committed for non-payment. James Rockett, drunk, $3 and costs.—Oct 9th, John Cokely, and Hannah McGrath, drunk, $3 and costs each.

IMPALED.—S Anson Tufts, aged 25 years, and son of William Tufts, who lives at the West Side, was the victim of a horrible accident Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock. He was ascending a ladder in his father's barn, when the ladder began to tip and he jumped to save himself. He fell upon the handle of a pitchfork, and forced it into his abdomen about ten inches. The poor fellow drew out the stick and crawled some five hundred feet towards the house. He is as comfortable as could be expected, and there are chances for his recovery.

MUSICAL SOIREE.—The hospitable doors of Dr. Clough's residence on Bennett street, were thrown open on last Wednesday evening, to a large company of music lovers, who were entertained with music by the Boylston Club of Boston, and several of our resident artists. Owing to illness we were unable to be present, but the entertainment is spoken of as having been in every respect, first class.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—At the regular meeting of Mishawum Division, No 59 S of T, held on Tuesday evening, 7th inst, the following officers were chosen for the current quarter: W P, R K Harper; W A, Eliza J Young; R S, Eliza Willey; A R S, Nellie E Stewart; F S, James Rogers; T, R F Ellis; Chaplain, Geo W West; B, Robert Smith; A C, Olive King; I S, T Wheeler; O S, G W Fish.—*Advertiser.*

SHERIFF'S JURY.—The following gentlemen have been drawn by the Selectmen to estimate the damage done to the Hancock Congregational Society of Lexington, by reason of the taking of land by the Middlesex Central Railroad Co:—A S Hayward, E O Soles, George Buchanan, James N Page, George D Bancroft.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—At the meeting last Friday the full board was present. A petition was received from J. A. Boutelle and others for the laying out of Carter street as a public town way, and extension to Main street. A view of the same was ordered for Tuesday, October 14th, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

—A horseman can generally penetrate a crowd, but a man with a saw horse found it very difficult on Thursday. He should have mounted him, as a saw horse is hard to lead.

CONCERTS.—The programme of Mr. Morse's concerts will be announced next week. He has secured the services of another first class tenor, in addition to those already announced.

G. A. R.—Burbank Enc. Post 33 G A R, was represented at the Lowell parade on Thursday of this week, by seventeen men, under command of Senior Vice Commander, Capt Wm McDevitt.

BROKEN ELBOW.—Thursday morning Mrs Zebulon Tweed was tipped from a carriage on Broad street, and suffered a severe fracture of the elbow.

CONVENTION.—The Sixth Senatorial District Convention is called to meet at Woburn, Oct 16th, as will be seen by our advertising columns.

NEW SIGN.—Messrs. G F Smith & Co jewellers, whose motto is "We like to show goods," exhibit a new and tasty sign.

T. A. PARADE.—The St. Charles Total Abstinence Society participated on Friday in the grand parade of their fellow societies in Boston.

FOUNTAIN.—S. W. Russell has a very pretty, and at the same time inexpensive fountain at the corner of Railroad and Prospect streets.

QUICKSTEP.—The North Woburn Band played the "Horn Pond Quickstep," Thursday, a piece written for and dedicated to the occasion.

☞ J. W. Hammond has a nice lot of Overcoats in stock, that are ahead of anything ever shown in Woburn.

GOOD.—There were no arrests for drunkenness on Thursday, and the absence of intoxicated persons was quite marked.

☞ No one need to go out of town for gentlemen's furnishing goods, or clothing of any kind.

ANNEXED.—Charlestown, Brighton, and West Roxbury were annexed to Boston on Tuesday last. Boston will now contain 21 wards. Owing to the discrepancy between the population of the new wards and the present wards of the city, each of the new wards will be entitled to but two members of the Common Council, where the present wards have four. This arrangement, however, will be but temporary, as Boston is to have a new arrangement of wards, so as to distribute the population more equally than now. There will be no change in the membership of the Boston Board of Aldermen. The public libraries of Charlestown and Brighton will remain as now, but will be managed as branches of the Boston Public Library under the control of its board of trustees. The Charlestown District Municipal Court, with its present jurisdiction, and Brighton and West Roxbury will come within the jurisdiction of the Boston, not the Southern District Municipal Court. With its new territory Boston will have an extreme length of 13 miles.

BILLERICA MONUMENT.—The soldier's monument was dedicated at Billerica on Wednesday. The services were participated in by G. A. R. posts of Billerica and Lowell, the Chelmsford Light Cavalry and citizens. The president of the day was Lieut-Gov. Talbot. An oration was delivered by Col. R. H. Conwell of Boston, and addresses were made by Gov. Washburn, Hon. E. R. Hoar, ex-Gov. Stearns of New Hampshire, a Billerica boy; Oliver Warner and others. The monument is of granite, thirty feet high, and surmounted by the figure of a soldier at parade rest. The names of all of Billerica's fallen soldiers, twenty in number, are on the monument. The design and finish were much admired.

☞ Neighbor Parker of the *Middlesex County Journal* has gone back to first principles, and again appears as the *Woburn Journal*. Twenty-three years ago, when neighbor Parker was but a little fellow, an elder brother of ours had a hand in editorially making that journal, and laid the foundation that has given this splendid weekly the success it has merited and received. John, we wish you success.

Thanks for good wishes, Ad, but your "elder brother" had no "hand in editorially making that journal," and had you no better foundation for a literary reputation than he had, you would be "poor indeed."

FOR SALE,—the Stoddard Place on Prospect street. Inquire of Lincoln Emerson.

☞ The grounds about the Water Works are being put in shape, and next season they will vie with any in town.

OF COURSE.—The twelve o'clock bell is more potent than the one o'clock whistle.

☞ Claimants for abatement of taxes, see Assessors' notice in another column.

☞ Some of our stores will close hereafter at 6 P. M. Monday nights.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—The first of the course of lectures under the auspices of the Young People of the Baptist Society was given in the Baptist church on Monday evening last by John B Gough, Esq. The lecturer was introduced by O R Burnham, the chairman of the committee, who thanked the people of our own and the neighboring towns for the substantial encouragement they had given to the proposed course of lectures. [Mr Gough's subject was "Now and Then," or thoughts on the past, present and future. He commenced by a graphic description of our country one hundred years ago when the incipient steps to the revolution were taken and the results which followed the early efforts of those patriot hearts. All this was a matter of history and he would not dwell upon it, but proceeded to speak of the wonderful progress which the world had made in these things which tended to its national prosperity. The old method of striking a light by means of flint and steel was humorously described, and the substitution of the friction match, was spoken of as one of the most important inventions. Our progress in the means of travel, of lighting our houses and public streets, our guns and ammunitions of war, and various other things were compared with those of the olden times. The marital relation was dwelt upon at length, and the various courses which led people to get married were referred to, and some of the manners, customs and costumes of the ladies and gentlemen were held up to ridicule and scorn. He warmly eulogized old maids, sketching those traits of character, which were generally observed in them and the many noted examples they had given of the world of self-sacrificing labors and devotion to the cause of humanity and of the right. Said he, "God bless the old maids." The lecturer then dwelt upon the obeisance of our people to the God, mammon, and to the fact that a man having money is lightly punished, while the poor man who does the same thing is put in prison. The servile baseness of money worshippers was plainly seen all through society. Political matters were alluded to, and the office seekers were shown up in a clear light. He passed thence to speak of parental government and the way in which our children are educated in these days, and made fashionable men and women before they get out of their teens. He strongly advocated the observance of the Christian Sabbath, and said that in this age we are terribly afraid of being too good. One of the signs of progress was the more general acknowledgement of the claims of humanity on prisons, hospitals, and numerous charitable and reformatory institutions. The time was coming when woman's right to receive equal compensation with men for the same kind of work would be generally acknowledged. The deficiences in our system of education were criticized in a keen manner. In closing, the lecturer made a stirring appeal to the young men and women who were to mould the future of our country. In a prophetic manner he warned them of the pitfalls and snares which beset them, and the importance of going forward in the right direction.

Those who have heard Mr. Gough know that it is impossible for any report to do justice to his impassioned oratory, at times raising his hearers up to the pitch of excitement by his thrilling words or causing the tear to flow by the sad tale of despair and death, or again convulsing his audience with laughter by his droll and inimitable mimicry of people and things for which he is so well adapted. He occupied an hour and a half in the delivery of his lecture, which was listened to by an audience that filled the house, with rapt attention, broken only by the frequent applause his many appeals for the truth and the right, and his humorous satire upon the fashionable follies and foibles of our times.

The next lecture will be given by Rev. W. H. H. Murray, on Saturday evening, Oct. 18th.—Subject, "Civilized Heathen." This change is made in consequence of the engagements of Mr. Murray.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—W P Warren has sold to H E Buxton, building and land 4124 feet on the north side of Cross street.

☞ A few tickets for reserved seats to the remainder of the course of lectures, remain undisposed of, and may be had at $1 50 each on application at the Post Office.

JUROR.—At a meeting of the Selectmen last Monday evening, A. E. Rowe was drawn to serve as traverse juror at a special term of the Supreme Court at East Cambridge commencing on Monday next.

SIGN BOARD.—Those sign boards that have been put up in various parts of our town supported by two great joists to advertise the business of one Wilmot, should not be tolerated or allowed to stand in front or near any one's estate. If our town has got so poor that it has got to have its guide boards in this way, a subscription had better be opened for this purpose. These sign boards as now put up resemble a gallows, and we hope that speedy execution may be inflicted upon them, or else that a suit of old clothes may be suspended thereon, to indicate the business advertised.

IMPROVEMENT.—Our railroad corporation have built a plank walk from Bacon street to the Mystic station, on the easterly side, thereby avoiding the necessity of using the long flight of steps.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—The Choral Society resumes its meetings this week which will be held in the vestry of the Baptist Church.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Joseph H Tyler, Esq., has been chosen Superintendent of the Sunday School connected with the First Congregational Society, vice Chas. E Redfern who has resigned, taken unto himself a mate and flown away.

☞ Rev W S Barnes of Woburn gave his lecture on Count Rumford, by invitation of the Good Will Club, in the vestry of the Unitarian Church last Thursday evening to a large audience.

SOME EELS.—The water wheel at W H. Barley's mill becoming clogged, workmen Whittaker, Dexter and Taylor, were set to work to remove the obstruction. After bailing out the water and removing the cap to the wheel, twenty-four eels were found so completely wedged in the buckets, that many of them could not be removed without being severed. The largest one weighed 8 1-4 pounds.

Lexington.

☞ To those who only pay a poll tax, the Collector would say that "delays are dangerous."

☞ Parties wishing to purchase farming tools, &c., had better look out for Wm A Lane's sale at the residence of the late Michael Crowly.

SUPPER.—The Hancock Engine Co. 2, had an oyster supper at their house last Saturday evening. Those suppers are always good, and this was one of that kind.

MASONIC.—The annual visitation of D. D. G. M. S. B. Harrington of Medford to S. W. Robinson Lodge took place Monday evening Oct. 6th. Delegations were present from Arlington, Cambridge, Woburn and Medford. An elegant collation was furnished at the Hancock House.

BALL.—The Total Abstinence Society had their ball on Thursday evening, Oct, 21. It was previously announced for the Thursday evening preceding, but owing to death in the family of one of the members, was postponed. About 40 couples were present, and a pleasant time was passed. It is the intention to continue them.

—At a meeting of First Congregational Society on the 6th, it was voted that the Parish Committee be authorized to replace the steps at their church by building them anew. Also voted to choose a committee of three to consider the matter of re-covering the roof of their church; whether best to slate, or shingle the same, to report to the next annual meeting of said society.

G. A. R.—The Post at its last week's meeting, appointed a committee to inquire as to the feasibility of holding some variety of entertainment, which will prove both pleasant and profitable. It is their wish to start a Charity Fund, and something is required that will furnish amusement and enrich the coffers of the Post. The Committee have concluded that a series of social parties will pay as well as anything,—say a set of six parties, and then wind up with a grand ball at the end of the season. The lovers of the dance, and they are numerous, will await the action of the Post on this report with considerable interest.

CURB.—Mr. J L Norris made an offer to the town a short time since, we think to be worth noticing. He has in front of his building before he comes to the sidewalk, seven feet. This is reckoned after the street is widened. Now he proposes to give to the town a strip of land the length of the block, and averaging four or five feet wide, as an addition to the regular sidewalk, on condition that the town will place a curb stone in front. This would improve the looks of the street, preserve the sidewalk, and keep teams from backing up to the front doors of the store. Back doors to each store will provide for the taking in or out of goods. The curb could be arranged quite handily, as the material might be found in those large stones which lie beside the Common.

EXTRA TRAINS.—With many other

questions of interest to the public, comes this one of extra trains. We have a goodly number of trains, (accommodation) each way daily. With these we do not understand that the public find any fault, but it has been suggested, and we believe considered, that certain trains be made express, stopping only at Lexington and Arlington between Boston and Concord. The advantages and conveniences of such a plan are numerous. It is a dreary ride to any one who is tired from the work of the day, to ride in the present trains with their stations every quarter of a mile, more or less. This question has been under consideration by the R. R. company. It was proposed to make the 6:50 A M train from Concord, and the 5:10 P M train from Boston express trains. This would of course, accommodate many in Arlington and Lexington, but there were other things to be thought of. The station at Elm street is well represented by these trains, and if these trains were made express, then the Elm street passengers would be obliged to go in an earlier, or wait for a later train. This would not be square. We hear that for such and other reasons the proposal is abandoned. We are sorry for this, if so. The necessity exists now, just as much as it ever did, and it can and should be accomplished. These express trains should run and they should be extra trains. Leave the present trains just as they are. Run two extra trains, one each way, and both express. Elm street could ride upon the usual train, Lexington, Arlington and Concord can take the express. The passenger traffic is large upon this branch of the Lowell railroad, and sufficiently so not only to deserve, but to demand increased facilities for transportation.

Another step in advance which, it appears to us, might be made, is this. The rnnning times of the present trains might be reduced considerably if alternate trains would stop at alternate stations. We refer to the minor stations, of course, and if a person wished particularly to go by a certain train, four or five minutes walk would take them to the next station. This is not as great a task as at first thought it may be considered. By some such system as this, quicker time could be made and the monotony of the ride broken.

Arlington.

LAND TRANSACTION.—Mrs. Timothy Donahue has sold 1 1-4 acres of her valuable estate to Mr. Peterson et. al. for the sum of $ 650.00.

APPOINTMENT.—At a convention of the Selectmen and School Committee, I. O. Carter Esq. was chosen a member of the latter Board to fill the vacancy caused by the removal from town of the Rev. Mr. Ryder.

REMOVAL.—Mr. H. W. Hill has moved his shoe shop from its former location on the Avenue, to a position on the corner of Buckman Court and the Avenue and just in front of his residence.

SCALES.—The Town scales have been repaired and are now as good as new. Friend Allen will attend to all who have "ways that are dark" or otherwise. This repairing rendered useless the article in the town meeting warrant calling for an appropriation for new scales.

POLICE COURT.—Saturday, Oct 4th, the man Bland was brought before Judge Carter and charged with assault upon the officer. H. J. Wells acted as counsel. The man was discharged, we learn because the complainant was a Constable and made the complaint as a police officer.

FREAK OF NATURE.—Any one wishing to see a nice bed of strawberries at this season of the year can do so by visiting the garden of Mr. Walter Wright on Lowell St. They are of the Agriculturist variety, and some of the berries measure 4 inches in circumference and have a very good flavor. Who beats Lowell street.

WELCOME HOME.—Rev. Mr. Cady and family, together with Miss Angie Peck have returned from their European tour. They arrived Monday, Oct. 6th, having been eleven days on the passage from Liverpool. They had a most delightful trip and return refreshed in body and mind. Owing to fatigue consequent upon travelling, the trip to Antwerp, Brussels and up the Rhine was dropped and the time was spent in England, Scotland, France and Switzerland. All will welcome them back and be happy to learn their health is so much improved.

LECTURE.—The first lecture of the course was given on Monday evening last before a large audience by Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston on "Old Maids and their Accusers." It was a fine success. The lecture was a perfect melange of wit, sharp hits and sound good sense. The audience enjoyed it immensely. We do not wonder now that we have heard Mr. Morgan, that some of his lectures have been repeated in Boston over thirty times. The next lecture is a counterpart to the one delivered on Monday evening last. The title is "Old Bachelors and their Follies."

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting Wednesday evening the 8th inst was a remarkable one. There were five articles and the only one which the meeting entertained was the first, calling for choice of moderator. Hon. J. S. Potter presided. The questions of further appropriation on water account; on payment of interest on water debt; for unsettled claims and contracts and for new hay scales were all indefinitely postponed.

The meeting was largely attended, and was quite stormy at times. The oracles of the town gave their decision on various points with a remarkable precision, and we suppose their action is right although many doubt its expediency.

It seems as if less hurry would be better on some subjects. A word of explanation sometimes changes actions, and a question that will not bear the light of investigation is worthless.

Bedford.

[Communication.]

Bedford Soldiers' Monument has been placed in the cemetery of our town. It was procured through the exertions of the ladies of Bedford who at the close of the war formed an association called the "Ladies' Monument Association." They worked for quite a while to accomplish their end, and in various ways succeeded in raising about fifteen hundred dollars, which they invited the town to increase to a sum sufficient to purchase a more costly monument than this sum would admit of, but their efforts met with opposition twice and indefinite postponement, when the Association, which had dwindled down to a very few, came to the conclusion that they had better make use of the money and as a result of all their labors we have a very neat and ornamental Scotch granite monument, it stands seventeen feet high and of very fine proportions. Two opposite sides bear the names of fourteen soldiers who gave up their lives in the field or died of disease contracted in the service; while on the front side we find—

"Soldiers' Memorial,"
1861-1865.

and on the opposite the following: "They gave their lives for us and their country. The Ladies of Bedford pay this affectionate tribute to their memory." The monument stands on a plat purchased by the ladies for the purpose, and we understand that they have money to enclose it with a granite curb, which will add very much to its appearance. The whole reflects much credit upon the ladies of Bedford, who are equal to anything which they undertake. We hope they will make an effort to start a public town library, for this is what we are in need of and is an institution that every town should have, but Bedford is very much behind in this respect. Perhaps some of my neighbors may ask me why I proclaim this fact, and in answer we shall say that if our wants are known, perhaps some benevolent friend may give us a start or put a shoulder to the wheel after we make an effort ourselves, "Small favors are thankfully received."

We are well supplied with travelling facilities. Mr. C. L. Wait runs a very fine conveyance from the village to the station of the Middlesex Railroad and has a fine stock of livery as any place affords.

ABRAM.

☞ The good fortune of the bad bows their heads to the earth; the bad fortune of the good turns their faces towards heaven.

Married

In New Bethlehem, Pa., by Rev. Mr. Seyse, Mr. M. T. McLean, of New Bethlehem, and Miss M. E. Laughill, of Woburn, Mass.

In Boston, Oct. 2nd, at the Emmanuel Church, by the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D., Mr. Arthur Stevens, of New York, to Miss Sarah G., daughter of William H. Montague, Esq., of Boston.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct. 6, Dennis Meagher, aged 23 years.

At Walnut Creek, Cal., Sept. 24th, Sarah J., wife of Wilson H. Fiske, formerly of Woburn, aged 21 years, 7 months, 26 days.

Special Notices.

ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

There will be an adjourned meeting of the Assessors, at their office, on SATURDAY, the 11th of October, at 2 o'clock P. M., to hear claims for abatement of Taxes.

120 E. F. POOLE, Chairman.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held in Lyceum Hall, at Woburn, on Thursday, Oct. 16, 1873, at 3.45 P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Senator, and transacting such other business as may properly come before it. Representation as follows:—Billerica 2, Burlington 1, Lexington 2, Melrose 3, North Reading 2, Reading 3, Stoneham 4, Tewkesbury 2, Wakefield 4, Wilmington 1, Winchester 3, Woburn 5.

JOHN L. PARKER,
WALTER LITTLEFIELD,
WILLIAM PROCTER,
} *District Committee.*

October 2, 1873.

MUSICAL.

Madam Ada Heine having determined to remain in this section of the Country, desires to receive a limited number of pupils in piano-forte playing and singing for concert, or opera. She has studied with the best European Masters, and students may depend upon thorough and artistic instruction.

She will accept pupils in Woburn. Mr. Heine will also accept scholars in violin playing. 105

Address at STONEHAM MASS.

CLASSES IN GERMAN.

A lady teacher who has resided nine years in Germany, wishes to form classes for the German language in Woburn. Refers to Rev. W. S. Barnes and E. H. Davis, Superintendent of Schools.

ISN'T THE JOURNAL ON HAND?

DR. BOARDMAN'S
STANDARD
PREPARATIONS!

Elixir Calisaya Bark & Iron.
Elixir Calisaya Bark.
Compound Concentrated Extract or Blood Purifier.
Wild Cherry Elixir, for Coughs Colds, &c., &c.
Ginger Bitters,
Rheumatic Elixir,
Aromatic Tonic for the Teeth,
Extract Jamaica Ginger,
Superior Bay Rum,
Geranium Lustral,
Strong Liquid Ammonia,
Pure Rectified Benzine,
Aromatic Tincture Rhubarb,
Extra Weight Rochelle Powders.
FLAVORING EXTRACTS AND ESSENCES, &c.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A few single gentlemen, can be accommodated with first class board at 118
MRS. M. J. ALLENS'
PLYMPTON ST.
Woburn.
Also a few table boarders.

Board Wanted.

In a private family where the comforts of a home can be found. A good room, good bed, and good living the requisites. In the vicinity of Horn Pond R. R. Station. Inquire at
119 CALEF'S Grocery Store.
Near the H. P. Station, Fowle St.

Retail Clothing Department.
THE BEST CLOTHING
Produced in this country, at retail, at reasonable prices, by the manufacturers.
Macullar, Williams & Parker,
33 *Washington Street,*
BOSTON.

Custom Department.
CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER
In the best manner, at fair prices, by the importers of the materials,
Macullar, Williams & Parker,
33 WASHINGTON STREET.

Furnishing Goods Department.
FINE WINTER UNDERCLOTHING
of the best American and Foreign makes, at retail, by
Macullar, Williams & Parker,
33 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s,
A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,
Comprising
Shawls,
Repellants
Flannels.
A GREAT BARGAIN IN
HOSIERY
AT
NO. 153 MAIN STREET,
ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110
WOBURN, - - MASS.

To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of
H. L. CARTER & CO.,
and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the
Horse Shoeing Business.
Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.
112 H. L. CARTER,
J. C. CARTER.
Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

AUCTION.

By J. K. PORTER & CO., 5 Court Street, Boston.

ELEGANT HOMESTEAD ESTATE

—IN—

MEDFORD, MASS.,

Consisting of about two acres of eligible land, with fruit trees of every variety in profusion, formerly owned by the Bell Ringer Peak family, extending through from Main street to the Medford turnpike, opposite the well known Tidd estate, adjoining the fine property of James O. Curtis, and in the midst of other first class residences.

On Monday, Oct. 13, at 3 1-2 o'clock, on the premises, will be sold to the highest bidder, this superior and valuable estate, with a front of nearly 300 feet on Main street, extending through to the turnpike, embracing an endless variety of fruit trees (the crop this year estimated at $1000), and presenting every advantage as the residence of a gentleman of leisure, and particularly well adapted for dividing into house lots; located near the centre of the town, where residences of moderate cost are in demand, thus affording to speculators a rare opportunity for a remunerative investment.

The accommodations of the steam cars, three minutes distant, with the track of the Medford Horse Railroad passing the door, offer every facility for quick and frequent communication with the city.

To meet the exigency of the times, the owner will give very easy terms, and but a small cash payment will be expected.

$500 down at time of sale.

Further particulars of the Auctioneers, J. K. PORTER & CO., 5 Court St., Boston. 113

LYCEUM HALL
WOBURN.

1873. A COURSE OF 1873.

LECTURES,
CONCERTS,
READINGS, DRAMATICS, &c

Will be given the coming season under the management of
Parker & Thompson.

Oct. 31, Prof. J. W. Churchill
Subject—"Select Readings"

Nov. 5, The Beethoven Quintette Club
C. N. ALLEN, 1st Violin, H. HIENDL, 2d Violin, J. C. MULLALY, 1st Viola, WM. RITZLE, 2d Viola and Flute, WULF FRIES, Cello,—assisted by Miss MARY D. WYMAN.

Nov. 12, Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Cobb
In their new and novel entertainment, "The Cruise of the Cobweb," which never fails to produce "a feast of fun, a luncheon of laughter, a wassail of wit."

Nov. 25, Mr. H. W. Shaw, (JOSH BILLINGS)
Subject—"Buty and the Beasts."

Dec. 3, The Original "Medford Dramatic Society"
In the pleasing Comedy of "DOING FOR THE BEST," with the WOBURN AMATEUR QUINTETTE CLUB.

Dec. 10, Rev. W. H. H. Murray
Subject—"Civilized Heathen."

The Managers will do everything in their power to make these entertainments perfectly pleasing and satisfactory to all those who may purhase.

Tickets $1.50, $2, $2.50, according to location. 12

The tickets will be ready for sale Wednesday, Oct. 1st, with a clean plan of the Hall, at Horton's, Adkins', A. E. Thompson & Co's, G. R. Gage & Co.'s, and F. B. Dodge's; North Woburn at E. J. Jenks'.

T. MARVIN PARKER, } Managers.
ALBERT THOMPSON, }

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Lydia Parker, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, William Winn, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of October, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

14 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Administrator's Sale

—OF—

Real Estate.

BY a License from Probate Court, will be sold at public auction, on

Saturday, October 18th, 1873,

at 3 o'clock P. M., on the premises, in Woburn, a certain lot of land containing about 9¼ acres with the buildings thereon, situated on Eastern Avenue and East Street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises on Eastern Avenue at land of Jeduthan Fowle, the line runs northerly by said land about 158 feet; thence easterly by said land about 25 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of S. O. Pollard about 551 8-10 feet; thence westerly by land of John Brauer about 48 8-10 feet; thence again southerly by land of said Brauer and B. McConlogue, about 325 5-10 feet; thence westerly by land of J. Munroe about 260 feet to East street; thence northwesterly by said street about 337 8-10 feet to land of S. O. Pollard; thence northerly and northeasterly by land of S. O. Pollard about 300 feet; thence northerly and northeasterly by lands of Stowers, Turner, Bulpit and Whittord by the wall about 625 feet; thence northeasterly by land of J. D. Gilman, to said Eastern Avenue; thence southerly by said Avenue about 35 6-10 feet; thence easterly by said Avenue about 223 feet to the point of beginning.

Also one other lot of land containing about 3 95-100 acres situated southeasterly from the center village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on a proposed street, the line runs easterly by land of Horton about 178 5-10 feet; thence southeasterly, southerly and southwesterly by land of Heirs of Rufus Wyman about 832 6-10 feet; thence southerly by land of said Heirs about 19 feet; thence southwesterly by land of Sawielle about 99 5-10 feet by the wall; thence northerly by land of Glennon about 166 2-10 feet; thence nearly westerly by land of Glennon about 132 5-10 feet to East street; thence northerly on East street about 51 4-10 feet; thence easterly by land of Wallace about 143 4-10 feet; thence northerly by land of Wallace, Maxim, Fowle and Symmes about 420 feet to the line of the proposed street aforesaid; thence easterly by said line about 23 feet; thence northerly by said line about 44 4-10 feet to the point of beginning.

The above offers a rare opportunity to any one looking for an investment for business purposes or for a residence, the location being near the heart of the village and near the depot, schools and churches. Terms made known at the time of sale. For further particulars inquire of the Auctioneer or of L. G. Richardson, Administrator.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, August 27th, 1876. 15

Newest and Best
MUSIC BOOKS.

DITSON & CO. publish 1,000 Music Books suited to every taste, and every occasion. Descriptive Catalogues sent free. Among the most recent and best are:

HOUR OF SINGING. $1.00
For High Schools and Seminaries.
CHOICE TRIOS. $1.00
For High Schools and Seminaries.
THE STANDARD. $1.50
The "BANNER" Church Music Book of the Season.
THE RIVER OF LIFE. 35 cents.
Unequalled in Variety. Unexcelled in Quality. A Sabbath School Song Book by 40 Composers
CHEERFUL VOICES. 50 cents.
L. O. Emerson's Latest School Song Book.
THE ORGAN AT HOME. $2.50
Undeniably the best Collection for Reed Organs.
DEVOTIONAL CHIMES. 75 cents.
Neat, Complete, Perfect. For Social Meetings.

All are Choice Books. Already in great demand. Sent post-paid, for Retail Price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 111
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There will be a convention of the Selectmen and School Committee at the Committee Room, High School House, on Monday, Oct. 13th, at 4.30 P. M., to elect a member of the School Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Daniel Kimball, Esq.

Per order of the Selectmen
E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Oct. 3d, 1873. 109

Notice to Taxpayers.

The attention of the tax payers of Woburn are call to the following extract from Article III. of the Town By-Laws:

SEC. 2.—All taxes shall be due whenever a bill of the same shall have been presented to any person taxed, or his agent, or the tenant of any non-resident proprietor of any property taxable in the town, or left at his usual place of abode or business, and interest at the rate of twelve per centum per annum shall be charged from October 15th on all taxes not paid on or before that date: provided, that nothing in this section shall prevent the Assessors, in case of doubtful credit, from exercising the powers given them in fourth section of the twelfth chapter of the General Statutes.

SEC. 3.—In all cases where tax bills for poll or for poll and personal tax only, are not paid on or before the fifteenth day of October in each year, it shall be the duty of the Collector to forthwith issue a summons to each delinquent, and if such delinquent do not pay the amount with twenty cents added for the summons, within ten days from said summons, the Collector shall issue a warrant to an officer who shall forthwith proceed to collect the amount due in the manner provided by law.

SEC. 4.—The delivery of a tax bill as directed in the preceding section, shall in all cases be deemed a demand for payment of the tax.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Tax Collecter.

Woburn, Sept. 26th, 1873.

MERRILL & BAKER,
CARPENTERS, BUILDERS,
JOBBERS & MILLWRIGHTS.
SHOP OVER GREEN'S,
No. 6 RAILROAD ST., WOBURN.
Orders promptly attended to.

Mercantile Savings Institution.

NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON. All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calender month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

Iron in the Blood

PERUVIAN SYRUP AN IRON TONIC

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken-down, Cures Female Complaints, Dropsy, Debility, Humors, Dyspepsia, &c. Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

Caution.—Be sure you get the right article. See that "Peruvian Syrup" is blown in the glass. Pamphlets free. Send for one. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. For sale by druggists generally.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.
Agents Wanted.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

BUEL & FLINT,
130 Main street, Woburn,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,
AND DEALERS IN
Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29
GAS FIXTURES,
BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,
WATER PIPES
Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of
PLUMBING,
DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

BEST YET!
The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK of
FURNITURE
ever exhibited in Woburn.
Call and see for yourself.
G. W. POLLOCK,
Town Hall Building.

A. PRATT & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork,
Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.
Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,
Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts., 102 BOSTON.

TO LET.

A two story dwelling house, containing eleven rooms in good repair. Also for sale a one story house. Apply to

7 G. PARKS, North Woburn.

Horse For Sale.

A Black mare, weighs 1000; good roader; perfectly sound and kind; not afraid of cars, and very quiet in the stable. Will be sold because the owner has no use for her. Can be seen at corner Green and Highland streets, Woburn.

10 CHARLES H. POLLARD.

Tenements Wanted
—BY—
E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 19

WARREN CUTLER,
JOB WAGON.
Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.
☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

200 PIGS FOR SALE.
Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.,
Russell Street, Woburn. 27

TEA

Everybody knows, or ought to know that the strength and delicious flavor of Tea is seriously injured by exposure to the air. The essential oil and delicate aroma of

COFFEE

Is still more volatile and a single day's exposure causes it to become flat, stale and "good for nothing." As these goods are usually kept for sale in loosely covered chests or caddies, such exposure is unavoidable. This, in part, accounts for the poor quality of teas and coffees sold by retail dealers.

To overcome this difficulty the

Oriental Tea Co.,

Of Boston have adopted a method of packing the choicest high grades of finest Teas DIRECT FROM FRESHLY OPENED CHESTS, and their celebrated strictly pure Coffees, while still warm from their own mills, in TIN CANS and immediately sealing them up AIR TIGHT. Every one who buys these goods will find their Teas as strong, fresh and nice as if taken from a new chest just opened; and their Coffees as rich and full-flavored as when first roasted and ground.

In addition to the great advantages of the Oriental style of packing, THE PRICES OF THEIR GOODS are only about one half what is usually charged for THE SAME QUALITY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to accommodate customers in this vicinity we have arranged with

JOSEPH SYKES,
AT
262 Main Street, Woburn.

To act as our agent. He will keep on hand a full assortment of our unequalled Teas and Coffees, and sell them at our lowest Boston prices.

Try them, and if they do not give satisfaction, bring them back and have your 18

MONEY REFUNDED.

ORIENTAL TEA CO.

Administratrix's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of a license granted by the Probate Court for Middlesex County, will be sold at public auction, on

Tuesday, the 14th day of Oct. 1873

at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Rufus Pickering, No. 2 Wade Block, Main Street, Woburn, in said County, all the right, title, and interest, which Patrick Bishop, late of said Woburn, deceased, had at the time of his decease in and to the following described real estate, viz:—

A lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing about 15,323 square feet, bounded and described thus, to wit:—Beginning at the corner of the main street and a private street running easterly therefrom to Washington street, near the house of Wm. Richardson; thence running easterly on said private street 123 feet to a stake; thence southerly parallel with said main street 131 feet to a stake; thence westerly about 124 feet to a stake at said main street; thence northerly by said main street 117 feet to the place of beginning: being part of the lots, Nos. 36 and 37, on plan of Woburn Agricultural and Manufacturing Company's grounds, dated August 1, 1850, made by A. L. Richardson, and recorded in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 2, page 29.

Also three acres in said Woburn, the same being the easterly and undivided part, nearest the B. & L. R. R., of the following described lot, to wit:—

A lot of land called Cedar Swamp, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging thereto, bounded and described as follows: Easterly by land of the B. & L. R. R.; southerly by land now or late of Putnam Emerson; west by land formerly of W. Wood and Sewell Flagg; northerly by land formerly of Bartholomew Richardson; said entire lot contains six acres and forty-three poles.

Also another lot of land in said Woburn, being Lot No. 69 on said Plan, and bounded southerly by a street about 80 feet; westerly on Lot No. 70 about 175 feet; northerly on lot No. 78 about 80 feet; and easterly on lot No. 68 about 175 feet, containing about 14,000 feet, more or less. Said lot 69 is subject to conditions in deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated August 18, 1866, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 985, Fol. 599.

Also two lots of land in said Woburn, being lots Nos. 70 and 71, on said plan, bounded as follows, to wit:—

Northerly by lots No. 76 and 77 one hundred and sixty feet; easterly by lot No. 69 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street one hundred and sixty feet; and westerly by lot No. 72 one hundred and seventy-five feet; containing twenty-eight thousand feet, more or less.

Also lot No. 72 on said Plan; said lot 72 is bounded as follows, viz:—

Northerly by lot No. 75 eighty feet; easterly by lot No. 71 one hundred and seventy-five feet; southerly by a street eighty feet; and westerly by lot No. 73 one hundred and seventy-five feet; and is subject to the conditions named in a deed from J. Bigelow to P. Bishop, dated April 20, 1868, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 1,114, Fol. 126.

MARY BISHOP, Administratrix.

R. PICKERING, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Sept. 26th, 1873. 21

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at

MRS. FOX'S,
Lexington Street,
22 or address Box 121, P. O.

GEO. WOODS & CO'S

ORGANS

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street. Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.
B. F. COLEGATE,
is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.
Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68
HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE
Woburn Mass.

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
61 Opposite Common, Woburn.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of

31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER,
Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.
OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

G. R. GAGE & CO.,
Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street,
WOBURN. 24

THOMPSON & GARDINER
Civil and Mechanical Engineers,
—AND—
CONTRACTORS,
19 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.
S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 25
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DODGE'S
Piano Forte
ROOM,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,
WOBURN.
SOLE AGENT FOR
Mason & Hamlin
Cabinet Organs,
for Woburn and vicinity.
—ALSO—
First-class Pianos,
Piano Stools,
Covers, &c.
PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS For sale in every way to suit all customers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices
PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other
DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 26

GAS MACHINES,
FOR LIGHTING
Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Manufactories, &c.
Perfectly Safe, Reliable, and easily managed.
Send for Circular.
WALWORTH MANUF'G CO.,
4 126 Union St., BOSTON

BUY THE
BOSTON
DAILY
GLOBE,
THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

Low Rate Advertisements

WANTED.—A Nova Scotia Girl, to do house-work. Inquire at this Office.

PLUMBING!
T. J. KINNEY,
106 Main St., Woburn.
Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59
PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

FOR SALE!

A house with 8 rooms, one unfinished, with 20,000 feet of land or 10,000 if no more is wanted.

Inquire of

C. H. BLAISDELL,
on Chestnut Street, Woburn.

FRANK FLINT,
Manufacturer of
SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES
Special attention given to the manufacture of
FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS.
258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of

J. C. WHITCHER.

STILL'S
ICE CREAM
—AND—
DINING SALOON,
No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.
Confectionery
of the purest and best varieties.
Catering for Parties, &c., as usual.
Parties and Families supplied with
Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c.,
AT SHORT NOTICE.
43 O. R. STILL.
☞ Remember the place! New Store!
No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found
PIANOS and ORGANS
from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the
Popular Sheet Music of the Day.
A full and complete assortment of small
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.
PIANOS AND ORGANS
Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired
WOBURN MUSIC STORE,
No. 6 Railroad Street.
Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,
WOBURN MASS. 42
O. GREEN.

HOUSE PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES.
CORDS, TASSELS, AND
FIXTURES.
IN LARGE VARIETY AT
HORTON'S
Woburn Telegraph Office. 34

CARPETINGS,
CURTAINS,
AND
Paper Hangings!
We offer for the consideration of our customers our
Fall Importations.
We have received per Siberia, Olympic, Hecla, and other recent arrivals, a large line of
CARPETINGS
from Crossley, Templeton, Henderson, and other well known makers, in new and elegant designs.
Uphostery Goods, Lace Curtains,
AND
WINDOW SHADES,
From the best Manufacturers in the World.
FRENCH AND AMERICAN
Paper Hangings and Decorations
to match the above in color and design. We call especial attention to our stock of *Fr. Beck's Washable Tints* with Fresco Trimmings, which is the largest in the city.
While we have exercised great care in placing our foreign orders, we have not neglected our domestic manufacture, and have in store a splendid assortment of fine, medium and low priced American goods, all of which is placed upon the market exclusively at retail, at prices as low as the lowest.
CHILDS, CROSBY & LANE,
116 Tremont St., Boston.
(Nearly opposite Park Street Church.) 202

MRS. LAMB,
Would announce to the LADIES of Woburn that she is prepared to do
DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING,
in the most fashionable style at her residence, No. 12 Salem street. Satisfaction guaranteed. 32

HOW.

Perhaps I am a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at a minute's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the above is one of the sort. To have a person, after you've been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or, worse still, 'Haow?' is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent, aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and perhaps had got to be a little too matter of fact to each other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophie Mill's wedding—her white silk dress, her bride cake, and her brides maids' all frosted over to match it, and I ended this way:

'But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's of no more account than last year's snow drift. They could be married in calico and homespun, with their feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well.'

'How?' said John absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers—a fashion he had when he was thinking.

Now I had had a headache all day, and I guess I was rather more tindery than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said and, in fact, had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw John's great tall figure going out the door, it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show that I was a bit cut up about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plumber's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared with John than a cockel shell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it was not to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and, peeping out at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stalky like. Such an awkward fellow as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, in my sun bonnet, and with my sleeves rolled up and flinging my arms right around his neck; but John liked to see folks tidy, and never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the beau of the village—dapper, neat, and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I had come to my senses when I ousted 'em of Jess. And by and by it was Jess that came sparking of nights, and sat of' winter evenings over the embers, and he was so soft spoken and pleasant that even mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did.) Well, in the spring we were married, Jess and me, and I had a string of pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and I felt kinder lifted like when the girls crowded round me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so, too; I wasn't sure of it.

Remembering the days that came after I can't recall one hard word I ever heard from Jess. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we laid apart like two odd volumes; there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor anything 'twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up the gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high-spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper, and Jess didn't prosper, and Mrs. Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, she said; and she got to pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, what's the use in talking? sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when baby grew bigger I took to teaching an A B C class, as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew had run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow; and the girls didn't care about samplers, for the sewing machine had ridden right over everything. Then Jess fell ill of the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill-fared, wasted farm on my hands, and Mother Plumber drizzling and maundering after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirits up yet, and I advertised half the place for sale at the court house; for if I could sell it we should skin through somehow on an acre or two, I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was sanding the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had had his eye on it along back. 'Always was wanting what wasn't his,' Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more fore-handed than Jess.

It took a deal of looking after and lawyering and surveying and the Lord knows what to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce ever came near the door, till one day—I can't tell how it was—when the settlements were to be made, I just took baby up stairs and had a good cry; for that bit of land had been Jesse's favorite piece, and Mother Plumber had been harrying me all day about it.

'The ways of Providence are so strange!' said Mother Plumber, laying her specs down atop of the big Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air which was wearing me to skin and bone—'past finding out. Now if Jess had married Sophie Mills that was, and you—'

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window, Mrs. Barret—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in their new spring wagon, she and her half dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road; and, looking along I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish ways about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children with their fluttering ribbons and gay ginghams, disappeared at the turn of the road. Then I smoothed my hair and washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

'Mary Ann,' said John, gravely, 'the lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our minds without his help. And I've—I've settled it, in fact, that there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if'

Then I flew into a passion. 'You've been long enough making up your mind,' says I. 'I don't throw my land at any body's feet, and I haven't asked any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer.'

'Softly, there, softly!' says John, putting out his hand. 'Don't be in a hurry, little woman.'

'John Stringer,' says I, all in a heat, 'you're just the same man you was years ago when you thought I was always firing up every time you got out of temper yourself.'

'And weren't you, little woman?' said John, quite gravely. 'Don't women folks always like their own way better than anything else?'

'You don't know anything about women,' I cried, 'any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and furbelows more than—than—'

'Than you did me,' said John; 'and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always said so, Mary Ann.'

'Any man with half an eye would have known better,' says I, hotly.

'How?' said John. His great hulking figure lifted itself up, and looked at me with those sharp brown eyes that used to give me a start in the old times. 'How?' he repeated, softly. 'Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?' His big brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me. 'Little woman, little woman,' says he, 'let's have done with it all now, and let it all be as if it never was.'

Presently Mother Plumber put her head in the door. ''Pears to me that lawyer's making a long spell of it,' says she. 'Ben't you a'most tired of waiting for him Mr. Stringer?'

'I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer,' says John rising; 'and that is the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you and the land together!'

And he did.

COLLEGE HAZING.—Yesterday, the first Monday of the college year at Harvard, goes among the collegians by the name of "Bloody Monday," as it is the day on which the severest hazing of the freshmen is prosecuted by the sophomores. This cruel and unmanly abuse of the unsophisticated boys who have just become members of the college, is often carried to extremes which are a disgrace to the college and to human nature, and there is no line of argument in its favor which can palliate, much less vindicate it.

We call to mind one instance of hazing on "Bloody Monday," which is as admirable and sweetly touching as such instances are generally revolting disgraceful. It occurred, if we remember correctly, in '62.

It was noticed by some sophomores that two country boys had begun their housekeeping in a room on the ground floor of one of the college halls, with a miserable apology for a bed, no carpet, no table, and only two chairs, as the sum total of their outfit. It was learned also that they proposed to board themselves, and had only a few dollars for their food during the term. "On this hint they acted."

On "Bloody Monday" night, the poor trembling youths were summoned by a "soph," who was not over-courteous, to go to a room up stairs. Up stairs they went, pale and trembling, expecting to be dealt with without mercy. They were detained there an hour or so, not being molested, but only quizzed by the circle of "sophs," in the room. Then they were dismissed to their own room.

When they entered it, it was over a nice new carpet. There was a tasteful bedstead and appurtenances, a study table, chairs, a lamp, a bookcase, a stove, and so forward, and in their closet they found provisions for several days.

This was hazing to a blessed purpose. We fear the example stands almost or quite alone.—*New Bedford Mercury 30th.*

HOW TO MEASURE A TREE BY ITS SHADOW.—When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright—let it be perpendicular by the plumb line. Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of the shadow is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance, if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet (6 : 4 : 90 : 60). In other words multiply the length of the shadow of tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

☞ A little girl, who had been taught to offer prayer to God before retiring to rest nights, was with her mother at a Connecticut seaside watering place, where there were other visitors, among whom were some ministers. She was reminded on preparing for bed one night, that she had neglected offering her usual prayer. With a manifest feeling that all was right with her, she replied, "Why ministers are here on a preaching vacation; I am tired, and want a praying vacation, too."

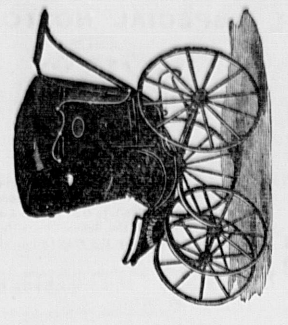
☞ The right thing to be intoxicated with—Delight.

"BULLS" and "bears," "puts" and "call," "long" and "short," "cliques" and "pools," "corners," "margins," "scoop," "squeeze," "straddle," "twisting," "coppering," "watering," "washing,"—these are some of the technical terms familiar enough in Wall street, but quite unintelligible to those who have not been initiated into the mysteries of the Stock Exchange. Ladies may be thankful, to our thinking, that the time has not yet come (may it be far distant!) for Wall street to be included in their "sphere." To say nothing of the irregular and dishonest dealings of "stock gambling," the hourly anxieties, perplexities, and uncertainties attending a legitimate brokerage business are not to be envied. They fill the mind with constant restless solicitude and make a man grow gray before his time. But since in the great financial centre of our country, transactions are frequently occurring which affect the whole business community, it is well for every one to understand some of the more common idioms which our language has been forced to form in Wall street. Regular operators in stocks are divided into two classes, "bulls," and "bears," the main object of the former being to advance prices, and that of the latter to depress them. But a speculator will be a "bull" at one time and a "bear" at another, according to the prospect of making money on one side or the other. Any occurrence which unsettles value is taken advantage of by the "bears." Not unfrequently an intentional panic is produced, that stocks may be bought at low prices. The business of a "bear" is to sell property that he does not possess—that is, in Wall street parlance, to sell "short," intending to purchase and deliver it when prices fall. If required to deliver it before prices are lower, he borrows, there being a regular system for borrowing stock. The "bull" is in possession of stocks,—that is, "long," bought with the expectation of selling at an advanced price. A "clique," or "pool," is composed of "bears," who strive to depress values, in order that they may purchase at lower prices than they sold at; or of "bulls" who desire to advance prices. When any kind of stock is controlled by a "clique," it causes what is called a "corner." If for example, a large quantity of it has been bought "short," an upward movement in prices is sometimes made by the "bulls," and the "bears" are compelled to buy for delivery at higher rates than they sold at, a process called "twisting," or "squeezing." A "put" is a contract by which the signer agrees to receive a certain amount of stock at a price agreed upon, any time within a certain number of days or months, a bonus being given by the holder of the contract. The holder receives any dividends declared during this time, and if the stock declines in value, so that he can purchase it at a lower price than that mentioned in the contract, he will deliver or "put" the stock to the person signing it; but if he cannot make anything by the transaction, he is not obliged to deliver. A "call" is a contract enabling the holder to demand of the signer a definite number of shares of some particular stock at a specified price, and within a certain time. If the stock advances, the holder may "call" it and make money; but if it declines he is under no obligation to "call" it, though of course he pays the signer of the contract a bonus. A "straddle," or "double privilege," is a contract allowing the holder either to "put" or "call" stock. The money deposited with a broker through whom stocks are purchased, as security against sudden depression, is called a "margin." When a "clique" instruct some of their brokers to offer a particular stock in the market at a low price, until other stockholders, becoming alarmed, sell their stock at the best price they can get, and the "clique" at the same time instruct other of their brokers to buy up all of this stock at the reduced price, the process is called a "scoop." The terms we have briefly explained by no means comprise all the nomenclature of Wall street, but are merely some of the most familiar phrases of the Stock Exchange.

JUST THREE BUCKS AHEAD.—H. C. Wilson, lawyer at Troy, Vermont, is one of the men of that class, who comprehend the full value of the 'Almighty dollar,' and seldom let one slip from their grasp. Now there is a law in this state which allows a man, into whose field a buck escapes during certain days in a year, to add said buck to his own flock as his individual property. Among the lawyer's neighbors is a boy named Aldrich. Now, it happened that, a year ago, this boy owned a buck, which, on one occasion, bunted through Wilson's fence, and entered upon his freehold to inspect his flock. As this fact came to the knowledge of Wilson, his familiarity with the statute enabled him to see money in the escape and he forthwith added to his inventory a gain of 'one buck.' The boy appeared and appealed, with the full force of sorrow's eloquence, for his property. But the lawyer taking down his statute, explained the law and told the boy, if he wanted to grow up and be a rich man, he must be 'trooly loil,' submitting willingly to the laws and constitution of his country.

The boy retired to wait for better days, which did not appear until last week, when four of Wilson's fine bucks escaped into the boy's field. They were cared for as a matter of course. As the lawyer heard of the escape, he went over to relieve the boy of further trouble. The boy was at home. Wilson presented his case, pointed to his mark on the back of the bucks, 'cussed' the division fence, which he would have repaired at once at his own expense, and offered the boy a dime to help drive the bucks home. 'Mr. Wilson,' said the boy, 'I have been reflecting upon the excellent advice you were so kind as to give me last year, and have concluded to submit to the laws, obey the constitution, and try to get rich. I have adopted your game and beat you just three bucks.' After wheeling round three or four times, in confusion, Mr. Wilson's eyes rested on the gate, through which he passed, and the last the boy saw of him he was scratching his head and solemnly stepping towards home. Mr. Wilson's address is North Troy, Vt., where he can be applied to for further particulars.—*Lyndon Union.*

☞ A Philadelphia lawyer was making a high-flown speech, the other day, telling about angel's tears, weeping willows, and silent tombstones, when His Honor said: "Confine your remarks to the dog fight."



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is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

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Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 59

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7‖, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4. P.M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A.M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45†* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 6.25 P.M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 6.27 P.M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 6.37 P.M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.45 P.M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 6.50 8.20‖ P.M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P.M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
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Boys' Blue Sailor Suits,	$4
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INCORPORATED 1819. 83

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Losses paid in 54 years,	$39,000,000.
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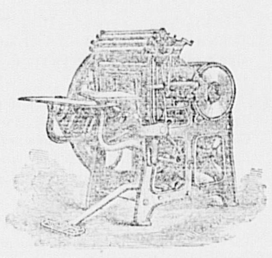

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WM. WOODBERRY

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MIDDLESEX COUNTY — CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640 — WOBURN — INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1873. NO. 5.

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Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as hereto ore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
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JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PI NO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
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Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, } Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Original Poetry.

SONG OF LAKE MISHAWUM.

In commemoration of the introduction of the water of the Lake into Woburn, October 9th, 1873.

For ages I sang in the sunshine;
Sweet summers came out of the west,
And dropped their blossoming snowflakes
The lilies, upon my breast.
For ages I slept in the silence;
White winters came out of the east,
And dressed me in silvered robes for my rest,
When the blooming day had ceased.

Beautiful child of the ocean!
Hid in the forest's maze,
Nobody came to see me,
Nobody came to praise.
Butterflies, birds and blossoms,—
Snow and silence and sleep,—
Alone in this world of my own I reigned,
A queen, in the forest deep.

So years went on uncounted,
Till my birds began to hear
Of a world beyond our borders,
That was daily coming near.
A wonderful world of beauty;
A world of labor, too;
Where even the trees and the very stones
Had something grand to do.

The brooks ran down from the hillsides,
And marvelous stories told,
That made me long for another life
Than mine in the forest old.
At length the north wind brought me
A welcome message true,—
"Arise, for the great world calls you now!
There's work for you to do."

O people! do you need me?
Then joyfully I arise!
My life will be henceforward
One grand self-sacrifice.
You may hear my pulses throbbing,
Near my generous heart so true;
Through a thousand arteries deep and strong,
My life flows out to you.

Lightly when you labor,
Silently when you sleep,
Will I run to do your bidding,
Will I haste your homes to keep.
I'll fight the fire foe bravely,
And if panics wild prevail,
You may draw on me without a fear,—
My banks will never fail.

In the weary work of winter,
I will help you night and day.
I will oft, in the shining summer,
In the laughing fountain play.
Oh! there's a joy in giving,
That is rarely understood;
And life is happiest living,
When spent in doing good.

Most glorious gifts I bring you,
From the glad earth's mine of wealth;
I bring you life and purity,
I joyfully bring you health.
Ah! that is why I sparkle,
And that is why I sing,
As I enter your happy homes to day,
With the gushing joy of spring.

Bright blessings crown the dutiful;
Though I give you all my store,
God makes me just as beautiful,
And rich as I was before,
Ever the lilies will blossom,
And ever the rainbows bend;
Ever singing my song, I will bless you long,
Till time and tide shall end.

—*Lake Mishawum.*

Selected.

ONE OF MY WHIMS.

'Well, I guess I'll have to try my cure again,' I said wearily, as I sipped my half cup of coffee at breakfast, and leaned on one corner of the table with my elbow. 'It is the best and surest cure for low spirits that I know of.'

'What is that?' said Helen looking up brightly.

'Why,' said I, 'when I become low spirited and sad, and everything about home looks common and desolate, I just go abroad among my neighbors, and I am sure to come back ready to rejoice that mine is such a pleasant, cheery home, so quiet, clean and beautiful.'

The family all joined in laughing at one of my 'whims,' as they called it, but indeed it was no whim, and if any of you women readers, who have good homes, ever get to thinking that the wall paper in your rooms is decidedly ugly, the pictures on your walls common, your books old and uninteresting, nothing good to eat, your beds too hard or too soft, your clothes ill-fitting, your children cross and ill bred, your servant sulky, your husband morose, I do beg of you try my cure.

Everything had been going wrong with me for two or three weeks, and so that morning I was really obliged to try my cure. The girls combed my hair nicely, I wouldn't let them divide it and put it up coil around coil, that would appear stylish, and would not be half so comfortable as to wind it up loosely and softly, quite low down. Then if I took a notion, while resting on a log out in the woods, to throw off my bonnet, and shake my head freely there would be no elaborate fixing to come down, little by little, a pin here, and a pin there. I don't understand why, but it has become a habit with me, if I am out in the woods, my first impulse is to let my hair down in a heap, loosely and freely, until the first sitting is over.

Soon I concluded to go across the creek, where lives one of my old neighbors on whom I wanted to call, Katy Raymond. Katy used to work for me when she was a girl—she married the young carpenter who boarded with us at the time. Her first children were sickly little things, and her married life was not very pleasant. One of her little girls had an affection of the lower limbs, and never walked a step, and just when she regained her health and began to be playful and happy, she had the scarlet fever, and before she recovered from it she took a severe cold which settled in her eyes, and she lost the use of them.

A sweet, little, blind, fair-haired girl, who could not walk a step, was a great and loving charge for the poor, impatient young mother. The other three children were puny and fretful with their white faces.

Katie was very glad to see me. She was one of those women whose home and family were her world—her all in all. She was a remarkable, cleanly housekeeper. The outside walls, beside her door and windows, were made useful in every sense of the word.

Beside the window, which was shaded by a morning glory vine, hung her big, iron frying pan, spider, griddle, big baking-pan, mop, scrubbing broom, and all such kitchen paraphernalia that should have been out of sight, no matter how clean, or how honorable they were to the reputation of a good housekeeper.

'Come in, if you can get in for the dirt,' was Katie's salutation, and I found her with her dress pinned up, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her hair lifted clear out of the way on to the top of her head, busy making bread. She always did make as much fuss when she mixed or moulded bread as an ordinary women would, if she were going to Europe to stay all summer.

'How are you, Katie?' I said, sitting down in her cushioned rocking chair.

'Oh, pretty well, but I'm head over ears in work. The baby was teething last week, and was so cross and fretful that I didn't get much done, and that makes so much more to do now,' and she flew about so briskly that she made the dishes rattle in the cupboard. As soon as the bread was fixed, she washed her hands, and said, 'Come into the parlor, my kitchen's not fit to sit down in, it's so dirty and dusty,' and all the time Katie knew that there wasn't a speck of dirt in her sweet-smelling, neat kitchen.

She led the way into the room she dignified by the name of parlor.

I should have called it a hospital, instead, for it had three beds in it, draped in snow-white counterpanes, and ruffled pillows; a trundle bed, and the baby's cradle, a big bureau, chest, stand, table, clock, and a set of chairs, including the two easy rocking chairs.

Some people must have parlors though, because it is the custom. What a burlesque on that empty fashion was Katie's well arranged store room. She sat down wearily, while a glance of her keen, sharp eye, swept around the room and over the floor to see if all were well.

'Julie,' she said, 'there is a bit of white yarn ravelling sticking on the carpet—pick it up and burn it, will you? Dear me!' said she, 'it's nothing but dirt, dirt; I can't keep everything nice, with these young un's about all the time!'

'Well, you have none to spare out of you mother love,' said I, a little nettled at her useless fretting.

'No, unless I give them to the rag man,' she answered, apologetically. 'Oh, I'll be so glad when school begins, and every thing is quiet and clean once more. Don't come in here on the carpet, Marier!' she screamed out shrilly to a sad-eyed, yellow-faced child, who peeped in at the door with a bunch of flowers in her hand; 'throw away that truck, and don't go tracking around where I mopped this morning—oh dear!' and she lifted her eyebrows dolorously.

'See what Bessie wants, Marier.' Bessie, the little, blind, crippled child wanted a piece of bread, and Katie told Maria to split a cold biscuit and give her the top part spread with some of the jam that was in the little notched glass dish in the bottom of the cupboard.

'And be careful, Marier, and don't scatter a crumb, and if you break that dish I'll take your head off in a trice, now see if I don't.'

Maria was busy at the cupboard getting the piece, and Bessie was saying, 'hurry, oh do hurry, I'm so hungry!'

Katie had laid the baby out on her lap, and was pulling his jaw down as determinedly as Sampson did the jaw of the lion, to show me the last new tooth. He didn't want to open his mouth, but he might as well have yielded gracefully, first as last, for she opened it anyhow; and though he kicked and floundered and cut the air with his legs and arms, I told her that I saw it, and it looked like a tiny white pearl.

Just when she was telling me how her other three children cut their first teeth, one on a shell, and one on a silver half dollar, we heard the unfortunate little notched dish fall, and clink like the ringing of coin, and my heart leaped to my mouth, for I knew it was broken, and knew also what the result would be.

There was a scuffling of little feet flying and of little heels in the air, and that very instant the boy baby with the pearl-of-a tooth was thrust under his mother's arm, as Franklin carried his roll, the fat, creasy pink legs sticking straight out, and mother and child darted out like a streak of lightning, and before a word could be said, the offender was caught with a long, outreached arm and the blows fell thick and fast. One blow would tip her in one direction, and she would topple over like a frozen plant that had thawed and wilted down; then another blow would bend her in the opposite direction. She was doubled and twisted out of all shape trying to dodge the blows from the strong, horney hand that had grown as muscular as a blacksmith's.

'I'll learn you to be careful, you worthless, good-for-nothing jade, you!' screamed out the angry mother. 'Oh, I'll be careful! I'll be careful!' cried the poor child, her hair all tossed up over her head until she looked like a wild beast.

I didn't know what to do; my eyes glowed and blazed, and I was too much excited to be fettered down to the use of any language in my vocabulary. I was abused, hurt and angry, and it was no time for words of remonstrance. I knew I should so far forget myself as to be unwomanly, and do more harm than good, so I rose and started home without a word of good bye.

Katie heard the click of the gate latch, and looking round with a very ugly, purple-red face, stammered out, 'Why, don't be in a hurry, Rosy!'

'I'll call again when you are more at leisure.' She looked as though she would sink out of my sight gladly, and taking advantage of her discomfiture, a temptation which I could not resist, I said bitterly, but in as silky tones as could be assumed, 'I am glad that the valuable glass dish was so easily, and so cheaply mended Katie.'

I am afraid the ghastly smile that went with the congratulation was a horrible caricature, becoming the face of a demon perhaps. Oh, I have no patience with this class of inhuman mothers.

Right among the big, white-armed sycamores at the end of a wide, green lane is a white house. It looks so homelike, with he lilacs pressing up against the windows and the hop vine, over the old gate, toppling over, and all a tangle of pretty promises. The garden was aflame with flowers, some low and pressing flatly upon the rich loam, some running up in gay, peaked spikes, and others looking like bright-winged butterflies that go gadding all over the palings.

Just below the kitchen, among the plum trees and willows, is a deep gash in the hillside, green as emerald, in which is hidden the spring.

Here, with her married daughter, lives an old lady whom I ought to meet every time that I get the blues. It would make me ashamed of myself, and of every murmur that passes my lips. Oh, the birds were singing, and trilling and warbling, and chatting in the bushes and trees, and all overhead and around seemed made up of odd bits of sweet melody!

My heart was made glad and strong, and I paused, with one foot on the cool door stone, and drank in of the marvelous beauty. Indeed, I almost felt, for a minute, as if I was beautiful, handsome, but just then I heard a long drawn 'wh-h-h—ah!' and I caught my breath and turned away from the blue skies, and the song and hum and murmur of bird and bee and brook, and tiptoed softly into the open room and tapped at the half-closed door of old Auntie Canfield's bed room.

'Oh, don't knock, just come right in—I know who you are; I saw you long ago coming down the lane, peeking at this and that and t'oher as though everything in the world was new, and I was so 'fraid you'd pass by and not come in! But do tell me what you found in that bare lane?' and the old lady spoke pretty sharply.

'Oh, I found a good many things that were new,' said I: 'why, I saw rails in that old rail fence that were so blotched and overlaid and covered with moss and lichens, that they looked too pretty to be allowed to waste away, all out doors alone, when there ladies in the cities who world be so glad to have them to make nice things of.

'Then I saw great broad mats of white violets—just compact beds of them, beautiful, and in another place grew blue ones, and in another pale yellow. Why, that old lane is just a treasure, Auntie!'

'Oh, but ain't violets just common cock fights, or Johnny-jump-ups?' said she; 'I mind I used to have to whip my young 'uns when they were little; they would go out to the lane and gather their hats full, and then sit down on the floor and pretend they were playing cock fight with them, hooking them together and pulling them apart, and making them pull heads off, and it allers ended in theirselves fighting, and I would have the whipping to do. Deary me! none o' your vi'lets for me, as you call 'em. And my opinion is that any woman wouldn't be very smart who would want a rail—an old messy inside of her house in any shape whatever,' and she laughed until her old fat sides shook like jelly.

I didn't like to be laughed at, but I was glad that the whimsical old lady could raise a laugh, even if it was at my my expense. Soon her daughter came in. Susie was glad to see me, and gladder to see her old mother so funny and noisy. Then the old lady told Susie what we were laughing at, but somehow Susie couldn't see anything to laugh about.

She said she had always wanted cone frames and moss baskets, and such pretty things, but her way had been hedged up so that she had no time to devote to any thing else than housework. Her father and mother and husband had always treated her wishes with contempt, and told her that one good roll of her nice, hard, yellow butter was worth more than all the fol-de-rols that silly women spent their time in making.

I said, 'Well, Susie, we will select two of those mossiest rails out in the lane, and get the boys to help us make crosses of them, to put in our yards, to train some light, airy kind of a vine upon—I know of nothing prettier, or more ornamental for one's dooryards.'

Susie brightened up, and was very glad, and we soon made our plans, when and where we would make them, and have then stand, when her mother cried out sharply:

'Susie, if you do put such a thing in the yard I'll use it to hang your father's old yaller flannel shirts and drawers on; them old patched ones; see if I don't now! That would be fine work indeed—why, folks would think we were Catholics to see a cross in the yard—no, indeed there'll be no cross stuck up in this yard, that's so!'

The poor, old, ignorant mother grew very purple, and a purple spot burned in each cheek, and her eyes gleamed out viciously. 'Oh, Auntie,' I said, 'it is right to mix in a little of the beauty and poetry of life with the common, bare and bleak.'

'If you want poetry you'll find it in the psalms of David, but I guess you and Susie both ain't fur short of being heathens. Crosses indeed! that's a likely story; that a woman of my age, the mother of eleven grown children and a member of the Methody church, for goin' on forty year, would bemean herself by having a cross stuck up in her yard. It would look more like if Susie'd make some pap, and go and feed the calves out in the lot fernent the barn. That's her work, and she ought to do it, too!'

I saw the tears standing in Susie's eyes, though she looked down and siid the wide hem of her apron back and forth through her fingers.

'Well,' I said, 'I'm not sorry that I spoke a word to hurt your feelings, Auntie, and I wish now that I had not called in at all; but I heard you were not very well, so I came in.'

'Oh, I'm not a bit well,' she whined out, in a low, changed voice. I tried to empty a feather tick the other day, and I was very poorly before I got done. I guess I must have breathed some of the feathers into my lungs, for I felt so smothered, and there was such a lump in my throat!' and the old lady, a victim to the whim of the moment, sank back in her cushioned chair, and her jaw fell, and no one would have known that she was the woman of half an hour previous.

As I started home, I gave Susie, the poor captive a good, hearty kiss, in the doorway, and said, 'I love you, poor Susie, my friend; you must be brave and of good cheer; your way will not always be in darkness; come and see me when you can, dear;' and I left her with her tearful face buried in her apron.

As I went up into the lane I stopped to admire the pretty things there, and I looked back and saw Susie walking down the path through the strong fennel, with a little pail full of feed for the two red calves that had poked their heads through, between the bars. Poor, poor Susie!

I tried to carry one of the mossy rails home with me, but it proved to be too much for my strength. So I laid it aside for some more stalwart member of my family. I was not afraid of any opposition from that quarter—not a man of them but would be glad to humor me in any whim if only for love's sweet sake.

The last call was on Becky Morrison. She was very poor. She suffered from an incurable disease, and with her aged parents depending on her for support, she could not die as long as they needed her. The neighbors were very kind and assisted them, and they wanted for no comfort or luxury. They loved and feared and trusted God, and gave themselves up to no vain regrets or repinings. They believed that "He doeth all things well."

When I opened the great field gate that led the way through the maple grove, my home on the green hillside was before me, a bright picture with its dark back ground of oak lands and orchards. 'Oh, my beautiful gem!' I said with enthusiasm, as I paused and gathered in the whole scene.

In the evening, when we sat around the teatable, my family all about me, I could hardly eat for emotions of joy. Oh, it was so good to have a happy, cheerful, loving and beloved home! The contrast came up before me vividly.

Instead of a clattering, noisy, dusty loom in my home, was a piano. Beside the cheery fireplace, was a stand on which lay granpa's glasses on the well read bible, with books and magazines and papers; and on the walls pictures in handsome frames. Unlike Katie Raymond's poor, hen-pecked husband, who was afraid to step his cautious feet on his own floor, my kingly Charley, in slippers would sit and read aloud, sharing every good thing with me and the children. My boys and girls were studious little men and women, who might break every dish in the cupboard and not feel a blow from my loving hand, I was their mother and companion,—not a tyrant who dealt coarsely and brutally with them. My daughters were permitted to indulge in all innocent amusements, that makes youth so beautiful to look back upon.

After tea I went to the sitting-room, and I thought I had never seen it look so homelike, cosy and inviting. I thought of all the homes I had seen that day,—Katy's, on the bank of the creek; Auntie Canfield's bleak, bare bed room, and how she scolded me, and how desolate she made it for poor, dear Susie; of the poor invalid girl, and her old parents depending upon her for their support,—and I felt truly thankful that my lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that none of these burdens lay on me or mine. A sense of my own unworthiness filled my my heart with shame, and I stole out and slipped up to Charley, and put my face down beside his, and whispered, 'Do you know, Charlie, that you have a very ungrateful, unkind wife, unworthy of such a home, and of such a husband? Do you know it, you poor, abused fellow?'

Charlie's warm lips touched my cheek, and he made his voice very soft, and low and musical, as he answered, 'No, I don't know it, my little queen, and no word of yours can make me believe it.'

MARK TWAIN'S LAST ADVENTURE.—I got into the car and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her. It insured her against ever getting married to any body but a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine, and got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great grandmother to Mary, who had a little lamb. She was chewing prize popcorn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a bandbox and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity, or going west to start a saw mill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said: "The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling." Says she, "What?" Says I,—"The orb of day shines resplendent in the vault above." She hitched around, uneasy like, then raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want any of your sass—get out." And I got out.

Dr. F—— was the president of a southern college, who professed to be very grammatical in the use of his language, and therefore expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was very strictly forbidden on the school premises; but, as is always the case, this law was often violated by the students without their being detected. A number of freshman collected together in one of their number's room, and were enjoying a good game of euchre, when a knock was heard at the door. "Who's there?" "Me!" was the laconic reply. "Who's me?" "Professor F——." "You lie! Ha, ha, ha! Professor F—— wouldn't say 'me" He'd say, 'It is I, sir!" The old professor turned his back and went off, knowing that they had him there.

A WOBURN BOY'S LOGBOOK.

We have been favored with the logbook kept by Mr. Thomas Foley during a cruise with the European Squadron of the U. S. Navy. It will be found quite interesting, especially to those who are acquainted with the writer:—

This is an outline of the cruise of the U. S. S "Shenandoah," which sailed on the 4th of Sept. 1870, to join the European fleet, and arrived at Lisbon, Portugal, Oct. 12th, 1870. Sailed from Lisbon, November 1st, for Havre, France, and arrived in the latter port on the 23d of November, 1870, where she lay nearly 4 months to protect the great commercial interests of the United States in case of a bombardment of the city by the Prussians. We left Havre March 13th, arrived at Southampton on the 14th of the same month. Left here April 22d, 1871, but in consequence of stormy weather, was unable to go to sea until the 24th, having come to anchor, at Yarmouth Roads. Arrived at Lisbon, May 4th, 1871, at 11 P. M., came to anchor at Belhem Castle, when the following morning we up anchor, and went abreast of the city, where the Flag, Franklin, Brooklyn and Saco were lying. The Juniata and Supply ex[illegible]ected in a few days. On the 23d of M[illegible]y, started from here for Gibraltar in Spain, arrived on the 25th, 1871, of the same month. On the 29th left here for Ville Franche in France, and arrived the 5th of June, 1871. The U. S. S. Richmond, with Commodore Mullany's flag flying, was at anchor on our arrival there. On the 24th of June, 1871, left here for Mresyn in Asia Minor, to get a sarcophagus which was presented to the United States government by the American Consul at Mersyn. On the passage passed several islands. On the passage in the morning of the 10th of July 1871, as we were standing along the coast, two brigs lying at anchor near the shore, and as the Captain had but a very imperfect knowledge of the Syrian coast, a boat was lowered and sent to ascertain the name of the place, and the distance from thence to Mersyn. The name of the place was Trientzeir and the distance to Mersyn was 15 miles, to eastward, where we arrived at 2 P. M. After taking on board the sarcophagus, we left on the 17th for Jaffa, arriving at the latter place on the 19th, which is in Palestine in the Holy Land. Left Jaffa on the 26th, and arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 28th of July, where we laid until the 7th of August, when we left for Messina in the Island of Sicily, belonging to Italy. Nothing very remarkable on tha passage. We had a light head wind. On the morning of the 16th, at 4 P. M., the Island of Messina was sighted on our port beam, and the Island of Malta on our starboard beam, Mount Etna could be seen plainly from our deck, throwing up a dense volume of smoke, at a distance of 50 miles. Upon entering the straits of Messina, the country is very mountainous, dotted here and there with towns and villages which give the place a picturesque appearance. This is the first view of an Italian landscape I ever beheld. In the afternoon we came to anchor abreast of the city of Messina, where we laid four days. Then we left for Naples, and in passing through the straits, the picturesque scenery of the surrounding country, which is greatly and justly admired, has made such an impression on my memory which shall not be forgotten.

Our course lay to the northward, and westward; the Italian coast was visible on our starboard, and the Lipria Islands on our port, the principal of which is Stromboli, a burning mountain. Early in the afternoon Sunday, we anchored in the beautiful Bay of Naples, the world-renowned place of scenery, the burning mountain of Vesuvius towering majestically above the scenery, casting a reflection on the placid waters of the bay. There is a stream of melted lava, constantly running down the mountain sides, which can be seen at a great distance at night. But we were not long here to enjoy the pleasure of going to these beautiful places of the works of Nature, for we received orders to join the fleet in Spezia, and on the 24th we started from Naples, arriving at Spezia, on the 26th of September, 1871. The United States steamers Franklin and Plymouth, Saco and Richmond came a few days after our arrival. Sailed from Spezia October 20, 1871, and arrived in Ville Franche on the 21st. 26th Feb. dropped the buoy and went to sea for exercise in sail drill, and put into Cannes. Arrived that evening. 28th had target practice in the morning. In the afternoon flag ship had a ball. 29th, got orders to be ready for sea, and sailed around the Gulf of Juan, and by the city of Cannes, and returned on the same day. 30th, had a ball on board of our ship. 7th, hoisted anchor and came back to Ville Franche. Arrived at four P. M.

March, 1872. This is a history of the iron masked man, as near as can be obtained from books, and is in this way related. Within these walls during the succeeding reign was enacted a mystery to this day of the man in the iron mask. When first heard of, he was confined in the Marguerite island in the Mediteranean, whence he was removed by De Saint Mars, who was his private Governor, and answerable, it is supposed, for his safety, with his own life, to the Bastile, where he died, Nov. 19th, 1703, and was buried on the 20th, in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Machiate. No man except the governor, so far as is known, ever saw his face or heard his voice. Two persons, to whom he had conveyed written words, in one case marked upon a linen shirt, and in the other, engraved upon a silver plate, both died without apparent cause immediately afterwards. During his conveyance from Marguerite, De Saint Mars dined at the same table and slept in the same chamber with him, with pistols ever at hand ready to destroy him in case of an attempt on his part to reveal himself. In the Bastile he was waited on at the table and at his toilet by his Governor, and who took charge of and destroyed all his linen that he had once used. He was never seen but with a mask of black velvet, fastened behind his head with steel springs, and his governor was to fire on him instantly, in case he should speak or show his face. A hundred conjectures have been risked to find out the person whose life was in such incessant misery. The absence of any person of sufficient note from the stage of history to account for such precautions, baffles all inquiry. The general idea seems to be that he was an elder brother of Louis (XIV) Fourteenth, the fruit of an adulterous intrigue between Annie of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, or some other unknown lover, who being born in wedlock could not have been possessed of his claim to the throne. His existence admitted, of this solution.

8th of March, very stormy; was rolling about like a washtub. March 30th, we left Ville Franche and arrived at Ayers and opposite Fort Bregancon. We remained here over Sunday. On the 1st of April, left for Toulon, and arrived on the same day. Flag ship fired a salute of 21 guns. This is the third naval port in France. The city is built on a plain at the foot of the mountains. The upper part of the city is nicely laid out, and fine dwellings. There are a great many old line battle ships laid up in the docks. One of the most noted is the Murion, that conveyed Napoleon Bonaparte's remains from Saint Helena to Paris. Toulon is very strongly fortified, and has a beautiful entrance, and vessels moor at buoys. The view of the city is very poor from the harbor, as the navy yard and prison buildings hide it. There are about 3000 galley slaves, some for life, none under ten years. Their uniform is red coats and pants and green caps for life, and the 2d time being sent here one yellow sleeve, and every one has irons on his left ankle, with a chain running up the left leg and attached to a belt that goes around his waist, and they all have their number on their caps, in large numbers on a piece of brass in the shape of a badge. They work about the yard and coal ships.

April 2d, Plymouth. Challenged the Warbash's gig. April 3rd, the Congress came into port at Toulon from Gibraltar. April 11th. Transferred 17 men to the Juniata, as they were short time men. April 16th. Walter Spruhan went on board of the Juniatta to go home. April 19th. The race came off between the Wabash's gig and the Plymouth's, and the Plymouth the winner. April 20. Hoisted anchor and proceeded to Marseilles, and arrived on the same day. We went in side of the basin, and moored stern and stem. Marseilles is the largest shipping port in France. The basin is built of granite, and splendid storehouses all built alike and of the same height, and on the opposite side of the shipping there is a promenade some fifteen feet wide, and a wall on each side, and all is built on the break water. This place enables a person to get a good view of a great part of the shipping, and out at sea, and ships on coming in also get a good sea breeze. The city is beautifully laid out, streets very long and wide. The buildings are of the first order, and nearly all on each street are of the same height, with noble trees in front of them. The people are very polite and friendly to our American marines, and sailors. Our ships were crowded most of the time. When our bands were playing, and especially their national air, they would assemble in hundreds along the basin. There are all kinds of amusements that any one would wish to see. The finest curiosity is the Zoological Garden, its entrance, its pond and its fountains. The 24th of April, Congress tossed oars under our bow and it was excepted. An Italian bark caught on fire and was lying near the Juniata, and fortunately did no damage either to the shipping or city. Fire quarters on all the ships was given, and men went to quarters, and boats from all were sent for assistance. The vessel on fire was scuttled and then hauled into the stream as she could not be saved. Our fleet got great praise in saving the shipping and city from danger of burning. April 27th. Brooklyn went out, bound for Leghorn. Congress ordered to Toulon, and Plymouth to Port Mahone, and Wachusetts to Barcelona. Wabash and Juniata remained at Marseilles, the Shenandoah ordered to Genoa, and to return on the 15th of May at Toulon. April 28th. Called into Ville Franche, and coaled ship and took in stores. May 1st, dropped our buoy and sailed for Genoa. Had target practice off Monico. Sighted Genoa light at dusk, but laid to that night, as vessels are not admitted at night. May 2d, entered the basin. This city is about four miles in length, and is overlooked by the Alps and Appenines mountains, and the whole giving a very picturesque scenery, as the greater part is of an amphitheatre formation, and built on the side of the mountains. This part is very pretty but the lower end in quite dirty and very narrow streets, only enabling a hand-cart to pass, and at such times the people have to stand along the sides of the building until it passes by. The buildings are very high and anything can be passed from one house to the other across the street. This is the birthplace of Columbus, of which in this city, his old castle stands that he once did occupy. This was a fine piece of work in its day. There is a fine monument in the upper part of the city, in memory of the great discoverer of America. The city is noted for its silk and velvet and damask manufactories. It has 300,000 inhabitants; it is very strongly fortified, one of the strongest in Europe. There is one barrack that will contain 37,000 soldiers. May 14th, weighed anchor for Toulon. May 15th, arrived at two o'clock. A race came off between the Congress and Plymouth, and the latter was the winner. May 16th, Plymouth, weighed anchor for Ville Franche. Juniata went home. This day was a holiday throughout France, for the purpose of raising money to pay the debt. In the evening they had a cavalcade ball and throughout the day. May 20, Congress weighed anchor for Leghorn, Italy. May 25th, weighed anchor for Ville Franche, and arrived in the same evening. May 26th, The Wabash came in from Marseilles. Our boat's crew challenged the Congress and to pull on the 28th of May, a distance of 3 1-4 miles, stakes $300. May 27, the Brooklyn came in from Heyres. 28 of May at 4:30 P. M., the stake buoys were laid out. At 5 P. M. the boats were at their respective buoys. "Are you ready?" was the question. "Yes," was the reply. "Go!" was given, and both started, our boat having the lead and within three boat's lengths of the stake boat, the Congress passed us, and kept the lead halfway out, when our boat gained and passed her, and got six boats lengths and came in winner, our boat having 14 oars, our time 31 min. and 9 sec., Congress, 32 min. 9 sec. The Wabash challenged us and was accepted. 29th May, race came off, distance 3 1-4 miles, our boat the winner, by 14 seconds; our time 24 min. 2 sec.; Wabash 24 min. 16 sec. This was the prettiest race of the season, as the Wabash, keeping from a half to three boats lengths from ours, and in coming back, ours took the lead and kept it, until abreast the fleet, and then kept abreast, one and the other, until they came at our buoy, when our boat shot away without any trouble. 1st June weighed anchor for Gibraltar, Spain. Came to anchor same evening at Heyres, as there was a head wind. June 2d, got up anchor, and got orders to make the best of our way for Gibraltar. We parted from the fleet at sunset. June 3d, passed Barcelona and Port Mahon. June 4th, passed the American Yacht Enchantress. She was bound for Port Mahon. Sighted Cape Digatta. June 5th sighted the main land of Spain; passed Granada and Malaga; sighted the coast of Africa; arrived in Gibraltar the first one, and finding the Wachusett at anchor. She had been here two weeks. June 6th, Congress and Plymouth came in. 7th June, Wabash and Plymouth came in. Wabash fired a salute 21 guns. 9th June, Wachusett went out, bound for Lisbon. A Swedish frigate came in from Cadiz, Spain. June 10, the remainder of the fleet weighed anchor for Lisbon. 11th June, passed Cape St Vincent. June 12th passed Cape St Maria, and sighted Tagus river. Had to lay to that night, as the flag ship could not keep up, and had to wait for her, and when she came up it was too late. June 13th, sailed up the river, and here met a Brazilian man-of-war, and part of the Portugal fleet. Wabash fired a salute.

A COOL COLONEL.—Donn Piatt tells the following story of an English colonel, whom he met during the late war: The Englishman had been fighting in all sorts of wars in every part of the globe, for and against every one in every cause. His cool disregard of danger, and at the same time his anxiety to get into quiet places and comfortable quarters, afforded us infinite amusement. At the battle of Fredericksburg, Capt. Myers of the volunteer artillery, found himself in a very exposed position, where he was doing no good, although he used due diligence, and fired away from his one battery in response to the concentrated fire of half a dozen. While thus engaged, and worried to see his men and horses killed, Col. M. rode up.

"Hot work, Captain," remarked the new comer, reining in his horse.

"Devilish hot," was the response.

"Never saw such a day, Captain; I don't like it. You know I've been rather unfortunate. While crossing that blasted river I lost my coffee pot. I've had that coffee pot all through India and South America, and now I've lost it. I don't know what I'll do without that coffee pot."

"I'd like to know what I'm kept here for, unless they want my battery destroyed," interrupted the Captain.

"Aw, Captain, I beg pardon; that monkey of an Adjutant sent me here to order you out. The General says you're doing no good here; better get out you know."

"Damnation, why didn't you give me the order? I've lost two men and three horses while you talked about your damned coffee pot."

"Never mind, Captain, beg pardon; I'll help you. We'll soon get out of the range of the beggars; but an old campaigner cannot lose his coffee pot you know."

Further discourse was interrupted by a shell that exploding, blew up a caisson, and tumbled all that was left of the concern, down the declivity at the rear. Colonel M. extricated himself from a dying horse, and walked away grumbling to himself:

"Most unfortunate day; I lost my coffee pot you know, and I cannot replace that; had it in India, and all over South America; most unfortunate."

A school boy's toothache generally commences at eight in the morning, reaches its highest altitude at a quarter to nine, when the pain is intense to an extraordinary degree; commences to subside at nine, and after that disappears with a celerity that must be very comforting to the sufferer. If at night that boy hasn't got four quarts of walnuts spread out to dry up stairs, it is because there is no place up stairs to do it.—*Danbury News.*

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
A Card—Niagara, 4,	3	1	2
A Card—Engineers W. F. D.,	3	1	1
County Commissioners,	3	2	5
For Sale,	3	2	6
G. H. Richards,	3	5	11
Globe Clothing House,	3	4	3
Grand Concert,	3	2	1
House For Sale,	3	2	4
J. W. Hammond,	3	3	2
Kate Reignolds,	3	3	1
Lost—Travelling Bag,	3	1	3
Miss E. Bancroft,	3	3	2
Peterson's Magazine,	3	1	7
Sheriffs Sale,	3	2	3
Woburn Bazaar,	3	3	4
Woburn Water Works,	3	3	3
White Leghorn Fowls for sale,	3	1	6

LOWELL JAIL.—We made a flying visit to Lowell the other day, and while there, called at the jail. Sheriff Kimball was away at Cambridge on the Boothby case, but we were cordially received by the gentlemanly keeper, Capt. Henry G. Cushing, who afforded every facility for examining the institution under his charge. There are at present 13 women and 33 men in the jail. Of the latter; three are U. S. prisoners. Some of the prisoners are employed about the office, garden, and cook room, but the others are confined in their cells except when going for their meals. The only work done by the prisoners is on a force pump, raising to a tank in the top of the building the water used in the jail. It must be very irksome to be shut up in a small cell, with nothing to do, no one to converse with, alone with their thoughts. No eminent criminals, if we except the U. S. prisoners, are there at present. We noticed in the kitchen, a man whose experience as a hotel keeper eminently fits him for the position of *chef-de cuisine*. Under the direction of Capt. Cushing, the cells and corridors have been renovated, and with their new coat of paint look neat and wholesome. The arrangements for ventilation are well nigh perfect. A school for illiterate prisoners has been established, and two hours each forenoon is devoted to their instruction in the rudiments of an education. The instructors are prisoners, and the school serves the double purpose of passing away time and imparting useful knowledge. The prisoners are allowed newspapers and books, and a fund is accumulated from visitors to procure the latter. In the woman's ward the prisoners are placed two, and in some cases three, in a room; we presume the solitary system would be deemed cruelty when applied to the sisters. Everything is so neat, orderly and comfortable, that it is difficult to realize the idea of punishment. Reform seems to be the more proper word, and if the inmates do not learn cleanliness, sobriety, self control and habits of reflection while there, they must be incorrigible.

TREASURER.—We notice that Amos Stone of Charlestown, the Treasurer of Middlesex County, turned up at the Convention on Thursday, hailing from Everett. We don't know whether he lives in Everett or not, but we wish Charlestown could have taken him with her into Suffolk. We consider his nomination as one not fit to be made, because in the administration of his office he assumes authority which does not belong to him, and is insulting and abusive to those who go to him for the payment of bills against the county. He hangs on to the office like a barnacle, and his change of domicile to Everett, shows that he does not mean to leave the office at present. The Convention ought to have dropped him. Bro. Clarke's doctrine of bolting should apply to Stone.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—It has been decided by this society to open a reading room in connection with its regular meetings. The small vestry in the Unitarian church will be opened next week, and will be provided with a reading table upon which is to be placed fifteen or twenty of the best periodicals, reviews and papers. The room is to be opened, warmed and lighted each evening in the week except when meetings are held in the large vestry. It is intended to supply the room with some pleasant games, such as parlor croquet, chess and checkers and render it attractive as well as instructive. The first of a series of public lectures conducted under the auspices of the "Channing Fraternity," will be given Sunday evening next in the church by Rev. W. S. Barnes, upon the subject, "Your place in the world."

GRAND CONCERT.—The many friends of Mr. C. H. Morse will read the programme of his first grand concert, in another column, with pleasure. He has associated with himself as organists, Messrs Henry M Dunham, and Allen W Swan; as vocalists, Miss Mary D. Wyman, soprano, Miss Susie C. Gould, contralto, Mr T. Robie, Jr, tenor, and Mr Clarence E. Hay, basso. The concert will take place Wednesday evening, Oct. 22d, in the Unitarian church. We hope the audience room will be full. Mr C. H Clark, from the Old South choir, Boston, will appear at the second concert.

☞ A letter came to town the other day from Ireland addressed

To the Governor of
the Wuoburn Lunatic
Assylam
Mass. U. S. America

It was handed to Mr. J. W. Day, and he proved to be the one for whom it was intended.

PERSONAL.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. J. W. Mitchell of the Charlottetown P. E. I. *Patriot* has been seriously ill. He has, however, so far recovered as to return to his duties. His many friends in Woburn will be glad to learn of his convalescence.

NEW SCHOOLHOUSE.—The cellar for the new schoolhouse on Main and Warren streets is done, and the grounds are being prepared. We had hoped to see the walls go up before the cold weather makes bricklaying difficult.

OFFICIAL VISIT.—The Governor and Council visited Woburn Wednesday afternoon, and held their regular meeting at the residence of Hon. J. B. Winn, Pleasant street.

HORSE vs MAN.—Last Tuesday there was a race at Lexington Trotting Park, between C. K. Kylander's horse Yellow Boy, and Luke McGrath, the horse to go a mile and the man half a mile. Boody Sherborn was appointed judge. The race was a single heat, dead start. McGrath got off at the word, but the horse balked, and the man had the lead a strong eighth before the horse got away. This lead he maintained all the way round, coming in in 2:40, and the horse was so far behind that his time was not taken. Kylander did not drive round the second time to complete his mile. McGrath was declared the winner. Kylander then drove round the track, and as he came up to the line, James Horner started off with him. This time the horse got round the half mile in 2:15, and the man in 2:45. Horner had previously run round the half mile in 2:32.

COMEDY NIGHT.—Lovers of the drama will be delighted to learn that Miss Kate Reignolds, the accomplished artiste, will appear in Lyceum Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th. The play will be the charming comedy of "The Ladies' Battle," and in this Miss Reignolds will be supported by a first class company. An opportunity such as this occurs very seldom for the inhabitants of Woburn, and it is safe to presume that it will be improved. Miss Reignolds needs no praise from us. She is well known in this section, and is universally recognized as a leader in her profession. The management has obtained her service at great expense and we hope an appreciative public will generally reward them.

ANNOYING. — Last Saturday night some roughs went up Mann street to the house of J. J. Hurst, and rang the bell, pounded and kicked on the door, and made other demonstrations of a riotous nature. Hurst blew his whistle and two of the police went to his support. Most of them concluded not to wait for the police, but one was secured. He asserted his innocence of any disturbance, and on promise to go home at once, was released.

WOBURN GAS LIGHT COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of the Woburn Gas Light Company, held Tuesday evening, the following officers were chosen:—Directors, D D Hart, J M Harlow, A E Thompson, P L Converse, Joseph Kelley; clerk and treasurer, Aaron Thompson. The board of directors organized by choosing D D Hart president. It was voted to declare a dividend of six per cent, which will be payable on Monday, Oct 20.

SENTENCED.—On Wednesday George Sullivan and Charles Campbell were tried for the highway robbery of Miss Anne Lawlor, of Woburn, as mentioned in the *Journal* a few weeks ago. Their defense was an alibi, but the case was a clear one and a verdict against both defendants was returned. The court then imposed a sentence of ten years on each in the State Prison. These defendants are represented as very bad characters, both of them having been in prison before for crimes.

FALL AND BREAK.—Saturday afternoon a lad named Timothy Dunnigan, aged about ten years was seated upon a gravel bank on North Warren street, where the town procures material for roads. The bank caved in, and the lad was partly buried under the gravel. An ankle and thigh were broken. He was removed to the Mass. General Hospital the same night.

SPECTER PARTY.—About 30 of the friends of Mr and Mrs James N. Dow surprised them by appearing at their house, robed in the habiliments most affected by ghosts and such-like airy characters. They soon proved themselves more tangible than spirits, and more cheerful than mere apparitions, and the evening was a very jolly one.

PRACTICE.—The Highland Hose Co. were out for practice Monday evening and tested the hydrants on Fowle and Green streets. From the highest hydrant in town, near S. P. Cutler's, a stream was obtained of sufficient force to go over S. O. Pollard's house, settling the question that buildings on the high ground would not be protected by hydrant streams.

SENATORIAL.—The Democrats of the Sixth Senatorial District will meet in the hall over Dodge's Jewelry Store, on Monday the 27th. We hear our old friend, William Winn, Esq., spoken of as the probable candidate. Undoubtedly he would poll a larger vote than any other Democrat in the district.

L. S. B. S.—The Ladies Social Benevolent Society of the Congregational church met on Thursday evening, and passed a very social time. There was a large attendance of young people, and a varied entertainment was given, which was very acceptable.

THE STATE PRISON.—Boothby and Marsh, the two murderers convicted at the recent session of the supreme court and sentenced to imprisonment for life, were taken to the State prison on Tuesday.

NEWTON.—By the vote of Newton last Monday she passes from the position of first town in Middlesex to the fourth city. Woburn, by voters is the first, by population the second, and by valuation the third town in the county.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The Selectmen and School Committee in convention on Monday elected Rev. H. S. Kelsey, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Daniel Kimball. His term will expire in 1875.

BIG POTATOE.—John Brauer shows big potatoes (gros kartoflen) in Wyman & Bennett's, one of which weighs two pounds and three fourths.

BROKEN INTO.—A fortnight ago the Watering Station was broken into by thieves, and two suits of clothes, a meerchaum pipe and a lot of tickets stolen.

FOREMAN.—George W. Kimball was foreman of the jury in the case of Boothby the Malden wife murderer.

☞ Miss Bancroft is prepared to show an excellent stock of goods. See her announcement in another column.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL.

The Republicans of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District convened in Lyceum Hall, Thursday, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Senator, and choosing a district committee. The convention was called to order at quarter of four, by John L. Parker of Woburn, chairman of the District Committee. The call was read, and the convention was organized by the choice of Hon Geo. P. Elliott of Billerica, as President, and E. E. Thompson of Woburn, Secretary. On motion of Mr. J. F. Dwinell of Winchester, a committee on credentials was chosen, consisting of J. L. Parker of Woburn, J. F. Stone of Winchester, and C. K. Talbot of Billerica. They reported 34 delegates present from 13 towns. The same gentlemen were also chosen to serve as a committee to receive, sort and count the votes.

On motion of F. E. Wetherell of Lexington, an informal ballot for Senator was had, as follows:—

Whole number	32
Brooks T. Batcheller of Lexington	14
Samuel W. Twombly of Winchester	12
Daniel Russell of Melrose	5
John Cummings of Woburn	1

The Convention then proceeded to a formal ballot, but as 35 votes were cast, the committee reported that fact, but did not announce the vote in detail. Another ballot was called for, and it was voted that the secretary should call the towns, announce the number to which they were entitled, and the delegates pass before the President and deposit their ballots. This was done with the following result:—

Whole number of votes	34
B. T. Batcheller	18
S. W. Twombly	12
D. Russell	3
J. Cummings	1

The nomination of Mr. Batcheller was then made unanimous.

On motion of J. R. Simonds of Melrose, a committee of three, consisting of Capt. Simonds, J. T. Wilson, of Winchester, and M. B. Webber of Bedford, were appointed to select a District Committee. They named Walter Littlefield of Melrose, J. F. Dwinell of Winchester, and A. E. Scott, of Lexington.

M. M. Tidd of Woburn moved that a committee of two be appointed to inform Mr. Batcheller of his nomination. Mr. Wetherell and Mr. Dwinell were appointed, and they retired and returned with the nominee. Mr. Batcheller was introduced to the Convention, and briefly addressed them, defining his position on railroad consolidation, thanking them for the honor, and pledging himself if elected to serve the District to the best of his ability. The convention then dissolved.

SECOND MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL.

The Republicans of this district met at the Town Hall, Belmont, on Tuesday. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Emory W Lane, Chairman of the District Committee. On motion of Mr. W W Shelton of Waltham, Hon. John Scholer was chosen the permanent chairman. Messrs George W Warren of Waltham, George W Ware, Jr, of Belmont, Hon G. O. Brastow of Somerville, Gen Sam'l C Lawrence of Medford, and Luke Perkins of Watertown were appointed a committee on credentials. They reported two delegations from Malden, one of which was admitted.

An informal ballot was then taken for Senator, resulting in favor of Mr George W Copeland of Malden as against several gentlemen from other towns.

Several Belmont gentlemen presented the claims of Mr George W Ware, Jr, of that town, and a discussion followed as to the arguments of locality, in the course of which, Mr. Ware withdrew his name in favor of some Medford gentleman.

A formal ballot was then taken, and resulted in a tie vote, Messrs Copeland and Hervey receiving 17 ballots each.

A second ballot was immediately taken, resulting in the nomination of George W Copeland of Malden, he receiving 18 votes, to 16 for Mr. Hervey of Medford.

E H Lane of Waltham, Dr Eastman of Malden, D W Stanwood of Arlington, A H Evans of Everett, G W Ware, Jr, of Belmont, G A Pratt of Somerville, D A Gleeson of Medford, and W D Rand of Watertown, were elected a District Committee for the ensuing year.

SIXTH COUNCILLOR.

A little after 10 o'clock Thursday forenoon, the Councillor Convention was called to order by the chairman of the District Committee, in Union Hall, Charlestown. Hon. J. B. Folsom of Lowell was chosen president, and E. L. Haskell of Somerville, secretary.

Farmer Allen of Wakefield stated that the District Committee had received a letter from Hon. J. B. Winn of Woburn, in which he declined renomination. Further remarks were made in praise of Mr. Winn's long term of service. The committee on credentials were occupied a considerable time in preparing their report. They found the district represented by 118 delegates with a double lot from each ward in Charlestown, and a double one from Malden. It was decided to allow the matter to be discussed before the Convention instead of before the Committee, and the merits of the two clans were presented by Messrs. Bailey and Norton. The convention got tired of this "old, old story," and voted to admit the Bailey delegation.

Hon. Geo. O. Brastow of Somerville, was then nominated by acclamation and was introduced to the convention. His speech was brief and expressed his thanks. Messrs. M. T. Gardner of Shirley, E. C. Damom of Concord, Daniel Allen of Wakefield, J. W. Hill of Charlestown, B. F. Hayes of Medford, N. W. Frye of Lowell and F. H. Nourse of Winchester were chosen a district committee and the convention dissolved.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Immediately upon the vote which dissolved the Councillor Convention, Col. W. T. Grammer of Woburn, chairman of the county committee called the delegates to the County convention to order and called for nomination of a permanent chairman. Col. Grammer was chosen to this office, and Mr. Lyman Bigelow of Charlestown, to that of Secretary. The committee on credentials reported 185 delegates present, with double delegations as before, but they cut the Gordian knot in a manner very acceptable to the convention, stating in their report that they should take the previous action as a precedent, and admit the Bailey delegation and exclude the Norton. Also they admitted the "Town Hall" delegates from Malden. This report was accepted, and the convention was spared the recital of the feud.

It was voted to nominate Mr. Amos Stone of Everett, for Treasurer by acclammation, but objection was made, and a ballot was had with the following result:

Whole number of votes	178
Necessary for a choice	90
Amos Stone of Everett had	133
J. O. Maxfield of Lowell	41
W. Lamson, Jr., of Lowell	4

and Mr. Stone was the choice.

Then followed three nominations by acclamation, viz:—Charles B Stevens of East Cambridge, Register of Deeds for the Southern district, Mr J B Thompson of Lowell, Register for the Northern district, and J H Tyler of Winchester, Register of Probate.

The great event of the day now arrived. The contest over County Commissioner promised to be full of interest. The friends of the present incumbent, Mr. Waitt of Malden, were on hand, and there was a variety of other tickets presented by Wakefield, Newton, Westford and Brighton. The general cry seemed to be "anybody to beat Waitt," with the odds in favor of Walton.

The informal ballot revealed the following strength for the respective men:

Whole number of votes	190
Necessary for a choice	96
J. H. Waitt of Malden	72
D. G. Walton of Wakefield	55
J. Henry Reed of Westford	33
J. D. Towle of Newton	25
G. H. Howe of Brighton	5

Mr. Reed withdrew his name, and the formal ballot was as follows:—

Whole number of votes	188
Necessary for choice	95
D. G. Walton	97
J. H. Waitt	79
J. D. Towle	11
J. H. Reed	1

and Mr. Walton was the nominee of the Convention. Expressions of approval were indulged in. The nomination was made unanimous, and Farmer Allen was hoisted upon the platform where he thanked the gentlemen in behalf of Mr. Walton, for the honor conferred.

The following were chosen a County Committee:—J B Folsom of Lowell, C H Taylor of Somerville, George R Kelso of Charlestown, G W Ware Jr of Belmont, B O Sanborn of Cambridge, Walter Allen of Newton, George Hayward of Concord, Azell Ames Jr, of Wakefield, J P Maxfield of Lowell. The convention then dissolved.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse Oct. 10, Ruel W. Hanson of Winchester, assault upon Daniel Haley, $3 and costs—Oct. 11, Cornelius Carrigan of Winchester, minor; larceny of fruit; placed on probation on payment of costs, paid. Oct. 11, Michael McManus, illegal keeping of intoxicants, $10 and costs; $100 recognizance; appealed; committed in default. James Kelleher, illegal keeping as above, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance; paid. Shepard Davis, drunk, $3 and costs—Oct. 13, Sylvester Hamil, drunk, $5 and costs. Ann McAvoy, selling goods on Lord's day, $5 and costs; appealed; recognized with two sureties in $200. Josephine K. Bell of Winchester, illegal keeping of intoxicants, $10 and costs, and thirty days in House of Correction; appealed; held in $200; committed in default.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.— Friday Oct. 10th. Petition of James Nolan et al for a new street from Bedford street to Winn street, received, and a view ordered for Tuesday Oct 21st, at 3:30 P. M.

On petition of S. O. Pollard et al for a street from Railroad street to Mt Pleasant street, a view was ordered for Tuesday, Oct 21st, at 2 P M. Voted to hold regular meetings of the board until further notice, on Fridays at 6:30 P M.

AURORA VILLAGE.—Upon a recent visit to the proposed site of the above village, we found that the cellar for the laundry was ready for the building, and the workmen told us that it was Miss Phelps' intention to have a dozen houses erected this fall. Time, money, and perseverance will work wonders.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—Thursday evening. Voted to notify the abuttors on the brook leading from E. Cummings & Co's tannery, that they must open said brook to the depth of the original channel, in order to abate the nuisance now existing.

SELECTMEN.— Regular meeting on Thursday evening. All present. Voted to meet Saturday evening, Oct. 18th, to revise jury list, to be presented to next town meeting. Also to meet Monday evening, October 20th, to revise voting list.

WHEEL BROKE.-Tuesday night while J. T. Freeman, with his new Singer Sewing machine wagon, was turning a corner in Medford, a defect in the road wrenched the wheels so severely that two of them were badly broken.

CRIMPER.—Russell & Johnson have at work a machine for crimping stiffenings, and we have seen a beautiful model prepared for the patent office by E. Parkhurst, which is a triumph of mechanical skill.

THROWN OUT.—While Lewis K Swan was riding through a neighboring town a day or two since, the wagon struck a post and Swan glided gracefully out. (Swans always glide gracefully.) He escaped without any breaks.

NEW JANITOR.— Edward Simonds, Esq., for so long time janitor of Lyceum Hall, has resigned that position, and Charles Wyer has been appointed his successor.

FALL.—L S Burbank, A M, principal of Warren Academy, fell in his house on Court street this week Wednesday, and sprained his wrist and cut his head.

WATER TAKERS.—The 500th application for water was made this (Friday) morning.

MUSIC.—Saturday evening the Irish Band went to Stoneham to attend the Catholic Fair.

☞ Woburn now boasts a bazaar. Walter Norton is proprietor, and a perusal of his "ad" will repay you.

COOL.—Mr L H Allen dropped a cake of ice upon his foot Wednesday, causing a slight lameness.

PAVED,—The space between the rails of the horse car track is being paved.

New Publications.

MOTHERLY TALKS WITH YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS; Embracing 87 brief articles on topics of home interest, and about 500 choice receipts for cooking, &c. By Mrs. H. W. Beecher. pp. 492. Newport. J. B. Ford & Co.

Mrs. Beecher has a very happy manner of imparting information, and it may very properly be called "motherly." There seems to be nothing in the whole range of household cares that has escaped her, in her "talks," and the young housekeeper who shall turn to this book for information or for useful hints, need not turn empty away. She advocates teaching the boys to be useful, not only out of doors but indoors, so that if necessity demanded it, they could keep house as well as their sisters. She would also teach the girls out-door work, so they might if needed, take the places of the boys, or if her future home should be where neighbors are scarce and help uncertain, be able to help herself. She teaches hospitality, but remarks sensibly:

Home should be first, company of secondary importance. Let your family always have the best you can reasonably afford; then cordially welcome your friends to share the good and pleasant things with you. It is not easy to teach children to love home, and prefer its society to all others, if they see that all the good and pleasant and beautiful things you possess are only to be used when you have visitors. You have no right to hope that your children will have good manners or be refined, if they see only the coarsest of everything when alone with you, but are called upon with company, to put on company manners. Love of home, refinement, and good manners are blessings that will rust out and be destroyed, if not brightened by constant daily use.

Mrs. Beecher has very clearly defined notions of her own, and under the caption of "Woman's Kingdom," remarks:—

What is the ability to speak on a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or the wisdom that may command a seat on a judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and preside over a true home, with such skill that husband and children "rise up and call her blessed"? To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit in such a position, is higher honor than to rule an empire. *Woman's Rights!* Has man any higher rights than these?

The family receipts with which the book closes are doubtless valuable. We have been much pleased with the perusal of the work, and can fully recommend it to our readers. Miss Mary Stevens is agent for Woburn, and we believe she will be welcomed by the housekeeers of the town.

FOREST AND STREAM.—This weekly journal with its suggestive title, is devoted to field and aquatic sports, practical natural history, fish culture, the protection of game, preservation of forests, and the inculcation in men and women of a healthy interest in out-door recreation and study. This is a broad platform and a noble one. The different departments are in the hands of gentlemen of taste and ability, and the feast they offer from week to week, proves their fitness for the place. Mr. Luke Wyman of Arlington, is in charge of the department of "Woodland, Lawn and Garden," and also "New Books." The promises which the prospectus contained have been made good in the succeeding numbers. The paper is a 16 mo. printed on heavy paper, and is a model of typographical neatness. It certainly fills a want long felt, and as a bearer of much useful information, as well as entertaining reading, will be welcomed by a large circle of readers. It deals with these various questions in a practical manner, and its articles evince the literary training, that its able editorial corps has enjoyed. Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 103 Fulton street, N. Y. Charles Hallock, Managing Editor.

PETERSON'S.—We have received from the publisher of *Peterson's Magazine* a very beautiful mezzotint engraving, 21x28, entitled "Not lost, but gone before." Peterson is the first magazine to arrive. It costs $2 a year, and to clubs three copies for $4 50, with the superb mezzotint mentioned above, to the person getting up the club; or six copies for $9.00 and a copy of the magazine for 1874 as a premium to the person getting up the club; or eight copies for $12 00, and both an extra copy of the magazine and the premium engraving to the person getting up the club. For large clubs the prices are even lower. A choice of eight splendid premium engravings, for framing, is given for fifty cents extra, to subscribers for "Peterson," for 1874. Specimens of the magazine are sent gratis if written for. Subscribe to nothing else, until you have seen a copy of this popular magazine. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.—The monthly praise of this juvenile may be slightly monotonous, but the publishers will persist in dishing out just so much first class matter, and what can we do? Nothing but praise it, and advise our friends to read it. This we do most heartily. It is a beautiful monthly, and is doing a world of good. $2 00 per year. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A RELIC.—The Lynn *Reporter* says that a gentlemen of that city being on a visit to North Reading, last Sunday, became interested in a package of old documents belonging to the lady of the house, having been carefully preserved and transmitted from one generation of the family. Among the rest he found the one copied below which shows the difference of boundary lines and distances between towns one hundred and fifty years ago and the present time. The paper is stained with the touch of time, but the hand writing is clear and the letters well formed. We give it verbatim, as follows:—

READING, 15 *March* 1709-10.

At the request of our naibors on the north side of the river, I mesured from Woborne line, (not from the 40 acre line, but the straight line,) downe to Salem line by John Phelps'; and it was 4 miles and one-quarter downe to the end of Dan'l Fitche's lot; and from thence downe to Salem line, 3 miles one-quarter and one pole.

The 28th of March, 1810.
JOSEPH BURNAP.

SOWING AND REAPING.—The North Bridgewater *Gazette* says that a citizen of that town, while planting potatoes last spring, lost his pocket book containing between twelve and fifteen dollars. A few days since while gathering his fall crops, he dug from a potatoe hill his lost pocket book with the funds complete and uninjured. This proves that "whatsoever man soweth that shall he reap," and also that banks of earth are safe places of deposite.

Winchester.

☞ Brown's dining room is being finished in 'ash.

MASONIC.—The one hundredth regular communication of William Parkman Lodge F & A. M. on Tuesday evening last was the occasion of the annual visitation to the Lodge of R. W. Bro. Smith B. Harrington, D. D. G. M. for the 17th Masonic District, accompanied by his suite. After the formal inspection, and witnessing the exemplification of the work, remarks of a highly eulogistic character were made by the District Deputy. R. W. Bro. William Parkman, who was present by invitation, also addressed the brethren in his usual interesting and impressive manner. The brethren then repaired to Lyceum Hall where an excellent collation was partaken of and brief speeches made by Bros. Parkman of Boston, Harrington, Hersey, Joyce, Hall and Dolliver of Mt. Hermon, Medford; Foque of Mt. Vernon, Malden; Bailey of Charity, North Cambridge; Joy and Stone of Wm. Parkman. A large number of the brethren were present from our own and the neighboring towns and the occasion was a very pleasant one.

IMPROVEMENT.—E. A. Wadleigh Esq., has recently added to the attractions of his comfortable home, an elegant bay window, from which he may observe the beauties of the sunsets which throw such a charm upon our western landscape.

[Communication.]

Some ten years ago, this town bought at a cost of six or seven thousand dollars, the common lot; from that day to the present it has laid idle and unimproved; the principal and interest have now doubled the cost. About a year ago the town appropriated $500 to improve and fence this spot, coupled with the condition that an equal sum be raised by private subscription. A Committee was raised to carry the above vote out. Now what has been done to consummate this plan? So far as is known to the public, not a thing; the common stands unimproved and a waste, with the exception that a music stand has been erected, which is now covered with spider webs and hallowed with the music of tree toads. If this land is so to remain, it had better be sold and improved by individual enterprise. So fine a location in the center of the village, ought at once to be improved and made an ornament to the place. Let the committee do something or throw up their commission, so that an investment of $10-000 can be made to contribute to the taste and beauty, if not to the profit and utility of our town. It certainly is now a reproach and memento of indifference and inexcusable neglect.

VIETOR.

Arlington.

SALE.—There is to be a large sale of Livery Stock at Auction at the Arlington Horue Stable, on Friday, Oct. 17.

BALL.—The Mortimy Associates held their first annual ball on Friday evening at the Town Hall. After the dance a collation was partaken of, which was got up by Pattee in his usual good style.

T. A.—The T. A. Society paraded last Friday with 50 men and the Medford Band, and participated in the grand parade at Boston. P. H. Byron was marshall. They were accompanied by a company of boys dressed in Zouave costume.

TRUMPET.—There is to be a silver fire trumpet voted for at the Catholic Fair which is to be held Thanksgiving week. Also a gold headed cane to the most popular Selectman. The trumpet and cane may be seen at Pearsons's.

SECOND CROP.—Lowell street again not being content with raising a large quantity of second crop strawberries, Mr. Walter Wright exhibited to us a few fine large bunches of raspberries, which looked very nice, some of them being 2 1-2 inches in circumference; in fact, if there was any way to preserve them we should think they had been kept since the first crop was ripe.

WM. PENN HOSE.—Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, the Wm. Penn Hose Co., No. 3, after the regular business meeting, sat down to a clam chowder. They enjoyed it so well that they propose having them once a fortnight during the winter. It was got up by Capt. Bacon. The Board of Engineers were present as invited guests. Judge Carter was also present. After ample justice to the chowder, Judge Carter presented a large steel engraving of the U. S. Senate, to the Co. Speeches were made by Judge Carter, Capt. Bacon, the engineers and others. One of the party astonished the rest by the knowledge of certain points of law which he exhibited, and the points seemed well taken.

VISITATION.—The annual visitation of Menotomy Chapter was held last Thursday evening. A Delegation from the Grand Chapter of Mass. were present, consisting of the M. E. H. P., Edward Chapman, District Deputy H. P., Daniel E. Chase, and other prominent members of the Grand Chapter; also brethren from Woburn, Medford, Cambridge and other neighboring chapters. After an exhibition of the work, they were invited to partake of a collation provided by the committee of arrangements. Speeches by Chapman, Chase, Judge Parmenter, and Judge Carter, also singing by the Arlington quartette. The following are the officers of the chapter:

W. H. Pattee, M. E. H. P.
Milon R. Hardy, E. K.
Geo. D. Tufts, E. S.
Rev. W. H. Ryder, Chaplain.
J. Winslow Pierce, T,
Geo. Storer, S.
Albert Clark, Capt. of the Host.
Henry Locke, P. S.
Henry Crosby, R. A. C.
Walter Russell, M. T. V.
L. D. Bradley, M. S. V.
Henry Frost, M. D. V.
James Thaxter, Tyler.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' MEETING. —The county commissioners, Huntress, Wait and Harwood, held a meeting at the town hall, Arlington, yesterday, to hear parties on the petition of J. W. Pierce and als., asking the commissioners to locate anew Arlington Avenue in said town and widen and straighten the same and establish the bounds thereof, a former proceeding for the same object having been set aside *on certiorari* by the supreme court on petition of N. Robbins and others, as recently reported in the *Advertiser*. At the hearing on Monday, a large number of the citizens of Arlington were present, as the matter has awakened much interest in that town. And a remonstrance signed by between two and three hundred tax-payers was presented to the commissioners. The owners of real estate on the avenue appeared specially, and filed written objections to the proceedings, the principal of which were, that the order of the commissioners requiring notice to be given to all persons and corporations interested had not been complied with, and because the proceedings had been prematurely begun, the proceedings in the supreme court before mentioned not having been determined when these last proceedings before the commissioners were commenced. The commissioners upon deliberation held the objections well taken, and ordered the proceedings on the last petition to be discontinued. Augustus Russ and H. J. Wells appeared for the objectors, and the petitioners appeared in person.

West Medford.

PIPES.—On account of the street grading, the water pipes on River street are being relaid, and a 6 inch pipe laid instead of the old ones, which were 4 inch.

—— The church is progressing; it is all boarded, and the spire commenced.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday evening as the 8.15 train from Woburn passed the second crossing in West Medford, one of two horses belonging to Shaw's express, which were feeding along the track, sprang across in front of the locomotive. The engine struck the horse's hind legs, breaking both of them, and the horse had to be killed.

Lexington.

☞ We are to have concrete crossings in a number of places and those who have waded over muddy walks will rejoice.

LECTURES. — Rev. Henry Westcott will deliver a series of lectures in the Unitarian church, on "The Progress of Christianity." The first lecture will be given Sunday evening, Oct. 19th, at 7 o'clock. Subject, "Christianity and Ancient Rome." If stormy, the lecture will be postponed to the first pleasant Sunday evening. The public are invited.

WATER CO.—Chap. 274 of the General Laws of 1873 is an act to establish the Lexington Water Co. By its provisions the corporation may take, hold and convey through the town the waters of Vine Brook: they may take and hold by purchase or otherwise such land as they require for reservoirs, and the town may issue for the purpose of defraying the cost of such property, scrip to an amount not exceeding 100,000 dollars. These are among the principle features of the bill. Steps are to be taken at once toward commencing this work. The organization will be made and the proper officers appointed, so that a definite and responsible body will be had to carry on operations.

S. S. CONCERT.—One of the pleasantest of its kind was the Sunday School concert of last Sunday evening at the Unitarian church. The audience room was nearly filled with the school and its parents and friends. The subject was "Farewell to the Flowers," and the pulpit was very handsomely and appropriately decorated with flowers and autumn leaves. The pastor made a few introductory remarks, in which he said that it had been thought proper to notice the departure of the many-hued beauties of the garden, and that he hoped these flowers would teach the same lessons of love and goodness to the men and women around him as the lilies of the field taught in the days of Christ. These offerings of nature were far prettier than the statues which adorn churches in other countries, and it was fitting that we hold memorial service in their honor.

The exercises consisted of recitations and music, and all were very nicely done, some better than others of course. One of the features of the entertainment was the building of the "Ladder of Life," by seven young ladies with flowers and evergreens. The characters comprised Childhood, Youth, Maturity, Faith, Hope and Love. The large audience were highly pleased, and the young folks may indulge in a similiar feeling for they acquitted themselves handsomely.

THANKSGIVING.-The national Thanksgiving Day has been appointed by the President, as follows:

A PROCLAMATION.

The approaching close of another year brings with it the occasion for renewed thanksgiving and acknowledgment to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for the unnumbered mercies which he has bestowed upon the United States. Abundant harvests have been among the rewards of industry. With local exceptions, health has been among the blessings enjoyed. Tranquility at home and peace with other nations have prevailed. Frugal industry is regaining its merited recognition. Gradually, but under the providence of God, surely, as we trust, the nation is recovering from the lingering results of a dreadful civil strife. For these and all the other mercies vouchsafed, it becomes us as a people to return heartfelt and grateful acknowledgements, and with our thanksgiving we may unite in prayers for the cessation of local and temporary suffering. I therefore recommend that Thursday, the 27th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship to make their acknowledgements to Almighty God for His bounties and His protection, and to offer to Him prayers for their continuance.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this the 14th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1873, and of the independence of the United States the 97th.

By the President, U. S. GRANT.
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

S. OF T.—The annual session of the Grand Division was held on Wednesday in Boston. The annual report of Benjamin R. Jewell, Grand Treasurer, shows a a balance from the last quarterly session of $1849.82; receipts since that date, $802.39; expenditures, $1097.17; leaving a balance of $1555.04 in the treasury. The financial report of S. W. Hodges, Grand Scribe, shows the amount of per capita tax received last quarter, $694.70, and the total receipts of the quarter, $802.39. The general report of the Grand Scribe showed 102 Divisions at the last quarterly report, one charter granted, two surrendered and five recalled, leaving a total of 96 Divisions at the present time. The numerical condition of the order is as follows: Admitted, 604; reinstated, 11; withdrawn, 209; suspended, 229; expelled for violation of pledge, 58; expelled for other causes, 255; died 19; violations of pledge, 135; lost by surrender of charter, 65; whole number of members, 7811; per capita tax, $781.10; receipts for initiation fees and dues, $4252.82; paid for benefits, $218.26; expenses exclusive of benefits, $40,655.83; whole number of cash on hand and invested, $18,728.44; number of lady visitors admitted, 48; withdrawn, 13; died 4; whole number of lady visitors, 1785; number of public meetings held during the quarter, 20; and number of tracts distributed, 5112. The report also breathes the most fraternal spirit towards all other temperance organizations, both open and secret, and is outspoken on the subject of prohibition and legal suasion. The following officers were elected: G. W. P., Eugene H. Clapp of Boston; G. W. A., Edward Cody of Boston; G. S., Samuel W. Hodges of Boston; G. T. Benjamin R. Jewell of Amesbury; G. C., Isaac J. Burgess of Rock, Middleboro; G. C., Merrill H. Graves of Marblehead; G. S., M. O. Morgan of Mitteneague. After the transaction of certain routine business, the convention adjourned.

GLOBE.—Rowell's *Reporter* in speaking of the Boston *Globe* imparts the following:—

Further changes are made in the editorial management of the *Daily Globe*. Mr. E. J. Hudson, managing editor has resigned, and will resume his former position as Washington correspondent of the *Daily Herald*. Colonel Charles H. Taylor, the publisher, takes the vacated chair. Mr. E. P. Whipple, having recovered from his illness, has resumed his charge of the literary department. The *Globe's* local department is conducted by Mr. Edward S. Sears.

☞ We commented the other day, upon the difficulty of enforcing a standard of morality in artistic production by legislative methods in consequence of the ignorance which prevails among officers of the law as to what delicacy or indelicacy in such matters really is. This view is emphasized by the despatch from New Bedford, yesterday, in reference to a dealer in works of art being held for trial for exposing in his shop window a statue of Narcissus. The court held that the exhibition manifestly tended to corrupt the morals of youth. As this was the charge on which Socrates was convicted, and the evil against which our Board of Aldermen levelled their order, a few days ago, it is refreshing to have such a commentary on what might be called a penal statue as well as a statute. The sapient police magistrate, who was horrified at the nakedness of Narcissus, would make short work with the best modern exhibitions of works of art, and his action would be a good precedent for an arraignment of the proprietors of our Athenæum for "corrupting the morals of youth" in the same way. But, unless we are going to put pantalettes on the legs of piana-fortes and have the Apollo Belvidere in the Music Hall provided with clothes by a respectable tailor, we must repudiate the artistic taste and legal knowledge of a judge who would clearly be unable to discriminate between the nakedness of a Venus and the nakedness of a courtesan. According to the New Bedford papers, the statue was the most decent thing there was in the offender's shop, and if the Superior Court do not show their superiority to the police judge by overruling his decision, we shall have reason to doubt the wisdom of men learned in the law.—*Globe.*

☞ A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife waiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she—"Here I've been waiting and rocking in this chair, 'till my head spins round like a top." "Jess so, wife, where I've been," responded he. "It's in the atmosphere."

☞ "Bub," asked a perplexed pedestrian, "which is the quickest way for me to get to the Eastern depot?" Accommodating newsboy, "Run."

ON ADVERTISING.

It is asserted by hundreds of people that advertising does not pay, because advertisements are not read. Those who so think, had better not read any more of this article, or they will contradict their own arguments, for it is nothing more nor less than an advertisement. We have facilities for advertising that the advertiser cannot get elsewhere, giving him more for his money than his money is worth, and we advertise it, that people may read ours as well as anybody else's business notice.

If any who do not believe in this article, have read thus far, we will go on to show them the folly of *not* advertising. It is necessary in order to be successful in business. Everything in nature is advertised. Does not the many blossoms on the tree advertise to the farmer to what extent he may calculate on the yield of fruit in the autumn? The rising sun is heralded by the gray dawn of the morning; the clouds, wind and atmosphere are ready to foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours after the observation; the lightning flashes to tell of the thunder that is to follow; seams of coal come here and there to the surface to attract the miner's attention to the immense beds that lie hundreds of feet below; the iron tells of its presence on the surface of the bubbling spring; the roar of the breakers tells the mariner that danger lies ahead; and under all laws, "coming events cast their shadows before." So it is with the merchant, mechanic, artizan, business and professional man. The same humanity that reads nature's advertisements, and dare not do other than regard them, watches just as closely the printed advertisements of trade and commerce, and trusts their promises as they are carried out, in the same degree as with nature.

Were nature's advertisements mere matters of chance, occasionally failing to be correct man would have no confidence in them; but they have done duty for thousands of years without fail, and cannot but be understood. In contradistinction to this, a merchant advertises to-day, and thinks it will do for all time. Just where he is mistaken. His advertisement is read, and disappears, and the reader forgets the man and his business as quickly as he would an intermittent flash across a mirror's face; it attracts, disappears and is forgotten. The advertisement of some other person in the same business, with truth upon its face, attracts his attention, and, ten to one his custom, for he has become familiar with it as a friend. The intermittent advertiser, seeing that his business requires a little fanning to make it glow, goes to work to build it up again by advertising; but human nature looks a long while at that fickle advertisement, before it decides whether he is playing peep-boo or not. The drop of water goes paty-paty-paty on the flint rock, and in time, bores a hole, yet the fact would not be believed had it not been demonstrated in numberless instances since the creation. Men who have made advertising a life long study, do not hesitate to assert that one form of advertisement, year in and year out, is the most advantageous to the advertiser. All patent medicine men hold this idea. As lightning dazzles the eyes a moment to make darkness appear more intense afterwards, so with the advertiser who to-day has a flaming advertisement, full of rash promises, before every one's eyes, and to-morrow not a line to tell of his greatness can be found.

Cases are presented where advertisers have failed to reap any benefit from a generous use of printer's ink. There are some who have not gained what they anticipated from advertising, it is true, but have you not often seen the angler go to the stream and cast his line, a whole day without catching a fish? It would be folly for that man, on that account, to give up fishing in that brook, or anywhere else. Advertising is the stream in which business is caught, and the luckiest fishers are its most skillful and persistent anglers. Sometimes two men go to the same stream together, and one catches fish continually, while the other, who uses the same bait, and is in every way

as well prepared as his companion, fails to get even a bite. By and by, however, after hours of patient watching and waiting, the fish that have played around his bait all day take hold, and the angler gets all the fishing he wants to attend to. It is pretty hard work to find a man who will not go fishing any more, because he failed to catch anything on one particular occasion, in one particular stream; but many men can be found who say that advertising does not pay, while there are instances before their eyes of men who are indebted to the generous use of the printing press, for all the immense fortunes which they possess.—*Turner Falls Reporter.*

☞ The present is a mealy-mouthed generation, with its talk about "irregularities" and "defalcations," which have superceded the plainer terms, "swindles" and "thefts." To-day nobody is "dishonest," the man is simply "irregular," and what were "rascalities" are called by a milder name. Irregularity on the part of an official does not necessarily imply dishonesty, in the popular language of the age, but to characterize what is often premeditated rascality as irregularity, is to lower the estimate of honesty, and to convey a wholly false impression of facts, and it is in part the result of the mistaken lenity with which criminals have been treated. So many of them have been allowed to escape punishment or have received punishment totally inadequate to their offenses, that the public has in some measure come to look upon swindling as not so very wicked as our fathers thought it, and has tacitly endorsed the prevailing weakness. From our national admiration for "smartness" springs a false estimate of ability and character which applies the term "financier" to men whose methods of operation were old and well understood when "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."—*Traveller.*

Married

In Woburn, Oct. 5th, by John W. Day, Esq., Mr. Thos. H. Lord and Margaret J. Callahan, all of W.

In Woburn, Oct. 8th, by Rev. Geo. P. Allen, of W., George Godsland and Elizabeth Jackson, of Boston.

In Arlington, Oct. 14th, by Rev. J. M. Finotti, Mr. James F. Doyle and Annie Cullany, both of A.

In Somerville, at the residence of S. J. Bowen at Winter Hill, by Rev. Mr. Porter, of Lexington, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hubbel, of East Somerville, Mr. Alvan C. Stone, of Boston, to Alice A., youngest daughter of the late Bowen A. Tufts, of Lexington.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct. 12, Thos. F., son of Patrick and Mary Griffin, aged 1 year, 2 months, 3 days.

In Winchester, Oct. 13, Eva Tanton, aged 28 years.

In Woburn, Oct. 15, Sarah W. Farrar, aged 71 years, 8 months, 18 days.

In Lexington, Oct. 11, Margaret Chandler, wife of Joseph Eaton, and sister of the late General Samuel Chandler, aged 80 years, 9 months.

In Lynn, Oct. 12, of paralysis, Charles B. Stearns, formerly of Woburn, aged 59 years. A kind and worthy companion, a devoted father, an ever active business man, suddenly called from the cares and trials of earth to realms where sorrow is unknown.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The Engineers of the Woburn Fire Department, appreciating the efforts of the officers and members to make our late parade a success, hereby express their thanks to them for their fine appearance, their prompt obedience to orders, their skill with their apparatus, and their uniform good conduct. And they would congratulate them upon the fact, that no drunkenness or disorderly conduct was observed to mar the exercises of the parade which was every way successful.

Per order of the Engineers.
JOHN S. BROWN, Clerk.
Woburn, Oct 14, 1873. 124

A CARD.

Niagara Engine Co. of East Woburn would return their sincere thanks to Waldmyer Hose Co. No. 1, of Winchester, for their kind assistance at the celebration of the 9th inst. They would also return their thanks to Messrs. Baeder, Adamson & Co., for the use of their horses, and also to Ex Capt. John B. Davis for the use of his harnesses; and last, though not least, they would thank the ladies of East Woburn, and Mrs. William B. Ward, for the beautiful supply of flowers furnished them on the occasion.

Per order.
T. G. W. SMALLEY, Foreman.
WM. McDONOUGH, Clerk.
East Woburn, Oct. 16, 1873. 125

LOST!

A Travelling Bag, October 15, between Winchester Depot and North Winchester. The contents were not so much prized for their intrinsic value, as for associations connected with them. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at the Post Office, Winchester.

MUSICAL.

Madam Ada Heine having determined to remaid in this section of the Country, desires to receive a limited number of pupils in piano-forte playing ann singing for concert, or opera. She has studied with the best European Masters, and students may depend upon thorough and artistic instruction.

She will accept pupils in Woburn. Mr. Heine will also accept scholars in violin playing. 105
Address at STONEHAM MASS.

CLASSES IN GERMAN.

A lady teacher who has resided nine years in Germany, wishes to form classes for the German language in Woburn. Refers to Rev. W. S. Barnes and E. H. Davis, Superintendent of Schools.

FOR SALE,
WHITE LEGHORN FOWLS.
J. S. WHEELER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Great Offers for 1874!

☞ A Five Dollar Mezzotint Engraving as a Premium to every person getting up a Club.

Cheapest and Best.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE has the best original stories of any of the lady's books, the best Colored Fashion Plates, the best Receipts, the best Steel Engravings, &c., &c. Every family ought to take it. *It gives more for the money than any in the world.* It will contain, next year, in its twelve numbers—

One Thousand Pages!
Fourteen Splendid Steel Plates!
Twelve Colored Berlin Patterns!
Twelve Mammoth Colored Fashions!
Nine Hundred Wood Cuts!
Twenty-four Pages of Music!

It will also give FIVE ORIGINAL COPYRIGHT NOVELETS, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and others of the best authors of America. Also, *nearly a hundred shorter stories*, ALL ORIGINAL. Its superb

Mammoth Colored Fashion Plates

are ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, TWICE THE USUAL SIZE.

TERMS (ALWAYS IN ADVANCE) $2.00 A Year
Great Reduction to Clubs.

2 Copies for $3.50 } With a copy of the superb mezzotint (24 x 16)
3 " " 4.50 } "NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE" to the person getting up the Club.

4 Copies for $6.50 } With an extra copy of
6 " " 9.00 } the Magazine for the
10 " " 14.00 } year 1874, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.

5 Copies for $8.00 } With both an extra
8 " " 12.00 } copy of the Magazine,
12 " " 17.00 } and the premium mezzotint, to the person getting up the Club.

Address, post-paid,
Charles J. Peterson,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis if written for.

TO LET.

A two story dwelling house, containing eleven rooms in good repair. Also for sale a one story house. Apply to
7 G. PARKS, North Woburn.

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.,
Russell Street, Woburn. 27

First Grand Concert
IN THE
Unitarian Church, Woburn

By Chas. H. Morse, organist of the society, assisted by the following talent.

ORGANISTS.
HENRY M. DUNHAM,
ALLEN W. SWAN.

VOCALISTS.
Miss MARY D. WYMAN, Soprano.
Miss SUSIE C. GOULD, Contralto.
Mr. T. ROBIE, Jr., Tenor.
Mr. CLARENCE E. HAY, Basso.

On Wednesday Evening, October 22d, 1873.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Variations on "God save the Queen." *Rink.* MR. MORSE.
2. Quartette—Come, Dorothy come. *Kucken.* MISSES WYMAN and GOULD, MESSRS ROBIE and HAY.
3. Larghetto—from the clar onet quintette. *Mozart* MR. SWAN.
4. Song—"The Vagrant." *Molloy.* MR. HAY.
5. Fantasie in Eb. *Best.* MR. DUNHAM.
6. Duet—"Mira la bianca luna," *Rossini.* MISS WYMAN and MR. ROBIE.

PART II.

1. Adagio and Allegro moderato—from Sonata in D minor for four hands and double pedal *Merkel.* MESSRS. MORSE and DUNHAM.
2. Song—The Message." *Blumenthal.* MISS WYMAN.
3. Romanza—from the Symphony, "La Reine de France." *Haydn.* MR. MORSE.
4. Song—"Beautiful Bird." *Howe.* MISS GOULD.
5. Quartette—"Fairy Song." *Zimmerman.*
6. Overture to the Occasional Oratorio. *Handel.* MR. SWAN.

Doors open at 7. Concert commences at 7½

SEASON TICKETS, (four concerts.) $1.00
EVENING ADMISSION. 35 Cts.

For sale by Fosdick & Buss, Horton, and at the door.

The Piano used at this Concert is from the well known Music Rooms of Oliver Green, 6 Railroad street, Woburn.

OPENING
OF
Fall and Winter
STYLES IN
MILLINERY.

THURSDAY & FRIDAY,
October 23d and 24th,
—AT—
Miss E. BANCROFT'S,
BANK BLOCK,
175 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Woburn Water Works

The attention of the public is called to the following Section from the Act of the Legislature. for supplying the Town of Woburn with pure water.

SECTION 9. If any person shall use any of said water either within or without said town of Woburn, without the consent of said town, or shall wantonly or maliciously divert the water or any part thereof, of any of the ponds, streams, springs, or sources of water, taken or held by said town of Woburn, pursuant to the provisions of this act, or corrupts the same, or renders it impure, or destroys or injures any dam, acqueduct, pipe, conduit, hydrant, machinery or other works or property held, owned, or used by said town of Woburn under the authority of and for the purposes of this act, he shall forfeit and pay to said town three time the amount of damages assessed therefor, to be recovered in an action of tort; and on conviction of either of the wanton or malicious acts aforesaid may be also punished by fine not exceeding three hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in jail not exceeding one year.

The penalties provided in the above section will be strictly enforced for every violation of its provisions.

Street, and all other Hydrants *provided for Fire purposes only*, are under the exclusive control of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, and any use made of them for private purposes will be subject to the full penalties named in the law.

Per order.
E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.
Woburn, Oct. 17th, 1873. 132

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to
LINCOLN EMERSON.
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at the same place on Tuesday the 7th day of October, A.D, 1873: On the petition of Walter Fowle and others for the widening, straightening, altering and locating the road leading from the Watering Station, so-called, in Woburn, by the house of Walter Fowle, to the house of Thaddeus Richardson, in Stoneham, it was adjudged that said widening, straightening, altering and locating, are of common convenience and necessity: Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the dwelling house of Simon Kinsman, in Woburn, on the 24th day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
LEONARD HUNTRESS, Chairman.
Tewksbury, October 13, 1873.

FOR SALE.

A Butcher Cart, nearly new, and in good running order.
Apply at the
WINCHESTER MARKET.

Sheriff's Sale!
MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 18th day of November next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Sumner Richardson of Winchester, in said County, had on the 4th day of October, A.D. 1873, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, being the homestead of said Richardson, and bounded as follows:—commencing at a stake and stones at the south easterly corner of the premises, the line runs westerly by and with Pleasant street about 110 feet to another street; thence northerly by and with said last named street about 100 feet to a stake and stones; thence easterly by land formerly of S. S. Richardson to the edge of the old Mill Pond; thence southerly by the edge of the old Mill Pond, to the bound first named, or however otherwise bounded, with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.
Woburn, October 18th, 1873. 131

LYCEUM HALL,
WOBURN.

The announcement is respectfully made to the citizens of Woburn, that an

ELEGANT COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT

WILL BE GIVEN AT THE ABOVE HALL, ON

Tuesday Eve'g, Oct. 28, '73.

The distinguished Artiste,

Miss KATE
Reignolds

Long known as one of the most popular and accomplished "STARS" on the stage, supported by a powerful company, will appear in the brilliant and most amusing Comedy, in three acts,

"The Ladies' Battle,"

produced with every attention to Scenery, Appointments, and an excellent cast.

MISS REIGNOLDS' high position in her profession is universally recognized, and the supporting Company has been selected with especial reference to performances of this character, and will give a most effective rendering of this attractive comedy.

WITH SUCH ARTISTES AS
Miss GEORGIANA REIGNOLDS,
Mr. Thos. H. Burns,
Mr. S. H. Verney,
Mr. F. Salter,
Mr. P. Dillon,

And others, in the cast with the

ACCOMPLISHED STAR,

The Manager feels warranted in promising a dramatic performance

UNEQUALLED BY ANY

previously given in Woburn, and one worthy the patronage of the most cultivated and critical of the Town.

ADMISSION, 35 cts.
RESERVED SEATS, 50 cts.

May now be procured at the store of SPARROW HORTON, where a plan of the hall may be seen.
Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Comedy at 8 o'clock.

Winter Goods.

We shall take pleasure in showing our assortment of Overcoats made from Blue and Black Beaver, all Wool, heavy Chinchilla, French Elysian, and other cloths made up in the latest styles. Reefers, Cardigans, of every quality made, Under Garments in great variety, being the largest assrotment ever shown at our Counters. Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, and other Goods adapted to the season, at low prices by

J. W. HAMMOND,
181 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.

Woburn Bazaar,
192 MAIN STREET.

New Store.

New Goods, New Prices

We would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to our extensive stock of

LADIES' AND GENTS'
Furnishing Goods,
And Fancy Goods,
SMALL WARES, &c. &c.
Which we are selling at a
LOW PRICE.

With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.

We keep most everything and sell
CHEAP.
Woburn Bazaar,
192 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN CENTRE.

☞ Male and Female Agents Wanted.

DR. BOARDMAN'S STANDARD PREPARATIONS!

Elixir Calisaya Bark & Iron.
Elixir Calisaya Bark.
Compound Concentrated Extract or Blood Purifier.
Wild Cherry Elixir, for Coughs Colds, &c., &c.
Ginger Bitters,
Rheumatic Elixir,
Aromatic Tonic for the Teeth,
Extract Jamaica Ginger,
Superior Bay Rum,
Geranium Lustral,
Strong Liquid Ammonia,
Pure Rectified Benzine,
Aromatic Tincture Rhubarb,
Extra Weight Rochelle Powders.
FLAVORING EXTRACTS AND ESSENCES, &c.

MERRILL & BAKER,
CARPENTERS, BUILDERS,
JOBBERS & MILLWRIGHTS.
SHOP OVER GREEN'S,
No. 6 RAILROAD ST., WOBURN.
Orders promptly attended to.

PRICES
AT THE VERY
LOWEST MARK!

Country Buyers of Clothing are informed that we have fully replenished our Stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS'
CLOTHING,

and are now prepared to show the public a choice display of seasonable Wearing Apparel and first-class Furnishing Goods, which we shall continue to sell at the uniform low figures that have always ruled at the "Globe's" establishment.

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

With thanks for the liberal favor accorded to us during the last season, we now invite purchasers to

VISIT THE
GLOBE
CLOTHING
HOUSE.
Nos. 1, 2, & 3,
DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

where we guarantee entire satisfaction, every time and where a large and superb stock may now be selected from.

☞ Try the "GLOBE" this Fall!

A. PRATT & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork,
Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.
Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,
Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts., 102 BOSTON.

WARREN CUTLER,
JOB WAGON.
Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

Horse For Sale.

A Black mare, weighs 1000; good roader; perfectly sound and kind; not afraid of cars, and very quiet in the stable. Will be sold because the owner has no use for her. Can be seen at corner Green and Highland streets, Woburn.
10 CHARLES H. POLLARD.

Tenements Wanted
—BY—
E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 19

To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of

H. L. CARTER & CO.,

and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the

Horse Shoeing Business.

Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.
112 H. L. CARTER,
J. C. CARTER.
Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A few single gentlemen, can be accommodated with first class board at 118
MRS. M. J. ALLENS'
PLYMPTON ST.
Woburn.
Also a few table boarders.

Board Wanted.

In a private family where the comforts of a home can be found. A good room, good bed, and good living the requisites. In the vicinity of Horn Pond R. R. Station. Inquire at
119 CALEF'S Grocery Store.
Near the H. P. Station, Fowle St.

BUEL & FLINT,
130 Main street, Woburn,
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,
AND DEALERS IN
Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,
BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,
WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,
No. 80 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2
Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks.
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

WEDDING
AND
Presentation Silver.

Bigelow, Kennard & Co.
AGENTS FOR THE
GORHAM MANUF'G CO

Invite an Inspection of their large and varied assortment of the manufacture of the above Company, comprising the new Productions of the Season, which, for Artistic Design, Beauty of Finish, and Utility, have never before been equalled, and cannot but meet the requirements of the most refined taste.

—ALSO—

In Stock a full variety of their Celebrated
ELECTRO-PLATED WARE,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
BIGELOW, KENNARD & CO.
JEWELERS. 5
381 Washington Street, Boston.

Bryant & Stratton COLLEGE,
Boston, - - - Mass
THE LARGEST
Commercial School in America.

THIS Institution offers a course of study in Commercial and English branches, thereby affording an opportunity of acquiring a liberal and practical education and thorough preparation for business.

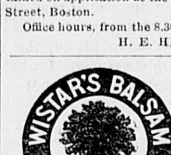
Its rates of tuition as low as consistent with the required number of experienced instructors and its desirable apartments.

Its discipline of the highest order.

Its facilities for assisting students to positions in business are unsurpassed.

Students received at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue and Report for 1873 may be obtained on application at the office, 554 Washington Street, Boston. 3

Office hours, from the 8.30 till 4 o'clock daily.
H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.



COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The *genuine* is signed "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper, SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

GAS MACHINES,
FOR LIGHTING
Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Manufactories, &c.
Perfectly Safe, Reliable, and easily managed.
Send for Circular.
WALWORTH MANUF'G CO.,
4 126 Union St., BOSTON

BUY THE
BOSTON DAILY GLOBE,
THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y.
Agents Wanted.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

Mercantile Savings Institution.

NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON. All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calender month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

FALL TRADE.
1873.

G. H. RICHARDS, 24 & 25 Dock Square, Boston, has just opened full lines of Fashionable.

FRESH STOCK,

for this season, and every description of substantial and stylish Ready-made

CLOTHING,
FOR MEN,
FOR YOUTH,
FOR BOYS,
OR CHILDREN,

Can now be had at this old and popular Low Priced House.

☞ The thousands of patrons of Richards' "Old Corner," who have so generously availed themselves of purchase here in the past years, as well as all new-comers, will find that they can

SAVE MONEY

in buying Clothing or Furnishing Goods at this reliable establishment, and we confidently invite attention to our superior assortment now in store for the fall of 1873, at the "Old Corner."

GEORGE H. RICHADRS,
24..........DOCK..........24
25..........SQUARE..........25

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street.
Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.
REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.
B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE
Woburn Mass.

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
61 Opposite Common, Woburn.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.
Inquire of
31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.
Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.
OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN. 38

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s,
A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,
Comprising
Shawls,
Repellants
Flannels.
A GREAT BARGAIN!
HOSIERY
AT
No. 128 MAIN STREET,
ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110
WOBURN, - - MASS.

BEST YET!

The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK of

FURNITURE

ever exhibited in Woburn.

Call and see for yourself.

G. W. POLLOCK,
Town Hall Building.

Newest and Best
MUSIC BOOKS.

DITSON & CO. publish 1,000 Music Books suited to every taste, and every occasion. Descriptive Catalogues sent free. Among the most recent and best are:

HOUR OF SINGING. . . $1.00
For High Schools and Seminaries.
CHOICE TRIOS. . . $1.00
For High Schools and Seminaries.
THE STANDARD. . . $1.50
The "BANNER" Church Music Book of the Season.
THE RIVER OF LIFE. 35 cents.
Unequalled in Variety. Unexcelled in Quality. A Sabbath School Song Book by 40 Composers.
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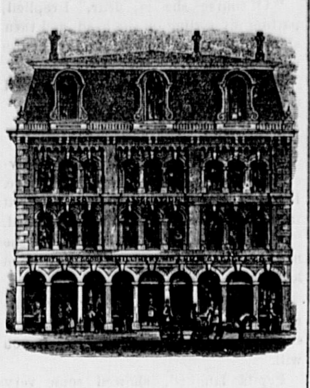

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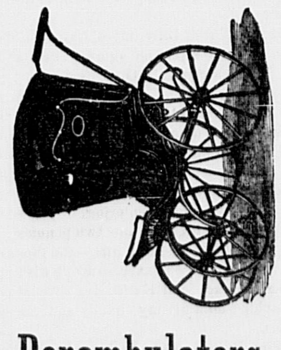

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A LITTLE STORY.

"There's one of those miserable organ-grinders down the street; he'll be 'long here pretty soon," said Aunt Sabrina, all out of breath as she entered the house. "You'd better shet the blinds, Dorothy, and lock them doors; they're a thievin' lazy set, the hull of 'em, and hadn't ought to be encouraged."

Now, Aunt Sabrina is, in common pariance, a spinster, and most of her life has been spent in the country, among hard-working people—farmers—who labor their twelve and fourteen hours per day; therefore, those who depart from this rule in any great degree, or in earning their bread and butter, fail to put forth the most severe manual efforts, she looks upon with disfavor, regarding them with a feeling very like contempt. Aunt Sabrina had come to pay me her usual quarterly visit, and had been with me but a week. Good soul though she is, I think I enjoy her company the least of all her neices who entertain her, for there is something antagonistic to hers, which leads me to constantly dispute her favorite ideas, and to defy her long established theories. Though pleasant and good-natured with it all, this constant arguing wearies me, though to refrain from the discussion, I seem not to have the power.

Therefore, when Aunt Sabrina delivered herself of the aforesaid remarks, I set myself to sweeping vigorously, and the doors and windows were from necessity thrown widely open.

"I don't see for the life of me," I exclaimed, "why an organ grinder should be looked upon as a degraded object, and his calling considered low. It is mechanical work to be sure, but so is that of a miller, and I would rather grind out music than flour any day. Lazy they certainly are not. The very monotony of that endless grind, grind, grind, renders it work of the hardest kind. Don't you suppose some of them wish 'Annie Laurie,' had never existed, and that 'Champagne Charlie,' had never had a song to sing? Don't you suppose they ever tire of the 'Star Spangled Banner' and wish it had never been embodied in melody? And as 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' ascends gracefully to the sky in the air *musicale*, don't you imagine they ever wish they might go too, never to return? But it is not for them to consider their likes. There are those who love to be reminded of Maxwelton's bonny banks, and little boys and girls who grow very happy as the bright, quick music of 'Champagne Charlie,' and other lively airs emerge from the many pipes of the insrument. There is always a host of little folks surrounding these itinerants—little innocent children, who applaud and grow merry. Where, indeed, would the grinder gain his living, if there were no youth in the land? Supported by these little pure hearts—shut in by an audience, guileless and sympathetic—shall his business be called low, his occupation unworthy?" I paused for breath.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Sabrina, knitting away nervously. "I've lived fifty-odd year, and never in that hull livin' time did I ever hear any one say a good word afore for one o' them tramps! It beats all what this generation is a comin' to."

"I suppose there are worthless scamps in that calling as well as in any other," I replied, "and custom has taught the world to denounce the entire class; but I think a little sober thought would soon convince one that it is not their occupation that demoralizes them. As for me," and I rested on my broom, and looked straight at the disturbed individual, who had withdrawn to the farthest corner of the room, "I say blessings on the man who brings happiness to my children, who furnishes them with an entertainment so delightful to their young hearts —an amusement so harmless and innocent, at a cost so trivial, for a sum so insignificant."

"Mother," said Billy, my oldest, rushing in from the street all aglow, "he's a comin'! he's a comin'! Give us a penny —two of 'em, mother!" And the excited little fellow rushed back into the street to watch, while I, unmindful of Aunt Sabrina's pursed up lips, dropped my broom and ran for my pocket book.

"Yes, he's a comin'!" said Billy, deserting his post and re-entering. "He's a'most here; and Katie wants two pennies too! She's with the little girl,—the funniest little loony you ever saw. I wish 'twas a monkey, but Katie don't," said he, catching hold of my hand and the pennies.

"Stop, Billy," said I, brushing the hair from his forehead and detaining him for a moment. "What little girl is it that your sister is with—has she her bonnet on?"

"Yes'm, a sort of a bonnet," said the child, tugging to get away, "as funny as she is, and she's awful funny!—most as good as a monkey, but not quite. She can sing and dance, and hain't got any stockings on, but some shoes. O mother, please let me go—I've told you everything."

"Shall I go too, Billy?" said I, while Aunt Sabrina actually dropped her knitting and caught her breath.

"Yes, do; hurry mother, or it'll be gone."

Putting on my hat I followed the sturdy little fellow to the door, where the organ grinder, heralded by all the children in the neighborhood, soon made his appearance, and stationing himself at a respectful distance, began to unwind the tunes and set them floating through the air. I had only time to observe that the musician was a foreigner, and in appearance, above the average of men following that vocation, when Katie, my little five-year old, sprang towards me, all excitement, and exclaimed:

"Ain't she a dear little thing, mamma, just see?"

There she stood, the "hand organ man's little girl," as the children termed her, with my Katie's hand in hers, looking straight into my face. Perhaps another might have laughed at the child, for her appearance was certainly ludicrous, but it was of a kind, which, mother as I was, touched my heart, and made my eyes fill with tears. She was an odd little thing, with a child's face pushed tion an expression of five years too old. Out of gray eyes, frank and honest looked her soul; over a large mouth and a larger smile, was a pug nose, and above this, a smooth borderland, upon which the tow-like hair was tossed in every direction; an apology for a bonnet she had pushed back from her head, and it hung from her neck suspended by faded ribbons; over her shrunken frame hung a wrapper-like garment, just reaching to her bare, brown knees. There she stood before me, this little waif, with Katie's question unanswered, the children crowding around me, were waiting for my verdict—all but Billy, who was negotiating with the organist, endeavoring to procure three tunes for a cent, or "seven for two."

"Of course she is, dear," I replied, patting my girling on the head, and then stooping down to the quaint figure before me.

"What is your name, little one?" I said.

"Pepita," briefly.

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes—n-o," and the little child shivered; "she's gone aw y—dead, I b'lieve. I wisht she'd come back." Glancing at the organist a moment after, she added. "I've got a father; he's him," and she nodded her head and exchanged fond looks with the man.

"Here, Pepita," said Billy, my little rush-about, "I want to see you dance some more; I'll give you a penny if you will."

Pepita laughed, showed some very pretty teeth, dropped us all a courtesy, and trod the notes of "Money Musk," under her feet in the most lively and certainly the most original manner.

"After all," said Billy, admiringly, "you are as good as a monkey, every bit; come on into the house, and get something to eat."

I thought Billy was having things pretty much his own way; but in feeding the hungry, he knew that he had a license at all times, and it pleased me to see the child so thoughtful.

With a short sentence to the man in a dialect I could not comprehend, Pepita followed Billy, while her father to rest himself, meanwhile, threw himself upon the grass which grew along by the walk.

"Don't bring the little vagabond near me," screamed Aunt Sabrina, which remark drew me into the house at once, while the village children loitered around the door, waiting for the show to begin again.

"She isn't a vagabond at all," I exclaimed; "she's a little motherless child, —tired and hungry, I'll warrant, but Christian enough to smile through it all, and willing to contribute all in her power for the amusement of others. Nora, prepare these children some sandwiches," said I, as my maid of all work entered the room.

"Pepita," said Billy, "do you see what a grand house I live in? See how high the walls are, and look at all these pretty pictures,"

"Yes," and Pepita opened her eyes very wide, and stared around in all directions. "Yes, I see," said she, and I thought her face grew sober; a moment or two after, a bright flush illumined it, and she exclaimed eagerly and a little boastfully:

"Mine's higher'n this, and the pictures is new every day!" shaking her head.

"Why, Pepita," said Billy, gravely, "are you telling the truth? I thought you hadn't any home at all."

"Oh yes I have," said Pepita, decidedly.

"And when do you go to it?" asked Billy.

"Lots of times; when I get tired, perhaps," she replied.

Billy was perplexed; he looked at me, but I purposely avoided his glance.

Pepita was cunning and shrewd. She noted his troubled expression, and laughourright.

Billy grew red, and Katie, all the time hanging to my dress, whispered to me "He's dittin' mad at her." Running towards Pepita, she seized her funny little hand. "Don't Billy, said Katie, and Billy didn't.

Nora returned with a plate of sandwiches, and the annoying subject was at once dismissed, while Katie and Billy loaded the little girl with biscuits, and then ran to the man with the remainder. In broken English he thanked us, his face speaking more intelligibly than the mangled words.

"One more tune and one more dance," said the children; "Just one more—do, please."

Good naturedly the grinder planted an action from which a tune sprang forth and Pepita danced until her clumsy feet gave out. Gesticulating to the man in her quick little way, he lowered the organ that she might seat herself upon it; then raising it to its former position, he threw his arm protectingly around her and smiled, while the little one, as if weary, closed her eyes.

"Home," said he to us, pointing to Pepita, and looking as if he would like to explain.

"Yes, home!" exclaimed Pepita, opening her tired eyes, and searching the little group till her glance fell on Billy. "Home," she again repeated, and then pointed to the sky above her, and to the surrounding landscape.

"Is that all the home you've got—your father's arms?" exclaimed the boy as they walked away.

"Hush, Billy," I whispered. "A father's or a mother's arms are a dear, bright home for any one; Pepita is rich in her father's love."

"Aren't there poor little children that haven't got any fathers or mothers, or homes?" asked Billy.

"So many, so very many, Billy."

"Well, what do they do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said I, musingly, as I thought of the suffering, uncared-for poor that throng our larger cities.

At night as I was tucking my boy up snugly in bed, he resumed the conversation. "Pepita is now at home," said he. "Mother, I know what the poor little children do that hain't got any fathers' or mothers' arms to go to; God takes them up; Aunt Sabi said so, and lots more."

It was a statement I could not gainsay nor did I wish to. At last Aunt Sabrina and I had arrived at a point upon which we both could agree.

"Billy," said I, bending over my beautiful boy, "Aunt Sabrina told you right. 'God is a father unto the poor as well as unto the rich, and His ear is ever open to our cry.'"

"It's jolly to think of, ain't it, mother?" said Billy. "I'm going to tell the very next little boy I see just how it is." And he kept his word.

Billy has grown to be a man, but he has not forgotten the lesson he learned in the long ago, for to-day in a foreign land, he is telling the heathen of a Saviour and a Saviour's love, and of the God who has said, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."—*Wood's Household.*

THE BACHELOR'S SURPRISE.

A chill, December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas lamps at the corners flickering sullenly through the mist, and the wind taking one viciously, as one came round the corner! Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home, but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale put up his night key into the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have the common sense to light a fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinnan quoth beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's all right."

"All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosted nose, to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things."

"What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale.

But Mrs. Hinnan pursed her lips up "I wasn't to tell, sir, please."

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third story front room which he had solemnly engaged the day before.

It had been a rather dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon; but now, softened by the coral shine of a well filled grate, it wore quite another and a brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, gilt paneling, red carpet and a Sleepy Hollow chair thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around.—"Not so uncomfortable after all. When I get my things unpacked it will seem quite homelike."

He set down his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it, took out a pair of slippers, and invested his tired feet there in. Next he laid off his overcoat.

"Now for a cigar," thought he.

But the brown-layered weed was yet in his hand, when, there was a bustle, and a flutter, and a whisper, and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half a dozen, blooming, laughing girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar, and retreated a step or two.

"Don't be alarmed!" said the tallest and prettiest of the bevy; "it's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind.

"There's no mistake, I hope," said a yellow-tressed blonde. "Your name is not Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it is not Greenfield. Sit down ladies."

And he pushed forward the Sleepy Hollow chair, a camp stool, and two rheumatic reception chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by his apartment.

But instead of accepting his courtesy, the girls all fluttered out again giggling, and in a second, before he could realize this strange combination of affairs, they were back again bearing benches and a table cloth, dishes, boquets, a pyramid of maccaronies, piled up plates of sandwiches, of frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clapped her hands.

"You needn't think we are doing all this for you, sir!" she said.

"Oh," said Mr. Barkdale, bashfully, "I—I hadn't any such impression."

"It's all a surprise designed for Kate's cousin."

"Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale more in the dark than ever.

"And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feather in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea."

"We found your letter to Kate—and we girls read it, and we resolved to take you and her both by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour, Barbara, that is Barbara Morris, in the blue merico dress," with a turn of her long lashes toward the golden-haired girl—" pretends she has moved here, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with Barbara. Won't it be a joke?"

"Stupendous!" said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend the mortifying fact that he was mistaken for some one else.

"What will Kate say, when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maid merrily.

"Ah—what indeed!" said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words he could best explain matters.

"Of course, we shall all look the other way while you are kissing and hugging her," said Miss Barbara demurely.

"Very considerate of you, I am sure," observed Mr. Barkdale.

"She's the sweetest girl in N. Y.," exclaimed the tall damsel, enthusiastically, "I am one of her dearest friends. We work our sewing machines side by side at Madam Grillard's. Hasn't she ever written to you about Alice Moore?"

"I—I don't just this moment recall that she has."

"O, well, it dont matter," said Alice, "Just you sit down, and be a good boy, while we fix the tables. Aren't those roses beautiful! My goodness gracious, how astonished Kate will be!"

"She can't be more so than I am," said Mr. Barkdale sinking into the Sleepy Hollow chair, and passing his handkerchief vaguely across his wet forehead. "Well, it's a mere matter of fate; I can't see how I am going to explain myself; and yet, perhaps I ought to explain. Ladies—"

"Hush-sh-sh-sh!" cried the six pretty girls, all in a hissing chorus. "Kate's coming! Bessie has brought her! Hush-sh-sh-sh! Don't say a word, Mr Greenfield." The golden-haired girl's hand was clapped promptly over his mouth, Alice Moore grasped his arm spasmodically, and the other four danced a sort of bewitching little feminine war dance about him, while a seventh girl entered—a pretty, Madonna-faced little creature like a dove.

"Come and kiss him, Kate!" cried all the others. "Now don't be ridiculous—for we shan't take any notice. Here he is!"

"Kiss who?" cried Kate, standing still and staring all around her. "Girls, what on earth do you mean?"

"You provoking thing!" said Barbara, stamping her little foot. "Do you suppose we are all fools? Why, of course we know all about him! It's Mr. Greenfield—your cousin, Kate—the young M. D."

Kate looked around in bewilderment.

"Where?"

"Why here!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said Miss Kate demurely.

Our hero stood up, feeling himself growing uncomfortably warm and red.

"Ladies," he said, there's some peculiar mistake here. I said at the outset that my name was not Greenfield."

"There!" cried the girls at once.

"There!" chorused Kate defiantly.

"Didn't we tell you!" cried the girls

"Didn't I tell you?" retorted Kate. "Be kind enough to let us know what your name is, sir."

"Cephas Barkdale!" said the wretched victim of a misunderstanding.

"But," said Miss Moore, you said it was not Greenfield."

"Of course I did!" said the puzzled bachelor. "It isn't Greenfield, and it never will be unless I have it changed by act of Legislature."

"O-h-h!" cried the girls. "Dear, dear to be sure! And we thought you were Kate's lover—and his name is N-o-double t—Nott Greenfield."

"Do hold your tongues, you ridiculous things!" said Kate, half vexed, half laughing. "What must Mr. Barkdale think of us all?"

"I think you are very nice," said Mr. Barkdale very gallantly.

Miss Barbara in the meantime, had plucked a slip of paper out of her pocket. She uttered a hysterical shriek.

"It's all my fault!" she exclaimed. It was No. 39 instead of No. 36—and the tail of the horrid figure's turned the wrong end up—that's all. And the cake and the flowers and everything."

"Stop, ladies, if you please," said Mr. Barkdale, courteously. "Because the surprise has come to the wrong place is no reason why the right person should not enjoy it. Allow me to give up this room to your use this evening. I will just step across the street, and send Mr. Nott Greenfield over."

"But you must return with him," said the girls.

And Mr. Barkdale was not allowed to depart until he had promised.

Mr. Nott Greenfield—a good-looking medical student, who had the "sky parlor" directly opposite—came promptly on mention of the name of Kate Kellord, and did the polite thing in introducing Mr. Barkdale; and Barkdale eat of the sandwiches, and enjoyed the cake and cream, and coaxed Miss Barbara to pin a little pink rosebud in the button hole of his coat, and enjoyed himself prodigiously.

"I'd like to be surprised like this every night in the year!" said he.

"Oh, you greedy creature!" said Miss Barbara.

"But there was one time I seriously meditated throwing myself out of the window," said he, "when you told me I was to kiss Kate."

"Dear, dear!" said Barbara, ironically, "that would have been dreadful, wouldn't it?"

"But the awkwardness of the thing."

"I dare say you never kissed a pretty girl before," pouted the blonde.

"I never did," said the bachelor, growing bold; but I will now if you say so."

"But I don't say so," said Barbara, coloring and laughing. "Behave yourself, sir!"

Mr. Barkdale went home with the fair Barbara, and they grew to be very great friends, and—where's the use trying to conceal how it all ended? They were married at the year's end with all the six surprisers for bridesmaids, Kate Kellford included. Mr. Nott Greenfield proposes to follow the example as soon as he has got his diploma.

THE GIRL JUST MARRIED.—Can she make bread? is the chorus. No; of course she can't. "Well, our gandmother's made bread." What of it? They didn't live with a steam bakery round the corner. Nobody asks if Frederick can saw wood or mow. His grandfather did both. But Violet is sure that Frederick would station himself with his axe directly under the clothes-line, and his head would be the first wood chopped. He might, indeed, sally forth some summer morning, gaily swinging his scythe; but before night he would surely be brought home, like some popular actor "in two parts." However, she feels that she can love Frederick, even if he does differ in some respects from his revered ancestors. "Can she knit?" cries the chorus. No; "Well, our grandmothers knitted all the stockings for their families." The absurdity of thinking that Frederick, who cannot endure a darn in his fine hose, would wear those coarse, clumsy ribbed yarn stockings, even if she could make them. Clearly the woman of to-day is good enough for the man of to-day; but seeing that some writers are so infatuated with their grandmother's ways and words, perhaps that apparently useless and absurd cannon that a man shall not marry his grandmother, is not so unnecessary after all.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—An Ohio paper relates that about seventeen years ago, a young boy residing in Wood county, took a black cat skin from which the original tail of the animal had been removed, and a mink's tail nicely sewed on instead, and sold it to a certain buyer of furs, not many miles from Grand Rapids, for $1.25. It was done as a practical joke, but the boy kept the money, grew to be a prosperous business man, joined a church, but his conscience upbraided him so much that a few days ago the ex-fur dealer received a note inclosing $3.70 principal and interest. The joke is now on the fur dealer, as he put the cat skin among a lot of mink skins and sold it for $3. As he cannot now find the purchaser, he proposes to contribute the money to some benevolent purpose.

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And all kinds of Machine Work.

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Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metalic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and S[illegible], and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use, English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village.

is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

or any other Band Instruments, which with

Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 Court St., Boston.

(Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES.

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

34

Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7½, 8½, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.

Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.

E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5. 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30, *6.15† 9.45‡* P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 6.25 P. M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 6 27 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 6.37 P. M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.45 P. M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 6.50 8.20‖ P. M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P. M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P. M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

A. E. THOMPSON & CO.

DEALERS IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

Woolens and Small Wares,

West India Goods, Flour

AND GRAIN.

Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 WADE BLOCK,

A. E. THOMPSON,
E. H. NICHOLS. 75 WOBURN

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66

96 Main Street.

At the Old Stand.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that they are now prepared to Kill and Dress Hogs with the utmost neatness and dispatch.

BANCROFT & BULLARD,

71 New Boston street, near Main street.

THE VERY

Cheapest

Lines of first-class BOYS' CLOTHING of all grades and sizes, to be found to-day in Boston, are now to be seen at RICHARDS "OLD CORNER,"

24 and 25 Dock Square.

Boys' Blue Sailor Suits,	$4
Boys' Nice Chevoit Suits,	$7
Boys' do. (9 to 14 yrs. old,)	$9
Boys' do. do.	$10 to $15
Boys' Vacation Suits,	$6
Boys' School Suits,	$6 to $10
Boys' Grecian Linen Suits,	$3.50

Boys', Youths', Children's suits, all sizes,
Also, Boys' New York White Vests
All at very lowest prices, uniformly.

47

G. H. Richards,

24 & 25 Dock Square,

BOSTON.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c 46

AT

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM SOAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready fo the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871. $2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,807.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.

CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.

CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.

HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem.

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO, of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.

All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.

B. T. H. PORTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thankall those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on. 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDSAT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

77 S. SIMONDS.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 7

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, nd all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder,

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,

WOBURN. 76

F. J. Culbert,

PLUMBER.

No. 200 Main St., { In Store with C. M. STROUT.

WOBURN, MASS.

70

The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

OFFICE—Near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 73

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

L. H. ALLEN,

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

Railroad st., near corner of Main

WOBURN.

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

95

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass.

M. ELLIS & CO.,

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS

AND CELLAR BUILDERS,

Park st. Rear of Baptist Church

Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 96

Superior Printing

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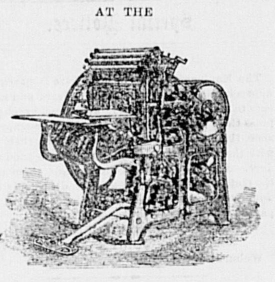

JOURNAL OFFICE

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION

BUYERS !

Stearns,

Brown,

& Co.,

are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

assortment of

CROCKERY

AND 79

GLASS WARE

ever displayed in

WOBURN,

at very

LOW PRICES

ALSO,

FLOUR,

Grain and Groceries

STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,

216 Main Street,

WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

W. M. WOODBERRY

WOBURN JOURNAL.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY — CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640. — WOBURN — INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873. NO. 6.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 84 Proprietor

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. { Near Main Street.
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly atended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as hereto ore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.

Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce tha on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY. Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN

DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, { Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Poetry.

MAPLE LEAVES.

The maple leaves were alling, falling,
With a sound like angel's tread,
And the birds were calling, calling,
Their sweet love notes o'erhead,
As I placed upon her finger
A plain band of virgin gold,
And she said it there should linger
Till the hand was dead and cold.

The maple leaves were falling, falling,
With a sound of withered hopes;
And the cruel foam came crawling
O'er the beach's sandy slopes—
As within the grave we laid her
With the turf upon her breast;
And the sad yew tree to shade her.
Through her everlasting rest.

The maple leaves are falling, falling,
Like an echo from my heart;
Crooning o'er a dirge appalling
Of despair ne'er to depart.
In my ears 'tis ringing, ringing,
In a tone I know too well
'Tis a solemn mass they're singing,
For those maple leaves that fell.

—*Turner Falls Reporter*

Selected.

Having Nothing yet Possessing All Things.

There lies upon a hard bed in an obscure home a poor woman, who has lain there unnoticed in the world for eight and twenty years. She has never known what it was to indulge herself in her life. Her childhood was a struggle. Her resources are very few. The only landscape she has seen for years is the smoke stained ceiling of her own room. Her coarse food revolts her invalid appetite. She is not gifted in intellect; has no culture in the sense in which that word is used; there is nothing attractive about her person; she is only a plain, unlearned suffering woman, whom people would patronize if they knew her wants, and then go away and forget. But she is not trying to live in pleasure, and so is not dead while she liveth. She has learned, not through any might or power, or wisdom of her own, that God is the element in which the human soul was formed to live, and in him she lives and moves and has her being.

Let us hear what she says about it:

"I never had any thoughts about anything. It was just get up in the morning and go to work, and work all day long, and when it came night, go to bed and to sleep. It went on till I was eighteen years old, and then John Turner began to come to see me, and we got talking about being married some time. After that, the work didn't seem so hard. I would get to thinking about him, and the time would slip away, and when it came night he always came, and we saved and planned and talked, about having a snug little home of our own. If anybody had come along then, and talked to me about God and heaven, I should not have listened. I should have said, "I've got John and that's enough."

"But one day I had a fall. I was sitting in the wagon upon a chair, and the chair upset and I fell out, backwards. At first they thought I wasn't hurt much, and I kept expecting and expecting to get well. But instead of that I grew more helpless every day. My mother had led a hard life before, but now she had my work to do, and had me to take care of. But when she began to break down, John came and lived here as if he was her own son, and helped me when I had to be moved, and was kind and gentle like a woman.

"So it went on a good while, and then it began to come to me that I should never get well and never be John's wife. I laid and cried about it when nobody was near me, and I said to myself, 'Other girls are well and strong, and get married to ones they love, but I've got to lie here and it's hard, it's hard.'

"And then I noticed how loving John was to little children, how he was always bringing them in on his shoulder and making much of them. And one day I said to him,—it came out the minute I thought of it—'John, you'll never marry me; I shall never be well enough. And you ought not to be tied to me. You ought to find a nice tidy girl and get married to her.' He said he never could or would, and got up and went and sat on the doorstep, and I heard him sigh twice. And I lay all night wishing I hadn't spoken those words, for I thought if they drove him from me to some other girl I should die.

"So years went by, and he was as kind and gentle as ever, but I began to miss something out of him. It isn't worth while to make a long story out of it. He was ever so much ashamed and cried about it, but he wanted a lass who could make a home for him, and I made it easy for him. And he went and got married to Huldy Jones. The first time he brought her to see me, I felt as if I could strike her dead. But after they'd gone, I asked mother to bring me a little looking glass. I hadn't thought to look at myself for a long time. Well, what did I see? Not the wholesome young thing John used to court, but a faded, uncomely, worn-out, oldish woman. My forehead, that once was white and smooth, was nothing but a set of wrinkles; my eyes that used to laugh so, had grown dull and leaden; and where I was sound and plump, I was now long and lean. I lay and looked at myself a whole hour, and then I forgave John, and I forgave Huldy, and said, 'I've got *mother* left, and there's nobody after all, like a good mother.'

"But somehow I pined for John, and the more I broke down, the more I wore on mother. I'll make it as short as I can; mother died. It seems strange that I didn't die too, but I didn't—I just lived and suffered.

"Somebody had got to take care of me, but nobody wanted to do it, I was so complaining and fractious. But at last an old woman came, for the sake of earning her living, poor thing! And sometimes John used to bring Huldy to see me. She had no reason to be jealous of what little there was left of me, and she wasn't. But when I saw those two young things together, I realized that John was not *my* John any longer, and I missed his love and missed mother's. And I said to myself, 'What is the reason we have hearts if the things we love change and die? Is it to torment us?' I used to lay awake nights, thinking; only I had to moan softly, lest they should hear. And I began to remember that my grandmother, who was a godly woman, used to say, and kept saying, that any one who had God for a friend had got all he needed. Then I began to feel round after him, but in the dark; for this is a lonesome neighborhood, and I seldom see any one except the family. Of course, I had a Bible, but I hadn't read it much. I never took to books. But now I began to read it all the time. I wanted to find out what I must do to get God to help me and be my Friend.

"I don't suppose anybody in the world was so lonesome as I was; for, though to look at me lying here like one dead, it would seem as if I had got too old and too sick to want somebody to love me, I never cared so much, not even when I was a girl. And I thought if I left off fretting and crying, and grew patient and quiet and good, that perhaps God would be sorry for me, and perhaps come in time to give me a kind thought now and then. But I couldn't make myself good. The more I tried, the worse I grew. And though I left off fretting with words the fret was in me just the same, and as I got no comfort out of God, I began to be angry with him. I said to myself, 'If it hadn't been for that fall, I should be John's wife. It's too bad.'

"You see I was kicking against the pricks. One day John brought his two boys to see me. One of them was four years old, and the other just beginning to walk and to get into mischief. He was shy at first, and clung to his father's neck; but after a time, he got down and ran about the room, meddling, as children will, with everything. John took away things he ought not to have several times. At last, the child got a knife off the table, and when his father tried to make him give it up, screamed and ran away with it. John caught him, took away the knife, and struck his hands twice. It hurt me to see the child's lip quiver, and I said, 'A moment ago you could not fondle Johnnie enough, and now you strike him.'

"'Yes, I strike him just as I fondle him, because I love him. Isn't it my duty to make an obedient boy of him?'

"The words went right through me. Was it because God loved me that he had let me get the fall? Should I ever have thought of him if I had kept strong and well? And then I opened my Bible and came to the text, 'We love him because he first loved us;' and it seemed as if God's Holy Spirit took pity on my ignorance, and set me to reading all the verses that taught that he loved us, not because he saw any good in us, but because it is just his way. The very heart in me leaped up for joy, and I began to love him that minute. I saw as plain as day, that though I'd grown so sickly and cross-grained and tiresome, that nobody in the world could bear me, he was sorry that I was sick, and sorry that I had grown fretful and peevish and disagreeable. It astonished me so, and I was so taken up with it that I never knew when John went away. To think that God could love *me!* I couldn't make it out. The next time John came, he stood by the side of the bed, and says to me, 'How are you to-day, Sarah? As bad as ever?'—meaning the pain.

"'Yes, as bad as ever,' says *I*, 'but I've got acquainted with God since you were here, and if I'm bad, he's good—I can't tell you how good.'

"John looked at the old woman then, who takes care of me, and put his forefinger up to his forehead, as much as to say 'there's something wrong with her mind.'

"'You think I'm having a hard time, John,' said I; 'but I'm having the best time in the world. I've got everything I want.'

"'Don't you want to be well?' said he.

"'No, I want everything just as it is now.'

"John is a great strong man, as tall and straight as a poplar tree, and I never saw him cry but once before, but now the tears began to run down his cheeks,

"Well, it went on so that I never had a lonesome moment. When I wasn't reading my Bible or speaking to God, he was speaking to me, saying such kind and loving things. I don't think he could seem so tender to people who are well and strong.

"I used to lie awake, thinking how poor I was, and what a hard bed this was to lie on so many years, and to wish I could have a little change in my food, or some one to come in to talk to me and cheer me up a bit. But now I can't think of anything I want. If I could have all the money in the world, and all that money could buy, and ever so many friends, and be young and strong and well again, but have to give up what I've learned in this sick room, I wouldn't give up an atom of it. We read in the Bible about Jesus going round among poor people, and sick people and dying people, and how sorry he was for them, and what he said to them, and what he did for them. Well, he hasn't changed a bit since then He comes here into this poor little room, and sits down here by the bed, and makes me so happy that I'm ashamed. And I'm going to thank him as long as I live that he never gave me many of the things people call good, and even took away what he did give, because now I've got nothing but him and he is enough."

"Isn't this all a delusion?"

"And suppose it is, what harm has it done me? It has made a palace out of this hovel, and a happy woman out of a miserable one. But it isn't a delusion; it's all in the Bible, every word of it, and more too. You just take it and sit down and read the promises, and then push everything out of the way, you love better than you love God, and take him at his word, and you'll see what he is, and that I haven't said half enough about him—not half enough. Oh, how I thank him that he took away the use of my young limbs, and laid me on this bed of pain; that he took away John; that he took away mother—all I had.

"And now I know what the Bible means when it says,—'As having nothing and yet possessing all things!'"—*Mrs. E. Prentiss in Observer.*

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.—We always think of great men as in the act of performing the deeds which give them renown, or else in stately repose, grand gloomy and majestic. And yet this is hardly fair, because even the most gorgeous and magnificent of human beings have to bother themselves with the little things of life which engage the attention of us smaller people. No doubt Moses snuffed and got angry when he had a severe cold in his head, and if a fly bit his leg, while he was sitting in the desert, why should we suppose he did not jump up and use violent language and rub the sore place? And Cæsar—isn't it tolerably certain that he used to become furious when he went upstairs to get his slippers in the dark, and found that Calphurnia had shoved them back under the bed so that he had to sweep around wildly with the broom handle for them? And when Solomon cracked his crazy bone, is it unreasonable to suppose that he hopped around the room, and looked mad, and felt as if he wanted to cry? Imagine George Washington sitting on the edge of the bed, putting on a clean shirt, and growling at Martha because the buttons were off—or St. Augustine with an apron around his neck having his hair cut; or Joan of Arc holding her front hair in her mouth, as women do, while she fixed up her back hair; or Napoleon jumping out of bed in a frenzy to chase a mosquito around his room with a pillow; or Martin Luther in his night shirt, trying to put the baby to sleep at two o'clock in the morning; or Alexander the Great with the hiccups; or Thomas Jefferson getting suddenly over a fence to avoid a dog; or the Duke of Wellington lying in bed with the mumps; or Daniel Webster abusing his wife because she hadn't tucked the covers in at the foot of the bed; or Benjamin Franklin paring his corns with a razor; or Jonathan Edwards at the dinner table wanting to sneeze just as he gets his mouth full of hot beef; or Noah standing at his window at night, throwing bricks at a cat.—*Max Adeler.*

MISCELLANEOUS RULES.—To determine the difference in time between two places: Divide their distance in miles by 16, this will give the difference of time in minutes.

To determine the weight of a casting from the weight of the pattern of seasoned white pine: For iron multiply the weight of the pattern by 14. For brass, 15. For lead, 22.

To find the circumference of a circle when the diameter is given: Multiply the diameter by 3 14159.

To find the area: Square the diameter (that is, multiply it by itself), and multiply by .7854.

To find the surface of a cylinder: Multiply the length by the circumference, and add the area of the two ends.

To find the area of a cylinder: Multiply the length by the area of the end.

To find the volume of a cube or square figure: Multiply the length, breadth and thickness together.

To compute the volume or area of a sphere: Multiply the diameter by itself twice, and this by .5236.

To find the side of a square equal in area to a given circle: Multiply the diameter of the circle by .8862.

☞ Good manners are not only pleasant in all places, but not unfrequently useful to the person exhibiting them—and the contrary is true, as the following story shows:

Once upon a time Lord John Russell was the minister in attendance upon her Majesty at Balmoral, and one evening there came a messenger to the telegraph office in Aboyne—a little old man buried in a great coat—with a telegram from his lordship, to one of his ministerial colleagues in London. The message was handed to the clerk in charge, a peremptory person, who, seeing that it did not bear a signature, threw it contemptuously back, with the authoritive command,

"Put your name to it; it's a pity your master don't know how to send a telegram."

The name was added and the message handed back.

"Why, yon can't write either!" cried the enraged clerk, after vainly endeavoring to make out the signature. "Here, let me do it. What is your name?"

"My name," said the little old messenger, very deliberately, "is John Russell."

It was the veritable Lord John himself, and the unmannerly clerk was removed from Aboyne forthwith.

☞ At a hotel table one boarder remarked to another: "This must be a healthy place for chickens." "Why?' asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones hereabouts."

DEAR JOURNAL:—Folks, and other folks, and the exposition—that's what Chicago is full of to-day. Our much-talked-of exposition opened on Thursday, Sept. 25th, and is, thus far, a grand success. When it will close remains uncertain; probably not so long as 50,000 persons visit it daily. Always going about something with a rush, and trying to be just a little ahead of the rest of the world, Chicago is spending the present month in a manner most agreeable to itself. Our hotels are filled, our streets are thronged, our horse cars and omnibuses are loaded, until even the ingenuity of their drivers fails to see "room for one more," with strangers from the North, the South, the East and the West. Country cousins meet us at every crossing, with their arms loaded with satchels, babies and quack advertisements; city cousins pass us with uplifted dresses and such remarks about Chicago's dirt and manners as leave us no doubt that they have been with us but a short space of time, while our own city people, from the mayor's representative down to the itinerant pedler at the street corner, every face wears that look of hospitality which says, "Make yourself at home in my house." Folks and other folks and so many of them, and sometimes it seems as if there were more of the other folks than there was room for.

The exposition building stands on the south side of the city fronting the lake. It is 800 feet long, 400 feet wide and two hundred feet high at the dome. It has been built with a great deal of care (for Chicago), and is intended to be left standing for future uses. In it will probably be held the meeting of the American Pomological Society in 1875; it will probably be put in requisition at the time of the Presidential Convention in 1876—of course we intend to have it here—; indeed, now that the building is in readiness, our citizens would think it bad taste, to say the least, if Gabriel's trumpet is ever used to assemble the multitudes in any less convenient place.

Just now it is the exposition building, filled from one end to the other with things of beauty and of interest. One needs to make a first visit to get lost in, a second to find the way back in, and a third to see what may be seen. It reminds Massachusetts children very much of their Boston, it is so cut up into bewildering triangles about which one may walk with the pleasing delusion that progress is being made, only to pull up at the starting point; it has as many promenades leading off from its main entrances as there are streets leading from Haymarket Square, and they are quite as likely to end in no thoroughfares. Bostonians, pining for their native city amid these streets which will run straight, and cross each other at right angles, may go to the exposition and lose themselves to their heart's content, inside of five minutes.

In the department devoted to machinery may be seen the chief inventions of the nineteenth century in all their glory. Machines covered with medals from Paris, Vienna, and every other fair, until they resemble a foreign diplomate in full dress, decorated with all his orders. Farming machines — mowers, reapers, sowers, threshers, corn-grinders and vegetable choppers. Household machines—to wash dishes and to wash towels. Machines to make cambric needles, and machines to forge car bolts. Machines which catch up a bit of unbending glass pipe, and with a few skillful turns, set before you a glittering little glass basket or bird, a marvel of skill and brittleness. Machinery which takes a sheet of wrought iron, and with legerdemain touches, transforms it into a neat little piece of funneling, seamed and ribbed with a half dozen curves and knees in it. Machines, which in ten minutes will turn a perfect chair or table in miniature from a block of wood. These and dozens more, with the steam giant tamed down to their service. There is a wonderful fascination about these powerful slaves obeying the hand of their master, man, doing the work of ten or a hundred men, with the aid of one man. It is a triumph of mind over matter. There is a fascination in these strong workmen, walking about in their working clothes with holiday faces; in the crowds of spectators, with their various expressions, curious, amazed, idiotic and intelligent. "Will there be anything our children's children won't do by machinery?" we cried in triumph. "They won't rock their babies to sleep by it," was our companion's answer, and we bowed in silence before her superior knowledge.

In the industrial department, are, first and foremost, of course, all the rival sewing machines, showing their handsomest finish, doing their most intricate work. Here is a watch factory, with all its delicate mechanism in various stages in the hands of skilled workmen and women. A little further on is a complete shoe shop, with a couple dozen men at work, driving their pegs in with such precision and rapidity that a pegging machine seems a superfluity. Beyond them is a tin shop, where a dozen pretty girls, in neat, white aprons, are at work, cutting, seaming, soddering and finishing off tin boxes. Here is a show for a well known type foundry, and here, too, are girls at work, polishing the type. And before we go, we must notice the printing press in operation, the power without which none of these marvelous works of man would have come about; the power which is behind the throne, and more powerful than the sword; just now, fed by a very sooty pressman, and tended by a very inattentive "devil," it is giving out hand bills for a patent churn.

We wish we could gladden the hearts of the little ones by a talk of the wonders of the Toy Department, with its Victorias in purple velvet, its Eugenies in crimson satin, its ladies in trails and crimps, and its babies in wonderful cradles that would cry; its Topsies and their tiny kitchens; its balls, hoops, dishes, carts, trumpets. horses, and all the things more wonderful than a fairy kingdom. But the growing length of our letter warns us to be brief on this as well as the other two points we have yet to touch.

Among the many vegetable productions on exhibition none were more interesting than those shown by the Union and Northern Pacific Railroad companies. Imagine a corn stalk so tall that a man of ordinary height cannot touch its top. That is not likely to come from the land where "potatoes they grow small." At one place we noticed a bunch of green leaves, grown up from one root, labeled, "Only a weed." We measured it and found that it was "only" three feet in circumference! If we farmed it, "only one weed" of that description to a forty acre field would be sufficient. We are not greedy. No wonder people in the country where these things grow "talk big."

A few words about our Art Gallery and we will close, leaving a thousand things, worthy of mention, unnoticed. We wish we could pass the Art Gallery (?) in like manner. But as you have doubtless heard of our 30,000 dollar picture, a present from Brittania, perhaps you would like to to have an Americans opinion of it. We don't know the artist's name. We don't want to. He is the same fellow who is coming over here to shoot buffalo in Broadway next spring. To the right of the picture is a little glow of fire, about large enough to boil an ordinary tea kettle over, compared with the size of the rest of the picture; to the left rise purple hills, these with a group of pine trees and a few heaps of rocks growing cactus in abundance form our prairie landscape, as seen through the fogs of London; in the foreground reposes Chicago, an Amazonian woman with the sinews of a blacksmith; she has passed through an ordeal that has literally stripped her of everything except her back hair which is still carefully arranged in a waterfall, with not a lock out of place, bound back with a fresh crimson ribbon. Her head is in the lap of America, her shoulders rest in a bed of cactus with perfect ease, at her feet lies a sharp rock, which perhaps accounts for her evident determination not to move another inch for the night. America, or Columbia, or the Goddess of Liberty, as you please, with earrings in her ears and moccasins on her feet, is holding a cup, which might have contained the wine of life, but which, owing to its position and the laws of gravitation, evidently contains nothing, she is doing nothing, and has a general look of having been wakened up by a cross child before her nap was out; over her shoulder broods the inevitable eagle, in this case bearing a marked resemblance to the snipe. Brittania is gotten up with considerable care; her scarlet dress is very becoming to her complexion, and the lion and unicorn as trimming set it off to good advantage; her face alone seems moved by compassion; she is just bending over Chicago to proffer her aid, and the look of pity accompanying the action, would be quite appropriate to it, if it were not for the perfect comfort with which Chicago enjoys her recumbent position, which renders offered help rather unnecessary. There is the impression the great picture of Chicago has given one who is no art critic, but who believes that art and nature must "justify," if art be true art. What the critics say of it, we do not know, having the comfortable habit of skipping art criticisms as we used to do "morals" after fairy stories. What the common people, which means ninety-nine out of a hundred, say is that with all gratitude to England for the real aid she gave us in our hour of need, we cannot afford another fire, if it will adorn our new Court House wall with another $30,000 picture, for many years to come.

Aside from the great picture, the art gallery contains several good oil paintings of our own and the nation's great men and women; a few fine but familiar steel engravings; a few chromos such as may be seen in every picture store in the city; double their number of miserable daubs, and nothing more in the line of pictures. Chicago is just ashamed of that art gallery, let me tell you, and when we try another, let Boston look out for her laurels, for we are never beaten by the same thing twice.

One statue alone arrested our attention, —Zenobia—the same one which has been exhibited in Boston, we think; the captive queen in her chains. Roger's Groups, as usual attracted much notice and deserved it.

To-night's profits from the sale of tickets are to go the sufferers in Memphis and Shreveport. Our general news must be left over for another letter,

APRIL SHOWERS.

THE VULTURE OR EAGLE OF SCRIPTURE.—Allusion is made in several passages to the swiftness of the eagle as well as its voracity. See, for example, a portion of David's lamentation over the bodies of Saul and Jonathan, who, according to the poet's metaphor, "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." The Chaldeans are thus alluded to by the prophet Jeremiah: "Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heavens; they pursued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderness" (Lamentations, iv. 19). There is something peculiarly appropriate in employing the vulture as an image of strength and swiftness when applied to warriors, the bird being an invariable attendant on the battle, and flying to the field of death with marvellous swiftness. All who had ever witnessed a battle were familiar with the presence of the vulture; the scene of carnage and the image which is employed would be one which commended itself at once to those for whom it was intended. And as the earlier history of the Jewish nation is essentially of a warlike character, we cannot wonder that so powerful and familiar an image should have been repeatedly introduced into the sacred writings.

Piercing and wonderful as is the vision of the vulture, its visual powers have been much exaggerated. It certainly does possess a vision of no ordinary capacity, which is able to assume either a telescopic or a microscopic character, by means of a complex and marvelous structure, which can alter the whole shape of the organ at the will of the bird. Not only can the eye be thus altered, but it changes instantaneously, so as to accommodate itself to the task which it is to perform. A vulture, for example, sees from a vast height, the body of a dead animal, and instantly swoops down upon it like an arrow from a bow. In order to enable the bird to see so distant an object, the eye has been exercising its telescopic powers; and yet in a second or two when the vulture is close to its prey, the whole form of the eye must be changed, or the bird would mistake its distance, and dash itself to pieces on the ground. But although the vulture can see to an enormous distance, and with great clearness, it can see neither so far nor so clearly as is popularly supposed. It is true that as soon as a carcass is discovered it will be covered with vultures, which arrive from every side, looking at first like tiny specks in the air, scarcely perceptible even to practiced eyes, and all directing their flight to the same point. "Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." But although they all fly toward the same spot, it does not follow that they have all seen the same object. The fact is, they see and understand each others movements. A single vulture, for example, sees a dead or dying sheep, and swoops down upon it. The other vultures which are flying about in search of food, and from whom the animal in question may be concealed, know perfectly well that a vulture soars high in the air when searching for food, and only darts to the earth when it has found a suitable prey. They immediately follow its example, and in their turn are followed by other vultures, who can see their fellows from a distance, and know perfectly well why they are all converging to one spot. In this way all the vultures of a neighborhood will understand, by a very intelligible telegraph that the dead body of some animal has been found, and, aided by their wonderful powers of flight, will assemble over its body in an almost incredibly short space of time.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?—Apropos of Mrs. Livermore's late lecture on the above important question, the Davenport Democrat thus sensibly makes answer.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them not to paint or powder.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them every day, dry, hard practical common sense.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Give them a good, substantial common school education.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes; and stick to it.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of beaux.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining room and the parlor.

Teach them that a good, rosy romp is worth fifty consumptives.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

Teach them that the more one lives within his income, the more they will save.

Teach them the further one lives beyond their income, the nearer they get to the poor house.

Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure, the weal or woe of their after life.

Teach them the accomplishments—music, drawing, painting,—if you have time and money to do it with.

Teach them to cultivate a garden, and drive a road team or farm wagon.

Teach them that God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them that a good, steady mechanic without a cent, is worth a dozen oil-patent loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them the essentials of life, truth, honesty, uprightness, and at a suitable age, let them marry.

CATCHING A LITTLE TARTAR.—"So you don't care about donkey riding, Missy—and why?" "Oh, I've got a pony, and one doesn't care about donkeys after that, you know." "Has a pony got more legs than a donkey then?" Missy (who does not like to be chaffed)—"Yes, exactly twice as many as some donkeys that I know of."

☞ "Anna, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to c *u*, of course I cannot go any further." Anna said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

☞ Simple, yet how touching! A country tourist, leaving Boston on one of its many railroads, observed the first mile post, on which was inscribed, "1 m from Boston," and soliloquized, "Ah, a tombstone; I'm from Boston!"

☞ Glass bonnets have appeared.

A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.—The steamer Bertram during her last trip for seal, arrived off Resolution Island during a storm, and put into the channel between that island and Cape Labrador, where she was detained several days by dense fogs. Upon coming out, though the fog had only partially cleared, seal were discovered upon the moving ice in considerable numbers and the boats were manned and put off for them. All were anxious to be at work, as more than a week had been lost by bad weather, and all went vigorously to work "slaughtering the innocents." Near the middle of the ice field arose a large iceberg, toward which some of the men steered. One Jack Mack, more energetic than the rest had gone to the east of it and was out of sight. While he was busily engaged he suddenly discovered but a short distance before him a hugh grizzly bear, crouched upon the floe. Not lacking in courage and thinking that the pelt and a few steaks might be desirable, he turned immediately back toward the boat for his gun, and with less discretion than valor said not a word to his companions. He carefully loaded it and taking extra ammunition returned towards his prize. He was confident of his own marksmanship and thought if he did not despatch Bruin with the first shot a second could hardly fail to do the work. He approached within five or six rods undiscovered, and taking careful aim planted his bullet in the side of the couchant monster, but, to his great disappointment, with no effect, except to start him furiously toward where he stood; but a second bullet, when within a few feet, struck his shoulder and crippled him. To turn and run at this point John thought more hazardous than to rely upon his long knife, with the use of which he was well acquainted; in fact, before he could deliberate, his left arm was seized and he was thrown down, with the bear top of him, and unlike "Wall street," no bulls were at hand to throw him up; the process of demolishing went rapidly on, John succeeding only in plunging his knife into the tough sides of his adversary a few times, when the timely arrival of three of his companions changed the tide of battle. They heard the reports of the gun, and with their clubs hastened to John's assistance. One of them rapidly loaded the gun, while the others vigorously plied their clubs, and a third ball was soon lodged in the only place to produce immediate effect. Bruin's brain, and he rolled dead upon the ice. John came out of the encounter more dead than alive; his arm was fearfully mashed, the bone broken in two places and his body scratched from head to foot. His clothing he would willingly have sold for less than half the cost. He was taken aboard the vessel, well nursed and cared for, and he soon began to improve; but he has no disposition for a like encounter. It is doubtful whether he will ever again have the full use of his arm, as the muscles are partially destroyed. When the bear was taken aboard it was found that he weighed rising seven hundred pounds. His pelt was subsequently sent to Boston, and two of his paws can now be seen in a shop window in Brookline. They measure about seven inches across.

AT HIS OLD TRICKS.—An American lady was recently shown through Newgate. On coming to the alley in which executed criminals are buried, this lady—who is a good Quaker—shuddered at that and the warder said:

"You will notice here that ours is a great improvement over the American plan. In America, they give the bodies of executed criminals to their friends who, as likely as not, make a hero of him, and bury him with pomp. But these scoundrels dread being buried away in this alley almost as much as they dread the gallows. This is the chief part of their punishment."

The lady having suggested that execution was quite enough, the warder replied "Not a bit of it. I was showing our place the other day to a remarkably intelligent American, who admired our arrangements exceedingly, only he thought us too lenient. That gentlemen said that the great mistake in America was leniency. 'Would you believe it,' said he, 'they caught a rascal in America the other day whom they ought immediately to have burned, and they only hung him. But they are now making arrangements to burn certain men for whom hanging is too good.'"

"Will thee be good enough to tell me the name of the American gentlemen who made the remark to thee!" said the Quakeress.

"Ah, yes," said the warder, reflectively; "let me see—it was a Mr. Mark Twain."

The lady gave a smile of relief and went off.

WANDERING A BENEFIT.—A writer indites as follows: "If I had a boy that wanted to run off, I would strap a knapsack on his back and send him off. The chances are that sore muscles and poor beds, good appetite and bad dinners, would fetch him back again. But that we all have the vagabond instinct, let this summer loafing by the sea and on the mountains bear witness. The more conventional our city life becomes, the stronger is the passionate impulse to break the chains of social restraint and do as we please for awhile. It is not the counterpoise that preserves the equilibrium of life. But what if the boy sent out with his knapsack had hardihood enough to bear the inconveniences of his life? He would get more good from starving than from school. Have I not tried it? And if I had a boy to educate I should send him on a pilgrimage, that he might serve apprenticeship to the world as did William Meister. He might contract bad habits in his wanderings. So he might contract bad habits and more easily at college. But I would not, therefore, keep him at home. Liberty is a good tonic."

☞ September was the tenth month since September, 1872, that was below its average temperature in forty-nine years. May was at its average and July only above it by hardly half a degree.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
A. Cummings,	3	2	2
Beal & Hooper,	3	2	7
Coke For Sale,	3	2	3
E. Prior,	3	3	1
House and Land at Auction,	3	4	2
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	6	1
Report First National Bank,	3	2	5
Real Estate at Auction,	3	2	4

THE HURST-MEAGHER HOMICIDE.

Ever since the discharge of Mr. Hurst from custody by Coroner Chapin, there has been considerable interest manifested in the case by certain parties in town. It is rumored that a meeting was held, at which money was subscribed for the prosecution of the case. Last week some friends of Meagher were induced to come to Woburn and apply for a warrant for the arrest of Hurst on the charge of murder. They saw Justice Converse at his home, who desiring to consider the matter, named an hour the next morning for an interview, when he would announce his decision. They did not keep the appointment. The next we hear of the case, Detectives Bagley and Smith of the State Police appear in town on Friday afternoon, and arrest Hurst at his house on a charge of murder, on a warrant returnable at Brighton before Mr. Justice Bennett of that town. The arrest was accomplished without difficulty, as Mr. Hurst has made no attempt to leave town, but has been daily attending to his duties as usual. A large crowd followed the party to the depot, and when they entered the car, the crowd indulged in cheerful comments, the most popular one seeming to be, "He'll not come back till he's had his neck stretched." The examination was set down for one o'clock, Saturday afternoon. Dr. Chapin, Dr. Harlow, L. G. Richardson, E. E. Thompson, the boarders Kirkpatrick, Rocket, Pettengill, and Brownell, Chambers, the companion of Meagher, and Mark Allen, (who was thereby saved the inconvenience of going to Brighton at his own expense) were summoned as witnesses. Hurst was taken to Charlestown and remained in the Police Station that night.

Saturday noon there appeared at Brighton, the parties in interest, and a score or more from Woburn, whose sympathies were not with the prisoner. C. F. Donnelly Esq., of Boston, appeared for the government, and A. J. Bailey, Esq., of Charlestown, was counsel for Hurst. The complaint was sworn to by Mary Morrison of Roxbury, a sister of Meagher, and although she is supposed to have an interest in the case, she was not in the court room, Mrs. Hurst being the only lady present. Justice Bennett's room being too small, the court was held Town Hall. The first witness called was John H. Chambers, who testified substantially as he did before the coroner's jury, and which is familiar to the readers of the *Journal*.

Dr. J. M. Harlow testified to attending Meagher at the station house, and afterwards holding an autopsy.

Dr. Alonzo Chapin, the coroner, stated that he viewed the body on the 7th, held the inquest on the 8th, and returned a verdict same evening, one juror dissenting

William D. Brownell testified in effect the same as he did at the inquest. He was immediately behind Meagher as he went out, and saw what transpired outside the door.

James J. Rockett was also examined, but nothing new was elicited.

A. J. Bailey, Esq., said he would not introduce any evidence, but thought the Court should grant a discharge on the evidence of Brownell, whom he characterized as the fairest witness he ever saw on the stand. It was quite apparent the defendant acted solely in self defence, and if held at all, it should be in a small amount.

C. F. Donnelly Esq., addressed the Court, asking for the defendant's commitment on the charge of murder. He declared the conduct of the authorities of Woburn shameful and disgraceful in not having Hurst arraigned there, and stated that the friends of Meagher were compelled to go to Brighton because the trial justice of Woburn refused to issue a warrant. He animadverted severely on Mr. Day for being present, and evincing an interest in the prisoner. Mr. Bailey several times objected to the language of the other attorney, but Mr. Justice Bennett invariably decided that the language was regular.

The court referred to his connection with the case, and the refusal of the Woburn justice to issue a warrant, and said he had considered the matter before deciding to interfere. He then remarked that he could not make up his mind that the defendant, with malice aforethought, killed this man, and thought he ought not to be committed without bail. He then decided to hold Hurst with two sureties in the sum of $20,000 for trial at Lowell on the fourth Monday in October.

This amount was too much for the defendant, and he was committed to East Cambridge Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

After the court had risen, J. W. Day stepped up to Chambers and arrested him on a warrant charging him with an assault on Mrs. Hurst. Mr. Donnelly came to the rescue, and having read the warrant, requested Justice Bennett that Chambers be tried at once. Mr. Day remarked that he had something to say as to where the writ was returnable. Mr. Donnelly then charged Mr. Day with contempt of court, in arresting a man in its presence, and demanded that he be arrested. Justice Bennett, replied that he would not order Mr. Day's arrest, but that a witness was protected in going to and from the court to his home, and that if Mr. Day again attempted to arrest Chambers before he reached his home, the court would issue a warrant for Day's arrest.

It was stated on the authority of John McConologue, who claims to be a private detective, and officially connected with the case, that P. L. Converse Esq., refused a warrant. The State detectives asserted the same, on Mr. McConologue's authority, and finally Mr. Donnelly in his argument, and Justice Bennett in his summing up, reiterated the statement. Having some doubts about it, we have endeavored to get at the truth of the matter, and we have the very best authority, for making the following statement.

On the 7th, the day before the inquest, at the request of Mr. Day, Mr. Converse made out a full complaint against Hurst for murder, ready to be signed. Mr. Day thought it better not be signed until after the inquest, a view which was concurred in by Mr. Converse. In the evening of the 8th, before the verdict was rendered, Mr. Day called at Mr. Converse's house, and stated that he thought the evidence was so favorable to the prisoner that he might not make a complaint, but he would see after the verdict. After the verdict Mr. Day released the prisoner, and informed Mr. Converse the next day that he should not make a complaint, as his conscience would not allow him to charge the prisoner with murder, when the evidence was so very clear in his favor. Wednesday of the following week, a man representing himself as the brother, and another as the brother-in-law of the deceased, and a third party unknown to Mr. Converse, called in the evening at his house, and asked for a warrant against Hurst. Mr. Converse informed them that it was a very serious matter, and better not be decided without consideration; that he had a warrant already prepared which he should not refuse if they demanded it, and that he would be at his office at half past eight the next morning to attend to the business, and it it was considered proper they should have it. They made no objection, and went away apparently satisfied. Mr. Converse notified Mr. Day that he had an appointment with the above parties, and invited him to be present. He was present, but neither the above parties nor any one else were there to ask for the warrant. No person has ever been refused a warrant by Mr. Converse, and no other party has ever asked for it.

The witnesses in the case were examined by the Grand Jury on Wednesday, but up to the time of our going to press the Jury had not reported. We shall know definitely the first of next week.

A MUSICAL TREAT.—Monday evening, despite the rain, a party of ladies and gentlemen, including many of our music lovers met at Green's Music Room, No. 6 Railroad street, and listened to as charming a parlor concert as was ever given in Woburn. The artists were Mr. Joseph Heine, the blind violinist, Madame Ada Heine, and Miss S. M. Clough. Mr. Heine gave an andante with rondo impromptu, also andante from Paganini, introducing the Carnival of Venice as played by Wieniowski, a very laughable feline duet, with imitations sforzando, and an aria "Non piu Mesta," on the tin whistle. Madame Heine played "Danse des Fees" Prudento, "Etude Tremolo" Gottschalk; this has been published in Brazil since Gottschalk's death, and was brought to this country from Rio de Jenario by Madame Heine. She also gave "Neck and Neck galop" by Wehli. Miss Clough sang "I love my love," and whistled an aria with charming effect. Mr. Heine stands high as an artist, and his performance on Monday evening was never exceeded in Woburn, and seldom if ever have his auditors heard better music. His wife is a pianist of high order, and in her selections she displayed a degree of skill and taste found only in the first artists. We learn that Mr. and Madame Heine are desirous of making their home in Woburn, and sufficiently encouraged by way of pupils will do so. A complimentary concert is projected, and our citizens will shortly have an opportunity to enjoy their rare music in Lyceum Hall. We hope they will become residents of our town, and whenever their concert occurs we have no doubt they will receive a generous welcome.

EAST CAMBRIDGE JAIL.—By the permission of Sheriff Kimball, and the courtesy of Capt. Adams, we were permitted to examine East Cambridge Jail, on Monday of this week. We found everything in the neatest of order. The cells were clean and wholesome. The ventilation is perfect, and aside from restraint, the prisoners have no cause for complaint. The cells are lofty and roomy, each furnished with an iron bed, husk mattrass, wooden chair and table, and manilla matting on the floor. There are at present 3 U. S. prisoners, and 48 county prisoners; 47 of the latter are to go to Lowell next Monday for trial. Among these is the boy murderer from Acton. Capt. Adams has painted the iron work around the jail in red, which gives it a more cheerful appearance than black, and the iron does not accumulate dampness. The House of Correction, also under his charge, has 206 inmates, 178 men, and 28 women. The brush business is as brisk as ever, and Capt. Adams exhibited some very fine specimens of work. The arrangements for keeping the jail and the prisoners clean, and neat and healthy, are very perfect, and we have no doubt that many an inmate has passed happier hours within those walls than when at liberty. We do not care, however, to test our theory, but we are glad to find our corrective institutions in such efficient and humane hands.

READING.—The simple announcement that Prof. J. W. Churchill will read before the Independent Lyceum Course in Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, Oct. 31st is enough to insure a large and attentive audience. Parties who think of purchasing Season Tickets with reserved seats should do so at once as they are selling rapidly.

There was an old party in Woburn,
Who declared witness fees sure he would earn.
So to Lowell he came,
But they called him insane,
This crazy old buffer from Woburn.

MT. PLEASANT ST.—The Road Commissioners viewed Mt. Pleasant street on Tuesday for the purpose of extending it to Railroad street as petitioned for by S. O. Pollard and others. After perambulating the proposed route and hearing the property owners, they adjourned to the Selectmen's Room on Friday, the 31st of October.

BONES FOUND.—Some boys on a nutting excursion in Richardson's Woods off Bow street, found a small box containing the bones of an infant. They were taken in charge by the sexton.

Aurora.

RAISING.—The first building in "Aurora," the new City of Women, was raised on Wednesday with appropriate ceremonies. The building is to be used as a laundry, and temporarily as a lodging house for the workers. It is 60 by 25 with 22 feet posts and a porch in front 12 by 6. In the basement will be a steam engine, and the apparatus for washing. An elevator will communicate with each story. The drying will be accomplished on the third floor. Over the basement will be the ironing room and office. In the attic will be sleeping rooms. The building fronts the west, is situated on the side of a hill at the foot of which is a meadow, and abundance of water. Around the base of the hill a street will be built connecting with an avenue which comes out upon Railroad street at the Watch Crystal Factory. Another entrance is on Beach street, opposite the rear gate of the Cemetery. Just south of the laundry two cellars are being dug for houses, and about twenty lots have already been sold. We found the basement of the laundry boarded, the second floor on, and the frame put together. About a hundred people were gathered to witness the exercises. Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps, the projector of the enterprise, addressed the assembly. She remarked that this was an effort of the poor to help themselves. The charities of the past had outgrown their usefulness, and the poor, hopeless of help in the usual way, awoke to the glorious idea of self help. Here they would be offered a chance to gain a competency, and this place would be dedicated to the gospel of physical needs and uses. She thought that out of this germ would grow that which shall make earth a heaven. A place where there shall be no excess of poverty, and no excess of wealth that shall work anything but benefit to all. The conception of this grand idea was an inspiration, even as were those of the prophets of old. It had its origin with and the blessing of the divine world. Jesus and the saints above had smiled upon the undertaking, and so, thankful for past blessings, and in recognition of and invoking the divine aid, all were asked to join with the Rev. Dr. Young in prayer. After the prayer the workmen, under the direction of the builder, Mr E. W. Adams, sprang to their places, and at ten minutes of three, the east wall settled into its place. The other sides were erected, and just before sunset the final ceremonies were performed. Miss Phelps thanked the workmen for their labors, who, although warking for pay, if not working with a will, their labor is naught. She continued: In behalf of the working women of America whose labors have been freely given for the elevation of humanity and a true appreciation of the dignity of work, I dedicate this building to the service of that beneficent Spirit of Progress who hath put it into the human heart to execute this practical philanthropy whereby the lowly ones of earth can lift themselves out of the degredation and poverty, into such conditions that their bodies may become fitting temples of the Holy Spirit. (Taking a bottle of water from the spring, she broke it upon the timbers.) I name this building *Bethesda*, and may it be a healer for the people, a helper of the lame and halt. We trust also that the blessing and power of the Most High will be about us and with all who are with us.

A generous collation had been prepared, to which the company was welcomed, after which with cheers for Miss Phelps and her enterprise the assembly dispersed. Miss Phelps is very hopeful and sanguine. Her plans are comprehensive, and her faith in their accomplishment unbounded. She has begun a good work, not only for people of small means, but for the town, inasmuch as she is contributing to its growth. We believe she deserves encouragement, and we trust our citizens will help her in all ways consistent with their circumstances.

"THEY HAVE HIM."—Last Friday evening Officer Doyle started for Broad street with a message from the Road Commissioners to Mr. John Regan. A crowd of boys who were discussing Hurst's case, seeing an officer move rapidly up street, followed after him. The crowd increased as it went, and every one asked the other what the matter was. Finally some one suggested that Doyle was drunk, and the idea suiting them it was soon established, and the news flew in all directions. Doyle did not at first notice that he was being followed, but when he did, he dispersed them. They followed at a distance, however, back to the office, and the incident was the cause of remark during the evening. Officer Doyle was on duty and upon the street all the evening, and no one who spoke with him believes he was intoxicated. One old citizen remarked, "They have him. Doyle is in the lockup for being drunk. They have him," but the old citizen was mistaken, much to his sorrow.

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?—Last Tuesday morning, the police of Chelsea were notified that Mrs. Eunice McCoole, formerly of Woburn had jumped from a window and been killed by the fall to the pavement. Her son John B. McCoole, her son-in-law George H. Noble, and James W. Horner who had spent the night there, were arrested to await the action of the coroner's jury. Noble and Horner it appears, went to the house the previous evening and all four were drinking together. They say they heard a crash in the night, and getting up found the old lady had fallen out the window. They brought her into the house, and then notified the police. The neighbors speak of hearing a scuffle in the house, and the doctor thought the wounds on the head of the deceased could not have been made by the fall. Mrs. McCoole was buried at Cambridge on Wednesday. The coroner's inquest was held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and they finally rendered a verdict of murder. McCoole, Horner and Noble were arraigned on Friday on the charge of causing the death of Mrs. McCoole, and pleaded not guilty. They waived examination and were committed to jail in Boston to await examination before the Grand Jury. The case will be called about Nov. 7th. A *Journal* reporter interviewed them at the Chelsea Police Station before their removal. They stoutly protest their innocence, and tell the same story they told at the inquest.

FAIR.—The Temperance Fair at Temperance Hall opened Wednesday evening and is progressing very profitably. There is a chance to get a piano for a dollar, or a sewing machine for 50 cents.

NATURALIZATION.—Thomas Riley, Esq., and Charles E. Sweeney, Esq., addressed a large meeting at Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening on the above subject.

ROW.—Wednesday night, some passengers in the smoking car got into a fight. They settled it before reaching Woburn, and there were no arrests.

MR. MORSE'S CONCERT.—The first of Mr. Morse's concerts was given on Wednesday evening. There was about three hundred present. The concert was opened by Mr. Morse with variations on "God save the Queen." Miss Mary D. Wyman, Miss Susie C. Gould, Mr. T. Robie, Jr. and Mr. C. E. Hay, next appeared in the charming madrigal "Come, Dorothy, come." It was well rendered, though we would prefer it without accompaniment. Mr. H. M. Dunham then took the organ and played Best's Fantasie in E *b*. His playing was fair. Mr. Hay sang "The Vagrant" very much out of tune, but the audience was good-natured and recalled him, when he sang a trifle better. Mr. Morse followed with a romanza from the symphony "La Reine de France." Miss Wyman and Mr. Robie sang "Mira la bianca luna," very effectively, and responded to an encore with a charming little Scotch song. The second part was opened by Mr. Morse and Mr. Dunham with an organ duett which was very good, Miss Wyman sang the "The Message," and also gave "I love my love." Mr. Dunham's Offertoire in G. was much better than his previous efforts. The song by Miss Gould, "Beautiful Bird," was the best of the evening, and elicited a most hearty recall, when she gave a sacred song. Her execution is perfect, her enunciation very clear, and her manner pleasing. The quartette sang, without the piano, the "Fairy Song," which was well received. Mr. Morse closed with Meyerbeer's Coronation March. The concert as a whole was very fair, and the audience appeared satisfied. With the exception of Mr. Hay of whom we had a right to expect more, the vocalists did themselves credit. Mr. Morse has labored to get up a good course of concerts and we hope to see the next one more generously patronized.

INFANTICIDE.—The Woburn Police were notified Wednesday afternoon that the body of an infant had been found in the woods near the intersection of Cambridge and Lexington streets, by a young man who was returning across fields from a hunting tramp. Chief of Police, J. W. Day, "always on hand," repaired at once with the finder to the spot, and verified the statement. He notified Coroner T. J. Porter, who, on Thursday morning, in company with Mr. Day and a *Journal* reporter, viewed the locality and the body. Nothing could be gleaned from the appearance of the body to indicate the manner of its death. It was in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and from its condition must have been dead a month. It was wrapped in a chemise, and laid about ten feet from the travelled road, in the bushes that skirt the street at that point. The Coroner placed the body in a box and took it to Undertaker, L. H. Allen, leaving orders to bury it, after Dr. Harlow had examined it. Dr. Harlow found upon examination that the skull was fractured, and gave as his opinion that the child must have been several months old at the time of its decease.

FREE READING ROOM.—The young men who are accustomed to attend church at the First Congregational Church met in the vestry Tuesday evening to organize a social and literary club. It is their purpose to open a free reading-room to which any one in town whether members of the society or not may have full access on every week day evening. One of the vestries will be devoted to this purpose, and will be supplied with daily and other newspapers, magazines etc., and made attractive. It will afford a place for those who are at a loss where to go, except upon the street, will promote sociability, and a taste for literary pursuits. The club organized with Rev. H. S. Kelsey, president; Jarius D. Bridgham, vice president; C. W. Smith, secretary; C. Frank Kelley, treasurer; J. G. Pollard, L. W. Fowle, C. W. Strout, H. E. Chamberlain, J. H. Buck and W S Whitford, executive committee.

RUNAWAY.—Thursday noon two ladies from Newton called upon Mr. E. H. Davis, at his residence on Pleasant street. One went into the house while the other, a Mrs. Whittemore remained in the carriage. During the call the bridle slipped from the horse's head in some manner, and the animal became frightened and ran down Pleasant street very rapidly. At Warren street he turned, and when opposite Harris Munroe's, attempted to take the sidewalk, but the carriage struck against the trees, which served to clear the horse, and throw Mrs. Whittemore violently out. She miraculously escaped injury with the exception of a cut under the chin. She was taken into Mr. Munroe's house where her wounds were dressed. The horse kept on his way up Warren street, and was at last captured in Winchester, with only a fragment of the harness upon him.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—This association formally opened its reading room on Tuesday evening. There was a full attendance. The display of magazines and papers was excellent. Few reading rooms anywhere can boast as good. Rev. Mr. Barnes, the president addressed the meeting upon the subject of "Books" and the selection for individual reading. The enterprise opens very auspiciously, there being thirty-eight names upon the roll and the interest being very marked.

Illness prevented Rev. Mr. Barnes from finishing his lecture last Sunday evening upon "Your place in the World."

MASONIC.—The annual visitation of Woburn R. A. Chapter by M. E. Companion D. E. Chase, D. D. G. H. P. of the 8th District, accompanied by his suite, Bowen of Boston, Lincoln and Pratt of Somerville, Pattee of Arlington, took place last Wednesday evening in the presence of a large number of the fraternity. The usual formalities were gone through with and the work exemplified, after which the brethren partook of a sumptuous collation, and listened to brief speeches from the distinguished visitors.

—— "The Ladies' Battle," with Miss Kate Reignolds as the "Star," at Lyceum Hall Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th.

ENLARGED.—Mr. Alvah Buckman is putting an addition of 10x15, two stories high on the rear of his store.

THE COUNTY TREASURER.

MR. EDITOR.—Knowing that you would not intentionally do a faithful public officer a wrong, I write this to say that I think you did so to our County Treasurer in your last issue. You intimate that he moved into Everett on account of the annexation of Charlestown to Boston, and in order to secure a renomination, whereas the fact is that the occasion of his removal was domestic, and the time some two years or more ago Mr. Stone has not so much amenity of manners as some dancing masters and I don't think would appear to advantage on the floor of a ball room. Courtesy I admit is a virtue which all public officers should possess and display, and with rare exceptions I think our treasurer does, but honesty, financial ability and fidelity to the interests of the county are of more vital importance, and these, all those who know Mr. Stone most thoroughly will admit he possesses in a very high degree. You know a bull dog is the symbol financially of fidelity and watchfulness, and it is better to have a man somewhat bull-doggish than one of the *suaviter in modo* of some of our "good fellow" cashiers who startle the community now and then with heavy defalcations. We all unfortunately are not equally amiable and courteous at all times, but I am glad that our treasurer, if sometimes he can't help being a little unaimable, selects for the object of his somewhat rough treatment men who can abuse him in the newspapers rather than some unlettered person. I am confident that all who have had the best opportunities to judge of Mr. S.'s qualifications for the office will agree that no better financial agent of the county can be found than the present treasurer and the large vote he received in the recent convention shows that to be the general sentiment of the people of the county.

JUSTICE.

[We cheerfully give place to the above communication in favor of Amos Stone. We never heard Mr. Stone's integrity questioned, but a man may be honest without being a boor. He should guard the treasury even as a bull dog, to use a favorite simile of his friends, but the faithful dog admits his master and only shows his teeth to the stranger. Our treasurer is the servant of the county, and any one going to him with an account properly audited is entitled to receive his pay in a businesslike manner. But Mr. Stone assumes to pass judgment on the doings of the Commissioners, of the judges, or of any one whose place it is to approve bills, and will only pay such bills as *he* deems proper, and not even those, until after a quarrel with the unhappy possessor of the warrant. This quality may be desirable to some, but it is not to the ordinary business man, and his conduct presents so strong a contrast to the genial manners of all the other officials at the Court House, that our wonder is that public attention has not been called to it before.]

REPRESENTATIVE.—A week from next Tuesday occurs the annual election. We mention it at this time lest our citizens should forget, as since the State Convention the subject of election has hardly been referred to. We have to choose a representative to the General Court, and we have no doubt that John Cummings, Esq., who represented us so well last year will be nominated by the Republicans for a second term. We have heard no other name mentioned for the place, and we hope Mr. Cummings will receive the support of his party.

SELECTMEN.—Oct. 20th, Board revised the Jury list. Also partly revised voting list. Thursday, Oct 23rd, completed voting list. The Selectmen will be in session Thursday and Saturday evenings of next week and Monday evening, Nov. 3rd, to hear cases of those persons who wish to have their names added to the list.

Voted that the Board meet to-night (Saturday) to complete warrant for Nov. 4th meeting.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Converse, October 17th, Timothy Driscoll, illegal keeping of intoxicants, $10 and costs—$100 recognizance; Charles Desormeaux, James Byrne and Thomas Lynch of Winchester were bound over to the Superior Court for keeping liquor with intent to sell. 18th, Wm Coveney and James Keigan breaking and entering, ordered to recognize in $600; committed in default.

OPENING.—There was a brilliant opening of millinery goods at Miss Bancroft's on Thursday and continuing to-day. Crowds of ladies feasted their eyes on the display, and husbands will have to talk very loud about hard times if they expect to overcome the impression received.

DISLOCATED.—Last week Wednesday while James McGrath, who lives on New Boston street, was returning home from North Woburn, he was thrown out out of the wagon as his horse turned into his yard and the result was a dislocated shoulder.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—The Board viewed the location for a proposed street from Railroad street to Mt Pleasant street, on Tuesday, October 21st, at 2 P M, and the location of the new street from Bedford street to Winn street at 3:30 P M, on the same day.

LIGHT.—Although they do a heavy business at Simonds's, the factory is a great deal lighter than it has ever been before.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans are invited to meet at Lyceum Hall, next Thursday evening, to nominate a representative. See call in another column.

——Kate Reignolds in "The Ladies' Battle," Tuesday night, October 28th, in Lyceum Hall, will insure a large attendance.

☞ Dr. Ephraim Cutter of Woburn, is Lecturer on Laryngoscopy in the School of Oratory of Boston University.

——Don't forget the Comedy Entertainment Tuesday night, Oct. 28th, at Lyceum Hall.

☞ Be sure and read the announcement of A. Cummings' Feathers, Flowers and Millinery opening.

—— Rare Comedy Entertainment, Lyceum Hall, Tuesday evening Oct. 28th.

SHORT.—Some of the shops are working on eight hours.

SUSPENDERS.—We condense the following account of the suspender factory of Cutter & Walker from the Lowell *Vox Populi*:—

Few people not actually acquainted with the interior of this manufactory can have but a limited idea of the extent of their business. From one hundred to one hundred and thirty hands have been given employment—quite a number outside of the manufactory—the year round; and now, notwithstanding it is a dull season and they have in operation all the labor-saving machinery anywhere in use, they are employing one hundred men and women. Nineteen years ago Cutter & Walker began making a peculiar and much-needed shoulder-brace, the invention, we think, of the senior of the firm, Dr. Cutter, and to-day they are making some thirty different kinds, turning out four hundred to six hundred dozen pairs of suspenders and three hundred to four hundred dozen shoulder-braces per week, and employing seven travelling agents, who with four-wheeled carriages and each a fine span of horses, are all the time on the road—visiting the principal towns and cities in New England, New York, Ohio, and even penetrating States still more distant. Their combination gilt suspenders are the neatest, nicest-working and most desirable. Probably the favorite with the public is the "Eureka," which has been a long time on the market, and is worn by all classes. Besides these they have the "Eagle," the "Star," and many others with or without names—those without names going by numbers. It is needless to say they manufacture for all—men, youth and boys; and one would think to see their stock of raw material, their manufactured stock and their general arrangements for business, that they could produce enough for everybody in the country, but there are (not including the women, who don't wear the kind of which we write) a great many people this year, and they all need suspenders, and must have them. Cutter & Walker have always endeavored to bring before the public goods which needed no special recommendation to make them saleable; and the fact that their business the past year has exceeded that of any former year, and, also, that their trade is every month steadily increasing, is the best possible endorsement of their quality and of the firm as business men.

J. W. Hammond sells them.

INSCRIPTION.—The following inscription was copied from a tombstone in New Hampshire, by one of our subscribers:—

SERVILLA
daughter of George & Sarah
JONES.
Murdered by Henry N. Sargent,
Jan. 13, 1854.
Age 17 yrs., 9 mos.

Thus fell this lovely, blooming daughter
By the revengeful hand, a malicious Henry
When on her way to school he met her,
And with a six self cocked pistol shot her.

☞ The library committee of Southbridge, have voted not to admit the Rev. W H H Murray's book, "The Perfect Horse," into the library.

☞ The Waltham *Free Press* has gone back to the "beggarly elements," and buys patent outsides. Alas, poor Yorick!

East Woburn

BURGLARY.—The store of Stearns, Brown & Co., at East Woburn, has been entered three times within a few weeks, and, on Thursday night last, entrance was gained through a cellar window and by forcing up the door in the floor. The thieves took about $3 worth of coppers, and, perhaps, $12 worth of goods. On information furnished by one of the party, the officers arrested William Coveney and James Keigan on Friday, and they were examined before Trial Justice Converse, and committed to East Cambridge jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A week or two ago John Cunningham and a young man named Mooney put obstructions on the railroad track, but succeeded in evading arrest. On Saturday Cunningham was arrested in Stoneham and committed to await the action of the Grand Jury. On Monday, Mooney was arrested by Officer Mann and put in the Stoneham lockup by officers of that town. While there he broke a pail and with the iron hoop broke out of his cell, and cut a panel from the door and escaped. He is still at large.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—Prof. S. R. Wells makes his November bow on time. The opening article of this instructive periodical is by Elizabeth Dudley, and under the head of "Sickly Country Girls" she proves that there are more of this class of unfortunates "who are so much expense and trouble to other people, and so much unhappiness to themselves," in the country than in the city. This is followed by the ninth paper on Disease and its treatment; Piano Pummeling; Health of our children at School; The Woman Doctor; Pain or no Pain, and a number of other pieces, all having for their object the correction of some abuse, or the advancement of the popular health, and the Prof. asks only $2.00 per year for this large amount of valuable suggestions. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

ANNIVERSARY.—The 49th anniversary of the Sunday School of the Second Baptist Society at East Cambridge took place Sunday afternoon. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the exercises were extremely interesting. Addresses were made by the Superintendent, George H Howard, H. C. Townley, the pastor, Wm B Savage, Chester W. Kingsley, A. Stewart and others. Besides singing by the scholars, there was quartette singing and a solo by Miss R. Hillman, together with select singing by a quartette of boys. The school is large and in a flourishing condition. During the past year the number has been increased, and but few of the members have died.—*Herald*.

☞ In the Newton charter election, the plan adopted by Mr. Pettee, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, to facilitate voting on Monday, is worth the attention of towns with a large number of voters. A sub committee on credentials was allotted one of the ante rooms, and all doubtful cases were submitted to them. Slips were prepared, which were given to those entitled to vote, and on presentation at the polls were accepted by the Selectmen.

CHARLTON CITY.—Rev. F. Keyes of Woburn is still laboring here. The meetings continue every afternoon and evening with increasing interest. Several have entered upon a new and very happy experience. Most cases of conversion have been remarkably clear and satisfactory. The afternoon meetings in the vestry are often seasons of much profit and power. May the good work go on till many rejoice in Christ as their present and personal Saviour.—*Southbridge Journal*.

☞ Somebody writes to us and wants us to give a definition of a journalist. We will do so with pleasure. A journalist is a man who spends some of the best days of his life in conferring reputation upon others and getting none himself. Exchanges please copy.—*Arcadian*.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—The second lecture of the course was given last Saturday evening by Rev. W. H. H. Murray. Subject—"Civilized Heathen." Mr. Murray said in opening that his original intention in this new lecture was to draw a picture of heathenism in American society, or rather to delineate those forms and customs in our communities which are such a blot upon our civilization. He found that the subject if presented in its true light would be obnoxious as a lyceum lecture, and he proposed now to speak of heathenism abroad and compare it with its corresponding features in American civilization. The idea of civilizing a heathen people was based upon the supposition that American life, customs and religion was better than theirs. This he doubted, and he would put American Christianity against Buddhism and the American Republic against the Chinese Empire. He said that if we must call Buddhism heathenism we must call it civilized heathenism. It is the most popular religion on the globe, numbering as its adherents over 400,000,000. While the foundation of Christianity is love, the God of Buddhism is the all-knowing one, and the germ of the religion is a belief in the infinite capacity of the human intellect. The religion is pure nationalism and makes converts only by argument and persuasion. Against the oppressions, persecutions and the bloody wars which go to make up the history of Christianity, he placed the 2300 years of peaceful existence which Buddhism has known. It inculcates as simple duties many of those which we had sadly neglected. The building of hospitals for the poor and sick not only for human beings but for dumb animals, their duties of charity and hospitality which we illustrate in the entertainment of strangers at our hotels and homes if they are rich and have letters of introduction. But with the Buddhist, the stranger wherever he may be is a guest from God. While the poor beggar would very like find the door of our homes shut with a Christian like slam in his face, the Buddhist would welcome to his best hospitalities the poor and the outcast.

Against the happy nation of the people of the Chinese empire and their universal decency, decorum, modesty and temperance, he arrayed the sins of prostitution, night walking, drunkenness and other foul and dark crimes. Massachusetts is hardly able to keep the prohibitory law on her statute books, which, if nothing more is a protest in the name of morality and Christianity; but the Chinese government when urged to license the sale of opium on the ground that it would give a revenue of hundreds of millions, refused, because it was an evil which would prove injurious to the morals of the people. He contrasted the two systems as respects our business life, politics and literature, showing ours in no enviable light. Christianity is not a mere system of verbal truth, but is national life and character, and to Christianize China would be to Americanize China. He then described in an interesting manner some of the characteristics of the Chinese Empire, with an area twice as large as the United States and densely populated throughout; of its wondrous mechanical works; of its antiquity; of its knowledge thousands of years ago of sciences and arts modern to us; of its mode of government and admirable civil service, making officials who are brave, dignified and courteous scholars with whom our office holders present a pitiful contrast; and of the great devotedness of the people in contrast with the deplorable and growing absence of the religious element in our midst. Where, then, he asked, is our moral superiority? The religion of the Bible was as superior to that of Buddhism as the flower to the naked stock; but we do not exemplify it in our lives. In the future when our nation should become wholly and really Christian, can we justify the assumption that we are superior to these people of the Orient. The next lecture will be on Monday evening, Nov, 3rd, by Rev. E. E. Hale; subject—"In his name."

PERSONAL.—Modesty is a desirable virtue, and lest any of our readers should think that "Excelsior" was the author of the item referring to a bay window in last week's paper, he desires to put in herein a disclaimer, and his ignorance of the writer thereof who thus brought so slight a matter into such public notice.

FIRE.—On Thursday a fire was discovered in Mrs Lane's house, Piano Village, Winchester. It caught in the chimney, and burned out a closet, but the flames were quenched by workmen from the factory to Cowderey, Cobb & Nichols. The damage was about twenty five dollars.

"THE UNION."—At the annual meeting of the Winchester Union, the following exhibit of its doings for the past year was given: Number of families assisted, 11; number of garments new and second hand, distributed, 271; Expenditures in cash, $43.14.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—Among the passengers by the Cunard Steamer, Olympus, which left Boston on Tuesday last, was Miss Ella E. Weld, of this town.

MUSIC.—What has become of our Band? The stand erected on the common at a great expense, has not been used.

Arlington.

☞ Wm. Penn Hose Company have been supplied with one of Noyes' patent hose oilers.

REAL ESTATE.—Robert W. Dresser has sold to William A. Wilson, land and buildings on Medford street, for $30,000.

BUILDING.—T. H. Russell has broken ground for a new house on the corner of Russell and Water streets.

☞ Dr. Libby has just received a supply of fresh, non-humanized vaccine virus the only pure and reliable matter for vaccination.

TAXES.—Collector Allen wishes to call the attention of those who have not yet paid their taxes, to the fact that they are due by November 1st, and after that date interest will be charged. The By-Laws of the town in regard to taxes, will be strictly enforced in the settlement of all bills.

REPRESENTATIVE.—The selection of a candidate to represent the Republicans of the 6th Representative District, belongs to Arlington this year, and among those spoken of quite prominently are Messrs J W Pierce, who represented the district last year, James Durgin, Charles C Sawyer and Marcus Morton. A caucus will be held shortly.

REUNION.—The annual re-union of the Cotting High School Alumni Association will take place at the Town Hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 30th, the exercises commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Prof. C. O. Thompson of Worcester will deliver the oration, and Miss E. J. Locke of Arlington, the poem. Good music has been engaged, and after the exercises of the evening are concluded, a promenade concert and dance will take place.

A RARE SIGHT.—On the premises of Dennis O'Leary on Lowell street, there is a pear tree in full blossom, which the owner is much pleased with, so much so that he invited nearly the whole neighborhood to see the sight which they pronounced a rare one. That pleased the owner so much that he invited the party into his residence and treated handsomely, which cost him the price of a dozen good pear trees.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Last Thursday evening a person going through the woods back of Pleasant street, found the body of Mrs. John Ford. Coroner White of Medford was called, but he deemed an inquest unnecessary. Her husband deserted her some time age, and since then she has been endeavoring to get a living by going out washing. It is supposed that she died of heart disease, having had attacks of this disease before. She was about 40 years of age, and leaves two children who will be cared for. Ford has been written to, but no answer has been received.

LECTURE.—Owing to the illness of Rev. Mark Trafton, who was to have delivered the poem, "The Birch Canoe," he was unable to appear last Monday evening, and his place was supplied by Rev W J Hamilton, whose subject was "All Sorts of Preachers." The attendance was quite small, owing to the weather. Those who did attend, however, were much interested in his remarks. The course so far has been a good success. Next Monday evening Black comes with his Stereopticon, when the hall will probably be well filled.

GUNNING ACCIDENT.—As Mr George H. Pearson of Saugus, was riding with his family in an open carriage on the road between Arlington and Waltham, on Saturday, he heard the report of a gun and exclaimed to his wife, "I am shot!" They drove up to the nearest house, and found a large sized bullet in his coat sleeve, its force being so far spent as not to penetrate through both coats. At the time, Mr. P had a young son on his knee, and the ball must have passed in close proximity to the boy's head. The shot was carelessly made by gunners in that vicinity.

[Communication.]

CORRECTION.—It was not the Mortimy, but the Menotomy Associates who held their first annual ball in the Town Hall, Arlington, on the 17th of this month, which was a complete success, far beyond their most sanguine expectations. There was a nice party, upwards of 100 couples, and they had a splendid time, all present being well pleased with the way every thing was managed, and we also think the managers are entitled to a good deal of credit for the admirable way they conducted the whole affair. Mr. W. H. Pattee furnished the supper, which was got up in the admirable style for which he is famed. We wish him every success, and hope it will not be the last time we will sit down to one of his suppers. Yours respectfully,

A MENOTOMY ASSOCIATE.

Lexington.

☞ O. P. Mills has sold to Alfred D. Cutter, land and buildings on Main street for $4,500.

CORRECTION.—Last week in the paragraph on "Water Co." the amount of scrip which the said Co. might issue was stated to be $1000. It should have read $100,000.

☞ Remember the Republican caucus, Saturday evening, Oct. 25th, 7:45 P. M., Selectmen's Room, Town Hall Building. There are 18 delegates to choose. Let there be a full attendance.

G. A. R.—The Geo. G. Meade Post have decided to inaugurate a series of dances. The report of the committee, previously referred to, was accepted, and the committee instructed to go ahead. The public will hear in good time, the details.

CATHOLIC.—Last Sunday the Catholics held service in the building lately purchased of the Davis estate on Monument street, for the second time. The congregation upon the first Sunday numbered over 350. Rev. J. Finotti officiated as priest, and will for the present. It is his intention to commence on the new church edifice early next year.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice A. E. Scott, Oct. 20, Edward Knight and Elizabeth Wilson, were brought up on a charge of being drunk. This interesting couple came up on the cars Saturday night in an embalmed condition and made some little disturbance. They were found guilty, and fined $3 and costs each. Knight paid his fine, but Elizabeth was committed in default.

MISCHIEVOUS.—Some fellows on mischief bent, have pulled down the fence between Spaulding's shop and Mrs. Thayer's house on Hancock street. This is a bad place to be without a railing, as a person might walk off the bank in the dark, with a good prospect of breaking his limbs. Such mischief is useless, admitting for the nonce that it is useful at any time. It exhibits nothing that is smart or brave, and the perpetrators ought to be ashamed of such mean actions.

SOCIAL.—The ladies and gentlemen of the Unitarian parish, formed themselves into an organization last Wednesday evening to be known as the "Benevolent Society." It is officered as follows: Mrs Henry Westcott, President; Mr. Hammon Reed, Treasurer; Miss L. M. Thurston, Secretary; Mrs. Hammon Reed, Mrs. J. D. Sumner, Mrs.——Eaton, Mrs. G. B. Swan, Mrs. H. B. Brigham, Miss Etta Locke, Directors. The meetings will be holden once a fortnight. The meeting of last week Wednesday, was one of those sociable affairs so common in that vestry. Work is the order of the afternoon, sociability of the evening, and one who has partaken of one of the customary suppers, will go every time and wish they were oftener.

NO CARDS!—On Thursday evening of last week there assembled at the residence of Mr. Oliver W. Kendall on Hancock street, about 30 of his family relatives, comprising a merry set, full of jollity and good humor. The members of the family had fairly cleared the frugal board of the

evening's repast, when the door bell announced that "sumbody's thar." Mr. Kendall, ever ready to attend to callers, whether on "business bent," or visits professional or ceremonious, was on hand,—but what a sight to behold by evening's twilight! Surely, "the beggars have come to town," each with bag, box, basket, coffee-pot or lamp. The surprise was complete. The hand-shaking and other joy expressive greetings being over, consuming a pleasant hour,—for "know ye," that here were relatives from Portland, Me., from Lawrence, Medford, Cambridgeport, Waltham, and from the "Tip Top of Middlesex County." Then the extension table was moved out for extra duty, and loaded down with such good things as genial and warm hearted friends and relatives know so well how to provide, and all shaded with the season's flowers. Then came the burden of the occasion, to "clear away the things," remaining, so that the family and visiting friends might not feel that "cold victuals," would never be gone; but just here came timely relief, for after the "weird, wandering spirits without," had ceased "rapping on the windows," intent on seeing the table, not "tipping it," there came another pull at the door bell, where a sturdy beggar, smutty, in-kneed, ragged, and unkempt, as "burly beggars" are, appeared, soliciting "cold victuals." The writer knows not whether his importunate appeal was crowned with success, or not, but the presumption is that the hungry were not sent away from that door empty. After spending a very pleasant evening, the unceremonious visitors "bundled up," and left for their respective homes, well pleased with the entertainment, and leaving a student lamp to shed its light upon other scenes as it did upon this.

ONE WHO WAS THAR.

LECTURES.—We understand that the High School has in consideration a series of entertainments for the coming season to consist in part of lectures with a concert and an entertainment by the school. In making out the list prominence will be given to home talent, although some speakers are expected from abroad. As the course will nearly all be given in the High School room, it is evident that the number of season tickets must be limited. The school entertainment, however, will take place in the Town Hall, which affords room for all. It is intended that these entertainments shall be both pleasant and profitable, and as no other course has been proposed for the winter, it is hoped this may meet a want in the community. The money raised will be devoted to school interests.

New Publications.

THE BUMBLE BEE, For June, 1837. Albion, Ill. Thompson & Lambert.

Where in the world this veritable old "Bumble Bee" has been since the day he first took flight from Albion, Ills,, about June 1st, 1837, I cannot conceive. He alighted upon my table this 16th day of Oct., 1873, at 3 P. M., in tolerable flying order, with plumage to be sure, somewhat soiled by his long flight, or his longer "tarryings," on the way, in some obscure corner of some one of Uncle Sam's old musty post office boxes. How he could gather honey from tobacco we cannot scientifically explain,—we presume it can be done, and the companionship of our welcome friend, B. B. is hereby acknowledged as a B. visit, with its clear, unmistakable and ever welcome Hum. We can truly add what we believe to be a fact, that any one of our friends would be quite willing to pay $1 for twelve visits, monthly, from such a lively, wide-awake, chatty B as the one now on our table. This solitary straggler comes to us from hive No. 2, and is numbered Vinette No. 8. Where are the seven forerunners of this last arrival? Where are the missing B's? We have not seen a single one of them. We like this fellow so well, that we would thankfully "gobble up," the whole hive No. 1, and go in for a swarm of these interesting B's from their beginning.

SCRIBNER'S.—Edward King opens the ball in the November number with a carefully prepared and profusely illustrated paper on Old and New Louisana which depicts the present state of affairs in that state. Stedman talks of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "the most inspired of women." The "Annals of an English Abbey" by James Anthony Froude will be in three parts, the first of which is given. There are two American serials, respectively by Adeline Trafton and Rebecca Harding Davis. Massachusetts receives a high compliment in the persons of Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, telescope manufacturers of Cambridge. The article is entitled, "The story of a Telescope" from the able pen of Prof. Simon Newcomb. The Old Cabinet, Home and Society, Culture and Progress, Nature and Science, each are fully treated in the best style. Sam Eytinge gives the finale under the head of "A Forlorn Hope," with some capitally drawn etchings. The publishers will serve up a dialect poem by Bret Harte in the December number, and a new story by the same in the January number. Price $4.00 per year. Scribner & Co., publishers, 654 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S (for November) is with us again and is as full of good things as usual. There is as much variety in its well filled pages as in the hues of the autumnal forests. The semi-annual volume which this number closes has been one of rare excellence. There is so much of sterling worth in its articles, so much of the artistic in its illustrations that we assign to it the first place among the magazines. In the present number there are contributions from seventeen authors of acknowledged talent in prose and poetry, while the artists give us sixty-six illustrations. What other magazine equals this? Every month brings with it a fresh field of research, and thus flavors its pages with a freshness and variety. Among the contributors to this number we note Helen S. Conant, Junius Henri Browne, Searle. Rose Terry, M. D. Conway, Nordhoff and Castellar. A list of such names would be sufficient evidence of the character and quality of the work. Price $4.00 per year. Harper & Bro., New York.

You will find it on Horton's counter.

☞ "Peters' Musical Monthly," No. 75, for November, is at hand, and contains its usual amount of fine Songs, Choruses, and Instrumental Piano Music. This work is printed from full size music plates, and gives every month several Songs, Duets, Choruses, and Piano Pieces, to the amount of at least $4; and yet all the Publisher asks is the modest sum of thirty cents per copy. Those fond of music can save money by sending 30 cents for the November number. Address, J L Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for October should receive the welcome it deserves. It is full as an egg with the best and most interesting stories of any of our dollar monthlies. The contents are some 16 papers, well, and some of them strongly written. "Granny Carrigan's Cap Box;" "The Haunted Cask," "The King," and "Found Wanting," are worth the dollar per year, to say nothing of the chromo, which we have seen, and can give our readers the assurance that this chromo is worth three years' subscription to the work.

NURSERY. — Dear, darling *Nursery*. How every child must love to receive this gem of the juveniles. It appeals to older hearts with its beautifully printed pages and its pretty pictures. The boys and girls of our younger days had no such charming magazines, as you of to-day, young Woburnians, and you should prize and improve all these superior advantages and chances for acquiring knowledge. For $1.50, John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, will send this excellent monthly to any address. 15 cents buys a sample copy.

Married

In Woburn, Oct 17th, by Rev. John Quealy, Mr. Michael Welch and Abbie Folan.—Oct. 18th, by the same, John Flanagan of Lowell, and Mary Harkin of Woburn.

In Boston, Oct. 17th, by Rev. E. J. Steinmetz, Ernest Brostrom and Louise Ekland, both of Arlington.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14th, Mr. Henry S. Nelson, and Miss Ida Frances Wyman, daughter of Luther B. Wyman, Esq.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct. 22, John, son of Patrick and Catherine Riley, aged 4 years, 1 month, 17 days.

In Winchester, Oct. 19, Mrs. Eunice Farrow, aged 76 years, 7 months, 21 days.

In Somerville, Oct. 24, Mrs. Carrie E. Haven, aged 31.

In Arlington, Oct. 16th, Mrs. Elizabeth Ford, aged about 40 years.

Special Notices.

Republican Caucus.

The Republicans of Woburn, who intend to support the regular nominations of the Republican party, are invited to meet in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday, Oct. 30, 1873, at 7¼ o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to the Legislature from the 22d Middlesex District, and to transact any other business thrt may properly come before the caucus. Voters are requested to prepare themselves with ballots for candidate for Representative.

E. E. THOMPSON, JACOB BROWN, J. L. PARKER, } Republican Town Committee.

Woburn, Oct. 23d, 1873.

CLASSES IN GERMAN.

A lady teacher who has resided nine years in Germany, wishes to form classes for the German language in Woburn. Refers to Rev. W. S. Barnes and E. H. Davis, Superintendent of Schools.

OPENING

—OF—

FRENCH FLOWERS,

Feathers, and

Millinery Goods,

Tuesday & Wednesday

OCTOBER 30th and 31st, 1873.

A. Cummings,

147 AND 147½ MAIN STREET, 141

WOBURN, MASS.

Coke For Sale.

At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

AT AUCTION

IN WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

On MONDAY, the 3d day of November next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at Auction, that pleasant location known as the Roundy estate, situated on the corner of Main and Railroad streets. Said estate consists of a 2½ story Dwelling-house in thorough repair; contains 24 rooms, 2 stores in the basement, and 3376 feet of Land; within a minutes walk of Churches, Schools, Post Office, and the Railroad Depot, and is one of the most valuable estates in Woburn. ☞ $200 to be paid at the sale. Conditions made known at sale.

By order of the Heirs, 140
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, October 22, 1873.

REPORT of the condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WOBURN, at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business on the 12th day of September, 1873.

	Currency.	DR.
Loans and discounts	$378,508 18	$378,508 18
Overdrafts		35 70
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation		300,000 00
Other Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages, (as per schedule)		3,600 00
Due from approved Redeeming and Reserve Agents (as per schedule)		44,943 00
Due from other National Banks		1,500 00
Banking House		24,425 00
Current Expenses	1,045 22	
Taxes paid	1,457 50	2,502 72
Checks and other Cash Items (as per schedule		1,823 02
Bills of other National Banks		1,989 00
Fractional Currency (including Nickels)		458 40
Legal Tender Notes		30,232 00
Total		$790,017 02

		CR.
Capital Stock paid in		$300,000 00
Surplus Fund		71,747 84
Discount	$12,906 39	
Profit and Loss	11,385 29	24,291 68
Circulating Notes rec'd from Comptroller	$270,000 00	
Loss am't on hand and with Comptroller for burning	$500 00	269,500 00
Dividends unpaid		355 00
Individual deposits subject to check	(Currency) $104,122 50	104,122 50
Bills Payable		20,000 00
Total		$790,017 02

I, J. R. Green, Cashier of The First National Bank of Woburn, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Correct. Attest,
J. B. WINN,
JOHN JOHNSON, } Directors.
E. N. BLAKE,

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 18th day of October, 1873. (Signed)

JOHN JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

LINCOLN EMERSON,
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

FURNITURE.

Black Walnut Chamber Sets,

PARLOR SETS,

Drawing Room Sets, etc.,

AT OUR TEMPORARY WAREROOMS,

95 & 97 FRIEND STREET,

where we are CLOSING OUT a large stock of our own manufacture at LOW PRICES.

BEAL & HOOPER,

95 & 97 Friend Street,

(In rear of our old stand in Haymarket Square.)

BOSTON.

LYCEUM HALL,

WOBURN.

The announcement is respectfully made to the citizens of Woburn, that an

ELEGANT COMEDY

ENTERTAINMENT

WILL BE GIVEN AT THE ABOVE HALL, ON

Tuesday Eve'g, Oct. 28, '73.

The distinguished Artiste,

Miss KATE

Reignolds

Long known as one of the most popular and accomplished "STARS" on the stage, supported by a powerful company, will appear in the brilliant and most amusing Comedy, in three acts,

"The Ladies' Battle,"

produced with every attention to Scenery, Appointments, and an excellent cast.

MISS REIGNOLDS' high position in her profession is universally recognized, and the supporting Company has been selected with especial reference to performances of the highest order, and will give a most effective rendering of this attractive comedy.

WITH SUCH ARTISTES AS

Miss GEORGIANA REIGNOLDS,

Mr. Thos. H. Burns,

Mr. S. H. Verney,

Mr. F. Salter,

Mr. P. Dillon,

And others, in the cast with the

ACCOMPLISHED STAR,

The Manager feels warranted in promising a dramatic performance

UNEQUALLED BY ANY

previously given in Woburn, and one worthy the patronage of the most cultivated and critical of the Town.

ADMISSION, 35 cts.
RESERVED SEATS, 50 cts.

May now be procured at the store of SPARROW HORTON, where a plan of the hall may be seen. Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Comedy at 8 o'clock

Winter Goods.

We shall take pleasure in showing our assortment of Overcoats made from Blue and Black Beaver, all Wool, heavy Chinchilla, French Elysian, and other cloths made up in the latest styles. Reefers, Cardigans, of every quality made, Under Garments in great variety, being the largest assortment ever shown at our Counters. Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, and other Goods adapted to the season, at low prices by

J. W. HAMMOND,

181 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

Woburn Bazaar,

192 MAIN STREET.

New Store,

New Goods, New Prices

We would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to our extensive stock of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Furnishing Goods,

And Fancy Goods,

SMALL WARES, &c. &c.

Which we are selling at a

LOW PRICE.

With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.

We keep most everything and sell

CHEAP.

Woburn Bazaar,

192 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN CENTRE.

☞ Male and Female Agents Wanted.

Orders received for the celebrated Troy Laundry Goods received Saturdays and Tuesdays, and returned Mondays and Thursdays.

Houses, Stores, Merchandise & Stock

Insured in Reliable Companies,

—BY—

E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,

194 Main St., Woburn. 136

House and Land

AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at Auction, on TUESDAY, Oct. 28, 1873, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the dwelling house owned and occupied by Mrs. Anna Kimmick, situated on Mt. Pleasant street, Woburn, within three minutes walk of depot. Said house contains 6 rooms and cellar kitchen, and is supplied with Horn Pond water. It is located on a lot containing about 7,000 feet of land, well covered with fruit trees and shade trees.

Also, at same time, will be sold a lot of Household goods, &c.

Terms of house and lot, one-half cash, balance can remain on mortgage.

E. PRIOR, Auctioneer.

Woburn, October 14th, 1873. 137

DR. BOARDMAN'S

STANDARD

PREPARATIONS!

Elixir Calisaya Bark & Iron.

Elixir Calisaya Bark.

Compound Concentrated Extract or Blood Purifier.

Wild Cherry Elixir, for Coughs Colds, &c., &c.

Ginger Bitters,

Rheumatic Elixir,

Aromatic Tonic for the Teeth,

Extract Jamaica Ginger,

Superior Bay Rum,

Geranium Lustral,

Strong Liquid Ammonia,

Pure Rectified Benzine,

Aromatic Tincture Rhubarb,

Extra Weight Rochelle Powders.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS AND ESSENCES, &c.

MERRILL & BAKER,

CARPENTERS, BUILDERS,

JOBBERS & MILLWRIGHTS.

SHOP OVER GREEN'S,

No. 6 RAILROAD ST., WOBURN.

Orders promptly attended to.

A. PRATT & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork,

Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.

Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,

Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts.. 102 BOSTON.

WARREN CUTLER,

JOB WAGON.

Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.

TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of

H. L. CARTER & CO.,

and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the

Horse Shoeing Business.

Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.

112 H. L. CARTER, J. C. CARTER.

Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

BOARDERS WANTED.

A few single gentlemen, can be accommodated with first class board at 118

MRS. M. J. ALLENS'
PLYMPTON ST.
Woburn.

Also a few table boarders.

Board Wanted.

In a private family where the comforts of a home can be found. A good room, good bed, and good living the requisites. In the vicinity of Horn Pond R. R. Station. Inquire at

119 CALEF'S Grocery Store.

Near the H. P. Station, Fowle St.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.

Russell Street, Woburn. 72

FOR SALE,

WHITE LEGHORN FOWLS.

J. S. WHEELER.

FOR SALE.

A Butcher Cart, nearly new, and in good running order.

Apply at the

WINCHESTER MARKET.

PRICES

AT THE VERY

LOWEST MARK!

Country Buyers of Clothing are informed that we have fully replenished our Stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

and are now prepared to show the public a choice display of seasonable Wearing Apparel and first-class Furnishing Goods, which we shall continue to sell at the uniform low figures that have always ruled at the "Globe's" establishment.

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

With thanks for the liberal favor accorded to us during the last season, we now invite purchasers to

VISIT THE

GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE

Nos. 1, 2, & 3, DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

where we guarantee entire satisfaction, every time and where a large and superb stock may now be selected from.

☞ Try the "GLOBE" this Fall! ☜

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

Sheriff's Sale!

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 18th day of November next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Sumner Richardson of Winchester, in said County, had on the 4th day of October, A.D. 1873, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, being the homestead of said Richardson, and bounded as follows:—commencing at a stake and stones at the south easterly corner of the premises, the line runs westerly by and with Pleasant street about 110 feet to another street; thence northerly by and with said last named street about 100 feet to a stake and stones; thence easterly by land formerly of S. S. Richardson to the edge of the old Mill Pond; thence southerly by the edge of the old Mill Pond, to the bound first named, or however otherwise bounded, with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, October 18th, 1873. 131

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at the same place on Tuesday the 7th day of October, A.D. 1873: On the petition of Walter Fowle and others for the widening, straightening, altering and locating the road leading from the Watering Station, so-called, in Woburn, by the house of Walter Fowle, to the house of Thaddeus Richardson, in Stoneham, it was adjudged that said widening, straightening, altering and locating, are of common convenience and necessity: Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the dwelling house of Simon Kinsman, in Woburn, on the 24th day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
LEONARD HUNTRESS, Chairman.

Tewksbury, October 13, 1873.

FALL TRADE.

1873.

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FOR MEN,
FOR YOUTH,
FOR BOYS,
OR CHILDREN,

Can now be had at this old and popular Low PRICED HOUSE.

☞ The thousands of patrons of Richards' "Old Corner," who have so generously availed themselves of purchase here in the past years, as well as all new-comers, will find that they can

SAVE MONEY

in buying Clothing or Furnishing Goods at this reliable establishment, and we confidently invite attention to our superior assortment now in store for the fall of 1873, at the "Old Corner."

GEORGE H. RICHADRS,

24..............DOCK..............24
25............SQUARE.............25

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NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON. All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calender month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

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is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

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Woburn Mass.

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WOBURN. 38

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The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK OF

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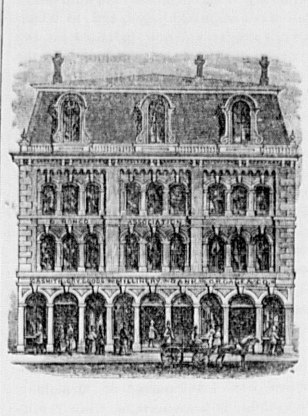

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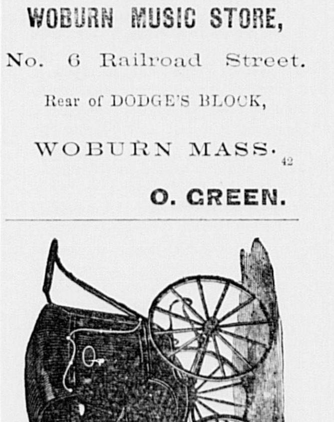

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WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by either at the Journal Office, will be promptly attended to. 23

AN EMINENT WOBURN NATIVE.

Samuel Blodget. A Notable Character to whom is no Allusion whatever in the published History of Woburn.

The Hon. Samuel Blodget—remarkable for enterprise and extraordinary energy—Captain, Esquire, or Judge Blodget, as he was severally termed, was born April 1st, 1724, in Woburn. His parents, according to the public records, were Caleb and Sarah Blodget, or Blogget, as it was then written. His father, styled "Captain" and "Mr." Caleb Blodget—the latter title an honorary prefix never conferred indiscriminately at that period—was a prominent man in Woburn during the first half of the last century. His great grandfather, Samuel Blodget, who was born in England, resided at Woburn as early as 1655. The mother of Hon. Samuel Blodget was probably Sarah Wyman.

Beyond the time and place of his birth, little is known of his early life. However, he acquired a passable knowledge of mathematics and philosophy, composed with some force and correctness, and wrote a plain, fair hand.

In 1745, he was found at the memorable siege of Louisburg. Probably in capacity of commissary, the department in which he served in various campaigns, and for which he was admirably fitted. His active mind loathed the monotony of a mere soldier's life, nor was he especially a fighting character.

In 1751, he purchased a farm in Goffstown, N. H. But war breaking out a few years afterwards, prevented any permanent or successful improvements, and again he joined the army as sutler of a New Hampshire regiment. In 1757, when Fort William Henry was taken by the French and Indians, and the latter barbarously butchered the defenceless prisoners after they had left the fort, Blodget, sutler of the New Hampshire battalion, escaping from the melee, ran to the shore of the lake near by, and secreted himself under a batteau, where he tarried until he thought all risk at an end, when leaving his hiding place, he was discovered by some prowling savages, and stripped of every vestige of clothing. In this plight he fortunately escaped his captors, ran into the woods, and at length got safely into Fort Edward.

When Fort William Henry was unsuccessfully assaulted by the French the winter previous, Blodget, the sutler, had charge of the rum, which he was forbidden to deliver to New Hampshire troops without a written order from their commander. He refused all solicitations for orders, under the pretense of a lame hand. Some say the Indians suffered him to go at liberty, after being plundered of everything but his scalp, on the occasion just mentioned, out of grateful recollection of "strong water," which in times past they had received from his hands. However this may be, it is said that he was never partial to military service afterwards.

Having thus narrowly escaped from the Indians with the loss of his goods, and the clothes from his back, we next hear of Mr. Blodget as a merchant. He engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston with much success. A portion of his capital and attention was devoted to the manufacture of pot and pearl ashes, and he gradually extended this branch of his business into the interior. His main manufacture was at Haverhill, but he had "potash works" in Hampstead, Goffstown, New Boston, and other places in the neighborhood of the present city of Manchester, N. H. In 1766, this part of his business had become so extensive that he established a store in Haverhill, for the purpose of furnishing supplies to those in his employment. His manufacture, and the trade connected with it, naturally led him to engage more or less in the lumber business, and finding both profitable, about 1765, he made large purchases of lands in Hooksett and Goffstown, N. H., and built a saw-mill upon Black Brook, near his place in Goffstown He also that year, sent large "supplies" to his farm at Goffstown, for the use of his people, engaged in the manufacture of "pots and lumber." In a short time he opened a store in Goffstown, and extended his mercantile operations in that region. His merchandise was exchanged for pot and pearl ashes, lumber and furs. His lumber was sold at Haverhill, and Newbury, and his pot and pearl ashes, and furs were shipped to London, where he had extensive business arrangements with Sir William Baker and others.

During this time he was in Boston, where he traded, and was in public business, and was on terms of intimacy with some of its most distinguished citizens. In 1769, however, for the purpose of carrying on his business with more convenience, he removed his family to Goffstown and took up a permanent residence upon his farm. Here he soon obtained an advantageous position in society, and was appointed a Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas.

In 1772, he was appointed Assistant Deputy Surveyor of the King's woods, under Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, the duties of which office he performed acceptably. He was also an excise officer, appointed to collect duties on all spirituous liquors. These commissions he held under the patronage of the mother country till the war of Independence.

A patriot, he engaged in the cause, and was connected with the commissary department as commissary or sutler to Gen. Sullivan's Brigade from New Hampshire in the campaign of 1775 and 1776, in the vicinity of Boston. This brigade was posted on Winter Hill through the summer of 1775, and with but few active duties. Sutler Blodget alleviated the monotony of the post, by supplying the several regiments of the encampment with many barrels of beer. He was not alone caterer for the common soldiers, but supplied the table of the general officers.

When the army left Boston, Judge Blodget retired to his farm in Goffstown, N. H., and took no further active part in the contest, other than to assist with his advice and his purse, both of which were ready on all occasions.

Beyond being simply a man of considerable note in his day, he now began to exhibit an inventive mind, and display a far-reaching sagacity, which really made him a man ahead of his age.

During the continuance of the Revolutionary conflict, he invented what he called a "Diving tongue," the design of which was to raise the wrecks of sunken vessels. He was successful in one or two instances on our coast. After the arrival of peace, he visited England and Spain for the same purpose, but with little success.

The History of Manchester, N. H., by the late Hon. Chandler E. Potter, an exceedingly valuable, minute and interesting volume of some 830 pages, and to which we are almost entirely indebted for the material of this present memoir, has the following passage introductory to an extended sketch of the man of whom we are writing. One of the best passages of the many in that excellent book.

"The immense water power at Amoskeag [Manchester] had hitherto been considered only as a barrier, that served as a check to the salmon, shad, and eels in their annual migrations up the Merrimac, and by this means made one of the best fishing places upon this noble river. Few had thought, and no one had spoken of their priceless value for hydraulic purposes.

"But the time had come, when individual enterprise and energy was to commence the development of furnishing thousands upon thousands with remunerative employment, instead of doling out a scanty subsistence to a few fishermen.

"For years, there was one man, who, as he had viewed the immense body of water that then rushed over the falls in such wild tumult, had conceived the idea of making them subservient to the wants and conveniences of man. With him, to conceive was to plan, and to plan was to execute.

"That man was"—*the person whose history we are considering.*

Long before the Revolutionary war, it is probable the Hon. Samuel Blodget had in his mind the improving and canalling the falls at Amoskeag, for he purchased such vast quantities of timber lands, as his prospective means of manufacturing timber upon Black Brook, would by no means justify. His knowledge of the resources of the country, led him to foresee the advantages of canalling the falls upon the river, while it required no great sagacity to foretell their advantages as a water power. The difficulty of getting his own lumber to market, which had to be hauled past the falls or run over them at high water, doubtless first suggested to him the idea of a canal at these falls, and the idea once suggested, was entertained and at length became a ruling principle, if not passion with him. But the Revolution put a stop to any action in the matter. After his return from abroad, the project of canalling the Amoskeag Falls was still in his mind, and the chartering of the Middlesex canal determined him to commence his long cherished project. He accordingly moved to Amoskeag in 1793, and took up his residence on the east bank of the Merrimac, in Derryfield.

This was the first important work of art prosecuted in the town of Derryfield, now the large manufacturing city of Manchester, N. H., and what Blodget evidently regarded as the great work of his life. As we have seen, it was first designed for the purpose of rafting, and while talking of his canal and its vast water power, Blodget would say *as the country increases in population, we must have manufactories; and here at my canal will be a manufacturing town—the* "MANCHESTER *of* AMERICA!" In contradistinction to that great manufacturing seat—Manchester, in England.

Of course, people then called him an enthusiast, insane and the like, but he heeded none of their remarks. He kept onward in his improvements, trying to enlist the monied men in his enterprise to the day of his death.

When the name of the town, in 1810, was changed to Manchester, it was done out of compliment to the prophecy of Blodget, that it was destined to become the "Manchester of America." The population of the entire town in that year was but 615. Previous to 1839, scarcely 100 inhabitants resided upon the site of the present manufactories—in 1850, the site contained 13,932 inhabitants—in 1870, 23 536.

He had made his calculations that he could accomplish the undertaking with his own means, and that the investment would be a good one for his children, and at the same time would be of very great importance to the people of the interior. Had he built the locks and canal after the usual method, he might have built them in half the time; very nearly, if not quite, with his own means, and the investment would have been, as it afterwards was, a profitable one, and of vast importance to the neighboring territory.

But he had a lock of his own invention. His first designs were very crude and imperfect. Failing in this and other experiments, he adopted finally, in substance, the plan which went into general use. In this failure was involved a great portion of his own private fortune. The canal was begun May 2d, 1794.

Unacquainted with that kind of engineering, unable to secure the services of an engineer, he met with many disappointments, and the work was long delayed. It failed to answer the purpose, and was soon carried away by a high freshet. Thus the labor of years was speedily brought to naught, his own private fortune sacrificed, and all the money he could raise by other means, expended on a yet fruitless undertaking. "Such a result," says Potter, "would have broken down any ordinary man," but Judge Blodget, "only exerted himself the more to accomplish the undertaking he had so much at heart."

He obtained a charter and went seriously to work selling the stock. In order to create public confidence, he employed Col. Loammi Baldwin of Woburn, who died October 20, 1807, to make a survey and estimate the cost of finishing the canal. Col. Baldwin reported favorably, but assured the Judge it would not do "to depart much from established principles," as he happened to do with his former locks; "nor presume much on new theories, or to introduce works of speculation in canalling."

Happily, these hints were not lost upon Judge Blodget, who published the report, and succeeded in selling some of the stock on the strength of it.

Besides, he received authority from the Legislature of New Hampshire, to raise funds by a lottery, according to the custom of that day, to complete "Blodget Canal."

By this means, sale of stock, and other sources, he realized a considerable sum, which he expended in finishing the canal according to the survey and plan of Col. Baldwin.

Meantime, the expenditures exceeding the estimates—as they sometimes do at this day,—by some thousands, and the canal yet unfinished, Blodget procured another grant of a lottery, by which he might raise a stated sum to prosecute the work. This he styled, "Amoskeag Canal lottery, No. 2." But difficulties then arose between Blodget and the managers of lottery No. 1, who had failed to pay him but a part of the proceeds; refused to account to him for the balance, or allow his services, and a bitter controversy resulted, which lasted till his death. Among other matters, while the managers and their friends accused him of using the funds arising from the lottery for his own private use, in building a splendid mansion, he publicly accused them of the most gross mismanagement in the affair—one of his grave charges against them being that they asked an amount equal to $3 per minute, during the time of drawing the lottery, when the act of legislature only allowed them *reasonable compensation*; and by burning most of their books and tickets, placed it beyond the power of any one to investigate their management. But, instead of using the canal funds for private purposes, Blodget was ready to prove that he had expended a large sum of his own on the canal since the granting of the lottery. The legislature of New Hampshire appointed a committee of investigation to settle the accounts of the concern; who, commencing the duties of their commission, when Blodget was absent from the State and unable to appear before them with his side of the story, reported favorably to his enemies.

Whatever was the true state of the case, the sympathies of the public were evidently with Judge Blodget. Speculators and sharpers, no doubt, could take advantage of his age and embarrassments while constructing his canal, and by throwing every obstacle in the way of its final accomplishment, depreciate the same in an unfinished state, as to pass into their own hands at a mere nominal price.

"But," says Potter, "blessed with a strong constitution, and possessing the confidence of the public, he lived down the aspersions of his enemies, and long enough to see the completion of his stupendous work."

The Legislature of Massachusetts granted lotteries to advance the enterprise, the money of the first being expended under the experienced Col. Baldwin—well known as a distinguished native and resident of this place [Woburn]. Hitherto the expense of the undertaking had been enormous. Rocks, ledges, freshets, the power of the great body of water, were vast obstacles to surmount with crude appliances in the hands of unskilled and inexperienced workmen. The inestimable conveniences of railroads and telegraphs did not exist. Canals had hardly yet been used in this country. Stage coaches were almost unknown. Travellers journeyed generally on horseback. Under the obloquy and detraction of enemies; after years of ardent exertion at an advanced stage of his life; sparing no pains in his power; with the utmost stretch of invention to finish this canal, the projector by the help of the several lotteries mentioned, and by sale of shares in the property at last accomplished his task.

May Day, in the year 1807, was the time appointed for the opening of Blodget's Locks and Canal. The Judge looked forward to it as the proud day of his life, the day of his triumph, purchased at the price of a handsome fortune, and thirteen anxious years!

The Historian tells us, "The day came, and with it an assembled multitude to witness the ceremony. Judge Blodget rode to the head of the canal, at the age of eighty-three years and a month, went on to a raft with a few of his friends, passed through the length of the canal, and through the locks into the Merrimac! The burst of applause at the completion of the feat, from the multitude on shore, sealed his triumph!" He returned to his house, and as his difficulties with the managers of the old lottery were yet unsettled, he remarked as he left the chaise, "I have but one object now to live for—*my* canal is completed—let my difficulties with the *managers* be settled before the arbiters, and I die content!"

From this time he paid close attention to the settlement of his accounts, which was to come off at Haverhill the first of July. He was present as active as ever, at the sitting of the "Rule," as he called it; but returning from Haverhill to Derryfield on the third of July, he took cold and on the fourth was confined to his room, and never left it until, in the words of Potter, "he departed to render his account to the great Arbiter of the Universe!" His death occurred September 1st, 1807.

His portrait published in Potter's History of Manchester represents him as standing beside his great canal and pointing to the gates of a lock with his cane. He is a short, thick man, having a great head, large features and large eyes, a calm but very decided countenance. He wears a cocked hat, and has his hair in a queue. His body is erect and clothed in a long coat and waistcoat—well filled out—ruffled shirt bosom, white cravat, knee breeches, and shoebuckles.

Dr. Wallace, a clergyman, well known in Woburn, at the Centennial celebration of the city of Manchester, in 1851, eulogizes Blodget's great undertaking as follows:

"When we take into account the circumstances under which this enterprise was commenced and prosecuted; when we reflect on the pecuniary depressions of the country; when we consider that there were no engineers or mechanics who understood the kind of work,—when to this we add that the enterprise was the first of the kind of any importance anywhere in this country—and above all the fact that it must, to a great extent, have originated in the mind of Mr. Blodget; when we take into view these things, the Amoskeag Canal assumes an importance which places it among the great enterprises which distinguished the last century.

"Invention is the rare quality of a few minds. Imitation is comparatively easy. It is the former that places the names of Fitch, and Folsom, and Arkwright, and Morse so high on the scroll of fame, showing that the first humble and crude attempts of inventors indicate the presence of greater genius than may be expected by the most polished and successful imitators. It is in this view that we hesitate not to pronounce the Blodget canal a greater work in its day than was the construction of the Erie Canal twenty years after, or than it would be now to construct a railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco.

"We have never been taught to place the name of Blodget," Dr. Wallace concludes, "among the patriots or reformers of his age; but as a man of genius and deathless perseverance he had few equals."

Another speaker at the Manchester Centennial remarked that Judge Blodget's "powers of invention were not always in the way of mechanics; he was a good financier, as is shown by the fact that he was able to raise the means to complete his great undertaking, the Blodget Canal. One of his financial operations or inventions," continued this speaker, "I cannot refrain from relating at the present time. He was in Philadelphia for the purpose of selling the stock of his canal; but met with no success, and after a stay of some weeks, found himself without funds. In this dilemma the idea struck him of giving a concert, and he forthwith issued his handbills through the city, advertising a

CATEGORICAL CONCERT,

naming time and place. The thing took, and the Hall was crowded at a quarter a head. At the appointed hour the curtain rose, and Blodget came forward upon the platform with his *instruments* of music, enclosed in a bag upon his arm. After a short address to the audience, he threw his bag upon the platform and then, true enough a *cat-egorical* concert commenced according to appointment, with—'All discord, harmony not understood,'—that three or four *tomcats* were capable of making! The audience were *sold*, and by the sell, Blodget raised funds sufficient to settle his bills and pay his way home.

"But in another invention or discovery," says this same speaker, "he was not so successful. He held that he had discovered the true *elixir of life*, by which he could prolong life, far beyond the usual age of man. A part of this discovery was early rising, *air bathing*, violent wrenching of the limbs in the morning upon getting out of bed, and wearing the same amount of clothing the year round, making no additions, for inclement or winter weather. Practicing upon this theory, with a strong constitution, at the age of eighty-three years, he was hale and hearty, and calculated upon a greater length of days, but riding from Haverhill to Derryfield in the night, without proper clothing as was his custom, he took a violent cold, and soon after died, thus falling a victim to his much vaunted discovery of the *elixir of life*."

Concerning the "Diving tongue" of his invention, in 1783, by its assistance he raised a valuable cargo from a ship sunk near Plymouth, Mass. While in England he proposed to raise the "Royal George," the British flagship of 108 guns, which on August 29, 1782, suddenly overset in the harbor of Portsmouth, filled and sank, and nine hundred persons perished.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Hon. Samuel Blodget, and Col. Loammi Baldwin, co-laborers in the extraordinary undertaking of Blodget's Canal; both natives of Woburn; their ancestors early settlers in Woburn; and each equally eminent in their day and generation, should both die in the same year and in consecutive months—the one in September, the other in October, 1807.

In consideration of his connection with Blodget Canal, we subjoin to this article, a brief biographical account of Col. Baldwin.

From the work in manuscript on epitaphs in Woburn old cemeteries, to which allusion was made in a recent article in a late number of this paper, we quote the following:

[Marble tablet on granite obelisk.]

"To the Memory of the Hon. Loammi Baldwin, who died Oct. 20th, 1807, Æt. 63, Erected by his children."

Note. Hon. Loammi Baldwin, born January 10, 1744-5, son of James and Ruth (Richardson) Baldwin, and a descendant of Dea. Henry Baldwin, one of the early settlers of Woburn. Lieutenant colonel of Gerrish's Regiment, and colonel of the same 1775-76, and with his command present with General Washington at Trenton, December 26th, 1776. Resigned and discharged from the Continental Army about 1777, for ill health, and returned to his native town. Served for a long succession of years on important town business. Appointed High Sheriff, Co. Middlesex, in 1780. Represented Woburn in the General Court, 1778-79 and 1800-1805. A prominent candidate for other important offices in the State. Member American Academy of Arts and Sciences. *M. A.*, Harvard College, 1785. The projector of Middlesex Canal, opened 1803. The namesake of the Baldwin apple. Friend and correspondent of Count Rumford. Married Mary, daughter of James Fowle, Esq., July 9, 1772, died September 27, 1786; and Margaret, daughter of Josiah Fowle, May 26, 1791, died August 8, 1799. Col. Baldwin's spacious mansion, still standing at North Woburn—or a portion of it, according to an oral statement of the late Dr. Benjamin Cutter—is the oldest house in town.

PULLING TEETH.—His name was Baumgardner. He was going down to Cape May on the steamboat, and on the way his teeth began to ache in the most frightful manner. Unable to endure the pain any longer, he determined to have the tooth removed summarily. So Baumgardner got a piece of copper wire from the engineer, and twisted one end round his tooth; and when the boat stopped at New Castle, he fastened the other end of the wire to the engine's walking beam, and waited for the jerk that would remove the tooth. The end of the beam, however, was on the down stroke, and the first thing that Mr. Baumgardner knew, he was proceeding towards the boiler room with frightful rapidity. The next instant he was hauled aloft suddenly and flung, feet upward into the air. Then he dived down again, then up, then down, bumping against the woodwork, rasping his legs on the rail, scalping himself against the machinery, and plunging about in the most appalling manner, until on a final up stroke, the tooth gave away, and Baumgardner was flung to the summit of the smoke stack, whence he was rescued by the captain, who was going to thrash him for stopping off the draft. He is said to have remarked to the landlord upon his arrival at Cape May, that while the low pressure steam engine is undoubtedly a useful invention, its application in the practice of the science of dentistry would be calculated to prejudice the public mind against it.

"Where are the men of '76?" shouted a patriotic orator. "Dead," responded a sad looking man in the middle aisle. The orator seemed to be disturbed by the information.

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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Call on

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169 MAIN STREET,

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If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

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FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

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WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published. 53

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Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

58

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CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 59

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MACHINISTS,

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Steam Engines,

Boilers Soafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

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Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

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We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village.

is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

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all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

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33 Court St., Boston.

(Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

34

Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7½, 8½, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.

Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4, P. M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.

E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45‡* P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 6.25 P. M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 6.27 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 6.37 P. M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.45 P. M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 6.50 8.20‖ P. M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‖ P. M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P. M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

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DRY GOODS,

Woolens and Small Wares,

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AND GRAIN.

Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

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J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

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Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

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for inside and outside finish.

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on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66

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At the Old Stand.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that they are now prepared to Kill and Dress Hogs with the utmost neatness and dispatch.

BANCROFT & BULLARD,

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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

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Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

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The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

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With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready fo the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.

Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.

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Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46

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Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

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WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

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Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

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NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56

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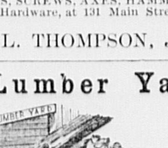

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Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

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AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

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Carpenter and Builder,

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,

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F. J. Culbert,

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The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand

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OFFICE—Near the Depot,

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Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

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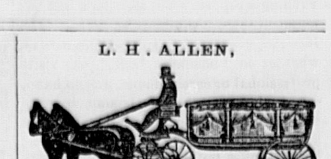

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

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Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 96

Superior Printing

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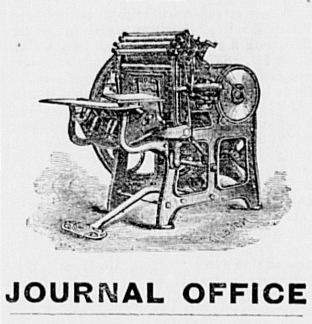

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Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

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Stearns,

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Are now prepared to show the

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CROCKERY

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GLASS WARE

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STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY — CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640 — INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642 — WOBURN

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873. NO. 7.

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Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

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ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. {Near Main Street.
☞Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
☞Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

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BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

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TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

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GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, {Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.

Poetry.

THE DARK.

Where do the little chickens run
  When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
  Into the dark, into the shade,
Under their mother's downy wing,
No longer afraid of anything.

Dear little girls, dear little boy,
  Afraid of the dark,
Bid you good-by to the daylight with joy,
  Be glad of the night, for hark!
The darkness no danger at all can bring,
It is the shadow of God's wing.

Where do the little violets creep
  In the time of snow?
Into the dark, to rest and sleep,
  And to wait for the spring they go
Under the ground where no storm can reach,
And God takes tender care of each.

Selected.

PENELOPE'S WEB.

My father and mother-in-law were sitting, one on each side of the open fire. My father was reading the Country Gentleman, my mother was knitting a mitten. She usually was knitting either a mitten, or a little red stocking, or a baby's shoe, or a wristlet, or a shawl. Her eyes were not good by gas light; and as she was a manager of the Old Ladies' Home, a visitor at the Orphan Asylum, and a friend and protector to forlorn children in general, she was never at a loss where to bestow her knitted goods. Not a baby on our square but came into an inheritance of mother's pretty work as surely as into a world of sin and misery.

Missing the click of the needles, as one does miss a quiet sound to which the ear has grown used, I looked up. My mother had laid down her work and was engaged in tying knots at different intervals in a length of double worsted. My father had dropped his paper, and was regarding her with an amused smile, in which there was a world of tenderness and gentleness.

"What are you trying to do, mother, dear?" I said, at last.

"I am trying to see if I can remember how I used to make a harness," replied the dear old lady with a smile and a little sigh. "Not the kind that they put upon horses," she explained, seeing my puzzled look, "but that which belongs to a loom."

"I never saw a loom," said I.

"Ah, then I can hardly make you understand. The harness is a very essential part of an old fashioned loom."

"Did you know how to weave?" I asked.

"That she did, as well as Penelope her namesake," said my father, answering for her, "I think, however, that she would have disposed of the suitors more easily than that lady did." And my father quoted some Greek which sounded very nicely, though I didn't understand any of it. The old gentleman read the classics a great deal in the original, and was rather fond of quoting them. "I believe," he continued, "that I owe my wife to her skill in weaving."

"Tell me about it," said I, glad of anything to divert me. You see my husband was away about his business as an insurance adjuster, and there had been so many bad accidents that I could not help being anxious about him.

"Yes, do, father," said she.

"Well, you must know then," the old gentleman began, "that I was an only child, and my parents naturally thought a great deal of me. They moved from Vermont into the Genesee country at a very early date—indeed, my father was one of the first settlers of Bloomfield. Some day we will go back there and see the old place. It was wild enough when they went there, but in time the wilderness was subdued, and blossomed like the rose. My father farmed two hundred acres, and owned a sugar-bush and potashery. Potash used to be called Genesee money in those days, because the merchants made their remittance to New York and Montreal in that coin. Well, I always had a turn for books and study, and I was not more than twelve years old, when my father promised me that if I would stay and help him until I was eighteen, he would send me to college. I was very happy in the prospect, for from the moment he said so, I knew the thing was as sure as human arrangement can be. So I went to school winters, doing my Latin and Greek with the minister, and helping on the farm in the summer, till I was eighteen. My birthday came in June, and my mother commenced directly to make up my new shirts.

"'Mother,' said I, one day, 'why did father select Dartmouth for me?'

"'Your father and his brother both went there, and his folks lived in that neighborhood,' answered my mother.

"'I never knew my father had a brother,' said I, surprised.

"My mother started and looked troubled. Then she said impressively, 'Abner you must never mention the matter to your father. He has never spoken his brother's name since he moved out here, and he will not allow me to do so. You were named for your uncle; but then it was your grandfather's name as well.'

"'But how did it happen?' I asked. 'What was the cause of the quarrel, for I suppose there was a quarrel.'

"'A girl, of course!" said my mother, with a tone of bitterness very unusual with her. 'Your father thought there was only one woman in the world, and that was Penelope Morrill; and she thought there was only one man in the world, and that was Abner Hoyt. I don't know how much she was to blame, My sister Abbie always took her part, and said Penelope was over-persuaded by her folks to say she would have Nathan. Anyhow, she broke off her engagement to your father and married Abner. Then your father married me, and we moved out here. That is all I know.'

"'Did Uncle Abner have a family?' I asked, after a pause.

"'I believe he had. They moved away from the place, and both he and his wife died young. Abbie always kept up her friendship for Penelope; but I asked her never to say anything about them in her letters. When you are in Vermont, Abner, you must go and see Aunt Abbie.'

"Pawlet is a very queer little place, with more ups and downs, and wooded mountain sides, and running brooks than I ever saw before. Aunt Abbie lived in a tiny red house, just where the 'little Pawlet river runs across the road, and turns, almost at a right angle, to its former course. Just in front is a high, rocky ledge, at the base of which the river flows for some distance, and then, directly under a high arched bridge, pours down some thirty feet in a pretty little fall.

"Aunt Abbie gave me a warm welcome. She was a widow, much older than my mother, and lived in the little red house with her daughter Malvina, a cheerful, sensible old maid, with learning enough for a college professor. Of course we had everything to talk about; and I made acquaintance with a host of new cousins, both Hoyts and Marvins. I observed that nearly every one that called, asked about Penelope, and the answer always was, that Penelope was over at Deacon Baker's weaving.

"'Who is Penelope?' I asked, at last, of my cousin Malvina.

"'Oh, Penelope Winder!—well, she's a kind of adopted child of ours. She's an orphan; and when her step-father died she hadn't any home, and her mother was a friend of ma's, so she naturally came to us. We would like to keep her with us all the time, but she has very independent feelings, Pen has, and likes to support herself. She's a splendid hand at all kinds of weaving, and folks send for her far and near. But she makes her home with us, and as she is to come on Saturday, we will hitch up old bay, and go after her.'

"I was pretty well disposed to like Penelope beforehand; and when young Dr. Ambler, who was the beau of the place, asked Malvina when Miss Winder was expected, I felt that he had taken an unwarrantable liberty. When I saw Penelope I understood the reason. I felt at once that we were made for each other, and I have never changed my mind. In a week's time, we were as well acquainted as if we had known each other for years, and in three weeks we were engaged."

"It was very imprudent in me," said my mother-in-law demurely. "I don't know how I came to do so."

"Nor I! I never could guess. Well, Aunt Abbie and Malvina both looked troubled when we told them of it.

"'I am afraid, children, it won't do,' said my aunt—'I am indeed. Perhaps I ought to have foreseen and prevented. You have heard of your Uncle Abner?"

"'Mother mentioned him to me once,' I replied, 'but she cautioned me never to speak of him to father.'

"'Just so; I was afraid it was that way,' said Aunt Abbie. 'How folks can be so inveterate, I don't know. Well, Penelope here, is your uncle's only child. You see, her mother married again after his death. She was left kind of forlorn with this baby, and I asked her to come and spend the winter with me. Old Major Winder took a great fancy to her and—well, I suppose it was natural enough.'

"'Natural for some folks,' said Malvina, with emphasis.

"'Well, anyhow, the old man was very good to her, and gave the child a good education. But you see he never made a will. I used to talk to him about it, and he said he meant to provide for Penelope. But he was taken suddenly one day, and the daughter by the first marriage, who never could abide Penelope nor her mother—'

"'Nor anyone else, but herself,' interrupted Penelope. 'I never could understand how she could be Father Winder's daughter.'

"'She wasn't much like him, that is certain, for a sweeter tempered old gentleman never lived,' continued my aunt. 'Anyhow, she took everything; Pen had hard work to get even her mother's things. However, she did get them at last, and then she came to us, When her own father died, I did write a letter to your father, unknown to Penelope; but such a letter as he sent me! I never dared to let your mother see it, Pen, but I'll show it to you both now.'

"So she did. It was a hard, bitter letter—stern, cruel and unforgiving. My cheeks burned with anger and shame when I read it. Penelope dit not utter a word at first; but presently she brightened up.

"'Aunt Abbie,' said she, 'if I could see Uncle Nathan, I am sure I'd make him like me in spite of himself.'

"'I believe you would,' said I.

"'Well, I don't know—your father is dreadful set,' said my aunt. 'Anyhow, Abner, you owe everything to your father, and you ought not to go against him.'

"'Aunt Abbie is right,' said Penelope, after a little pause. 'It won't do, Abner. We must give it up for the present.'

"I was very unhappy at the idea, and I dare say said many foolish things.

"That you did!" interrupted my mother.

"Well, Penelope was firm, and when we parted she would not even promise to write to me. I was so downhearted all the vacation that father thought I was ill, and was for keeping me at home; but I opposed the plan with all my might as you can guess. I once tried to introduce the subject of my uncle with my father; but got such an answer that I never attempted it again. I was very unhappy indeed; I could not bear to quarrel with my father, though I thought him very much to blame, but neither could I endure the thought of not marrying Penelope.

"Things were in this state when I returned to college. I had heard from Penelope once, through Malvina, who told me among other bits of news, that the Lyman family from Pawlet, were going to move to Rochester, and that she meant to send a parcel to mother by them.

"Toward spring I received a letter from mother asking me to come home for a while. She said father had sprained his ankle so that he could not get about, and he wanted to see me. She added that she did not know what she should have done but for Mary Winder, a young lady who had been visiting her and had stopped to help.

"I found father looking older and more feeble than I had ever seen him. His ankle was better, so that he could go about the house, and he sometimes got as far as the barn; but he had been compelled to leave a great deal to James White, the hired man, and things soon showed the difference. I had not been in the house half an hour before I heard the praises of Mary Winder sounded by both father and mother.

"'She says she saw a good deal of you at Aunt Abbie's,' said mother.

"'Oh yes,' I answered. 'She stayed there the most of the time. Aunt Abbie thinks the world of her. Where is she?'

"'She is over at Widow Brown's sitting with Emma,' answered mother. 'You know the poor child has been in a decline this long time. Somehow she has taken to Mary, and feels as if she must have her every day.'

"'Suppose you go over and bring her home, Abner,' said my father, 'it will be quite dark, and the road is rather lonesome'

"I fancied my father looked at me with a curious, questioning expression as he spoke, and a dim wonder crossed my mind as to whether he suspected anything; but I dismissed it at once, remembering the letter Aunt Abbie had showed me. 'It can't be,' I thought; 'he would not have her on the place an hour.'

"'How did Miss Winder come here?' I asked as mother followed me out to the door.

"'Oh, she came up to Rochester with a family from Vermont, and then came over here to bring me a parcel from Abbie. So, of course I asked her to stay and make a visit. I had a piece in the loom which Jane Pratt had just drawn in when she was taken sick, and nothing would do but Mary must finish it. She does beat all for weaving that I ever saw. Then your father sprained his ankle, and I wasn't very well, and so she stayed on, and I don't know what I shall do when she goes away. I wish we could keep her here always.'

"'Father seems to like her, too,' said I, my heart echoing the wish.

"'He does. I never saw him take so to any one. He said yesterday, that if we ever had a daughter-in-law, he hoped she would be just like Mary.'

"Well, I went after Penelope and brought her home, and many a pleasant walk we had afterwards, along that same lonesome cross-road. It was rather hard work for me to learn to call her Mary—"

"Yes, you used to scare me half to death, saying Pen," interrupted my mother. "I had to tell father it was a nickname Aunt Abbie gave me. Oh dear! I'm afraid we said and did a good many things that wouldn't bear examination. I have always felt ashamed of the whole performance."

"Marrying me included, I suppose. Well, matters went on so for some weeks. I took hold of the farm work, and soon got things into shape again. I went down to Commencement and graduated, and then came back to take hold of the harvesting. I had quite made up my mind by that time to be a farmer.

"When the heft of the harvest work and cheese making was over, Penelope proposed to my mother that she should draw in a piece of fine linen, for which the yarn was ready. When she come to examine the loom she found the harness in need of repair, and as making harness is best done by two pairs of hands, she asked me to help her."

"I don't know what the harness is," I said.

"Well, it is the system of strings in a loom, by which the threads of the warp are alternately raised and depressed so as to allow the passage of the shuttle. These strings are knotted in a peculiar and somewhat intricate manner. We were engaged in this process when my father passed through the room.

"'That's right, Mary,' said he. 'Harness him up tight.'

"'She has done that already,' said I, speaking without thought.

"Mary looked scared.

"'So much the better,' said father. 'I hope you will both go as well in double as you do in single harness.' So saying, he went into the next room and shut the door.

"'I wonder if father suspects anything,' said I. Mary looked very grave, and I had to repeat the question before she answered.

'I don't know whether he does or not; but one thing I do know, Abner—I shall not go on in this way any longer. It is a shame to deceive him and your mother as we are doing. I have felt uneasy this long time, and now I have made up my mind I shall tell him the truth this very day.'

"'And suppose he orders you out of the house,' said I.

"'Then I must go.'

"'And forbids me ever to see or speak to you again.'

"'Then we must wait. Anyhow, we can never expect or pray for a blessing, while we go on in this way.'

"Well, we argued the matter back and forth. I did not feel easy myself, for I was brought up to think a lie the meanest of all things. Finally it was agreed that we should explain matters that very evening, but I insisted on taking the task on myself.

"So we did. After prayers that night I told father and mother that Mary and I were engaged, and only waited for their consent.

"'All right,' answered my father. 'I couldn't wish for a better daughter than Mary, and I am sure mother will say the same.'

"'Yes indeed!' said mother, 'I hoped all along it would be so.'

"Mary was now very pale, but she spoke out clear and steadily.

"'I'm afraid you won't say so when you know all about it, Uncle Nathan.'

"Mother started at these words, and turned as pale as Mary herself, but father said quietly—'Why not?'

"Mary went on and told the story in as few words as possible. When she had finished, there was a silence like death for a minute or two. I literally dared not look at either father or mother. Presently my father spoke:

"Mary and Abner, do you think your father is so blind that he cannot see a hole through a ladder.'

"Neither of us answered, but there was something in his tone which seemed to lift a weight off my heart. Father went on:

"I began to guess the secret before Mary had been in the house three days, and then an incident made me certain. I happened to want some papers which I had put in the cupboard in Mary's room. She was out with mother. When I opened the cupboard, the first thing I saw was a little Latin Bible. I knew it in a minute, even without the writing on the fly leaf. It was one I had given to Abner on the very last birthday we spent together. I'm not good at describing my feeling," said my father, in a trembling voice; "but as I opened the book it seemed as if my brother's face looked out from the leaves at me. I put it into the woods to the potashery. I stayed there the whole day, and children, if ever any man had a hand to hand fight with the devil, I did that day. But I wasn't left alone as I deserved, and I gained the victory. That very night, coming home I sprained my ankle. At first I thought I would tell Mary directly, but then I said to myself, "The child has come here to see if she can't coax me round. I'll let her work it out her own way.'

"When Abner came home, it didn't need a college education to see how the land lay. I didn't tell mother. I thought the brewing would work itself clear if it was let alone, and so it has. Only children,' added my father impressively. 'I hope we have done with concealments and secrets. They are edge tools not safe to play with. They made all the trouble in the first place. However we won't talk about that,' he said, glancing at mother. 'It turned out for the best so far as I was concerned.'

"Well, that's about all there is to tell. Father gave me a farm next his own, and built us a nice new house, and the next spring were married. But neither father nor mother would ever call my wife Penelope.—*From the Aldine for October.*

YOUNG MECHANICS,—There is no class of the community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious, and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed in her conduct by an enlightened view of their own best interests; if they are men of this sort, the mechanics, and especially the young mechanics, will form, in conjunction with the young farmers of the country, a bulwark against monopolies and corrupt politicians, and save the republic. If, on the other hand, they are ignorant, idle, dissolute, and, consequently, poor, and dependent upon those who are willing to trust them—if our mechanics should unhappily become such a class, they would soon be converted into the mere tools of a few rich and artful men, who, having first stripped them of every sense of self respect, and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens, would use them as passive instruments for promoting their own ambitious object, and for the enactment of laws which are beneficial to nobody but the artful few, and base demagogues with whom they originate. It is as true of the mechanical arts as of any other profession that "knowledge is power."

☞"Are there any Episcopalians in this vicinity, madam!" asked a tall, thin stranger of Mrs. Artemus, as she stood in the open door in answer to his knock. "Any which?" "Episcopalians." "Episcopalians! Wall, we don't exactly know. My John—he's my son—he see somethin' out in the corn field yesterday. He didn't really know what it was, but I told him I guessed it was a chipmonk. But now you speak on't, I'll bet it was an Episkerpalium. And my next neighbor, Farmer Hawkins, he said he shot at somethin' that same day that John seen this strange critter, and Farmer Hawkins he thought it was some wild critter that had got out of some managery somewhere. Anyhow, I think that's a Episcopaling too. Be they bigger'n a chipmonk?" "You misunderstand me, madam." "Wall, you needn't feel oneasy. Ef there's any Piscopaliums in this here neighborhood, you can jest make up your mind that they'll git shot! We air too feelin' a community to let things run at large which mout destroy and devour sômebody. Come in, won't ye?"

☞"Thus far but no farther," was the inscription suggested by a wag for a foundling hospital.

HOW PARIS IS PAINTED. "C. C. F." writes to the Baltimore *American* that it would astonish American house painters if they could witness the manner in which the painters of Paris climb over the front of these six and seven story houses, and paint them from roof to door sill without the use of ladders, scaffolds or any other wooded contrivances, either for themselves or their paint pots. One man without assistance of any kind, can paint the entire front of one of these tall houses in two or three days. Directly opposite our quarters a six story building, fronting about eighty feet, is undergoing a complete renovation, and the painting of the entire walls has been accomplished by two youths apparently not over nineteen years of age. They are each provided with a rope about an inch in diameter, extending from the apex of the roof to the pavement, on which knots, one foot apart, are made throughout its entire length. By means of an apparatus with straps, clamps and hooks, to which is appended a board on which they sit, and stirrups to rest the feet in, which are strapped to their legs, they move up and down the rope with great rapidity and apparent ease. They move the clamps from knot to knot, and without changing the position of the rope are enabled to paint about six feet on either side of them. Their smaller brushes are stuck in little loops appended to the seat, and the paint pot is suspended by a smaller rope, on which it is fastened by a spring of some kind, and is lowered or raised with ease as they may desire it. Long practice has given them great agility, and they seem to move up and down and pirouette and oscillate along the front with a great deal more ease than if they were on ladders. They use brushes for most of their painting, nearly double the size of those used in America, and make rapid progress with the work. House-painting in Paris is a very extensive business, as a periodical renovation of the houses is rendered imperative by law, no one being allowed to disfigure a neighborhood by presenting stained and disfigured walls. The houses being all built of a soft cream colored sandstone, many of the finer structures, instead of being painted, are redressed by the stone cutter, and come out, after undergoing the process of scraping and scrubbing, as if fresh from the quarry. In alluding to the amount of work these lads perform in a day, it should be understood that they commence work at six o'clock in the morning and stop at seven o'clock in the evening, twelve hours being a day's work among the mechanics in Paris.

☞In several States, Eastern as well as Western, women serve as school officers, and do it well. Massachusetts and Connecticutt have had them acting as visitors, and in the latter State the superintendent mentions the subject with approbation. "Women excel as teachers," says the report, and "outside of the family she nowhere seems so truly to occupy her appropriate sphere." Such women, well educated, experienced, in practical sympathy with the work of the school room, and with leisure and heart for the duties of the office, "may be wisely employed in the supervision of schools." In Kansas women not only hold school offices, but vote for the candidates. The Legislature passed a law last winter authorizing women to hold any school office in the State, and the teachers generally seem to approve of the law. The women evidently do likewise, for in many countries women become candidates for the office of county superintendent of schools. Next year some women may compete for the office of State superintendent.—*Harper's Magazine.*

ORIGINALITY.—There will always be a great deal of jealous nonsense talked about originality. Men must look somewhere for the conceptions of the very greatest works, whether with the pen or paint brush. It seems to us that it matters little whether they seek their conceptions in the world of thoughts that are always changing their shape, and are the special property of no man, in the great scenes of history, or at second-hand in the brains of inferior men. The result rests with the author's personal genius; it is genius which penetrates to the springs of human nature, analyzes passions, and breathes the spirit of originality and vitality into the whole. Let the subordinate have all the credit that is fairly owing him—that of standing as finger post while the master climbs into regions where he dare not follow him, or even of turning the soil while the other's divining rod points to the presence of hidden treasure.

☞Old Timothy Pickering was a pretty smart man in his day, and they could not take him in when they offered to work on his farm. To one of these chaps that think they know everything, he put the question if he knew how to build a stone wall. "Yes," said he, "any fool ought to know that." "Well, how is it done?" said the colonel. "Why, by putting one stone on another," replied the man. "No, not by any means," rejoined the colonel. "How then, sir? I would like to know how you would have it done." "By putting one stone on two stones, so as to break joints and have a wall that any fool like you could not push over. Good morning."

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as discovered take some spirits of turpentine in a cup, dip the finger in it, and then hold the hand near a hot fire till dry; then dip it in again and repeat for fifteen minutes, or till the pain ceases. The next day with a sharp knife, pare off the thick skin and you will find something like a honeycomb filled with clear water; open the cells and the felon is gone. If the felon is too far advanced for turpentine, oil of origanum, treated in the same way, will cure. If too far advanced for either to cure, the felon will still be benefitted, or it will be less painful. Never draw it.

☞Haverhill, Mass., was undoubtedly the first place in the United States, where the tomatoe was eaten as a vegetable.

STREET CAR CHARACTERS. — Have you ever ridden on a Madison street car? Have you ever done yourself the pleasure of reading "Barnaby Rudge?" Put the two together, and see how the characters of the one burden the seats of the other. Some reminiscence there must be in your mind of the high-minded but ever-thwarted locksmith's apprentice, hight Tappertit, who strutted his hour through the pages of Dicken's queerest book, and if you have an eye to what is going on about you, hardly can you fail to note his fac-simile in every car that comes down the main artery after 7 o'clock in the evening. Simon survives in his unconscious copies, though the first recorded edition of him must have laid his small bones in a London burying-ground above a century ago. The character he bore is immortal as the Wandering Jew or the Court House plans, and under the noses of the West Division he sprouts and figures nightly. You may know Simon by his get up previous to his utterance of a syllable, or striking an attitude. In nearly every instance he is a half-fledged mechanic like his protype; invariably his upper lip is dimmed by the feebly forecast shadow of a weak mustache, where on in conjunction with his eyes, which he nurses himself to believe resemble those of the eagle, he relies for fascinating the ladies, Invariably he wears clothes put clumsily into a shape somewhat after the style. He wears a standing collar (paper), with a very large sample of neck goods in a color remote from mourning, Large boots, carefully blacked by his own hands, a flower in his button hole, an Alaska diamond in an embroidered shirt front, and a very, very rank cigar, (eight for a quarter), are points that he never fails of presenting. You may depend upon it, his hair is highly soaped and plastered elegantly down over his temples. You never find him in any other than the "pews" given over to the smokers, usually in the one next to the last, here he has a full view of the car. Hoisting himself gracefully into the vehicle, he takes his seat with great deliberation and a nonchalant glance over the other passengers, breathing hard through his nose the while. He watches with great attention all the ladies; if there are any in the seat facing him he concentrates the full artillery of his optics upon them, and deports himself with an elegant abandon pecular to himself. He is always perfectly self-possessed, and usually pulling up his collar—familiarly pleasant with the conductor, and obtrusively obliging in the loan of his "fire" to matchless individuals. "Only a mechanic," but just as good as any other man, never does he lose an opportunity to enter into discussion on any subject, in a very loud voice, a constant watching for effect, and indifferently bad grammar, with any person who will talk with him. Musical is he, to an extent more vigorous than exact; is given over to shrill renditions (per whistle) of the "hallelujah band," or "Good-bye, Charlie." Should he by any chance gain the attention of a lady he is happy, and exaggerates himself. If he stares her out of countenance he is tranquilly satisfied. When he leaves the car, he does so with a skip of aristocratic agility, and walks off marvelously erect, turning his cigar in his mouth, and using his visual organs painfully to the last. Simon is not peculiar to the West Side he abounds there. Occasionally he is encountered elsewhere, but there are ten of him in the occidental portion of the city to one in any other part, and his favorite hour as above stated, is from 7 to 8 P. M.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

FOLLOW IT UP.—We doubt if there are any three words which embody so much stern wisdom as those which every business man is called upon to utter to his subordinates or associates. "Follow it up!" They are in the air so constantly that there is no need to shout them from placards or letters of gold. The sum of rules for success is contained in them. How many an ardent beginner in a profession or business, who started on a full run, has come limping in after his fellows, because he could not follow it up. How many a capital piece of game has been lost, because the hunter who beat the bush, had forgotten to load his gun, and so could not follow it up. How many a servant has loitered by the way, because his master, having sent him on an errand, did not follow him up.

A merchant, who had built a large business by judicious advertising, told the editor once that he had a system of dispatching circulars by messengers to the houses of possible customers. "But how," asked the editor, "could you be sure that your messengers delivered them?" "Oh, I sent a man to watch them." "And then you watched him?"

"Yes," He was a follower-up. This indeed touches upon the special weakness of organizations, otherwise well planned, and meant to run well. The chief gives an order to his subordinate, who executes it through other agents. Now there are few persons removed two degrees from the one actually fulfilling the order who do not temporarily lose sight of it. They do not follow it up in mind, and remain uneasy until it comes back in the shape of a trustworthy report as complete and fulfilled. It is so easy to give an order and regard the thing as then done. It is like Mr. Micawber's method of paying his debts by giving notes for which he had made no provision. The army system of punctual reports is requisite in every large establishment; but in every establishment, large or small, the essential thing is that the person in charge should know in some way or other, that an order is carried out, and should follow every order to its execution.

The motto is equally applicable to the conduct of every enterprise. Unless it be followed up, the positions gained, held securely, and new advances made, the immediate success soon becomes worthless. The man in the parable who had his one pound was so far well off, but because he did not follow it up, he never got to be ruler over even one little city. And as we seem gradually dropping, not into poetry, but into preaching, finally, brethren, observe the significance of the word *up.* "Follow it up," is the text, because every persistent pursuit leads one on to higher vantage ground. No man who ever faithfully followed his work, found he was following it down.—*Riverside Bulletin.*

WHAT A FAIRY SAW IN A BEE-HIVE.—In the store-rooms we saw rows upon of rows of cells, fitted one upon another, and every one filled with clear honey and securely sealed.

"This is our winter store," said my guide; "pure honey made from white clover, and put up in the combs by the Workers,"

"How do they make the honey?" I asked.

"They gather it," she replied. "We send out thousands of bees every morning to all the gardens and fields around. Mignonette makes good honey and so do apple blossoms. We usually make from two to six pounds in a day. The bees often fly as far as two miles from the hive, and they come back loaded with honey and pollen. Each Worker has a tongue or proboscis with which she licks or brushes up the honey, and puts it into her honey bag.

"Stop a minute," said she to a Worker who was hurrying past. "You will observe my dear, that the hinder legs have something like baskets on the side, in which the pollen or bee-bread is carried."

"I see it," said I, "I have often watched the bees coming out of flowers covered with yellow dust."

I then took the opportunity to mention that I lived in a lily bell, that I sometimes danced the greater part of the night, and that the bees were very much in the habit of waking me at an unreasonable hour in the morning. She said she would attend to it.

"And how do the bees make wax?" I asked.

"By a process best known to themselves," replied Deborah; "it is not in my line just now, and I am quite sure that I could not describe it to you. The bees say they cannot tell how they do it, but they wish to keep the secret among themselves. The sides of these cells are the one-hundred and eightieth part of an inch in thickness; so you see we must use an immense quantity of wax."

"You must, indeed," I replied. "And are the cells always made in this same shape?"

"Yes," said she, "they are six-sided. The early bees fixed upon that as the best for economy of space, and no change has been made since. However, the Bumble-bees," she added, with a slight expression of scorn, as though she had said, "the Beggars," have a way which they prefer. They put it up in bags and store it under ground."

This was no news to me. Such a thing has been done in Fairy-land as to borrow a little honey from the bees in time of scarcity. But I said nothing.

"And you tell me the Workers do the fighting. Is there much fighting to do?" I asked.

"A great deal," replied Deborah. "We have many enemies—bother on them! Mice, caterpillars, moths, snails, wasps, robber bees, and other evil-minded creatures!" As she said this, she buzzed fiercely and unsheathed her sting.

"Look here a moment, and you will see one of them," said she.

And there in a corner, guarded by a squad of bees, lay a wretched snail, a prisoner in his own shell. The edge of the shell was covered with strong cement which held it very firmly to the floor.

"I think we have him now, the little villian," said my guide. "His shell is fastened with propolis."

"What is propolis?"

"It is bee glue," she replied; "resin from the buds of trees."—*From a "Visit to a Bee Hive," in St. Nicholas for November.*

☞A Springfield hackman got a good joke on a physician of that city the other day. A wager was laid between the parties that the hackman could not run half a mile while the doctor's horse trotted a mile. At the time appointed for the trial, the doctor appeared on the track with a professional driver, to whom the hackman protested. The doctor said he should get his horse around the track as he pleased, and the man might run as he pleased, whereupon the hackman seized the rear of the vehicle and easily trotted round the track in about two minutes, to the discomfiture of the doctor, who didn't attempt to trot his horse the second half mile.

AN ASTONISHED GERMAN.—The professor of German flatters himself that he has mastered English pronunciation, and tells some ladies: "Iss it not a shdrainch ting, laties, dat de Latin race gan not aquire de Enklish pronunziation? I haf choost dis momend ba det from an Idalian chendleman (a crade vrend of mine ant a very glefler man) who has lifed in New York almost as long as I haf—twendy-vife yeers—an foot you pelef it? he shbeeks Enklish vit a qwite shdrong vor_eign indonation! How do you agound for a zo eggshdraorrtinay zeergoomshdnaz as tat!"

☞"So yer mother's dead, is she?" inquired a Detroit bootblack of a rather solemn-faced lad who had come back with his "kit" after an absence of a day or two. "Yes, she is," replied the boy; and then, straightening himself up, he continued, "and dad did the fair thing by her—seven more hacks than Mrs.—— had the other day."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription $2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Cemetery Lots for Sale,	3	4	1
For Sale—Cochin Fowls,	3	4	1
Fowle, Torry & Co.,	3	3	2
Low Rate Advertisement,	3	8	1
Probate Notice—J. Weston,	3	3	5
" " F. Wood,	3	2	3
St. Joachim,	3	5	2
The Aldine,	3	5	1
Town Warrant,	3	3	1

A PATHETIC STORY.

Last week the dead body of a man was found on the beach in Middletown, R. I., the next town to Newport. One George A Brown, a coroner, pretended to hold an inquest, but no effort was made to identify the body, and it was allowed to remain on the beach all day and all night unguarded and unattended, and was then put into a rough unpainted box, and buried in his clothes, a travelling shawl which was found upon him, being his only winding sheet. T W Higginson, of Newport has written a full account of the affair to the New York papers. He has also written to our postmaster, to the Selectmen, and to this office. We copy his letter.

7 BRINLEY ST., NEWPORT, R. I. }
October 26, 1873. }

Selectmen of Woburn, Mass:

DEAR SIRS:—Allow me to call your attention to a letter from me in the *N. Y. Tribune* of to-morrow or next day (Monday or Tuesday), describing the person and effects of a young man found dead on one of our beaches, apparently from suicide. He had a bundle of collars in his bag, wrapped in a Woburn *Journal* of Oct 4, 1873. So that he must lately have been in your town. He was a young man of about 32, it is supposed, about 5 feet, 7 inches tall, with short dark hair and thick moustache. His hands and feet were small and delicate, showing him not to be a mechanic or a common sailor. His clothing was good, but he had little money (74 cents), and his pocket book was old and cheap. He had a watch key but no watch. He had cut his name from his handkerchief, shirts, valise and drawers. In a copy of Byron's poems which lay by him, he had written a request that he might be buried in the ocean and no inquiry made. You will find in the *Tribune* the full inscription, which was well expressed, well spelt and well written. In his pocket were two little worsted lamp mats, a lock of light hair, and a piece of tobacco. He had also a needle book containing some leaves cut from a small Bible, and one of the fly leaves containing texts written in a woman's hand. There was also a name written in pencil on a worn piece of paper, thus, "J. O. B. Morgan City." This "J," looks equally like "Q" or "2." There were also two railroad transfer tickets, one of Studley's omnibuses (N Y & New Haven line) and the other from "J C & L Depot," signed P B Strader. There were also two sheets of "The Music Teacher," in the bag. His shirt studs were gold or gilt, with a leaf engraved on them. He apparently died very quietly from chloral, as a bottle of this lay by his side. The inscription in the book does not speak of suicide, but only of being "unwell"—yet there is little doubt that he intended suicide when he wrote it. As the body was found in Middletown (a small farming town adjoining this) our police have done nothing about the matter. I would suggest the expediency of making some inquiries in Woburn and vicinity. Very truly yours,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

No young man is known to be missing from Woburn, and the fact that he had a *Journal* in his bag is a very slight clue. The following dispatch sent to Newport on Tuesday, may help to unravel the mystery:

LAWRENCE, October 28, 1872.

To the Chief of Police Newport, R. I.:—

DEAR SIR: I saw a notice of the body of a man being found on Sachuest Beach on the 24th of Oct. I have reason to think it was the body of a person known to me. Will you please send me a description of the body, also the clothing? If I could see the shawl I think I should know. Please tell me the title of the book. Was it a copy of Byron's poems? Please answer immediately and greatly oblige

MARY ADDIE YOUNG.
No. 338 Haverhill street, Lawrence, Mass.

As the shawl was buried with him, Miss Young will not be likely to see it. The affair creates considerable interest in Newport, and speculation is rife as to the relation existing between the lady and the unfortunate man who laid down to die in the inhospitable town of Middletown. No other clue to the mystery has yet been discovered, and what Miss Young may know has not yet transpired.

Since writing the above we have received the following letter, which supplies the needed information:

The uncle of the young man was here and identified the remains yesterday. The poor fellow was named James Lawrence Young of Lawrence. He left the Insane Hospital at Worcester, on October 15th, came to Boston, and apparently came thence here, though he cannot be traced at all in Newport. He brought your paper from Worcester probably, as his collars were rolled up in it.

Yours truly,
T. W. HIGGINSON.

Newport, Oct 30, 1873.

SECOND NIGHT of the Independent Lyceum Course Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th. Grand Concert by the "Beethoven Quintette Club" of Boston, with Miss Mary D. Wyman, Extract from Boston *Post*, Oct. 16, 1873.

The anticipations of last week in regard to the third in the Redpath course were more than realized last evening, and it is a matter for congratulation to reflect that we have among us the material for such an entertainment as was given the patrons of the Redpath course. No one doubted that the concert would be a thoroughly first-class affair, but few of the large audience could have anticipated such a rare musical treat. The Beethoven Quintette Club, one of the finest organizations of its kind in the country, really delighted the most ardent admirers of classic music by their beautiful rendering of the various numbers assigned to them. Where all the selections were so exquisitely played it seems unnecessary to particularize, but we may be pardoned for mentioning particularly the Andante and Scherzo from Quintette in A. by Mendelssohn, and the Andante Favori by Mozart. Altogether the concert was a delightful one, and we say by all means let us have more of the same sort.

Single admission 35 cents; Reserved seats 50 cents; Balcony 50 cents. Secure your tickets early as there are only a limited number. Tickets for Sale at the usual places.

HONORS—Woburn was honored at Lowell, on Tuesday, by the nomination of William A Stone, Esq., of this town as candidate for Councillor by the Democratic Convention.

Our old friend, William Winn Esq., of Burlington, whom we can almost claim as a townsman, was nominated by the Democratic County Convention as a candidate for County Commissioner.

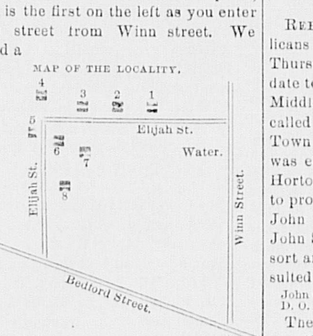
ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN WOBURN.

Michael Doherty, a resident of Elijah street, died at 7 o'clock Monday morning, from the effects of injuries received on Saturday evening. He was attended on Sunday by Dr. Harlow of Woburn, and Dr. Stevens of Stoneham, but was unconscious till the time of his death. He was 64 years of age, and is said to have been a quiet, inoffensive man. Coroner T. J. Porter was notified, and on viewing the body, decided to hold an inquest. He summoned Dr. John Clough, foreman, John L. Parker, clerk, John E. Tidd, Alexander Ellis, W. S. Bennett, W. R. Putnam, as a jury of inquest, and at 11 o'clock Monday forenoon, visited the scene of the tragedy and viewed the body. There was a cut on the back of the head, a bruise on the right cheek bone, and others on the back, hip and leg. The coroner, after viewing the body adjourned the inquest to nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, at the Selectmen's Room, and ordered an autopsy. Dr. Harlow visited the house for that purpose Monday afternoon, accompanied by Officers Day and Tidd, and Dr. Clough, the foreman of the jury. The family refused to permit it, and threatened the doctor with violence if he attempted it. The doctor accordingly withdrew, and on the return of Coroner Porter from Boston, reported the facts to him. As an autopsy was necessary to the proper investigation of the affair, Coroner Porter ordered that it be done, and appointed ten o'clock Tuesday morning for it. The jury met Tuesday morning, according to adjournment, and the inquest was then further adjourned to Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

Dr. Harlow with Dr. Cowdrey of Stoneham, Coroner Porter, Messrs Tidd and Parker of the jury, and Officers Day, Doyle, Plumer, Ramsdell and Richardson, repaired to Doherty's house, Tuesmorning at 10 o'clock, where the post mortem examination was held, the family this time offering no objection. It was made by Dr. Harlow, assisted by Dr. Cowdrey, in the presence of the Coroner, Undertaker Little, Mr. Day and the clerk of the jury. There was an opening in the scalp, above and a little behind the ear, to which a tine of a four pronged potatoe fork fitted, and under it was a fracture of the skull one inch in length, depressed 1 8 of an inch at one end, and 5 8 inch wide across the attached end. From the other end of the fracture a crack extended 1 1-2 inches. Over the top of the head was a crack in the skull 8 inches in length, from one end of which sprang two forks or branches each 3 4 of an inch in length. Blood had settled under the scalp and it had flowed from the wound upon the pillow in the ice box. In addition to the bruises shown the jury on Monday, was another severe one on the right side of the chest.

Mr. Doherty was a man who bore a good reputation among his neighbors, having come to this country about seven years ago. He had worked in a tannery, but of late busied himself about his place, which is the first on the left as you enter Elijah street from Winn street. We append a

MAP OF THE LOCALITY.



EXPLANATION.

1 Thomas McDermott. 5 John Teaffe.
2 James Nolan. 6 Hugh McColgan.
3 Hugh Doherty. 7 Michael Doherty.
4 John Mulloy. 8 John Heckbert.

Saturday he was at work upon a small building at the west end of the little pond which extends from Winn street half way to his house. He was the father of seven children. Two of his sons, a hired girl and his aged wife lived with him. The house is a small story and a half house, containing three rooms on the first floor. The front room was occupied by the deceased and his wife, and the boys slept up stairs. The front door has two glass panels, one of which is broken, so that locking the door and leaving the key inside, is no protection against any one who should choose to put his arm in and unlock it. We visited the house on Monday, and were informed by one of the sons that his father was as well as usual on Saturday. During the evening he stepped into Hugh McColgan's his neighbor, and tended the children while their parents went down town. The family retired about 10 o'clock, but the son, whose custom it was to wind the clock, having forgotten to do so, went down into his father's room and wound it, the father remarking on the circumstance. This, he says, is the last time he heard him speak. He was called by his mother about three o'clock, and going down stairs, found his father lying on his face across the foot of the bed with his pants off. He declares he did not see the wound on the back of the head which caused the death, but noticed a little blood on his face, which he supposed came from nose bleed. He also supposed his father had had a cramp and was speechless, although he was not subject to them. They sent for Dr. Harlow at o'clock in the morning, and they did not notice any wounds until shown them by the doctor. The sons insisted that there was no disturbance in or about the house that night, and he could not imagine how the thing could have occurred. The doctor was informed that Mr. Doherty got up in the night to go to the privy, and they thought he must have fallen on something sharp, and produced the potatoe hook mentioned above. The mother stated that she was awakened by her husband vomiting; and again that he got up and went out, and was brought in and laid across the bed—she does not say by whom; and still again that she was aroused by feeling his weight across her feet, and called the boys. When Dr. Harlow first arrived, the man was insensible, but his face and head bore the appearance of having been washed. The doctor cut away the hair around the skull fracture, and proposed trepanning as the only possible method of saving his life, but the family would not consent to it.

It appears that John McLaughlin, George McDermott, Edward Clafferty Edward Ranney and Hugh Doherty were engaged in a Saturday evening, serious row at the house of the latter, which faces that of his father and a few rods distant. Hugh exhibited a very black eye, Clafferty's face was badly bruised, and "Red George" was seen going home hatless, shoeless, and very tattered. There is no evidence that the old man was in this row, but it is very apparent that some one struck him with that potatoe hook, kicked him, and stamped upon him; and it is more than probable that more than one knows exactly how this unfortunate victim came to his untimely end. Officers Day and Tidd have been busily engaged in ferreting out the mystery, and we hope they will succeed in bringing the guilty parties to justice.

The inquest commenced Friday morning at 9 o'clock. Twenty-two witnesses were summoned, and they are being examined in secret session. The testimony will not be made public, until after the Jury has reached a verdict.

WORKINGMEN'S MEETING.—There was a very respectable meeting in Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening. The Irish Band played before the opening, and during the exercises. The meeting was called to order by George H. Miller who introduced Mr. P. Ahearn of the Cooper Union of Charlestown. The speaker favored "equal rights, with share and share alike, and to the producer the profit of his products. He thought the cause of the troubles of labor was lack of interest on the part of laborers, a course which was less a blunder than a crime. He thought the only standard should be that of manhood, and every thing else should be equally enjoyed by all. The workingmen should know no party, and instead of following the party leaders, pick up their own men and put them into office. He said every man who is not a producer is a load upon the working men and helps to rule them. Hard times means only a temporary suspension of profits, but to the poor man it means hunger. He closed with the sentiment that organization was the only means of settling the discussion of the cause of "man's inhumanity to man."

Mrs. Aurora H. C. Phelps was the next speaker. She thought no more beautiful picture could be seen than that of all earth's toilers working together for the common good. The trouble had been there were dissensions, and class were against class, and sex against sex, but she thought the dawn of a better day was at hand, and counselled union as the best and only method to hasten it.

Mr. Charles Mclean then made a very sensible and manly speech which we regret our limits do not permit of giving in full. He favored industrial copartnership, a low rate of interest, co-operation and the adoption of the golden rule, as the best means to employ to elevate the laborer. A collection was taken to defray expenses, and the preliminary steps towards organizing a mutual benefit society.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn met at Lyceum Hall on Thursday evening, to nominate a candidate to the General Court from the 22nd Middlesex District. The meeting was called to order by Jacob Brown of the Town Committee. Col. W T Grammer was elected to the chair, and Sparrow Horton chosen secretary. It was voted to proceed to ballot for candidate, and John L Parker, Richard B Bean and John S Lamon were selected to receive, sort and count the votes. The ballot resulted as follows:—

John Cummings, 57
D. O. Blanchard, 1

The following gentlemen were named as rallying committee and vote distributors:—N Wyman, R B Bean, J S Lamon, Frank Flint, J R Kendall, John Murphy, S A Grammer, Jacob Linscott, J H Buck, Isaac Phillips, E J Mann, Granville Parks, Milton Moore, Jacob Brown, E E Thompson, J L Parker.

The meeting then dissolved.

THE DEATH OF WAKEFIELD.—Cyrus Wakefield, the patron of the town which bears his name, died suddenly on Sunday. He had been subjected for the past few weeks to a severe strain on his physical and mental energies, and nature succumbed. He was engaged in vast and important enterprises, had amassed great wealth, and achieved honors and distinction. He gave an impetus to his town which his death can hardly check, and his memory will long be cherished by those who enjoyed his friendship.

RUMFORD ASSOCIATION.—The association mentioned last week, as about to open a free reading-room, held a meeting Monday evening, and adopted the name of "Rumford Association." The executive committee was instructed to procure furniture and periodicals and the room will be opened at an early day. The association has chosen a good name, as Rumford was a firm friend to enterprises that looked to the elevation of the masses, and in honoring his memory they have honored themselves.

WOODEN WEDDING.—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Grant met at their residence on Pleasant street, Tuesday evening, and to remind them of their fifth anniversary, presented them with a very elegant and costly *etagere*, a beautiful marble statuette, and several other articles of ornament and value. A bountiful collation was served, and the party had a very good time.

PRIZES.—The Temperance Fair last week, was quite successful. The following prizes were drawn: Quilt, R. F. Ellis; do, B. F. Wyer; rug, James Buel; cabbage, R. F. Ellis; dressing gown, Robert Smith; do, John Boyce. The piano and sewing machine books will remain open until Nov. 7.

Cummingsville.

RUNAWAY.—On Wednesday a horse and carriage belonging to F W Ellis was left standing on Willow street. Becoming frightened at something, the horse ran away and stove up the wagon on some posts in Bedford street.

BASE BALL.—On Thursday at North Woburn, the Modocs scalped the Mulfers. Score 22 to 21.

☞ We hear that Hurst is to be sued for damages to the family of Meagher for the death of the latter.

TRIAL OF CHAMBERS.—John H. Chambers, whose attempted arrest at Brighton, on the 18th of October, caused so much conversation, was tried before P. L. Converse Esq, on the 25th. Chambers came to Woburn voluntarily on the Monday following the Brighton affair, and saw Chief Day, who was on his way to Lowell. He agreed to come again on Wednesday, and did so, and left a note for Mr Day, saying he would be in town again on Saturday. He kept the appointment, and was arrested by Officers Ramsdell and Richardson, and locked up. He was taken before Justice Converse at 4 o'clock, J. F. Donnelly, Esq. appearing as counsel. Mrs Hurst was the only witness, and detailed the circumstances. Chambers was the only witness for the defence, and he swore positively that all her statements were false. The Justice carefully weighed the testimony, but as Chambers admitted that he had been drinking that day, and immediately after the alleged assault went to bed with his clothes on and slept four hours, assumed that he could not have been in condition to recollect the occurrence, and therefore gave credence to Mrs Hurst's testimony. Mr Day for himself, and in behalf of Mrs Hurst, disclaimed any ill feeling towards Chambers, and in consideration of his manly course since he was made aware of the charge against him, urged a light sentence. Mr Converse ordered Chambers to pay a fine of $5 and costs, amounting to $9.90, which he at once paid. Mr Donnelly in his remarks was very bitter against Mr Day, as might be expected, and he disclaimed having said at Brighton that Justice Converse was blamable, but had bestowed all his censure on the police. There were several sharp passages between the counsel and the Justice, but before the court rose they were all amicably adjusted. An immense crowd was in the street fronting the court room, but they were quite orderly, and nothing improper was said or done. Only so many were admitted to the court room, as could conveniently stand, an arrangement which was a great improvement on some of the trials there.

REPORT OF GRAND JURY.—*No Bill of Indictment against Hurst.*—At Lowell on Saturday last, the Grand Jury of Middlesex County came into Court and reported on the cases that had been before them. Judge Bacon was on the bench. There were 38 prisoners arraigned, some on several indictments. Joseph J. Hurst was called, and the clerk, John James Sawyer, Esq., added "The Grand Jury in your case have found no bill, and you are discharged without day. You can go." Mr Hurst was congratulated on his release, and took the next train for Woburn. Wm. Coveny and James Keigan plead not guilty to breaking and entering and they were ordered to prepare for trial on Tuesday. William Hall *alias* Harry Stickney, arrested last July for obtaining a team of G F Jones, under false pretences, plead guilty. He addressed the court, and during the recital, so many of his misdeeds came out, that Judge Bacon sentenced him to 2 years and 6 months in the House of Correction. The boy, George Edward Curtis, who killed the child at Acton, was indicted for manslaughter, and pleaded not guilty. Chas. B Abbott, of North Reading, the incestuous father, when the indictment was read to him, remarked, "I ain't guilty of one half of it." A plea of not guilty was entered. Henry Woodbine of Arlington plead not guilty to breaking and entering. Four of the prisoners pleaded guilty and were sentenced, and the others had days assigned for their trials. The Grand Jury was then discharged. The cases in which the defendants gave bail was not called.

☞ Is it not about time for the town authorities of Woburn to take strong measures for the removal of the cause of murder and other crimes?—*Boston Traveller*.

Since the commencement of our municipal year, April 1, 1873, our town authorities have presented 91 cases of violations of the liquor law, and convictions were secured in all but a few cases that are now in court. During that time they seized 714 gallons of liquor. There are few towns in which the liquor law is so well enforced, a circumstance which the *Traveller* reporter very much regretted on the occasion of his late visit to Woburn.

INSPECTION.—Burbank Enc., Post 33, G. A. R. was inspected Thursday evening by Col. Baldwin, Inspector of the department. Everything was pronounced satisfactory, and the party then adjourned to Still's and partook of a collation.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Jacob Pierce, one of our oldest citizens, and our largest land holder, died suddenly on Sunday. He arose as well as usual, just before expiring, drank a glass of milk, and died in his chair. Mr. Pierce was about eighty-six years old.

NEW.—Last Sunday morning, the services at the Orthodox church opened with the singing of the doxology by the congregation. The novel service was engaged in most heartily, and the innovation was quite well received.

PRAISE MEETING.—A very interesting praise meeting was held at the Orthodox vestry Sunday evening, at which many of the royal old songs of praise were sung, and a very profitable evening enjoyed.

BREAK DOWN.—John Cummings's market wagon, loaded with lumber, broke down at the corner of Main and Railroad streets, on Monday, on account of a hind wheel giving out.

GENEROUS.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians of this town has transmitted one hundred dollars to the relief of the yellow fever sufferers in Memphis and Shreveport.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.—The afternoon services at the Orthodox church will hereafter be held at half past two, instead of at three o'clock.

OVERBOARD.—One of the town horses fell in the pond at the engine house on Winn street, on Tuesday and was fished out with considerable difficulty.

FRATERNAL.—Crystal Fount Lodge of Odd Fellows of Woburn visited Bethel Lodge of Arlington Wednesday evening.

NOMINATION.—The Representative Districts which wholly or in part comprise the Sixth Senatorial are the 6th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th. The Republicans have nominated as follows:—

6th, Arlington and Winchester, Hon John Schouler, of Arlington.

21st, Bedford, Burlington, Carlisle and Lexington, L A Saville, of Lexington.

22d, Woburn, John Cummings.

24th, North Reading, Reading and Wilmington, Andrew Howes, of Reading.

25th, Billerica, Chelmsford and Tewksbury, Dr. Levi Howard, of Chelmsford.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—Friday evening, Oct 24th, petition of James Nelson and others for the laying out as a town way a portion of Water street, received and tabled for future action. Petition of M M Tidd and others for a new street from Sturgis street leading around the westerly shore of Horn Pond, received and view ordered for Nov 3rd, 2 P M Petition of E W Hudson and others for the new laying out of Canal street from Canal to Pond street, received and tabled for future action.

SMASHUP.—The Boston Water Board came out to take a look at Horn Pond on Thursday. They took a covered wagon at Winchester and drove to Put Fowle's in Woburn. To feed their horse they removed his bridle, tying him with a halter. Having occasion to move him they attempted to lead him, but the horse not liking the looks of the wagon, waltzed round the field until he smashed the cover off altogether. It was a hard looking teams for a water board to ride in.

HOUSEWARMING.—Rev H S Kelsey and family having lately moved into their house on Railroad street, their friends called to see them Thursday evening. Mr. Kelsey invited the church, the congregation, and the whole town, and his crowded rooms gave color to the belief that his liberal invitation had been accepted.

OPENING.—Cumming's opening day was enjoyed yesterday by the ladies, and his show of new bonnets, hats, flowers, etc, was critically examined. His styles are very attractive, and our lady readers must not fail to see them.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Oct. 25 h, John H Chambers, assault and battery, $5 and costs. George Ferrin, drunk, $3 and costs—Oct 27th, James Murray, 2nd, drunk, $5 and costs.

SELECTMEN.—At a special meeting of the Board Thursday evening, all present but Emerson. Additions were made to the voting list. Adjourned til Saturday evening.

WATER COMMISSIONERS.—Meeting Tuesday evening, Oct 28th. Bills approved.

COMEDY.—Kate Reignolds with her comedy troupe were here on Tuesday, and played very well to a fair house.

☞ Mr Hammond, the new landlord of the Central House, has assumed the command in that hostelry.

FALL.—This (Friday) noon, a child named Hickey, aged about ten years, fell into the pit at True's tannery.

WOBURN CONFERENCE.

The session of this body met on Tuesday at Bethesda church, Reading. A half hour was spent in devotional exercises under the lead of Dea. Morrison of Wakefield. At 10 o'clock Dea. S. E. Parker called the Conference to order, and after singing the hymn commencing

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

and prayer by Rev. B. A. Robie of Wilmington, the Conference ballotted for moderator, which resulted in the unanimous choice of Bro. E. A. Stevens of Malden.

The records of the last meeting at Bedford were read by the scribe, Rev. Edward Chase of Bedford and adopted. Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Woburn, Rev, Solon Cobb, Medford and Dea. S. E. Parker, Reading were appointed a nominating committee.

Before proceeding with the discussion the audience joined in the hymn,

"Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand."

The topic for discussion was "Our Children" and was divided into three heads, as follows: 1. Importance of their early Conversion. Such conversion practicable? To be labored for and expected? Why important? What evidence to be required? 2. How is it best to be secured? Home influence—Expectant Prayer—Infant Baptism—Mode of presenting Religion—Study of the Bible—Family Worship. 3. What is to be done with them when converted? Received into the Church? Probationary Class Meetings? To be specially watched over and nurtured? How trained to Christian work?

Rev. Henry S. Kelsey of Woburn was the first speaker. He said the subject was one of vital importance and intense interest. The only Christian answer to the first question was that the early conversion of children was practicable. The covenant between God and Abraham, and the words of Christ concerning the little ones was cited as a proof. Looking abroad we find that it is practicable. Children have been converted early, and it would be more common if this end was earnestly labored for. It should be labored for, but do we labor for it, expecting it. There's the question. The importance of it is unquestioned. The reasons are many. This one should inspire parents to increased action in this regard. The children die early. They come to the end of the earthly course, early. Unless converted early, in many cases, never. Think of the gain to them if this step is taken when they are young. How much higher they may attain in the Christian life. We have to fight old habits perpetually, and every one feels that every day passed in sin was a day lost from his life, so many possibilities for good passed by. What innumerable attainments will be in their power, and what untold wretchedness they may escape by an early conversion. Such thoughts should be incentives. I would require the same evidence from them as from any person. They should have a just apprehension of sin and make an effort to please God. Do not children bear such evidence? They are sensible, keen, trusting, confiding, loving. They are in the blade era, tender but genuine, needing only cultivation. Jay says, "a spark is fire, a little water is water." Let us be looking for germs of Christian life in the little ones. The speaker closed with a warning to parents to exert the utmost care in the cultivation of these germs and the result was certain for good.

Want of space compels us to omit the speeches of the many others who participated. The questions were ably discussed, and the occasion was one of the heartiest enjoyment.

While the audience was singing the hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall."

the box was passed and such questions collected as had been prepared. These were to furnish texts for the afternoon speeches.

A little after 12.30 the congregation adjourned to the spacious vestry below, and sat down to a collation. The divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. Potter of Somerville. The large room was completely filled, and the numerous and obliging attendants were soon busy in supplying the wants of the multitude. Simple words in praise of the dinner are better than a paragraph. It was ample and excellent. The ladies of Reading always do well, and this was fully up to any former attempt. About an hour having been devoted to edibles and social converse the exercises of the afternoon were resumed after a half hour prayer meeting conducted by Bro. M. B. Webber of Bedford. Upon the reassembling of the Conference the audience was still larger than in the morning. The committee on nomination reported Mystic church, Medford as the next place of meeting, and Reverends McCollom and Cobb and Bro. Boynton, all of Medford, as committee of arrangements.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Wilcox of Reading, a committee of three, consisting of the mover, Rev. B. A. Robie of Wilmington and Dea. G. R. Gage of Woburn was appointed to prepare resolutions on the decease of Rev. Mr. Tolman.

The questions that had been collected in the morning were numerous and the remarks they elicited were very general. We can only give the principal points made by the speaker, culling a thought here and there. The first question taken up was "Would it not be better to *bend* a child's will than to *break* it as mentioned this morning?" Break in the sense of destroy was not meant. Submission to the will of God would indicate a bending rather than breaking. We want the will. It must be bent, not broken.

"How far should children of Christian parents be allowed to indulge in worldly amusements?" "Should professors of religion dance or attend theatres?" "Do Christians continue in active spiritual work and follow dancing?" These three questions brought out the liberal and conservative forces. The former argued that amusement was necessary as food. There was no rule which would govern all. It was a matter of individual conscience. Dancing might be taught and indulged in in families and no harm come from it. Public parties had a bad tendency. Round dances were condemned. Amusements should not interfere with spiritual development. Is dancing any more harmful than croquet? Study tendencies of children. These games were not intended to bring people nearer to Christ and do they keep us away. Abuse of a thing is no argument against the use. We should not go into prayer meetings and conferences and erect standards for everybody else. Religion which consists of not doing this and that is not the kind. Don't make a false conscience for your boy or girl. Don't tell him or her at 10 years of age that a thing is sinful, and have them find out at 16 years that it is not. You'll lose them. Reason with them. Go with them to amusements.

On the other hand it was urged that it was dangerous to encourage dancing at all, as the tendency was to abuse. You could not take Christ with you to the dance room. Wine drinking, card playing, theatre going and dancing are all so liable to abuse that it is not safe to touch them. Can a man handle fire and not be burned? We might as well try to batter down Gibraltar with a cork hammer as to stop children after once learning these habits, Dancing will not advance one's spiritual growth. Brains cultivated in the head are better than in the heels. Danger of going over too much to the world. We lose more of our religion than the world of its wickedness. Religion is ample to wean every heart from the world's amusements.

The subject of conducting family worship so as to make it interesting to the children, was discussed briefly, and after singing

"Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,"

the following question was given: "Is the home more effective for good than the Sabbath School?" God's institution will be more effective than any other. The family altar is a great power for good. In these days there is a tendency to make this formal. Avoid this. It should be participated in by the children. A mother's teachings are more powerful than the Sunday School teacher's. Parents should recognize their responsibility.

This ended the time for this department. It proved very interesting. The communion was then served, with Rev. H. S. Kelsey and Rev. Solon Cobb, officiating, assisted by Deacons Barnes of Medford, Gage of Woburn, Damon of Reading, King of Billerica, Abbott of Stoneham and Morrison of Wakefield.

The services closed with the benediction.

LABOR REFORM SENATORIAL.—The Labor Reform party of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial district met in convention in Harmony Hall, Stoneham, Wednesday evening, Oct. 29th. At eight o'clock E. H. Walton, Esq., chairman of the District committee called the meeting to order and read the call. G. W. Farnsworth of Melrose was chosen President and J. C. Avery of Wakefield, Secretary. The chair appointed as committee on credentials, Messrs. Gilmore of Stoneham, Livingstone of Winchester and Stoddard of Wakefield. They reported four towns represented by seventeen delegates as follows: Winchester 2, Stoneham 5, Wakefield 6, Melrose 4. On motion of John S. Gilmore of Stoneham, Mr. E. H. Walton of Wakefield was nominated by acclamation as candidate for senator, and in response thanked the convention for the honor, and promised if elected (of which he did not see much chance) to serve them to the best of his ability. He stated that he should define his position more explicably in a letter within a few days. The following were chosen a District Committee: J. S. Gilmore of Stoneham, B. T. Livingstone of Winchester, E. H. Walton of Wakefield, John Lockerby of Woburn, Nelson Cochrane of Melrose. Words of cheer were spoken by the chairman and Nelson Cochrane, Esq., and the Convention adjourned.

Democratic Senatorial Convention.

The Democrats of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District met at Temperance Hall, Woburn, on Monday afternoon to nominate a candidate for Senator. The convention was called to order by A. E. Thompson, Esq., of Woburn, chairman of the District Committee, who read the call.

W. M. Miller of Woburn moved that Capt. Walter Wyman of Woburn be the President of the convention. It was carried unanimously. On motion of W. M. Miller, the chairman of the District Committee was invited to act as a delegate, and on motion of Mr. John Baker of Wakefield he was chosen Secretary.

On motion of W. M. Miller the chair appointed W. M. Miller, Wm. Plumer of Lexington and Walter Raynor of Reading a committee on credentials.

T. H. Hill of Woburn moved the passage of the following resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, it being the sense of this convention that transportation, railroad monopoly, prohibition, the ten hour law, local self government and the financial problem, together with the proscription practiced against foreign citizenship are among the most vital questions in our State, therefore be it

Resolved, That we will use all lawful means in the interest of the people and for the development of the resources of the State to secure reasonably cheap transportation and the breaking down of railroad monopoly.

Resolved, That we see in political temperance, secured by fanatical legislation, but an engine of oppression, partiality and persecution, and, together with its twin brother the State Police, should be consigned to merited oblivion.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse, and pledge our support to the ten hour law, and all lawful efforts for the elevation of labor.

Resolved, That we denounce all proscription on account of nationality and religion, and believe that any standard except simple citizenship is not only the offspring of an unworthy prejudice, but a libel on a republican form of government.

Resolved, That we reaffirm with renewed emphasis our allegiance to the Jeffersonian principles of local self government and a specie basis.

The credential committee reported seven towns represented by 27 delegates as follows:—Bedford 2, Burlington 2, Lexington 2, Reading 1, Tewksbury 1, Wakefield 9, Woburn 10.

Walter Raynor of Reading moved for an informal ballot. Boody Sherborne moved the delegates be called by towns. This was opposed by Mr. Raynor, who thought no Democratic convention was likely to cast more votes than there were delegates. It was finally decided to take the ballot in the good old way, and J. M. Chandler of Tewksbury, J. P. Crane of Woburn, and Thomas Coombs of Wakefield passed the hat and took up the votes. In spite of Mr. Raynor's prediction 28 votes turned up, as follows:—

E. H. Walton, Wakefield, 15
William Winn, Burlington, 8
A. E. Thompson, Woburn, 2
B. Sherborn, Woburn, 1
H. P. Bonney, Tewksbury, 1
Waldron, 1

Mr. Raynor explained that the 28th vote was probably due to the presence of Mr. Thompson of the District Committee.

Geo. J. Munroe, of Woburn moved that Mr. Walton be declared the nominee by acclamation. This was opposed by Salmon of Woburn, Chandler of Tewksbury, Plumer of Lexington, Miller of Woburn, and favored by Coombs, Baker and Riley of Wakefield. After some parliamentary skirmishing it was decided to take a formal vote, which resulted as follows:—

Whole number, 27
Necessary for choice, 14
E. H. Walton, 16
William Winn, 10
A. P. Bonney, 1

Mr. Riley of Wakefield moved to make the nomination unanimous. Mr. Chandler of Tewksbury, then made a speech in favor of H. P. Bonney, Esq., a lawyer of Lowell, resident in his town, whom he said had many times met Ben Butler on railroad cases and laid him out. A man who fourteen years ago was in the Legislature and so distinguished himself as the foe of rings and cliques that they prevented his re-election. He thought the convention should drop Mr. Walton who made them so much trouble last year, and take 'Squire Bonney who was a Liberal Republican and the only man who could lay out Ben Butler. The speech of the gentleman from Tewksbury created considerable merriment, and was responded to by some of the Walton men, but as their man was nominated they did not appear called upon to dissect 'Squire Bonney.

A district committee was chosen, consisting of Thomas W. Coombs, Wakefield, A. E. Thompson, Woburn; Walter Raynor, Reading; Edward Reed, Burlington, and F. H. Johnson, Winchester. The Secretary was instructed to notify Mr. Walton and ask his endorsement of the resolutions. The convention then dissolved.

New Publications.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER.—The first number of *St. Nicholas* has just been issued. Pictorially, it is one of the most beautiful magazines in the country, being enriched by designs from the pencils of Miss Hallock, Sol Eytinge, Miss Ledyard, Sheppard, Stephens, Bolles, Beard and others.

The reading matter is varied and bright. There are thirty-three articles, some for very little ones, some for the oldest of the young people, and some for every age between. We find in its broad, well-printed pages, poems by William Cullen Bryant, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom and others. There is a capital human fairy sketch by Rebecca Harding Davis. Donald G. Mitchell contributes a characteristic article entitled "Who wrote the Arabian Nights?" and the first chapters of a serial story by Frank R. Stockton are given. A salutatory by the conductor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, is sure to reach the heart of every child reader—and the hearts of their fathers and mothers as well. Among the stories we find a charmingly told account of a fairy's visit to a bee hive, by Annie Moore; an exceedingly funny little story by Margaret Eytinge, and lively tales by Paul Fort and J. S. Stacy. Lucretia P. Hale tells the adventures of a doll, Noah Brooks has a capital story for boys, called "By the Sea," and Olive Thorne talks about a certain "Old Fashioned Hat."

There are also interesting descriptions of zebras, passenger pigeons, the curious inhabitants of the Farallone Islands, and the Piute Indians, besides bright little "Jingles" and a whole page in large type for little children with big eyes. We must not forget to mention as an admirable feature a short story in German for the benefit of youngsters who are learning that language. A similar French story is announced for the next number. Then "Jack-in-the-pulpit," a curious fellow who is full of little bits of wit and wisdom holds forth most entertainingly; and there are capital notices of juvenile books, riddles, and a puzzle department that will certainly sharpen the wits of the youngsters.

Scribner & Co, Publishers, New York.

FARMER'S ALMANAC, 1874.—Who does not remember this old friend in the yellow coat, with its vignettes of Thomas and Franklin and corner pieces representing the seasons. Our earliest recollection is of one of these oracles treasured by a great aunt with nearly the same reverence as her Bible. It will be found as full of information as ever. Brewer and Tileston, Boston, publish it.

DEMOCRATIC COUNCILLOR CONVENTION.—The Democratic Convention of the Sixth Council District, met Tuesday in Russian Hall, Lowell. Dr J H Sweet of Lowell presided, and Charles J Eastman officiated as Secretary. The names of William A Stone of Woburn and Ezra B Trull of Charlestown were presented by a committee as nominees for Councillor, but Mr Trull withdrew, and Mr Stone was nominated by acclamation. A District Committee consisting of T H Hill of Woburn, S T Harris of Charlestown, and Charles J Eastman of Lowell were chosen. 31 delegates were present from two cities and five towns.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me space in your columns to say a few words in addition to the comments made in your last week's issue, upon the recent concert of Mr. Morse. It seemed to me that in your brief notice of it, due credit was hardly given to the organ part of the programme, as performed by Mr. Morse and his young friend, Mr. Dunham. They are both, as I understand, pupils and assistants of Mr. G. E. Whiting, and have recently received diplomas from the N. E. Conservatory of Music. They did not appear as accomplished organists, as it is generally well known they are still students of their chosen instrument. The performance, however, gave undoubted evidence of their skill and ability. The pieces undertaken were from the highest class of organ music, which only veterans at the instrument can render perfectly. That they were given with so much cleverness and freedom, particularly in the use of the pedals, is good proof of their success in overcoming the great obstacles necessary to the mastery of an instrument like the organ in the Unitarian Church. It is but simple justice to these young gentlemen to say that they deserve great praise for the general excellence of their playing.

The criticism I would make in a general way upon the organ pieces is with regard to their severe and classical character. The harmonies are not brilliant but intricate and involved, and can be properly appreciated only by those who have heard them much and studied them thoroughly. In future concerts it would be better that the organ music should be of a more popular and florid character, not only exhibiting the wonderful harmonies the superb instrument can produce, but the many beautiful solo stops with which it is furnished.

The vocal part of the concert was on the whole very creditable. Miss Wyman though not exhibiting the best qualities of her pure and affluent voice, sang with good feeling and expression. The quartettes while lacking in nice blending and delicacy of finish were given with a tripping vivacity quite commendable. Miss Gould came near being the victim of her perverse music sheet, but her excellent vocal powers were displayed to good advantage. The vitality and intelligence with which she interprets her music do not fail to win the applause of her hearers. Of Mr. Hay, it may be said that he is yet a young man and should be judged rather by what he promises than what he now is. That he did not give to the "Vagabonds" the dramatic force and faultless tone which might be expected from Whitney or Santley is simply to say that he is not an artist of high rank. But that he does not possess a voice of firm and sympathetic quality, a good method and a manly style that prophecy excellent things in his future musical career, cannot be justly denied.

The song given in answer to a hearty encore was better adapted to the present attainments of Mr. H, and was evenly and agreeably sung.

The concert was of a character too infrequently given here, and deserved the encouragement it received by the large attendance.

The remainder of the series will be in some respects superior to the last, and should be duly patronized. G.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—Rev E E Hale lectures next Monday evening in the course. Subject—"In his name."

SUNDAY SERVICE.—Rev. Mr Waterhouse of the Children's Mission will speak in the Unitarian Church to-morrow evening at 6 1-2 o'clock.

GUIDE BOARDS.—Some of those uncouth looking guide boards and their supports, recently put up, have fallen to the ground, where it is to be hoped they will lie, or else be carted off to be burned up.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—The mansion house and land connected therewith, owned and formerly occupied by H B Metcalf Esq, has been sold to D N Skillings, for $24,000. This is one of the most eligible sites in town, and is sold at a very low price.

☞ The following real estate sales are reported: S C Sanderson to A Fletcher, of house and land on Mt Vernon, Elm and Kendall streets, for $5700.

C E Sanborn to M Govgins of 80,000 feet of land on Church street, for $8000.

J H Nickerson to E Horn of building lot, No. 14, 16333 feet on Pond street for $1300.

STATE ELECTION.—The polls for the State Election next Tuesday will open at one o'clock and close at four and a half o'clock in the afternoon. The town meeting opens at 2 1 2 o'clock. The warrant has a much less number of articles than usual, and nothing of special importance. We hope that all our voters will come out and deposit their ballot on the day of the election for the candidates of their choice, that there may be a full expression of opinion in the present juncture of our legislative affairs.

SEASON TICKETS.—Quite a commotion was awakened among the season ticket holders along the line of our road the past week, by the repeated requirements from the conductors to show their tickets. It seems that some parties have been travelling for some time without having renewed their tickets, and the conductors were stirred up by the Superintendent to ferret out the guilty parties, and were successful in several instances. Why should not the conductors be furnished with the names of delinquents after the first week of the quarter, and be instructed to look after them? Passengers who thus attempt to evade fare should remember that the law establishes a penalty for such offence of not less than five nor more than twenty dollars for each offence.

West Medford.

☞ During the severe gale this week, the staging which was put up for the steeple of the church was blown down, and it has been decided not to build the steeple until spring.

Arlington.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter. Oct 27th, Cornelius Linnehan single drunk, $2.00 and costs.

SIDEWALK.—The delay in fixing the sidewalk in front of the Arlington House will cause some accident if not attended to. Already there have been two slight mishaps on account of it.

SENTENCED.—Henry Woodbine, the negro who was convicted of breaking and entering the house of Richard Irving, on Bow street in August last, has been sentenced to 18 months hard labor in the House of Correction.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—Mr Thomas Ramsdell has sold to the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, the property on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, on which they will probably erect a substantial brick block.

HORSE.—A short time ago Father Finotti invested in a raffle for a horse which had been offered for sale on shares at a fair in New York, and was lucky enough to hold the number which drew it. He presented the horse to the Catholic Temperance Society of Arlington, who are making arrangements for a fair. Shares were sold, and this week the horse was drawn by Patrick Collins of Schouler Court.

☞ Prof. L. T. Townsend of Boston, well known as the author of Credo, and for his public controversy with the Rev W. R. Alger in Music Hall, also as one of the finest pulpit orators of the day will give his lecture on "Men and women in and out of place," next Monday evening, Nov. 3d. There will be no better opportunity than this for the citizens of Arlington to hear Dr Townsend.

A MEAN THIEF.—On the evening of Tuesday, the 28th, a mean thief stole from John Haas, a nice pair of shirts which his wife had left on the grass for the purpose of bleaching. They were bleached so white in the morning that they could not see them. They also stole from John Gallagher a quantity of squash which he had in a pile at the end of his house. This is the second time that shirts have been stolen from that house.

I. O. O. F.—On Wednesday evening ast, Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., was visited by Crystal Fount Lodge of Woburn numbering about 50. After the regular business of the Lodge was gone through with, they all sat down to a bountiful collation provided by a committee of arrangements, who deserve credit for the manner in which they performed their duties. Speeches were made by Bros. Perkins, Marden, Hall, Poole, L Wyman and Gibson of Bethel Lodge, and Bros. Bancroft, Brooks, Butler and others of Crystal Fount. The speeches were interspersed with singing. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock, and all went home feeling that they had had a good time.

LECTURES.—Notwithstanding the severe storm on Monday, a large audience was attracted by the famous Stereopticon of Mr. Black's. The exhibition was so well received that a very general desire has been expressed that there may be another exhibition, with, of course, an entirely new programme. As it is very doubtful whether Mr. Mark Trafton will be able to lecture on account of sickness, the Stereopticon may come in on the last evening of the course, with a programme of Egypt and the Holy Land, with views of the Arctic regions which are unsurpassed; also a variety of views for the little folks, who will be admitted this time for half price. The advantage of the Stereopticon is, that you can see the wonders of other lands at a slight expense and no fatigue. From personal observation we can testify that the views of California scenery were exactly true to nature. Egypt, Palestine and the Arctic Zone can be visited for twenty-five cents.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—A caucus of the Republican voters of Arlington was held in the Town Hall last evening for the purpose of nominating a representative. The meeting was very fully attended, and was called to order by J Winslow Pierce, after which Hon J S Potter was elected chairman and Reuben W. Hopkins secretary. On motion of Mr. George M Morse it was voted, 90 to 3, that no person be allowed a vote except those who voted the Republican ticket for Governor or President at the last election, or such as had become voters since that time. A committee, consisting of Messrs John F Allen, Dr R L. Hodgdon and I O Carter, was appointed to settle whatever contested cases might arise, and then the polls were opened for an informal ballot, which resulted as follows: Whole number of votes, 200; Hon J S Potter had 1; H J Wells, 34; John Schouler, 79; and J Winslow Pierce, 86. A formal ballot was then taken, resulting as follows: Whole number of votes, 206; H J Wells had 8, J W Pierce, 97; John Schouler, 101. Mr Schouler was subsequently nominated by acclamation when he declared himself a supporter of the doctrine of State control of the Hoosac Tunnel, in favor of a license law and of annexation to Boston. Three cheers were given for the nominee and the meeting adjourned.

Lexington.

BY LAWS.—A neat and tasty copy of the Town By Laws has been issued by the committee appointed for that purpose. They were printed at this office.

SHERIFF'S JURY.—A Sheriff's Jury was convened by Sheriff Kimball, at the Town Hall, on the 18th inst, to consider as to the amount of damage done to the Hancock Congregational Society, by the Middlesex Central R R Corporation. The case for the society was opened by Henry W Muzzey, Esq. A view of the premises was taken, and the further hearing of the case postponed to Dec 22d at East Cambridge.

ASSEMBLIES.—The Grand Army has issued its cards announcing a course of six parties at the Town House, upon the following Thursday evenings: Nov 13th, 27th, (Thanksgiving) Dec 11th, 25th, (Christmas) Jan 8th and 22d. Richardson's Quadrille Band which discoursed such excellent music at the grand ball given last year by the Post, will again appear. The course will be a first class one in every respect, and will meet, we presume, the hearty endorsement of all.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES. — The course previously noticed will be inaugurated next Thursday evening Nov. 6th, at the High School building with a reading entertainment by the eminent dramatic reader, Wm. F. Gill, who very properly comes highly recommended. Very few readers excel Mr. Gill in his chosen department and all who attend will be fully compensated. The course is well planned, and is, we understand, favorably received by our people. An exhibition and musical entertainment will form features of the series. The lecture committee consists of Misses Florence Damon, Grace Plumer, Carrie Bacon, Edith Robinson and Masters Everett Mulliken, Frank Davis, and Edward Russell. There will be eight entertainments, to which the season tickets are $1 00; single admission, 20 cents; exhibition night, 35 cents.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—About eight o'clock Saturday night the caucus was called to order by F. E. Wetherell of the Town Committee. The meeting chose J J Rayner chairman, and F E Wetherell, secretary. On motion of Mr. Scott it was voted to open a marking list from which to choose eighteen delegates to represent the Republicans of Lexington at the District Convention. Considerable discussion was had upon an amendment to this motion, calling for a direct expression of the meeting as to its choice for representative. It seemed to some the best and quickest way to solve the difficulty, but the majority plead that it would be unusual, and the amendment was lost. The marking resulted in the choice of the following as delegates: L A Saville, Geo W Robinson, W Wellington, A E Scott, L G Babcock, B T Batcheller, D A Tuttle, Webster Smith, George D Harrington, J J Rayner, I N Damon, George E Muzzey, M H Merriam, Geo O Davis, F E Wetherell, J D Bacon, C C Goodwin, George H Cutter.

21ST DISTRICT (REPRESENTATIVE)—The delegates chosen by the Republicans of the towns of Bedford, Burlington, Carlisle and Lexington met in convention at Bedford Town Hall, Thursday evening, Oct 30th. The meeting was called to order by Mr Lorin Wetherell of Lexington, chairman of the district committee. The organization was completed by the choice of M B Webber of Bedford, as President, and George O Davis of Lexington as Secretary. Messrs F E Wetherell of Lexington, Chamberlin of Bedford, Walker of Burlington and Duren of Carlisle, were appointed a committee on credentials and reported 38 delegates present from four towns. Messrs F E Wetherell of Lexington, H S Marion of Burlington, and N A Taylor of Carlisle, formed a committee to receive, sort and count the votes.

An informal ballot resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes	37
Necessary for choice	19
L. A. Saville of Lexington	20
W. H. Munroe of Lexington	16
E. S. Hutchins of Carlisle	1

Parliamentary skirmishing followed, during which the merits of the whole question were thoroughly ventilated. A formal ballot was reached at last, and Mr L A Saville was the choice of the convention.

Whole number	37
Nec. for choice	19
L. A. Saville	23
E. S. Hutchins	14

The nomination was made unanimous. After re-electing the former district committee, consisting of L Wetherell of Lexington, E S Hutchins, Carlisle, H S Marion, Burlington, and O J Lane, Bedford, the convention dissolved.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.—At the Middlesex County Democratic Convention, held at Lowell on Tuesday, James Gerrish of Shirley was chairman, and Charles J Eastman of Lowell, secretary. A committee, consisting of Henry Emery of Lowell, A E Thompson of Woburn, Dr Longaker of Hudson, P F Coffee and Ezra Trull of Charlestown, reported the following nominations, which were endorsed by the convention: County Commissioner, William Winn of Burlington; County Treasurer, Amos Stone of Everett; Register of Probate and Insolvency, F T Greenhalgde of Lowell. The delegates from the northern district unanimously presented the name of Jos. P Thompson of Lowell, and the delegates from the southern district unanimously reported the nomination of Chas. B Stevens of Cambridge, for Register of Deeds, and they were endorsed by the convention. The following county committee were elected from the floor: F W Clapp of Framingham, A E Thompson of Woburn, Charles T Stevens of Melrose, John C Blood of Lowell, O S Knapp of Somerville, James Gerrish of Shirley, and J M Chandler of Tewksbury.

A DIFFICULT START.—A Lancaster N. H. correspondent of a Concord paper gives the following account of a serio-comic affair which occurred in that village Saturday evening: Miss Janie Adams had arranged to be married at her mother's residence, with the intention of taking the six o'clock train for Montreal. After the marriage ceremony had been performed, it was found that the driver of the coach which was to take them to the depot had forgotten them. A boy on horseback was immediately despatched to the depot to hold the train, who ran over a lady, injuring her badly. Rev. Mr. Cole of the Methodist church, and Rev. Mr. Holt of the Baptist church, who were present, sympathizing with the disappointed bride, came to the rescue, and in their haste to get their horse out of the stable backed him off the driveway. In the melee both clergyman were quite seriously injured, Mr. Cole being unable to preach on Sunday. He is doing well. In spite of these vexations the train was reached, and the happy pair went on their way rejoicing.

VINEGAR BITTERS ALMANAC, 1874.—This semi-almanac and semi-advertisement is devoted to temperance, health and economy. It abounds in selections from leading writers, and is really worth perusal. R. H. McDonald & Co., N. Y. City

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct 24th, Lois N. Moulton, aged 63 years, 4 months, 10 days.
In Woburn, Oct. 25th, Jacob Pierce, aged 86 yrs.
In Woburn, Oct. 28th, Julia Noonan, aged 18 years, 11 months.
In Woburn, Oct. 29, Mrs. Lucretia Bosworth, aged 67 years, 8 months.
In Boston Highlands, 25th inst., Mrs. Rebecca S., wife of Capt. Joseph Linnell, aged 30 yrs., 1 month.
In Boston Highlands, at 9 P. M. Sunday, 26th inst., the infant daughter of Joseph and Rebecca S. Linnell.

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at MRS. FOX'S, Lexington Street, or address Box 121, P. O. 22

FOR SALE, WHITE LEGHORN FOWLS. J. S. WHEELER.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, S. S.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Francis Wood, late of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco, and State of California, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a Petition has been presented to said Court by Amelia Wood, of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco and State of California, with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased, and of the Probate thereof in said State of California, duly authenticated, representing that at the time of his death said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, on which said will may operate, and praying that the copy of said will may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office, in said County of Middlesex, and letters testamentary thereon granted to her, the executrix therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said Amelia Wood is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation three weeks successively in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, the first publication to be thirty days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
148 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Town Warrant.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County. GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in Elections, to meet at Lyceum Hall, in said Woburn, on TUESDAY next, after the first Monday in November, it being the fourth day of said month, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three, at ten of the clock, A. M., to bring in their votes to the Selectmen, for a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver General, Auditor of Accounts, and an Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; one Councillor for District No. 6; one Senator for the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District; a County Treasurer; a County Commissioner; a Register of Deeds for the Southern District of Middlesex County; a Register of Probate and Insolvency for the County of Middlesex, all on one ballot. Also for one Representative to represent the twenty-second Middlesex District in the next Legislature of Massachusetts.

The polls will be closed at 4½ P. M.

And you are directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of Woburn qualified as aforesaid, to meet at the same place on the same day at 2½ o'clock, P. M., to act on the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE 1.—To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

ART. 2.—To see if the Town will accept the list of names of persons qualified to serve as Jurors, as submitted by the Selectmen.

ART. 3.—To see if the Town will award any damage to E. S. Wardwell for his land, which was taken in the laying out the extension of Green Street, or do anything in relation to the same.

ART. 4.—To see if the Town will authorize the Road Commissioners to sell certain land belonging to the Town, on High Street extension.

ART. 5.—To see if the Town will appropriate the sum of One Thousand Dollars for the enlargement of the Highway Stables.

ART. 6.—To see if the Town will appropriate an additional sum of money for the construction of the three schoolhouses ordered, and for the payment of land purchased for the same, or act anything in relation thereto.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by causing an attested copy of the same to be posted up at each of the Government Post Offices in town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Clerk, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands and the seal of the Town affixed, this twenty-fifth day of October, A. D. 1873.

E. W. HUDSON,
E. E. THOMPSON,
LINCOLN EMERSON,
S. D. SAMSON,
CHAS. K. CONN,
Selectmen of Woburn.

A true copy. Attest:
JOHN W. DAY, Constable of Woburn.

REMOVAL.

NEW STORE!

NEW CARPETS!!

FOWLE, TORREY & Co.,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

New and Spacious Store,

168 and 170 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON.

And have now an unequalled stock of

FINE CARPETS,

And an Extensive Variety of Medium and Low Priced Goods. 147

PRICES AT THE VERY LOWEST MARK!

Country Buyers of Clothing are informed that we have fully replenished our Stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, and are now prepared to show the public a choice display of seasonable Wearing Apparel and first-class Furnishing Goods, which we shall continue to sell at the uniform low figures that have always ruled at the "Globe's" establishment.

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

With thanks for the liberal favor accorded to us during the last season, we now invite purchasers to

VISIT THE GLOBE CLOTHING HOUSE. Nos. 1, 2, & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

where we guarantee entire satisfaction, every time and where a large and superb stock may now be selected from.

☞ Try the "GLOBE" this Fall!

FURNITURE.

Back Walnut Chamber Set, PARLOR SETS, Drawing Room Sets, etc., AT OUR TEMPORARY WAREROOMS, 95 & 97 FRIEND STREET, where we are CLOSING OUT a large stock of our own manufacture at LOW PRICES.

BEAL & HOOPER, 95 & 97 Friend Street, (In rear of our old stand in Haymarket Square.) BOSTON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Weston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Winn of Burlington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Cemetery Lots For Sale.

The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of P. L. CONVERSE, M. F. WINN, L. H. ALLEN, L. L. WHITNEY, Cemetery Committee. 149

FOR SALE. PARTRIDGE COCHIN FOWLS. For sale by GRANVILLE PARKS, North Woburn.

Winter Goods.

We shall take pleasure in showing our assortment of Overcoats made from Blue and Black Beaver, all Wool, heavy Chinchilla, French Elysian, and other cloths made up in the latest styles. Reefers, Cardigans, of every quality made, Under Garments in great variety, being the largest assortment ever shown at our Counters. Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, and other Goods adapted to the season, at low prices by

J. W. HAMMOND, 181 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS.

Woburn Bazaar, 192 MAIN STREET.

New Store. New Goods, New Prices

We would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to our extensive stock of LADIES' AND GENTS' Furnishing Goods, And Fancy Goods, SMALL WARES, &c. &c. Which we are selling at a LOW PRICE.

With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.

We keep most everything and sell CHEAP. 192 MAIN STREET,

☞ Male and Female Agents Wanted.

AGENCY FOR THE CITY LAUNDRY and DYE HOUSE.

☞ First-class work guaranteed.

Orders received for the celebrated Troy Laundry Goods received Saturdays and Tuesdays, and returned Mondays and Thursdays.

OPENING —OF— FRENCH FLOWERS, Feathers, and Millinery Goods, Thursday and Friday OCTOBER 30th & 31st, 1873.

A. Cummings, 147 AND 147½ MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS. 141

Coke For Sale. At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION In WOBURN CENTRE, MASS.

On MONDAY, the 3d day of November next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at Auction, that pleasant location known as the Roundy estate, situated on the corner of Main and Railroad streets. Said estate consists of a 2½ story Dwelling-house in thorough repair; contains 24 rooms, 2 stores in the basement, and 3376 feet of Land; within a minutes walk of Churches, Schools, Post Office, and the Railroad Depot, and is one of the most valuable estates in Woburn. ☞ $200 to be paid at the sale. Conditions made known at sale.

By order of the Heirs, 140
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, October 22, 1873.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to LINCOLN EMERSON, 93 Main St. et, Woburn. 133

Prospectus for 1874.---7th Year.

THE ALDINE,

An Illustrated Monthly Journal, universally admitted to be the Handsomest Periodical in the World. A Representative and Champion of American Taste.

Not for Sale in Book or News Stores

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of *THE ALDINE* will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, *THE ALDINE* is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromos, besides!*

ART DEPARTMENT, 1874.

The illustrations of *THE ALDINE* have won a world-wide reputation, and in the art centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that its wood cuts are examples of the highest perfection ever attained. The common prejudice in favor of "steel plates," is rapidly yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood-cuts of *THE ALDINE* possess all the delicacy and elaborate finish of the most costly steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.

To fully realize the wonderful work which *THE ALDINE* is doing for the cause of art culture in America, it is only necessary to consider the cost to the people of any other decent representations of the productions of great painters.

In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy, and other noted American artists, *THE ALDINE* will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success and greatest general interest. Thus the subscriber to *THE ALDINE* will, at a trifling cost, enjoy in his own home, the pleasures and refining influences of true art.

The quarterly tinted plates for 1874, will be by Thos. Moran and J. D. Woodward.

The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain special designs appropriate to the season, by our best artists, and will surpass in attractions any of its predecessors.

PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to *THE ALDINE* for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures were painted in oil for the publishers of *THE ALDINE*, by Thomas Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East," and "The West." One is a view in The White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates and are in size (12x16) and appearance exact fac similes of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscribers of *THE ALDINE* was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful realization is attested by the following testimonial, over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.

NEWARK, N. J., *Sept. 20th*, 1873.
MESSRS. JAMES SUTTON & Co.
Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the proofs in color of your chromos. They are wonderfully successful representations by mechanical process of the original paintings.
Very respectfully,
(Signed), THOS. MORAN.

These chromos are in every sense American. They are by an original American process, with material of American manufacture, from designs of American scenery by an American painter, and presented to subscribers to the first successful American Art Journal. If no better because of all this, they will certainly possess an interest no foreign production can inspire, and neither are they any the worse if by reason of peculiar facilities of production they cost the publishers only a trifle, *while equal in every respect to other chromos that are sold singly for double the subscription price of THE ALDINE*. Persons of taste will prize these pictures for themselves—not for the price they did or did not cost, and will appreciate the enterprise that renders their distribution possible.

If any subscriber should indicate a preference for a figure subject, the publishers will send "Thoughts of Home," a new and beautiful chromo, 14 x 20 inches, representing a little Italian exile whose speaking eyes betrays the longings of his heart.

TERMS.

$5 per annum, in advance, with Oil Chromos Free.

For 50 Cents extra, the chromos will be sent mounted, varnished, and prepaid by mail.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rate; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local canvasser, *without responsibility to the publishers*, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the *fac-simile* signature of JAMES SUTTON & Co.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to

JAMES SUTTON & Co., Publishers, 58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

ST. JOACHIM'S FALL IMPORTATIONS —OF— Holiday Goods.

Jewelry, Albums, Games, Smokers' Sets, Vases, Busts, Statuettes, Cuspedores, Pocket Books, Baskets, Iron, Wooden, and Tin Toys, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Slipper Pockets, Paper, Towel, and Book Racks, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Dressing Cases, Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Bronzed Goods, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Pictures, Dominoes, Checker Boards, Cribbage Boards, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Wax Dolls, Meerschaum Pipes, and thousands of other articles.

Our Stock is the Largest of its kind in Boston.

and the assortment is complete in every department. Our prices are reasonable, and we advise our patrons to purchase their presents before the great rush. 150

St. Joachim Bazar, 167 Washington Street, Boston.

Houses, Stores, Merchandise & Stock Insured in Reliable Companies, —BY— E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent, 194 Main St., Woburn. 136

WARREN CUTLER, JOB WAGON. Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot. TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of H. L. CARTER & CO., and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the

Horse Shoeing Business.

Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.
112 H. L. CARTER, J. C. CARTER.
Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

Board Wanted.

In a private family where the comforts of a home can be found. A good room, good bed, and good living the requisites. In the vicinity of Horn Pond R. R. Station. Inquire at 119 CALEF'S Grocery Store. Near the H. P. Station, Fowle St.

For Hardware or Tools CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54 L. THOMPSON, Jr.

200 PIGS FOR SALE. Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co. Russell Street, Woburn. 72

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62

OPPOSITE THE COMMON. W. WOODBERRY.

Sheriff's Sale!

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, on Tuesday, the 18th day of November next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in law or equity that Sumner Richardson of Winchester, in said County, had on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1873, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, being the homestead of said Richardson, and bounded as follows:—commencing at a stake and stones at the south easterly corner of the premises, the line runs westerly by and with Pleasant street about 110 feet to another street; thence northerly by and with said last named street about 100 feet to a stake and stones; thence easterly by land formerly of S. S. Richardson to the edge of the old Mill Pond; thence southerly by the edge of the old Mill Pond, to the bound first named, or however otherwise bounded, with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.
Woburn, October 18th, 1873. 131

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at the same place on Tuesday the 7th day of October, A. D. 1873: On the petition of Walter Fowle and others for the widening, straightening, altering and locating the road leading from the Watering Station, so-called, in Woburn, by the house of Walter Fowle, to the house of Thaddeus Richardson, in Stoneham, it was adjudged that said widening, straightening, altering and locating, are of common convenience and necessity: Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the dwelling house of Simon Kinsman, in Woburn, on the 24th day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
LEONARD HUNTRESS, Chairman.
Tewksbury, October 13, 1873.

FALL TRADE. 1873.

G. H. RICHARDS, 24 & 25 Dock Square, Boston, has just opened full lines of Fashionable.

FRESH STOCK, for this season, and every description of substantial and stylish Ready-made CLOTHING, FOR MEN, FOR YOUTH, FOR BOYS, OR CHILDREN, Can now be had at this old and popular Low PRICED HOUSE.

☞ The thousands of patrons of Richards' "Old Corner," who have so generously availed themselves of purchase here in the past years, as well as all new-comers, will find that they can

SAVE MONEY

in buying Clothing or Furnishing Goods at this reliable establishment, and we confidently invite attention to our superior assortment now in store for the fall of 1873, at the "Old Corner."

GEORGE H. RICHARDS, 24 DOCK 24, 25 SQUARE 25

GAS MACHINES, FOR LIGHTING Dwelling Houses, Public Buildings, Manufactories, &c. Perfectly Safe, Reliable, and easily managed. Send for Circular. WALWORTH MANUF'G CO., 126 Union St., BOSTON 4

Mercantile Savings Institution.

NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON. All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calender month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

BUY THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, THE BEST PAPER IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The genuine is signed "I. Butts" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS. Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y. Agents Wanted. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

Bryant & Stratton COLLEGE, Boston, - - - Mass THE LARGEST Commercial School in America.

THIS Institution offers a course of study in Commercial and English branches, thereby affording an opportunity of acquiring a liberal and practical education and thorough preparation for business.

Its rates of tuition as low as consistent with the required number of experienced instructors and its desirable apartments.

Its discipline of the highest order.

Its facilities for assisting students to positions in business are unsurpassed.

Students received at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue and Report for 1873 may be obtained on application at the office, 554 Washington Street, Boston. 3

Office hours, from the 8.30 till 4 o'clock daily. H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK, No. 80 UNION STREET, BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2
Clinton Viles, Harvey Carpenter, William Robinson, Thomas L. Jenks, Daniel H. Whitney, George S. Derby.

Immense Success of Ditson & Co.'s New Collection of Organ Music, entitled

"The ORGAN AT HOME."

No Musical Home complete without it, for it contains over 200 selections of the most popular music of the day, well arranged for the Reed, Parlor or Pipe Organ. Contains everything which is so-called "popular,"—melodies of the day, marches waltzes, voluntaries, variations, transcriptions of the best sacred airs, gems of Handel, Mozart, Schumann, &c.; in fact, the best of all music from Beethoven's Adagios to Strauss' Danube Waltz. FIRST edition sold in 2 weeks after publication, and FOURTH now ready. Price $2.50 Boards, $3 Cloth.

UNPARALELED SUCCESS OF DITSON & Co.'s Gems of Strauss! which contains literally the gems of Strauss' Waltzes, Mazurkas, &c., and is to-day the most popular music book in America—over 20,000 copies having been sold in 10 months. Price $2.50; in Cloth, $3.00.

GREAT SALE OF THE STANDARD.

This great Church Music Book by L. O. Emerson and H. R. Palmer, has double the merit, and is likely to have double the sale of common books by one composer. The works of either gentlemen have sold by the Hundred Thousand, and the STANDARD will continue to be called for until every Choir, Singing Class and Convention are supplied. Price $1.50.

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 139
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

GEO. WOODS & CO'S ORGANS

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street. Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.
REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS. B. F. COLEGATE, is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE Woburn Mass.

WOOLEN CARPETS As low as they can be bought anywhere, at WM. WOODBERRY'S, Opposite Common, Woburn. 61

FOR SALE. The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet. Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. 31

E. PRIOR, REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER. Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills. OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

JUST RECEIVED —AT— McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s, A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS, Comprising Shawls, Repellants Flannels. A GREAT BARGAIN! HOSIERY AT No. 123 MAIN STREET, ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110 WOBURN, - - MASS.

BEST YET! The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK of FURNITURE ever exhibited in Woburn. Call and see for yourself. G. W. POLLOCK, Town Hall Building.

Retail Clothing Department. THE BEST CLOTHING Produced in this country, at retail, at reasonable prices, by the manufacturers, Macullar, Williams & Parker, 33 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Custom Department. CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER In the best manner, at fair prices, by the importers of the materials, Macullar, Williams & Parker, 33 WASHINGTON STREET.

Furnishing Goods Department. FINE WINTER UNDERCLOTHING of the best American and Foreign makes, at retail, by Macullar, Williams & Parker, 33 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Low Rate Advertisements

LOOK AT HARTWELL'S Windows, No. 163 Main Street.

GREAT DISPLAY of Beef, Poultry and Fruit at Hartwell's.

TO LET.—A house on Church Street, Woburn, containing six rooms. Inquire of G. J. Manroe, Warren street.

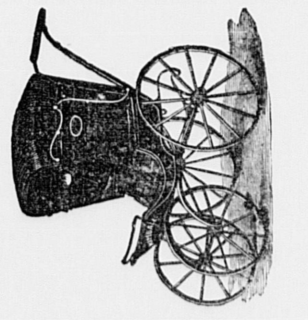
PLUMBING! T. J. KINNEY, 106 Main St., Woburn. Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED. 59

FRANK FLINT, Manufacturer of SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES. Special attention given to the manufacture of FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS. 258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

FOR SALE. Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of J. C. WHITCHER.

STILL'S ICE CREAM —AND— DINING SALOON, No. 196 Main Street, Woburn. Confectionery of the purest and best varieties. Catering for Parties, &c., as usual. Parties and Families supplied with Ice Cream, Cake, &c., &c., AT SHORT NOTICE. 43 O. R. STILL. ☞ Remember the place! New Store! No. 196 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL NOTICE. The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found PIANOS and ORGANS from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the Popular Sheet Music of the Day. A full and complete assortment of small MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c. PIANOS AND ORGANS Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired WOBURN MUSIC STORE, No. 6 Railroad Street. Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK, WOBURN MASS. 42 O. GREEN.



Perambulators, FOR Children & Dolls. MATS AND AFGHANS. Carts, Wagons and Wheelbarrows. Croquet, And Other Games, AT HORTON'S BOOKSTORE, 49

STEPHEN H. CUTTER, Bill Poster & Distributor, Office, 150 Main Street, WOBURN, MASS. Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 33

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

"It's a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babies, were sleeping unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift the responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Gove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor house for all she cares."

"Well somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babies, sighing aloud with a forced sigh that others might hear her and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At lest all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don t know, poor house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in the bed and looked piteously about the room. "I want my mamma."

A great choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke and said, "Don't cry, Sissy, Mamma's gone away." At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and soothing them with comforting words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room where she sat mending one of his well worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor in amazement.

"What!"

"Mrs. Grant's two babies. I've been over to the funeral, and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There was not a woman to look after them, no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering, eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless children utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head on her bosom. There was an influx of mother love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between husband and wife—at least not then, though thought was very busy with both of them—Mrs. Wheaton's manner towards the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence and drew from them such looks and ways and little expressions of satisfaction as touched her heart and filled it with a loving interest.

After night-fall, when supper was over and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was the first to speak.

"What are you thinking about, John?" said she sharply. "I can't have all these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county?"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that; but who's to take care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but—"

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on—"

"Things are going differently," interrupted Wheaton, "I've thought it all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh, in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John!"

"It's true—more shame to me. That was eighteen dollars you see not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"Oh, John!" there was something eager and hopeful in the wife's face as she leaned towards him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered, "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days no more foolish wasting of money, and no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time she rose; and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent over and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll keep the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so, said Jane, laughing through her tears.

"All right then; it's a bargain." And Wheaton toook his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed much surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow workmen taunted John and called him soft-hearted and a fool for taking other men's brats."

One said to him, "Are four mouths easier to fill than two?" Another:—

"You'll be sick of this before the year is out." And another—

"I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—maintaining an air of quiet and good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the dooryard; the broken step was also mended, and clear panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young leaves and buds,

Within very pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up, and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvelous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition, after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare, I've got heart again, I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow workman said to Wheaton, half in banter, "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his companion had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things and counting his fee on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride instead of the landlord, eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the mortgage that for years had rested on his home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting on of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphaned baby—and being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! It was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's instead of giving it to the landlord.

Walking homeward one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same road. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, but with undisguised bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"What for?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thoughts.

"For good luck," replied his companion.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck ever since you adopted poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and soon after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and handsomest one in the place?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"James McBride."

"How much did you give towards building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you. How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough. Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than to support himself in a useful calling as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the man.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No."

"Yes, to a dollar. So in five years at this rate you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars to McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now it's my advice in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby if you will for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was anything but in a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called after going a few steps:—

"If you see anything of Jack about your place, just send him home will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

Ellen and I talked it all over last night. I'm done helping saloon keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are."

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard yesterday of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said:—

"Look here, Frank; take my advic and put this baby between you and McBride s—between you and idle thriftlessness, and my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head.

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed:—

"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the mill and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

THE NAIL HIT ON THE HEAD.—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: Life in a village is, in many respects, very pleasant. It seems to be a medium between city and country, combining many advantages that belong to both, without necessitating the citizens to live in the heart of the busy world, or to be isolated. Yet, like all other things in the world, village life has its dis advantages; and not the least of these is the faculty with which every one can mind the affairs of his neighbors, One of the greatest sources of discomfort to myself and my friend is the village post office. I would have all post office employees either dumb or sworn to secrecy as surely as the telegraph operators; indeed they might better be dumb for all the civility one receives from them. Even if the postmaster himself is a gentleman, he usually employs some tattling clerk, or some male gossip volunteers his services, just for the sake of satisfying curiosity. These soon learn the handwriting of all the letter writing people of the place, and have no scruples against peddling their information about the streets. Said a volunteer clerk the other day, to a friend, as a lady passed them, "I think that lady and her lover must have had some trouble, as he has not written her in nearly two months." I laughed when I heard this, as the lady had told me the gentleman had written to her regularly, but had disguised his handwriting, for the express purpose of deceiving this meddlesome clerk. I myself have met this volunteer clerk on my way to the post office, and he invariably says, "You have a letter," or "You have not a letter" as the case may me. I fear I have been wicked enough to wish that the wonderful memory of this man might in some way be impaired. I am also wicked enough to envy some of my city friends, whose postman apparently takes no personal interest in the mail matter which he distributes; if he does interest himself and mentions his ideas, his remarks will not be listened to by those sufficiently interested to repeat them. Cannot something be done to stop this annoying gossip about mail matter? Should not postmasters and all in their employ be sworn to secrecy?

☞ A floating item informs us that Jerusha Bryan slew a panther with a pine knot in Pennsylvania. She is not married. "And she won't be, either for all us," says the St. Louis *Journal*; "for we wouldn't go home intoxicated to such a woman for all that could be offered—no, not for worlds! Better would be a dinner of herbs and a stalled ox therewith, or something of the kind.

—The panic goes against the grain

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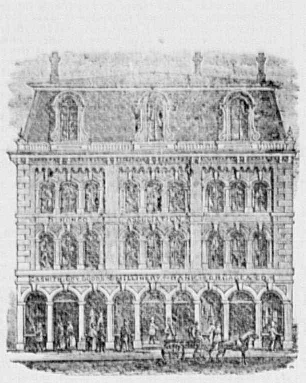

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Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

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34

Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7½, 8½, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6. P. M.
E. Woburn, 7; 8, 10 A. M., *2.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.39* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45‡* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 6.25 P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 6.27 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 6.37 P. M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.45 P. M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.40, 6.50 8.20‡ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25‡ P. M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‡ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‡ P. M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 30 P. M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‡ Wednesdays at 10 74

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Losses paid in 54 years,	$39,000,000.
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Assets at market value March 1, 1873,	$5,980,867.46

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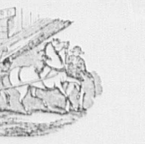

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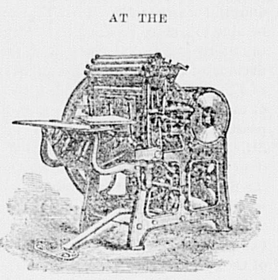

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The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
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between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

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An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeepin and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Book-keeping. 69

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Poetry.

WEDDED.

Some quick and bitter word we said,
And then we parted. How the sun
Swam through a sullen sea of gray!
A chill fell on the summer day,
Life's best and happiest hours were done;
Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways,
And spake no word and made no moan;
She braided up her floating hair,
That I had always called so fair,
As though she scorned my loving tone
My word of praise.

And I? I matched her scorn with scorn
I hated her with all my heart
Until we chanced to meet one day;
She turned her pretty head away,
I saw two pleading tear drops start.
Lo! love was born.

Some fond, repentant word I said,
She answered only with a sigh;
But when I took her hands in mine
A radiant glory half divine,
Flooded the earth and filled the sky.
Now we are wed.

Selected.

JOHN'S PROMISE.

Summer was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one those bluffs, stood a hastily built house, as are many of its western neighbors—a rusty stove pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, the door was opened by a pleasant young woman who was followed by a crying child.

'Oh, Sammie, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man, see the great big boat away yonder;' lifting him up; 'don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammie want to go down town and see the big boat and see pappy!' The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, 'wait a bit, and mammy'll back Sammie,' and tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sitting through the trees that covered the western hills, glinted the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the low eastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs, were divers houses, from the pretentious Gothic dwellings on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long white train of Denver bound freight wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned cross wise of the street, to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby bravery, and Sammie's lip began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw log, saying, 'There, there honey, don't be afeared, be pappy's man, now.'

The tide waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, and entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south wind—such wind belonging proverbially to Kansas springs, as whooping cough to children, or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats except in the coldest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and with boisterous laughter and rude jeers, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her and came towards her, saying boisterously, 'Hoorah for you, Nancy! whatever brought you'uns down 'ere this time of evenin'! Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home get'in' your old man a bite o' supper! Packed that young'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back right quick, now!' He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, 'Horah for pappy's man! Peertiest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!' Poor Nancy, her husband was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her deep sunbonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company.

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked in silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in a while, to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him to sleep lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn dodger from the oven.

'She is a dear good wife,' thought he; 'what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly.' He knew that he had been rough enough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course he never got dead drunk, but he wished that he ever could let whiskey alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an unaccountable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but, being a man, of course he didn't condescend to that. At length he began by saying, 'You was right pert about breakfast this morning, Nancy.'

'Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to go off soon,' she answered.

'Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in sun up. It's only a fifty log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in the night train starts, and I'll get right on and be back to Atchinson afore the day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day round the old fort.'

'Oh, John! I'm so proud!—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then! He had shoved back from the table, and there was a serious, far away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and, dropping on her knees, beside him, slipped her arms about his neck saying, 'Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky.'

'That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to— not to drink too much ag'in,' he answered.

'But I'm afeared that wouldn't do no good.'

'You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've had enough, if I try,' he exclaimed.

'Oh, John, don't say so; you know you promised me nigh onto a year ago, but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd never taste nary a drop ag'in.'

Still his eyes were steadily turned away from hers.

'Don't you mind now,' she went on, 'how your mother said at one time, 'I recken, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evening we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise. And John,' she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, 'I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've a feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to reading my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems as if God hears me.' And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he said earnestly, 'Yes, Nancy, I promise.'

Presently starting up, he exclaimed. 'If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!'

'Oh, John! come and kiss the baby before you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up, honey, and see pappy.'

'Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man. I'll bring him home some candy when I come home ag'in.'

All day Nancy went about with such a light cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinging happy, hopful thoughts of him, who, all these long hours, was steering his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her, when she knelt by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened a few hours afterward by a rush and confusion, and a shower of glass and hail across her bed. Catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm—one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating through the air. She thought that she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it all happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted over her, and putting out her hand, she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, then another. How they stung! Oh, was her child unsheltered from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. Oh, she must reach him. She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he too, was fastened, crippled? She stretched her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve. she could almost reach him. What if he was free and could come to her. Oh, Sammy, Sammy!" she called; "come to mamma."

The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hands that were groping in the darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt of his head, his arms, his feet—sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hail-stones must have bruised him. She rested him on the ground and crouched over him; she could move just enough for that. The frightened child ceased crying and put his arms about her neck. If she could only find something to cover him from the storm. She reached around, but could touch only cold mud.

Oh, that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hailstones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity of the heaven of her faith rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there never would be an end? No—she was not afraid of death; but her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet, Not when life opened before her. She must live to help John keep his promise. God would surely spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long. Oh, it would be terrible if John should come and find her lying there cold and stiff. John did love her, oh, so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her. It was on the mountain side in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed. How the sun shone and the birds sang. How bewildered and dreamy her thoughts were. How still the baby was. Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the patter of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thoughts were awakened by a rush of wind in a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free Then—something struck her.

The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Connecticut street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John?"

"Why, Jake," he replied, "Is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore this."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here last night. We chanced to be right near a house and they let us in. But it sent our old wagon rolling over and over across the prairie, like a patch of tumble weeds, and our oxen all stampeded. I'm on the hunt for 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchinson."

"No; I reckon it just took a streak."

John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The little birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning. His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise.

He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Summer? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind coming over the bluffs, bad reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town in shattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest, scattered by the house-keeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left, And his family. Perhaps they had escaped before the storm—perhaps—Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. No one was in the room, but on a couch in one corner a white sheet, "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulse, he turned back the covering that shrouded the dead faces. Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stunned, he sank on his knees and laid his face on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the desolation of that hour? None but those who have felt it. Oh the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful; that he had not listened to the tempter which whispered to him yestermorn, that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterward, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Summer that day, for many were left homeless; many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground, were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—We believe in the man or woman who has "enemies." This does not sound *sound*, but it *is* sound. Your milk and water people, who content themselves with simply doing good. They are mere negatives. Your man of force, who does not wait for a stone to get out of his way but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will have to go that way will thank him for clearing it. The man or woman who has no enemies is generally a sleek, creeping, or crowding creature, caring for no one but himself—smirking and creeping his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits. He adds nothing to the common stock—does no good in the world, and is lowered into his six feet of earth without one severe regret from any one. He has had no enemies; but has he a friend? A place is vacant, but not in any warm, grateful heart.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BEAUX.—Beaux in the usual acceptation of the word, are unmitigated nuisances, and the girl who is free from them may count herself lucky. This is the settled conviction at which we have arrived after several years, observation among a large circle of young friends—added to some slight personal experience. Nor do we think the beaux themselves are to be envied. On both sides it is an awkward, and unnatural state of affairs. Yet from the way in which our boys and girls are trained, one might imagine beau-ology to be the most important part of their education. It begins, in many cases, when they are mere babies.

"Fay must be a good girl, and have her hair curled, because Eddie is coming to see her, and Eddie is Fay's little beau," says the inconsiderate aunty. So the little maides of six, like many of her elder sisters, is curled and crimped and ruffled, because a "beau" is expected.

Our little pet Allie is the only girl baby in the block, and her three toddling boy neighbors vie with each other in pretty demonstrations of friendship. Fred brings an orange, Will generously divides his peppermints with her, and Charlie selects for her the roundest and smoothest of his marbles.

"Allie's getting lots of beaux," exclaims the admiring nurse; but mamma in this case, wisely interposes.

"Nice little girls don't have beaux. Fred and Will and Charlie are Allie's little friends."

What a pity it is that the boys and girls of a larger growth cannot learn to regard each other simply as friends, instead of imagining that the slightest act of civility on either side must necessarily indicate an ardent admiration.

There is no reason for a girl to suppose that a man who has the politeness to pick up a pocket handkerchief for her, is hopelessly "smitten;" nor need a young man take it for granted that because a girl has the kindness to invite him to her home, she is deliberately "setting her cap" for him. The sentiments of our young folks in this respect, are sadly in need of reconstruction; and yet the poor children are not half so much to blame as the silly friends who have helped to give them these false views.

"Well, Katie, you have made a new conquest," we heard a married lady remark to a young friend with whom she was shopping. "Did you see how admiringly Mr. D. watched you?" and the unsophisticated girl went home impressed with the idea that to be stared at by an impudent man was something of which to be proud. The good woman meant no harm—one hears similar remarks made every day. But it is this same "foolish jesting," that makes the majority of our girls so vain and trifling.

We once heard a Sunday school superintendent relate—not in Sunday school however—an amusing conversation between himself and a youthful "beau," whom he chanced to meet in his travels. The little fellow had invited himself to share the good man's seat in the car, and after telling him his name, and entertaining him for half an hour with descriptions of his home, his pony and his school he slyly whispered:

"I've got a beau."

"And arrows too?" asked his new friend.

"Oh, not that kind of a bow?" and Bob waited and blushed a good deal before he found courage to add, "Some one to love you know."

The friendly gentleman took a quiet laugh inside, and then, trying hard to keep a straight face, said,

"A sweetheart, you mean?"

"O yes, a sweetheart—that's the word. I've got—let me see—" and he counted on his chubby fingers, chubby still, for Bob was not quite seven years old—"there's Maggie and Jennie and Dora and Grace. Why, sir, I've got four sweethearts—only think."

The friendly gentleman shook his head as reprovingly as his lack of gravity would allow.

"That is rather too many sweethearts for a little fellow like you. Which of them do you like the best, I wonder?"

Bob pondered for several seconds,

"I guess I pretty much like Maggie the best."

"And what would Maggie say if she knew you liked so many other little girls?" Perhaps the friendly gentleman knew what big Maggies say sometimes, in similar circumstances.

"Oh, but she doesn't know," said Bob, quickly.

"Mother don't know it either," and he shied a sharp look down the aisle toward "mother" to make sure she had not found it out in the last ten minutes; then in a confidential whisper he added, "No one knows it but just you and me, and you mustn't never, never tell."

Of course we all laugh at this promising specimen of "Young America," yet the story has its sober side, for the boy who at seven begins to count his conquests, is in a fair way to become in the course of time, a confirmed breaker of hearts.—*Hearth and Home.*

☞ One of our physicians is the possessor of a bright little boy who is noted for his cute sayings. On account of his health he takes a nap every afternoon, a short time since, when the regular hour came around, he induced his grandmother to go with him. As soon as they had laid down, he very gravely informed her that they must say their prayers, and he at once led off with the Lord's Prayer. All went on smoothly until he came to the words "Give us this day our daily bread," when he remarked, "Grandmother, I have bread enough,—can get that any time. Oh, Lord, give us some pudding with frosting on it, and forgive us our debts," etc., continuing the prayer in regular form to the end.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

PETTY ANNOYANCES.—A pair of boots that pinch a corn are as great misery, for the time being, as if you had rheumatism, or gout or bilious colic. This remark is made to introduce the subject of "petty annoyances."

People are very fond of reading you lectures on the folly of being cut up, or cut down by little things. The doctrine is all well enough in the slip-shod way in which men are instructed in this under-taught and mis-taught world.

But what would be thought of one who was laughed at for being afraid of such a very little thing as a wasp's sting?

It is the nervous condition upon which an annoyance falls that determines the force.—Who cares for dust and cinders and smoke, when, in robust health, and off for a vacation, he is borne by the train, with headlong speed, away from the dismal city, and onward into the joyous country! But let one have the hay fever in the same conditions, and let the smoke and sharp cinder dust wake up a whole gust of sneezes, and a rain of tears, growing every hour worse, and a petty annoyance becomes something worthy of regard.

I have my pet annoyances. One is to sit at the table with people who eat with loud acclaim, smacking their lips, and sounding forth the crushing and crunching that is going on. One may be ashamed to be annoyed by bad mouth manners: but what is to be done about it? I am annoyed.

Then, too, I am greatly annoyed by the rank perfumes which people use for the express purpose of making every one uncomfortable about them. You go to church, or to a concert. In comes a richly dressed party, who sit down next in front of you, redolent of musk. Every time they stir the perfume stinks: and they stir all the time. But even this is better than to sit by a lady who has eaten onions for dinner, and, quite unconscious of the result, turns to you continually with confidential conversation. You have to face the matter. Good manners are imperative. You lose the pleasure of the whole evening.

What shall be said of a man who, if not a gentleman, is in the place of a gentleman, and is expected to be gentlemanly, and who yet will suffer himself to be saturated with tobacco? His hair is pestiferously fragrant, his coat smells, his very eyes reek tobacco, and yet he hovers about among men and woman without a particle of consciousness.

Now one loves the smell of good tobacco. I confess that a fragrant cigar, at a little distance, smoked by a proper person, in a proper place, and in a proper manner, is not disagreeable. But in the cabin of a steamboat, in a parlor, in a railway car the first whiff of tobacco smoke sets me into a combative mood.

Great evils are apt to excite great powers of endurance, but small annoyances fall upon us in our undefended moods, and have us at advantage.

We can repel armed robbers, but who can fight a mosquito? We can arm against bears and lions, but against gnats and flees who can make head?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

CARVING A TURKEY.—"There is nothing," says Max Adeler, "a young unmarried man likes better than to go to a dinner at the house of a friend and be asked to carve a turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maid on one side of him watching him closely, and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First be pushes his knife down toward one of the thigh joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince meat out of one whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife and goes at it again At last, while making a terrific dig, he hits the joint suddenly, and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him he looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become 400 degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing he gradually pushes the leg over on the clean table cloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravy dish, and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints to its wings, the host asks him if he thinks the Indians can really be civilized. The girl next to him laughs, and he says he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief, and presses the turkey so hard with his fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gouges away again at the wings, gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any off, the host asks him why he don't help cut the turkey. Bewildered he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then he helps the young girl to a plateful of stuffing, and, while taking her plate in return, knocks over the gravy boat. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair, and fans himself with a napkin, while the servant girl clears up, and takes the turkey to the other end of the table. He doesn't discuss the Indian question that day. He goes right home after dinner, and spends the night trying to decide whether to commit suicide or to take lessons in carving.

☞ Gentlemen visiting Galesburg, Ill. who require the services of a barber, can readily find in his "parlor in the Opera-house block, Mr. A. A. Follock, Professor of Criniculturel Abscission and Craniological Tripsis," as he simply and tersely states it.

☞ The British school boy was a humorist, though without knowing it. Similarly, Frenchmen, to whom (though they have much wit) humor is absolutely wanting, sometimes unconsciously tickle our very heart strings. A Parisian whom we will call X——, was waiting the other day, for his friend Y——, at a cafe. Y. was late, and when he did come, showed signs of profound grief.

"Alas, my friend," inquired X——, "what is the matter?"

"My wife is dead!"

The situation was embarrassing for X——, who sat down again to his coffee with a face of great concern, and many expressions of condolence. Y——, however, paced the room, running his hands through his hair, and bewailing his hard fate. "*Desole! desole! desole!*" groaned he, like minute guns; then, after a little, "*Desole! desole! desole!*" a little quicker; then he began to *hum* it, and eventually he adapted his "*Desole!*" to the last Parisian air, as though he were in the best of spirits. A nation of such people has surely something about them to be envied.

☞ On the evening of Hook's arrival at the Oxford University he joined a party of old school fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "Bishop" and egg-flip having been discussed, songs amatory and bacchanalian having been sung with full choruses, and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass the limit of becoming mirth, the Proctor made his appearance, and advancing to the table at which the "Freshman"—fresh in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question "Pray, sir, are you a member of the University?" "No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; "pray, sir, are you?" A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve and said, "You see this, sir?" "Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive—Manchester velvet. And may I take the liberty sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid a yard for the article?" The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand, and muttering something about supposing it was a mistake, he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions.

OUR CAT.—A curious cat we have, and she has a kitten, a "real chip of the old block"—in fact almost a block by herself. One of our neighbors had some fine pears, and we had noticed with some degree of surprise that by some means, a portion of those pears were transferred to our side of the road almost every night; sometimes we found two or three, sometimes six or seven, a part laid on the doorstep, and a part occasionally on the ground. It bothered us to account for it—we almost began to think we were not honest, or that some mischievous boys had made us involuntary receivers of stolen property. Last Sunday we found the culprits. Passing along the street on our way home, we saw coming across the road, our cat, holding in her mouth a pear as large as her head, which she deposited carefully on the doorstep, and ere long we learned that the younger followed suit. It seems that they would repair to our neighbor's yard and sit under the trees till a pear dropped, then seize and bring it within our jurisdiction. The next morning we found seven.—*Waltham Free Press.*

☞ In some of our little villages and towns, and in the South—where, by the way, the beautiful custom of decorating the soldier's graves was inaugurated—when a death occurs, friends who have gardens, send in a few simple flowers, which, without much art, are put into the sleeper's hands, and carried in their pulseless clasp to the grave. Not blooming buds, but dark green cedar and trailing ivy is brought as a tribute to old age; and we have seen a sheaf of wheat tied simply with a white ribbon, lying upon the coffin of one who had gone full of years and honors. The pathos of such an adornment consisted in its entire and touching fitness.

☞ It is related of Sir Edwin Landseer that when once visiting Scotland, he stopped at a little village which was plentifully supplied with dogs. Landseer, as was his custom, amused himself by making rapid sketches of such as pleased his fancy. The next day, as he resumed his journey, he was distressed to see dogs suspended in all directions from the trees, or drowning in the rivers with stones round their necks. He stopped a weeping urchin who was hurrying off with a pet pup in his arms, and learned to his dismay, that he was supposed to be an excise officer, who was taking notes of all the dogs he saw in town, in order to prosecute the owners for unpaid taxes, so the people had hastened to dispose of their pets to escape taxation.

☞ A Detroit business man found a counterfeit fifty-cent scrip among his currency the other day, and he put in his vest, and that afternoon gave it to a little girl begging in the streets, When he came back from tea he found the same piece of scrip in the drawer again, and questioning the clerk he learned that a little girl had brought it in, bought a stick of gum, and gone away with 40 cents of good money,

—— A German who was asked if lager beer was intoxicating replied: "Vell, I trinks from seventy to eighty glasses a day, and I feels all straight in my upper story for any kind of peesiness, but I can't tell vat it vould do mit men vat mekes a swill tub of himself."

THE WRONG MAN.—Dick Wood, candidate for Congress in this district, while canvassing in the mountains the other day, was compelled at one point to imbibe a good deal of apple jack in order to convince the natives that he was not one of those high flyers who think themselves made of superior stuff to the honest and hardy yeomanry. The consequence was that after giving orders to be woke up at 2 o'clock in the morning that he might be able to meet a distant appointment—when he retired to rest, was in five minutes as good as a dead man.

Some scamps procured some lamp-black and thoroughly blackened his face. Next morning promptly he was aroused, and was in such a hurry to get off that he did not take time to wash, but bolted his breakfast and rode away at a brisk gait. Arriving at his destination, he hunted up a politician, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and presented his credentials. The gentleman read the letter, alternating the reading with sly glances at Dick Wood's face, and then asked:

"Are you Major Wood of Mount Sterling?"

"That's my name, sir,"

"I thought you was our candidate for Congress.

Greatly astonished, Dick blurted out, "and so I am."

"Well, you have a cussed black skin for a white man."

"Is that any of your business?" queried the now thoroughly aroused Dick.

"No, sir, but you had better not attempt to speak here to-day. Our boys wont stand a speech from a nigger!"

"A nigger!" cried Dick, "why there ain't a drop of nigger blood in my veins! I'm as white as any other man.

Seeing a looking glass on the wall, Dick stepped up and looked in. Starting back with an oath that fairly made the windows rattle, he exclaimed:

"Well, if the cussed fools at Wythville, haven't waked up the wrong man, and Wood is over there yet!"

Jerking off his hat, he dropped in to a chair, and began vigorously to fan himself. The other seeing his straight hair, and noticing that the back half of his neck appeared to be white suggested soap and water.

☞ A farmer in a remote district of the Yorkshire wolds met a country rector who had been two years absent on travel.

"Mr. Rector," said the farmer, "you 'ave been to the Holy Land, I near?"

"I have, John, and got safe back, you see."

"Well," said John, "I often thou't I'd like to hear about that spot. It's a fine country, I lay?"

"Well," said the rector, "I saw Lebanon and Jerusalem and the Twelve Palm Trees and the wells of water in the Great Desert; and we went across the Jordan and went up Mount—"

"Excuse me interruptin' you, Mr. Rector, noo," said the farmer; "but, if it be a fair question, hoo was turmet (turnips) lookin' oot yander?"

—— There is a lawyer at the Essex bar—by many thought to be the first lawyer there—who is so extremely nervous, that when engaged in a case he makes a constant employment of doubling strips of paper, and he has done it so long he does not vary the form or size, though he never looks at the pieces any more than does the thread of an East Indian spinner, which is more uniform than the nicest machinery can produce. Examining a witness, or hearing the plea of an opposing counsel, the inevitable paper is motion; and as soon as relieved from duty, the cigar is "nature's great restorer." We see athlets trained till their muscles are like steel, to give the greatest force and power of endurance, and this gentleman is all nerve as they are all muscle.

☞ The *Boston Globe* has the following concerning the Stokes trial:

In the trial of Colonel James Fisk, Jr., for assault with intent to kill upon Edward S. Stokes, in progress at New York, the counsel for Stokes has succeeded in proving, thus far, that Fisk was killed by the accidental discharge of his own pistol as he was cocking it to shoot Stokes; that Stokes was dodging the shots from Fisk's pistol, when the latter fell down stairs and was accidentally killed; that Fisk committed suicide in a fit of rage and chagrin at being unable to hit Stokes; and expected to show conclusively, this week, that Fisk isn't dead at all. There can be no doubt that the jury will find Fisk guilty.

—— "The Lord made the cat," says a witty French poet, "to give man the pleasure of fondling a tiger." And, indeed, of all the carnivorous animals whose natural instincts are ferocious, the cat is the only truly intelligent one, and the most susceptible of attachment. It is easily tamed and domesticated, but withal, it never resigns its freedom entirely, like the dog or the horse.

☞ A little shaver was sitting near his mother who was picking over raisins, when she was called out of the room, and as she left, said, "Now sonny, don't take any of those raisins while I am gone." Presently the mother returned and inquired, "Well, Charlie, did you take any raisins?" "No, Mamma." "You know if you did, God saw you." "Yes I know he did, but he won't tell."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—A young lady who had recently returned from the island of Madeira, where she had been for her health, was met by a friend, who, after the usual greeting, said "I hope your trip has done you good,—I must say you are not looking amiss after it." "O, I feel much better, thank you; but I am still a miss for all that," was the reply.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Acknowledgment,—H S Kelsey,	3	3	1
Crumbs of Comfort,	3	4	1
Harper's Weekly,	3	3	3
" Bazar,	3	3	4
" Magazine,	3	3	5
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	4	5
Road Hearing,	3	3	2
Sheriff's Sale,	3	4	10

TOWN MEETING, NOV. 4 1873.

The Town was called to order at 2 1-2 o'clock on Tuesday. Under Article 1, voted as follows for moderator:

Horace Conn	123
Thomas H. Hill	1

The Moderator read the next article

ART. 2.—To see if the Town will accept the list of names of persons qualified to serve as Jurors, as submitted by the Selectmen.

Mr Hill moved that a list he held in his hand be substituted for that prepared by the Selectmen, because there was a class representing one-half the inhabitants and one-half the voters, and out of a list of 115 only five had been selected. Since Woburn was a town only one had been drawn as a juror. They did not wish to be drawn, but not to have their names on the list was an insult to their intelligence.

Mark Allen moved that the revised list offered by Mr Hill be accepted.

The Moderator refused to entertain the motion till the Statute had been read. He then decided that the motion was not competent under the warrant.

Mr Hill withdrew his motion, and moved that the list presented by the Selectmen be not accepted.

Mr Allen insisted that his motion was in order, and read the sentence at the foot of the list to sustain that view.

Stephen Nichols remarked that the law says the list shall be made by the Selectmen and presented for revision. If any name is objectionable it can be stricken off.

Boody Sherborn said the presenting of Mr Hill's list was the same as saying the Selectmen's list was objectionable.

Mr Hill renewed his motion not to accept the Selectmen's list. It was put to vote twice by voice, and then the moderator called on the voters to pass before him. The count showed 187 for 189 against the motion.

A S Leslie moved that the Selectmen's list be accepted, and Mr Hill's list added

Mark Allen moved to amend by taking up list and acting on names separately.

A E Thompson called for the reading of Hill's list. Ruled out of order. Allen's motion was put and declared lost. Verified by polling the house. Lost, yeas, 195, nays 263.

Frederic Flint moved that the Selectmen's list be accepted.

John Murphy had no objection to the list providing a proper proportion of foreign born citizens be upon it. It was their right. Mr Sumner is urging a bill before Congress to give civil rights to all, but we lived in a town where one class has not its rights. The majority have voted against, and those who are not here are to blame.

Mr Flint's motion was lost on a polling vote, yes 237, no 243.

Frank Flint doubted the count and demanded it verified with the check list.

James Downey said he had been stopped from voting by the Chief of Police, who charged him with attempting to vote twice.

Mr Sherborn moved that Mr Mooney's vote be added to the majority vote. Remarks of both speakers were ruled out of order.

John L Parker moved to revise the list by striking out his own name. This was accepted. He then moved to accept the list as revised.

John P Crane asked that his name be omitted. Voted.

Mr Allen moved to strike out the name of L W Cooper.

Mr Sherborn moved to lay the subject on the table until after the close of the polls. It was so ordered.

ART. 3.—To see if the Town will award any damage to E. S. Wardwell for his land, which was taken in the laying out the extension of Green Street, or do anything in relation to the same.

On Motion of Ambrose Bancroft it was *Voted* That the subject be referred to the Road Commissioners with power to settle with Mr Wardwell.

ART. 4.—To see if the Town will authorize the Road Commissioners to sell certain land belonging to the Town, on High Street extension.

D D Hart explained that this was the land known as the Dearborn estate which was taken by the town when the street was laid out. It is desirable to construct the street before cold weather, and authority is asked for to remove the house and sell the land not used. On motion of Major Bancroft it was *Voted* That the Road Commissioners be authorized to sell and the Treasurer to give a deed of the same.

ART. 5.—To see if the Town will appropriate the sum of One Thousand Dollars for the enlargement of the Highway Stables.

Mr Hart remarked that when the stables were built our fathers did not have due regard to the growth of the town, and they were now too small, so that some of the horses are put in the shed for want of better quarters. They asked for $1000 to make the enlargement, and when they asked for that sum they did not mean $2000. With that sum they could make the necessary enlargement, and give a good shelter to the horses. It was voted to appropriate $1000 for the purpose above named.

ART. 6.—To see if the Town will appropriate an additional sum of money for the construction of the three schoolhouses ordered, and for the payment of land purchased for the same, or act anything in relation thereto.

On motion of Stephen Nichols, it was voted to lay this matter over until the April meeting.

Rev H C Townley moved to reconsider the vote, in order to settle the question whether the building be of brick or of wood.

Mr Allen inquired if the gentleman voted in the affirmative. On Mr Townley's admitting that he did not vote at all, the moderator ruled him out of order.

At half past four Mr Nichols moved to take the jury list from the table.

Mr Allen moved that John B Doyle's name be stricken from the voting list.

J G Pollard thought no one had a right to strike names from the voting list.

Mr Allen replied he had said Jury List.

A J Parker remarked that he heard Allen say voting list.

Mr Allen insisted that he said Jury List, and couldn't talk and find ears too.

J L Parker asked for a reason for this unprecedented action. The Statute provides that a man may be stricken who has been guilty of a gross or scandalous crime. Nothing of the kind is charged against Mr Doyle.

Mr Allen said he did not know how many he could challenge, but that Doyle was a policeman and a man ruled by prejudice, and therefore not fit for a juryman.

W B Harris asked if the last speaker wasn't governed by prejudice.

Allen—Yes.

Harris—He shows it every hour he is in this hall.

Doyle's name was then stricken out.

Mr Allen then moved that George G Osgood's name be stricken off.

Nathan Wyman asked if it was in order to strike off a name if the man himself does not require it.

Mr Allen answered that the town has a right to revise.

Osgood's name was voted off.

Mr Allen then moved to erase the name of John S Plummer. It was put to vote, and the ayes voted,

J L Parker here stated that Mr John S Plummer was a well known and respected citizen, a carpenter by trade, holding no office, not even an appointment on the police. He had not requested his name to be withdrawn, and there appeared to be no good reason why the town should insult him in the manner proposed.

Mr Allen said he thought it was the policeman.

Nathan Wyman moved to accept list as it now is.

John Cummings asked how it was about John S Plummer, having voted to strike out his name.

Moderator said he had not declared the vote, the motion being withdrawn, and Mr Plummer's name remained as it was.

John Murphy moved to add the names of Patrick Crehan, James Begley, Patrick Magnirej and George J Munroe.

Mr Parker moved to add John S Plummer, to resolve any doubts that might arise from the previous action.

Mr Wyman accepted the amendments.

L W Perham thought there might be a misunderstanding about the vote.

Patrick Crehan said there was no misunderstanding. There were not enough Irish voters on the list.

J L Parker remarked that it was the first time he had heard it stated that there were Irish voters here. He had supposed that none were taking part in this meeting but American citizens.

P H Claffy agreed with the last speaker that when a man of foreign birth was naturalized he became an American citizen. But he wanted that class of citizens to be placed on an equality with negro voters.

Peter Sexton moved that the check list be not used. But on being informed that to demand its use was the right of any citizen, he remarked that he stood corrected.

The vote was then taken by polling, and resulted yes 188, no 242, and the jury list was rejected.

While the vote was proceeding, W A Stone thought there had been a misunderstanding in regard to the import of the vote. It was a compromise, and he had hoped to see it carried unanimously.

John P Crane desired to make a motion, but was ruled out of order.

John Cummings, by general consent, spoke on the importance of the duty of making up a jury list. By the juries many legal questions were decided, and also many of our rights. He had no doubt the men on the list were well qualified. To amend this last list would a serious matter, and he hoped it would be well considered.

After the vote was declared, Peter Sexton moved that certain names be stricken off and others added. Below we give his list; those on the left he would erase, and put those on the right in their places.

STRIKE OUT.	INSERT.
Bean, Richard B.	Bernard Mulligan,
Brooks, O. M.	Thomas Salmon,
Bancroft, Ambrose	Patrick McGuire,
Brigham, S. T.	Patrick Crehan,
Boutelle, J. A.	T. H. Hill,
Cooper, Levi	P. O'Driscoll,
Cragin, F. K.	James Downey,
Champney, G. M.	Patrick Calnan,
Evans, F. B.	Luke Balte,
Frye, Timothy	Patrick Hickey,
Fowle, Walter	Richard Morris,
Flint, Franklin	B. C Golding,
Hayward A. .	John Connolly, N. W.
Horton, Sparrow	James Nelson,
Hide, N. H.	James McGuire,
Johnson, Joseph	P. W. Kenne ,
Johnson, O. E.	Michael Gallagher,
Kelly, Joseph	E. W. Kenney,
Kendal, J. R.	Wm. M. Miller,
Lane, J. R.	Wm. McDevitt,
Lincoln, Allen	Wm. O'Brien,
Maxim, C. F.	Patrick Murphy,
Marrion, C. W.	James Skinner,
Plummer, John S.	Michael Murphy,
Parker, Benj.	David D. Barry,
Poole, E. F.	Maurice O'Connell,
Pollard, J. G.	James Marnin, Sea'r.
Richardson, L. G.	John Shea,
Sanborn, Abijah	E. Giroux,
Totman, Wm.	A. S. Leslie,
Thompson, E. E.	John Sample,
Thompson, Jona	Hugh Quinn,
Tidd, T. B.	John Smith,
Tufts, Wm. A.	Joseph Wyman,
Ward, Horace	E. Cummings.

John Cummings remarked that there were several E Cummings', and the list should be more definite.

Mr Allen said the men who brought the list could probably explain it, and it could be corrected before its adoption.

C H Blaisdell took the same view.

Mr Cummings asked where the vote stood. Hasn't the List been rejected?

John Johnson raised the question whether the town could accept the list just read.

J L Parker said that the law says the Selectmen *shall* prepare a list, and the town *may* revise it. The Town having refused to accept it, the Selectmen would be obliged to fall back on the last year's list for their tale of jurors. He moved that the further consideration of the subject be indefinitely postponed. This was voted down.

The moderator ruled that the list presented by the Selectmen having been rejected, the new list was not in order.

Mr Hill moved to reconsider the vote rejecting the List, but on stating that he did not vote in the affirmative, he was ruled out of order.

Geo Thompson inquired what was the affirmative. The moderator stated that it was voting yes on Mr Flint's motion.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to adjourn. The voting on State election was announced by the clerk. A motion was made to dissolve the meeting and the moderator declared it carried, took his hat and left those who doubted it to settle it for themselves.

VOTE OF WOBURN.

The vote of Woburn last Tuesday was the heaviest ever thrown at an election, except when Presidential candidates were voted for. Below we give the returns.

For Governor	
Wm Gaston of Boston	555
Wm B Washburn of Greenfield	461
Scattering	3
For Lieutenant Governor	
Wm L Smith of Springfield	551
Thomas Talbot of Billerica	470
For Secretary of State	
Benjamin F Mills of Williamstown	547
Oliver Warner of Northampton	471
For Treasurer and Receiver General	
Nathan Clark of Lynn	548
Chas Adams Jr, of No. Brookfield	470
For Auditor	
C Osgood Morse of Newburyport	548
Charles Endicott of Canton	470
For Attorney General	
Waldo Colburn of Dedham	547
Charles R Train of Boston	470
For Councillor for the 6th District	
William A Stone of Woburn	547
George O Brastow of Somerville	461
For County Commissioner	
William Winn of Burlington	543
Daniel G Walton of Wakefield	460
Scattering	2
For Register of Deeds	
Charles B Stevens of Cambridge	1018
For County Treasurer	
Amos Stone of Everett	1015
For Register of Probate	
Fred F Greenhaldge	547
Joseph H Tyler of Winchester	470
For Senator 6th Middlesex District	
E H Walton of Wakefield	548
B T Batcheller of Lexington	463
Scattering	1
For Representative 22d Middlesex District	
John Cummings	524
John I Munroe	508
William Woodberry	1

THOSE BY-LAWS.—The amended By-Laws presented to the Court for approval last August were signed by Judge Brigham on Wednesday of last week. On receiving them, our Selectmen sought an interview with the Judge and asked him to instruct them how the "Inspectors" should be appointed. He then examined the By-Laws more carefully, and disapproved of them, and wrote with his own hand the paragraph which appears over his signature. Below we give the entire correspondence.

At a legal meeting of the Town of Woburn, held April 21st and 23d, 1873, it was voted that the By Laws passed by the town of Woburn, April 7th, 1873, be amended as follows:

Article 4th, Section 10th. Voted to strike out the words, "one or more."

It was also voted to add a new article.

Article 13th, Section 1st. INSPECTORS OF ELECTIONS.—Sec. 1st. Before the opening of the polls on any town election, four or more persons (allowing two representatives to each political party or ticket represented) who are not candidates for any office at the election in question, shall be appointed, whose duty it shall be with the Moderator and Town Clerk, to receive, sort and count the votes.

Sec. 2d.—The Selectmen shall have charge of the voting lists as heretofore.

The above is a true copy, and is respectfully submitted to the Court for approval as ordered by the town in meeting assembled.

Aug. 1, 1873.

M. S. SEELEY, Town Clerk.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, October 29th, 1873.

Approved,

LINCOLN F. BRIGHAM,
Chief Justice of Superior Court.

Copy, Attest

EDWIN A. WADLEIGH,
Assist. Clerk.

November 4, 1873.

My attention having been called for the second time to the By Laws foregoing, and to the failure of the First Article to making any provision as to the mode of appointing inspectors, as well as the repugnancy of the By Laws to the General Laws, I now disapprove of the said By Laws. LINCOLN F. BRIGHAM,
C. J. Superior Court.

CHURCHILL'S READING.—That prince of good readers, Prof. J. W. Churchill, was warmly welcomed by a very fair audience on Friday evening the 31st inst It was the opening entertainment of the series given by Messrs. Parker and Thompson. Mr. Thompson in introducing Prof. Churchill stated that the lecture of Rev. Mr. Murray would be given Dec. 8th instead of the 10th as previously announced.

The selections rendered consisted of "The story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton," Pickwick Papers; a sketch of the life of Paul Dombey, from "Dombey and Son;" Mark Twain's experience with French Guides; "Vagabonds," J. T. Trowbridge; "Barney O'Reardon, the Irish Navagator," Lover: and "The Bloomsbury Christening," by Dickens. From first to last the attention of the audience was enchained with the Professor's wonderful power of mimicry, facial expression and pantomimic gesture. It was a programme of unusual merit and we never heard this artist read as well as upon this occasion. His position at the head of all professional readers is unquestioned, and the mention of his name always awakens the pleasantest recollections in the minds of those who have been fortunate enough to hear him.

PERSONAL.—Mr. C. H. Morse, the organist, has been engaged to play the organ at the Tremont Temple, and enters on his duties to-morrow. He is engaged as pianist by the Tremont Musical Association, and plays the organ at the South End Course of Lectures, at Rev. J. F. Clarke's church. His course of concerts will continue as advertised.

PRESENTATION.—Monday evening, some friends of George D. Bancroft visited his house, and presented him with the elegant chromos, "Home sweet Home," and "The Old Oaken Bucket." George H. Conn, Esq. was the spokesman, and Mr. Bancroft replied. The company had a good supper and spent a pleasant evening.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—Lyceum Hall was the scene of the Democratic caucus on Monday evening of this week. About 7.45, John I. Monroe called the meeting to order and read the call under which it had assembled. Mr. A. E. Thompson was chosen chairman and Mr. Peter Sexton secretary. Messrs. W. M. Miller, P. Claffey and Geo. Thompson were selected as a committee to receive, sort and count the votes and the ballot for a candidate for representative proceeded. During the count Mr. T. H. Hill presented the same resolutions as he presented at the Senatorial convention and they were adopted. Messrs. A. E. Thompson, P. Keaney, B. Sherburn, T. H. Hill and Mark Allen were chosen town committee for the ensuing year. Vote distributors and a rallying committee were appointed.

The result of the ballot was as follows:

Whole Number	184
J. J. Munroe,	172
J. P. Crane,	12

The nomination of Mr. Munroe was made unanimous and cheers were given for the nominee, who came forward and said:

I hardly know how to account for this generous action. I was comparatively unknown. My voice had never been heard but once and then about one year ago, when I accepted your verdict and endeavored to vitalize it with success at the polls. The principles I espoused then I thought to be just. I simply did my duty. To-day the lot has fallen upon me to be your representative nominee at the polls. The position was not sought by me directly or indirectly. I had no particular claim to recommend me, no special fitness or ability. In consequence of your generous support, I shall accept the candidacy. I thank you for your generous expression of confidence and if success perches upon your banners, I hope I may not prove unworthy of the confidence reposed. When I entered the campaign I did it without hopes of emolument or political preferment. I believed in the main what the campaign speakers told you. Subsequent events have confirmed what they said. Therefore I have no apologies to make for my position. I am aware of the difficulties that will be thrown in your way to-morrow. Your opponents will use the meanest arguments to prevent you from succeeding. If they have nothing but prejudice for an argument they are welcome to their victory. The resolutions which have been read were drawn up by myself and I need hardly say that they express my position. Thanking you again for the honor, and hoping for your success. I cannot hope other than this—I bid you good night.

GRAND CONCERT.—The concert of the Parker & Thompson course, Wednesday evening was a great delight to all who heard it. It was given by the Beethoven Quintette Club which consists of Wulf Fries, violincellist, C. N. Allen and H. Hiendel, violinists, J. C. Mullaly, viola, and W. Reitzel, viola and flute, with Miss Mary D. Wyman vocalist. The programme opened with overture "Bandit's Frolic" by the Club. Miss Wyman sang the waltz song, "L'Estasi." She was in excellent voice, and sang in a manner which at once captivated her auditors. As she concluded, a magnificent boquet was thrown at her feet. The Club followed with a scherzando and adagio from a quintette in B major by Mendelssohn. Mr. Reitzel gave a flute solo, fantasie from "Rigoletto," in which he exhibited his wonderful powers of execution for which he has such a reputation. Miss Wyman sang "I love my love," and responded to a hearty encore with "Comin' thro' the rye." Another floral tribute was bestowed upon her as she left the stage. Mr. Fries and Mr. Allen gave a duett, variations on a Swiss air. During its performance Mr. Fries gave an excellent imitation of the vox humana. The Club then played "Traumerei." Miss Wyman sang "Forever." Mr. Allen and Mr. Heindel played the "Styrian Landler" obligato for two violins, and the concert closed with selection from Lucretia Borgia by the Club. The playing of the club is superior to anything we ever heard. Not only is each one an artist, but taken together they have been drilled so faithfully that were it possible for one man to handle all the instruments there could not be greater unity of tone. The music was the very best, and the audience appreciated it. The concert was a rare treat, and our citizens are under obligations to the enterprising managers of the course.

The next entertainment will be the "Cruise of the Cobweb," in which music and laughter will go hand in hand. Remember next Wednesday evening.

SENATORIAL.—The vote in the Second Middlesex Senatorial District was as follows:—

	Copeland, R.	Banks, Ind.
Arlington,	96	264
Belmont,	52	91
Everett,	101	103
Malden,	314	594
Medford,	169	398
Somerville,	522	546
Waltham,	139	869
Watertown,	188	317
Total,	1572	3182

Banks plurality, 1610.

In the Sixth, Mr. Batcheller's plurality was 272. The full vote was as follows:—

	B. T. Batcheller, Lexington.	E. H. Walton, Wakefield.	Scattering
Bedford,	66	54	
Billerica,	157	19	
Burlington,	26	59	
Lexington,	167	184	
Melrose,	160	146	
No. Reading,	52	17	
Reading,	178	48	2
Stoneham,	201	199	
Tewksbury,	71	29	
Wakefield,	296	273	
Wilmington,	23	13	
Winchester,	115	114	
Woburn,	463	548	1
	1975	1703	3

VOTED OFF.—It was suggested at Town Meeting while voting on the Jury List was progressing that the voters might not understand what they were doing. This was indignantly denied. Be that as it may, on Wednesday evening a man was ordered to move on by the police, and he demurred, saying, "Ah, Jan Dyle! Didn't we vote yees aff the Police List yesterday?"

ST. NICHOLAS.—We neglected to say in our notice last week that the *St Nicholas* magazine was for sale at Adkins's where you may always get any of the periodicals of the day.

BLOW UP.—While firing a double barrel gun at some doves on Monday, C. C Hart narrowly escaped injury. The gun exploded, blowing fragments of it into the wood work of the freight depot.

FOREMAN.—L. W Perham Hose Co. chose K. C. McWain foreman, on Monday in place of W. S. Fifield who has removed from town. John Godfrey is assistant foreman.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—The *Public Spirit* newspaper at Ayer Junction is enlarged and improved. Bro Turner turns out the best looking paper in that section.

THE DOHERTY HOMICIDE.

The coroner's Jury continued their examination of witnesses through last Friday afternoon and evening. Hugh Doherty, the oldest son of the murdered man was taken into custody, and on Saturday was taken before Justice Converse on the charge of being concerned in the death of his father. He pleaded not guilty, and as the witnesses were before the coroner, his case was continued to Thursday, at 11 A M. He was committed to jail at East Cambridge, Saturday evening. The coroner's jury continued in session through Saturday and Monday, and closed with a visit late Monday afternoon, to the residence of the Doherty's, and took the testimony of the wife of the murdered man. She was in bed, but with the aid of her son, gave her version of the affair. Returning to the room where the inquest was held, the jury voted to adjourn till Monday at nine A M, when a verdict will probably be rendered.

Doherty was brought before Justice Converse on Thursday. His position was explained to him, and he was asked if he desired an examination, or wished to waive it, and have his case go directly before the Grand Jury. He finally decided to have an examination. He wished for time to see counsel and get witnesses; the government also wanted time. It was finally agreed to continue the case until Thursday, the 13th, at 11 A M. Doherty was then remanded to jail.

RUMFORD ASSOCIATION.—This association which has established a free reading room in one of the vestries of the First Church, met on Tuesday evening, for a formal opening of their room. There was a goodly number present. Rev Mr Kelsey explained the objects of the movement and offered prayer. Addresses were made by D D Hart, Esq, and Hon J G Pollard. Dr Lang's Quintette Club gave some nice instrumental music. A and E E Thompson, the Misses Thompson and Mrs Dow, favored the company with a song. The room is nicely fitted up with an extension table, two side tables and arm-chairs, and is supplied with daily and weekly papers, and affords a place for our young men to spend an evening, which has long been needed. Every one is invited. If successful, it is not improbable that a building will be erected in the church yard, next to the school house, especially adapted to the purposes of a reading room and debating hall.

PLEASANT SURPRISE.—On the evening of the 1st inst, Mr George Kimball, some time teacher of the East Woburn Grammar School, and lately returned from a journey to Washington, was surprised by the visit of about 40 of his scholars, who assembled at his residence to welcome him home. Together with a generous supply of refreshments for the evening's enjoyment, they brought as a gift to him a beautiful chromo, entitled a "scene in the Scottish Highlands." The evening was spent in cheerful gayety, and at 10 o'clock the children returned to their homes well content with the pleasures of the occasion, and with an increase of that kindness and respect for one who has proved himself their earnest friend as well as teacher.

I. O. G. T.—The following officers of Woburn Lodge No 106, Good Templars, were installed Monday evening:—

John Pascoe, W C
Susie Gillespie, W V
Fred W Vye, Sec
John F Marsh, F S
James W Vye, T
James Graydon, Chaplain
Loammi Kimball, W M
P M Laighton, R H S
Lizzie Gillespie, L H S
Abbie Saunders, A S
——Munroe, W A M
Addie Stickney, I S
Lewis B Kingsbury, O G

GOOD HORSE.—A few mornings since, W H Foster's horse was standing nearly in front of the *Advertiser* office, when the high wind blew down a coal hod in front of Thompson's. The clatter started the horse, who ran into Church Avenue, but upon being shouted to by his owner, quickly stopped.

Thursday the same horse was being driven up New Boston street, when the wagon struck a stone and the animal slipped out of the harness, but as before immediately stopped when ordered.

FOUNTAIN.—An elegant bronze fountain adorns the grounds of Capt. Timothy Winn. It consists of an ornamental standard supporting an ample basin, from which springs a pedestal surrounded by four dolphins, and surmounted by a cupid, and terminating with the fountain jet. The structure is about eight feet high. The water falls into a cement reservoir surrounded by an imitation freestone curb. This is the first fountain in town, and the example set by Capt. Winn we trust will be followed by many.

BREAK DOWN.—M W Thompson, photographic artist arrived at the Watering Station, from Down East, with his four-wheeled saloon on Wednesday last. While drawing it from there to its proposed location on Main street, owing to the carelessness of the driver, an axle was broken.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—Those who are fond of readings, recitations and music, both vocal and instrumental will remember that an entertainment will be given by the above society in the Unitarian vestry, Tuesday evening, Nov 11th. The admission fee is only a dime.

SELECTMEN.—Meeting Thursday evening. All present, Petition of F W Ellis for street lights in Cummingsville, referred to Supt of Street Lights, with authority to locate the same. Monthly bills approved.

MORE PIPES.—Richardson, Ash and Buck streets are being piped. Salem St will soon receive similar attention, as the Lowell R R wants Horn Pond water at the Watering Station before cold weather.

FRACTURE.—Stephen Ferrin, while engaged in a friendly scuffle last Saturday evening, dislocated and fractured a thumb.

FAIR.—The Boston Young Women's Christian Association are about holding a fair. Several of our benevolent ladies are interested in it, and we make the following extract from their circular:

A very important fair is to be held for ten days, in the Music Hall, from the 8th to the 18th of December. The object is one that should command the warmest interest of every woman. It is the cause of their sex. It is to raise money for building a "Home for Working Girls," on Warrenton street.

If the kind-hearted women of New England knew the privations and temptations, the sorrows, the wrongs and the sufferings of the working girls in Boston, they would never rest until these great wrongs are righted. Money and sympathy and loving help would be given freely.

We, who now ask your help, have learned their needs by a long experience, and we are trying to do something for them. We would gladly do much more, but we need your help. We have been working for many years in the Young Women's Association; but we cannot unfold to you the wants and trials of the working girls. The story never has been told nor ever can be, it is the story of lives of unrequited toil; of lives without a home and without a hope. We cannot tell you of the poor wages, the long hours of labor in the dreary work-rooms, the scanty food, the wretched lodgings, the insults, the neglects, the sickness and the sorrows which crush out the joy and darken the lives of these, our long-neglected sisters.

We are now building a "Home for Working Girls" in Warrenton street. Kind friends have given us the money to pay for the land, which has cost nearly twenty six thousand dollars. The building is going on rapidly, but we need eighty thousand dollars to pay for it.

The necessity of such a "Home" is pressing indeed. But only those who are engaged in the work can appreciate it fully. One part of the work is to assist transient persons who come to the city for work. We consider this as only incidental to our general objects and plans; but we have furnished board and lodgings for over two thousand young women who have applied to us.

The Home is intended to provide a cheap boarding house for a large number of girls. A number of rooms will also be kept for the class of transient persons above referred to. A free Employment Office will give aid and information to all who seek places. We cannot over estimate the value of this free and reliable employment office. During the past six months we have had over two thousand six hundred applications in this department. In the "Home" we intend to use certain rooms as Hospital rooms for the sick. Physicians will be provided without charge. Evening classes and a Training School will be free to all. The "Home" will be always open to working girls seeking advice or help.

We now ask you to give us your earnest, hearty help. Give to this great cause a woman's loving enthusiasm. Give us above all your earnest, pleading prayers. We are not beggars asking for charity, but in sweet Charity's name, we tell you that many of our sisters are sick, and suffering, and despairing, struggling on day after day in hopeless drudgery, eating the bitter bread of neglect and sorrow; and we offer to you the delightful privilege of stretching out to them warm, loving hands full of gentle benedictions.

Oh, mothers, look around upon the little ones by your bright firesides and pray that they may be spared such fiery trials of sorrow as our working girls pass through; and while you pray, thank God that he gives you the blessed opportunity to do something in his name for your poor, homeless sisters in the great city.

We need money, we need materials, we need goods of all kinds, we need articles of use and comfort and taste for the Fair.

If you cannot give much give a little, God's great ocean is made up of little raindrops. Give a raindrop, and if somewhat of self denial and sacrifice are mingled with your gifts and your efforts, you will never regret it. Will not you and your friends unite in combined systematic and very dilligent efforts to obtain from all your circle of neighbors and acquaintances the gifts of money and the articles for sale which are so much needed.

If the mothers and daughters of New England will take hold of this great work in earnest, it will be a very great success. We hope that every church, however feeble, will do something to be represented in it. It must be remembered that we are not asking help for city girls, but for the girls who leave the country and come to the city for work.

The cause appeals to every heart; it is the cause of Him who said, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

All inquiries by mail or otherwise, and all contributions can be sent to the "Boston Young Women's Association," No. 27 Beach Street, Boston.

BOSTON WATER.—A committee from the City Government of Boston were in Town again on Thursday, looking over the drainage area of Horn Pond. The party consisted of Pres John A Haven of the Boston Water Board, L R Cutter, Charles R McLean, Thomas J Geogan, Edward P Wilbur, William G Thatcher, Clerk J A Wiggin, Chief Engineer Davis, Assistants Tobey and Cunningham, Alderman Bigelow, Councilmen Edmunds, Pease and Adams and Superintendent Stanwood. Their surveyors have been knocking about here for the last two weeks, and Boston people will probably use more Horn Pond water next year than ever before. The committee brought their lunch with them and had a spread in the engine house of our water works.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse. Oct 31st. Thomas Lynch, Winchester, violation of Lord's Day, by keeping open shop, $10 and costs.—Nov 4, Henry T Lord, assault and battery on two sons of Thos M Fetridge, $1 and costs on each,—Nov 3, Chas Buckley, Daniel Cokely and John Mooney, drunk, $3 and costs each,—4th, James T Shea, truancy, continued on probation. Edward Houston, single drunk, 2d offence, 2 months House of Correction. 5th, Timothy Driscoll, illegal keeping intoxicating liquors, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance with sureties.—7th, Terrence McGowan, 2d drunk, $3 and costs.

RESERVOIR.—At the reservoir the work of lining goes bravely on. Mr Horne informs us that he expects to have 8 or 10 feet of water in the reservoir by Saturday night.

HOSE CO'S.—The engineers have voted that 15 men shall compose a hose company. No 1 has had 20, and No 5 has had 10; they are now equalized.

FARMER'S ALMANAC.—Horton has our most profound acknowledgments for a copy of the "tried and true" friend. He has more.

SNOW.—There was a slight spitting of snow, Thursday noon. No hurry about sleighs, however.

HOTEL.—Mr Jones is having the Central House painted and papered, and put in thorough repair, making it more attractive to visitors. Mr Hammond gives all a good welcome, and there is no need of Boston visitors bringing their lunch, unless they prefer it.

RUNAWAY.—B F Wyer's horse was frightened on Wednesday, while standing with the provision wagon, at a house on Franklin street. He ran through Park street to Main street, where he was secured. The provisions were distributed in the road.

FIGHT.—There was a big fight near Fowle street, Monday afternoon, and some of the bruisers got badly bruised. Some of the neighbors sent up for the police, but when they arrived the rioters had disappeared, and all was peace.

☞ Now is the time for picking Fall customers—they are just ripe, and advertisers should be careful to secure a good crop.

SALE.—E O Soles has bought the Roundy estate for $10,700.

CHANGE.—See change in time table of B & L R R.

Winchester.

SILVER WEDDING.—The silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Luther R. Symmes was observed by them on Saturday evening last by a social gathering of their relations and immediate neighbors. Had the fact of this anniversary coming at this time been generally known the spacious mansion house would not have contained the troops of friends of these our townspeople, who would have been on hand to remember and celebrate the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. S. endeavored to keep the matter free from publicity and it was only known to those whom they had especially invited, and then the ostensible object of the gathering was not made known. Notwithstanding this it leaked out to those invited and the house was well filled with those who came to congratulate the worthy couple on having reached this epoch in their wedded lives, and to wish them health and happiness in the future. The presents of silver ware were quite numerous and costly. These our friends are too well known and highly estimated to be neglected at such a time and the guests were glad to be able to bear testimony to the respect and esteem which they bear their hosts in their slight tokens of affection and love. The evening was very pleasantly passed in the interchange of friendly greetings and the recall of past scenes and recollections after which the company partook of a bountiful collation and retired at an early hour hoping to be permitted to unite in the golden wedding of these their relatives and friends in the distant future.

VISIT TO WINCHESTER.—A jovial and merry company, consisting of two score or more friends and acquaintances of Francis H. Nourse, purchasing agent of the Boston, Lowell and Nashua railroad company, visited him at his new and elegant home in Winchester last night, where a most agreeable evening was passed. The party boarded the regular 6 1-4 Boston train, and arriving at the cosy little Winchester station, made their way to the western part of the town, where the inmates, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Nellie Nourse, were found at home After a right hospitable welcome, the company divested themselves of outer garments, and entered at once into the spirit of the occasion, which proved a most hilarious one. Refreshments were served, followed by various entertainments, which continued till about eleven o'clock, when the company bade their hosts "good night," preparatory to taking the theatre train which arrived shortly after.—*Lowell Citizen, Oct. 30.*

SCHOOLS.—From the Biddeford *Daily Times* we learn that "the teachers of their High School with one of the School Committee visited the High School in Portland recently. They found the new principal, Mr. D. D. Patten (formerly Principal of our High School) evidently the "right man in the right place." The supervisors were fortunate in securing a head master of such experience and commanding presence. By aid of his able assistants the conduct of the 400 pupils was like clock work."

DIGGING AND BEGGING.—Rev. M. Metcalf will repeat by request to-morrow morning the sermon which he gave a short time since from the text "What shall I do. I cannot dig—to beg I am ashamed."

LECTURE.—Rev. E. E. Hale gave the third lecture of the course last Monday evening. Subject—"In His name." It was an old legend of the very darkest days of the dark history of the Poor Men of Lyons. There was at that period a sect whose principal leaders had been banished from Lyons because of their religious views, yet who had its adherents all around in secret, who always lent a ready hand and willing ear to the calls of the needy when appealed to "for the love of Christ and summoned in His name," and at the same time giving the sign of the Maltese cross. The principal characters in the story were John Waldo, a linen merchant of Lyons, his wife Gabrielle, son, and daughter Felicie. This daughter was the joy of the house, and the happiest creature that you ever saw. Everybody loved her. The mother was accustomed to give the daughter at a certain season of the year a preparation of herbs for the ostensible object of keeping the system in a proper condition. Unfortunately at this time instead of giving her a simple tonic she gave her a powerful poison. Antidotes were administered, and a physician summoned who partly relieved her of the agony but could not awaken her from the torpor into which the poison had thrown her. The young physician, finding his efforts futuile bethought of his Master who was one of the proscribed sect and had been banished some fifty miles away among the mountains. A messenger was despatched to him, and the history of his adventures and rough ride and the return of the Master were prominent topics in the story. The talismanic words and sign operated like a charm, and those who seemed dull and stupid when addressed were aroused to life and activity by the magic spell which they exerted.

We have not space to follow the entertaining story as it was so picturesquely told. The old physician arrived in time to save the beloved daughter, and through the influence which those words and sign, aroused even the Archbishop in the midst of solemn religious services in the Cathedral on Christmas Eve to a holy enthusiasm and induced him to contribute of the elixir of life in his archives which restored the damsel to her parents.

The moral of the story was that even now many a good act is done or deed of self sacrifice performed for the love of us, when asked in His name and for the good of our fellow creatures.

ROBBERY.—One evening last week the house now in process of erection by Geo. P. Brown, Esq., was forcibly entered and some ten or fifteen dollars worth of lead pipe and brass faucets stolen. The house of Varnum Lock was also entered and two copper boilers taken.

TOWN MEETING.—The town meeting opened last Monday afternoon at 2 1-2 o'clock. John T. Wilson, Esq., was chosen moderator.

The list of Jurors as prepared by the Selectmen was accepted after some erasures and additions.

The question of authorizing the Engineers of the Fire Department to sell the old hand engine elicited a good deal of discussion. It was proposed to build a house for it at an expense of $500 and locate in the north part of the town. The Engineers claimed that it was now of no use, was stored in a barn and the money which could be realized from its sale would be needed for another purpose upon the introduction of water into town. It was finally voted to refer the matter to the Selectmen to consider and report at the annual town meeting. Upon the call for a report from the Water Commissioners, Mr. Herrick made a statement, setting forth the position of affairs since the last town meeting, and giving reasons for the course which they had pursued in not reporting to the town after their conference with Woburn, as was desired. Upon this statement a long discussion ensued, in which many personalities were indulged in, the Woburn *Journal* was frequently quoted as publishing the propositions of the Woburn Commissioners, and other matter in conference before it should have been, and especially were the statements of its correspondent, "Vietor," alluded to by D. N. Skillings in no flattering manner. The discussion seemed to be interminable, but was cut short by the previous question and the report finally accepted.

The article in the warrant in reference to submitting the matter of damage to the estate of O. W. Gardner and daughter on Pleasant street to Referees was dismissed after a lengthy discussion by a very decided vote.

The report of the Selectmen laying out Brooks street as a townway was accepted.

This closed the town meeting which occupied the time until 5 o'clock.

STATE ELECTION.—The State Election passed off very quietly. The principal interest centered on representative. The strange anomaly was presented for the first time, we think, in our town of members of the Republican Town Committee working or voting for the Democratic candidate. The result of the vote for representative was for John T. Manny of Winchester, 170; John Schouler of Arlington, 57, giving the former a plurality of 113, and a sufficient number to overcome the plurality of John Schouler in Arlington and elect J. T. Manny, who is, we learn, a license man by a handsome vote. The vote for Governor was for Washburn 162; Gaston, 73, or a total of 235 votes, not more than half the number of voters. A spurious Republican ticket was circulated having the only change upon it, the name of Walton for Senator instead of Batcheller. A great many doubtless voted this ticket from want of proper information rather than any vicious intent, and it gave to Batcheller 115 votes and Walton 114. The republicans on the representative vote were perfectly demoralized as some one hundred of them must have voted the democratic ticket under the leadership of those representing the head of the party in town.

West Medford.

DEDICATION.—The Methodist chapel which has been lately finished, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Wednesday evening of this week. The programme was as follows: Organ voluntary, W F Haskell, organist; anthem, by the choir of the First M E Church, Medford; introductory declaration, Rev D Sherman, D D, Presiding Elder, Lynn District, N E Conf; reading of a hymn by Rev E L Jagger, Congregational Church, W Medford; invocation, Rev A E Winship, W Somerville; reading of Scripture lessons by Rev W E Huntington Roslindale and Rev Mr Winship; readng of hymn, Rev J M Usher, Universalist, W Medford; sermon, Rev Andrew McKeown, D D, Cambridge, from the text, Isaiah 28: 16; contribution, which amounted to $400; reading of a psalm, Rev J G Richardson, Baptist; presentation of the building by the Trustees; declaration by Dr Sherman; dedicatory prayer, Rev F J Wagner, Medford; anthem, doxology and benediction.

The house, the seating capacity of which is about 250 was filled, and the interior presented a remarkably pleasant appearance, with its neat and tasty altar, its softly tinted walls, and the floral ornaments provided for the occasion by John Duane of W Medford, and Dee & Doyle, Boston.

The building is 46x25, 15 1 2 feet post, with tower 45 feet high. It faces Bowers street, and is so arranged upon the lot, that a parsonage may be built upon one side and a church upon the other. Mr M W Mann was the builder, and he has produced a very nice and comfortable building. Rev J C Curry is the pastor, and the church membership, which commenced in 1872 with only seven members now numbers 17. The contributions received Wednesday evening, make the whole amount raised $4700. The total debt was $9000.

Lexington.

MASONIC.—The annual meeting of the Simon W Robinson Lodge, F & A M, was held Monday evening, Nov 3d. Annual election of officers chosen:

A E Scott, W M.
Josiah Bryant, S W.
L G Babcock, J W.
B C Whitcher, Treas.
George E Muzzey, Secretary.

and the following appointed:

C C Goodwin, S D,
G D Harrington, J D,
W E Russell, Marshal,
A L Ball, S S,
E S Locke, J S,
C K Tucker, I S,
S W Hendley, Tyler.

TOWN MEETING AND ELECTION.—The election arrived without much public announcement, although the result showed in some instances that much work had been done in a very quiet way. The polls were opened at one o'clock, P. M., and kept open until 4:30 P. M. Scratching appeared to be the order of the day. Christ and in His name. Now as then they cannot fail to appeal to our hearts and summon us to do what is required of

Split tickets abounded and the individual voter must needs be careful or vote a different ticket than he intended. The chief excitement of the day centred in the choice of Representative. Party lines seemed to be invisible lines, for they certainly kept no one within their bounds. The result of the vote was as follows:

Governor.	
Washburn (Rep)	190
Gaston (Dem)	173
Representative	
Blinn (Dem)	234
Saville (Rep)	128
Senator	
Walton, E H (Dem)	184
Batcheller (Rep)	167
County Commissioner	
Winn (Dem)	202
Walton, D G (Rep)	163

At 3.30 P M the town meeting assembled and under Art 1 chose James Gould moderator.

Art 2 —Accepted the report of the Selectmen relative to re locating or laying out Bow street, and instructed the Selectmen to carry out the recommendations embraced in the report.

Art 3 —A committee of three, Messrs Charles Hudson, M H Merriam and R W Reed was appointed to take into consideration the matter of a Centennial celebration of the Battle of Lexington, and it was further voted that the rents of the Town Hall Building for one year be set aside as a fund for this purpose.

Art 4 —The report of the Selectmen relative to draining the meadows was read and after some discussion the whole subject was postponed until the April meeting.

Art 5 —Report of the Committee on introducing gas into the Town House was laid on the table.

Art 6 —Subject of guide boards and street signs, indefinitely postponed.

Art 7 —To see if the Town will build a new engine house in the East Village for the safe keeping of the Adams engine, and for the convenience of the company; and also to furnish room for a suitable lockup. This article brought out a variety of motions, some for referring to Engineers, others for referring to Committee on Fire Department. A motion was made at last, and prevailed by which two names were added to the said Committee and the committee as increased ordered to investigate as to the requirements of the question, and if necessary prepare plans and estimates, and report at the March meeting, The former committee were M H Merriam, J B Fowle, E W Bettinson. The names of George W Robinson and Henry A Wellington were added.

Art 8 —Dr. Holmes made a report for the committee on Vine Brook and the same was accepted and the committee instructed to protect the town in any attempts to seize its property.

Arlington.

TOWN WEIGHER.—Colon S Ober has been appointed Town Weigher, *vice* John F Allen resigned.

CHOWDER.—The Wm Penn's sat down to a chowder at their house Wednesday evening, and all reports agree that the occasion was a good one.

ACCIDENT.—As a party of children were returning from school on Tuesday afternoon this week, a horse and carriage belonging to Mr Albert Griffiths, and driven by a careless driver at a rapid rate, run over a boy 8 years old, son of Mr Joseph Sinclair. the horse's shoe cutting a severe gash in the boy's leg, also bruising two of his fingers and his head

NEEDLESS.—An alarm of fire was raised last Monday that proved to be a small affair. A messenger brought the news to the foreman of the Highland Hose Co, and that gentleman with some of the members, repaired to the spot near the railroad, where they found a pile of old sleepers in flames. A few bucketsful of water extinguished the fire.

TOWN MEETING.—The town meeting for town business which was to be held last Tuesday, was adjourned until next Tuesday evening, the 11th inst, at seven o'clock. The time was made early as there is a large amount of business on hand, and it is hoped there will be a full attendance as there are some very important articles in the warrant to be brought up, which every tax payer should vote upon.

WHAT NEXT?—Lowell street has become famous for its second crops. We first noticed a great second crop of strawberries, then a second crop of raspberries, and a pear tree in full blossom, and we could not help noticing neighbor Childs, although the cold weather has set in, mowing his third crop of rowen by moon light. Probably he will make it by moonlight, since he has gone to so much trouble. We hope it will not be frozen before he gets it in.

☞ The vote of the town upon the State election was

Washburn 243		Gaston	129
For Councillor			
Brastow, (Republican)			202
W A Stone (Democrat)			148
For Senator			
Gen N P Banks (Independent)			264
G W Copeland (Republican)			96
For Representative 6th Middlesex District			
Hon John Schouler Arlington (Rep)			230
J T Manny, Winchester (Dem)			149

LECTURE.—The fifth lecture of the Arlington Course was given on Monday evening by Prof. L. T. Townsend on "Men and Women in and out of Place." The large audience testified their appreciation by repeated applause. The lecture was a real gem in thought and delivery and the general feeling was that the distinguished speaker was "in his place" as a lecturer.

On Monday evening next the Rev. W. F. Mallilieu of Boston will give the sixth lecture of the Course. Owing to the sickness of Mr. Trafton there have been some changes in the programme. Mr. Mallilieu is an eloquent speaker, and has achieved fine success as a lecturer in the Bay State Course, and in nearly all the large towns of the State, and will give general satisfaction in Arlington. Let the citizens give him a full house.

INJUNCTION SUSTAINED.—In the Supreme Court at Cambridge Oct. 31st, before Judge Colt, the case of Warren Rawson et als, vs J. W. Pierce, et als was decided. This was an application for a writ of prohibition to restrain the Selectmen and Town of Arlington from entering the lands of the petitioners for the purpose of removing trees, fences, &c., and from widening and altering Warren street, a highway in that town. A temporary prohibition which had been heretofore granted, was upon hearing made perpetual, and respondents were forever prohibited and enjoined from entering the lands of petitioners and from constructing, widening or altering said street, on the ground that the street was a county road, and the selectmen and the town had no jurisdiction over the same to do the acts complained of. Judge H. J. Wells appeared for petitioners.

COURT.—Justice Carter reports a clean docket for the past week.

THE AVENUE.—This matter is on the move again. It will be remembered that J W Pierce and 13 others petitioned for a relocation of Arlington Avenue, and that at the hearing in the Selectmen's room, the remonstrants were present in a body, and offered two points upon which they asked the Commissioners to set aside the petition. One was that the printed notice in the *Advocate* was not an exact copy of the original petition, and the other was, that the petition was drawn up while the matter was pending in the courts. The Commissioners overruled the former, but allowed the latter, and set aside the petition. J W Pierce and 26 others have now petitioned for the same thing again, and the Commissioners will meet in the Selectmen's room, Dec. 3d, at 12 M, to hear the question fairly discussed.

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.—The annual re-union of the Cotting High School Alumni Association was held at the town hall, Thursday evening, Oct 30th, commencing at 7:30. Professor C O Thompson of Worcester, formerly principal of the High School, delivered an oration on the right of the State to maintain schools, at the public expense, and Miss E J Locke of Arlington, read a poem. The settees were then removed and a promenade concert and dance followed. The music was furnished by Edmands Band of Boston, five pieces. There was a very large company present, consisting of the alumni and their invited friends, and a pleasant and sociable time was enjoyed. The assembly dispersed about 2 o'clock, Friday morning, wishing many happy returns of the occasion, and closing with the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

GOOD FAITH.— We understand that for several years, the Republicans of Arlington, and Winchester, comprising the 6th Middlesex Representative District, have had a mutual understanding that each town should nominate a candidate for Representative each alternate year, and the other town would support the nomination. Three years ago, we are informed, the nomination belonged to Arlington, but by some kind of a bargain on the part of its town committee (which was not entirely satisfactory to the citizens), made with Winchester, the nomination was given to the latter town, for two successive years, with the agreement that they would support the nominee of the Republicans of Arlington for the succeeding two years. Last year Winchester "felt bound" to vote for the Arlington nominee regardless of any other consideration, although the latter town did not support the nomination. This year Arlington made the nomination, and gave the nominee 81 majority, while the figures show that something like 100 Republicans in Winchester voted against their candidate, thus electing a Democrat and defeating again the wishes of a majority of the voters in Arlington. We suspect, however, that the former is not entirely to blame for this, but that a certain secret influence in Arlington, has worked upon and prejudiced the Republicans in that town. It is apparent that statements were made to them which were not warranted by the facts. It is a little singular, however, that that town should consider itself so firmly bound to act in good faith one year, and the next release itself from all obligations to party or past agreements. It is to be hoped in the future some arrangements can be made, whereby all the Republicans in the district can act together in good faith.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

WILLIAM B. WASHBURN,

GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF

Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

With the advice and consent of the Counsel, THURSDAY, the 27th day of November next, is hereby designated for observance by the people of this Commonwealth as a day of Thanksgiving to God, the Creator and Preserver, for the favor shown unto us during the year. This public and united recognition and acknowledgment of human dependence upon Infinite Power is such a proper and dutiful act that we ought to be grateful for the adoption by the nation of a custom established by the earliest settlers of our Massachusetts Colonies. As we gather in our homes and our places of worship on the day appointed, let us specially remember with humble and hearty thanks—

That we have been given another year of opportunity for doing good, and that such a large degree of health has generally prevailed among our citizens;

That most of our industries have prospered, that our storehouses are filled with an abundant harvest, and that we have suffered so little from the great fire in our chief city;

That broader and more systematic efforts than heretofore have been made to raise the fallen, comfort the distressed, succor the unfortunate, and rescue those who are pursuing careers of vice and crime.

That our country abides in the love of peace and concord, that there is a lively disposition among our people towards the reform of abuses, and that they manifest an enlarged purpose to secure the proper discharge of official trusts.

And as we offer up our thanksgivings, and petition that the stroke of financial disaster may fall lightly upon our heads, let us not forget to give tangible evidence that we remember the suffering and the needy, whose numbers are not likely to decrease during the winter near at hand. Let us cultivate that beneficent spirit which has its origin in the fountain of all good, and promote Christian fellowship by ministering to those of our neighbors on whom the burdens of life lie heavily. With gratitude for the mercies of the past, let us seek wisdom from above to guide us in the future, that our feet may be kept in the paths of rectitude, and that our days may be a blessing to ourselves and those with whom we associate.

Given at the Counsel Chamber, in Boston, this fifteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the ninety-eighth.

WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

By his His Excellency, the Governor, with the advice of the Counsel,

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

☞ In the Governor's Council, Hon. Jonathan B. Winn in the 6th district retires and his place is filled by Hon. Geo. O. Brastow. Mr. Brastow has had a large experience in both branches of the Legislature, having served four years in the House, and five years in the Senate. He was President of the Senate in 1868, and also filled the chair after the resignation of Hon. Robert C. Pitman, June. 1869. He was elected the first Mayor of the new city of Somerville. Mr. Brastow's long familiarity with public affairs renders him a most useful member of the Executive Council.

DON'T STOP.—On one of the trains on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, the other evening, the conductor, evidently a new hand, informed the passengers that "none of these cars don't stop at no stations before Wilmington," and they didn't.

☞ Mr. Joshua B. Smith is again chosen to the Legislature from Cambridge. He is the only representative of the colored race that will be in the next House.

☞ The Lowell Railroad will be represented by two of its conductors in the next Legislature.

Married

In East Woburn, Oct. 29th, by Rev. J. W. Hamilton, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Boston, Mr. Josiah G. Mahew, of Woburn, and Miss Ella O. Mitchel, of Somerville.

In Woburn, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. W. Hambleton, Edmond R. Russell and Tiza L. Gifford, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Oct. 28, by Rev. John Quealy, Owen Gallagher and Mary Feeley.—Oct. 29, by the same, Thomas Dillon and Ellen Sullivan.—Oct. 30, by the same, John D. Graves and Sarah Feene Giroux; all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Nov. 1st, Eddie T., son of John and Susanna T. Murray, aged 13 years, 5 months.

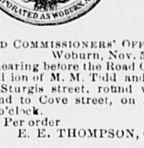
Special Notices.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MR. EDITOR:—As there was no opportunity to refer to the matter in the presence of the parishioners and friends gathered at my house last evening, I beg the use of the *Journal* to express my hearty acknowledgments to the unknown friends who recently, by the hands of the Parish Committee, presented me with a generous sum of money. This benefaction was most timely. The gift itself was helpful and highly appreciated, but the thoughtful and kindly spirit which prompted it, is held in higher esteem. This is one of the things which make a pastor happy in the present and hopeful for the future. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, Friday, Oct. 31, 1873.

ROAD HEARING.



ROAD COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.
Woburn, Nov. 5, 1873.

There will be a hearing before the Road Commissioners on the petition of M. M. Tidd and others for a street from Sturgis street, round westerly shore of Horn Pond to Cove street, on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

Per order
E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."—"The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

Harper's Weekly.

Splendidly Illustrated.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The *Weekly* is the ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical published in this country. Its editorials are scholarly and convincing, and carry much weight. Its illustrations of current events are full and fresh, and are prepared by our best designers. With a circulation of 150,000, the *Weekly* is read by at least half a million persons, and its influence as an organ of opinion is simply tremendous. The *Weekly* maintains a positive position, and expresses decided views on political and social problems.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1874.

TERMS:

HARPER'S WEEKLY, one year, . . . $4 00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. Postage by the publisher.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, $7 00: postage payable by the subscriber at the office where received.

An extra copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage payable by the subscribers at the office where received.

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for $7 00 each. A complete Set, comprising Seventeen Volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5.25 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser.

The postage on Harper's Weekly is 20 cents a year, which must be paid at the subcriber's post-office.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction."

Harper's Bazar.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The *Bazar* is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Bazar* commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for children's clothes, to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing gowns. But the reading matter of the *Bazar* is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1874.

TERMS:

HARPER'S BAZAR, one year, . . $4 00.

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Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10 00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year $7.00; postage payable by the subscriber at the office where received.

An extra copy of either the Magazine, Weekly or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or Six copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage payable by the subscribers at the offices where received.

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The Six volumes of Harper's Bazar, for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $7.00 each.

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Harper's Magazine.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The ever-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it as one of the educators as well as entertainers of the public mind, for its vast popularity has been won by no appeal to stupid prejudices or depraved tastes.—*Boston Globe.*

The character which this *Magazine* possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1874.

TERMS:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year,....$4 00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. Postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, $7 00; postage payable by the subscriber at the office where received.

An extra copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or Six Copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage payable by the subscribers at the offices where received.

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A complete set of Harper's Magazine, now comprising 47 volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2.25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, $3.00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.

The postage on Harper's Magazine is 24 cents a year, which must be paid at the subscriber's post office.

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Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

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Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.

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Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

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Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had at all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

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115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
143 Chambers St., New York.
43 Broad St., Boston. 157

Cemetery Lots For Sale.

The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of

P. L. CONVERSE,
M. F. WINN,
L. H. ALLEN,
L. L. WHITNEY, } Cemetery Committee.
149

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Weston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Winn of Burlington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 3d, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7‖, 8†, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4. P.M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11 30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12 15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45†* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 5.40 P.M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 5 45 P.M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 5.50 P.M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.00 P.M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5. 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 8.20‖ P.M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P.M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

Sacred Music Books.

THE STANDARD!

Still "waves," and true to its name, keeps well to the front of all books for CHOIRS, CONVENTIONS, and SINGING SCHOOLS. By L. O. EMERSON and H. R. PALMER, Price $1.50.

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This BEAUTIFUL SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK, is sold at $30 per hundred in B'ds; $25 per 100 in paper.

The above book sent, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 158
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FRANK FLINT,
Manufacturer of
SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES.
Special attention given to the manufacture of
FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS.
258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

Coke For Sale.

At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of

J. C. WHITCHER.

FOR SALE.

PARTRIDGE COCHIN FOWLS. For sale by GRANVILLE PARKS, North Woburn.

Sheriff's Sale!

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of December next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 174 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Thomas Connell, of said Woburn, had on the tenth day of July last, when the same was attached on mesne process or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in (East) Woburn, so called, in said County of Middlesex, on Thorn street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—on the west by land of the Town of Woburn 160 feet, northerly by land of Mary Connell and Michael Connell 116 feet, east by land of Dominick McTague 160 feet, and southerly by said Thorn street 116 feet.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, November 8th, 1873. 156

Prospectus for 1874.---7th Year.

THE ALDINE,

An Illustrated Monthly Journal, universally admitted to be the Handsomest Periodical in the World. A Representative and Champion of American Taste.

Not for Sale in Book or News Stores

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of *THE ALDINE* will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, *THE ALDINE* is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromos, besides!*

ART DEPARTMENT, 1874.

The illustrations of *THE ALDINE* have won a world-wide reputation, and in the art centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that its wood cuts are examples of the highest perfection ever attained. The common prejudice in favor of "steel plates," is rapidly yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood-cuts of *THE ALDINE* possess all the delicacy and elaborate finish of the most costly steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.

To fully realize the wonderful work which *THE ALDINE* is doing for the cause of art culture in America, it is only necessary to consider the cost to the people of any other decent representations of the productions of great painters.

In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy, and other noted American artists, *THE ALDINE* will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success and greatest general interest. Thus the subscriber to *THE ALDINE* will, at a trifling cost, enjoy in his own home, the pleasures and refining influences of true art.

The quarterly tinted plates for 1874, will be by Thos. Moran and J. D. Woodward.

The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain special designs appropriate to the season, by our best artists, and will surpass in attractions any of its predecessors.

PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to *THE ALDINE* for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures were painted in oil for the publishers of *THE ALDINE*, by Thomas Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East" and "The West." One is a view in The White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates and are in size (12x16) and appearance exact fac similes of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscribers of *THE ALDINE* was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful realization is attested by the following testimonial, over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.

NEWARK, N. J., *Sept. 20th*, 1873.

MESSRS. JAMES SUTTON & CO.

Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the proofs in color of your chromos. They are wonderfully successful representations by mechanical process of the original paintings.

Very respectfully,
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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, S. S.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Francis Wood, late of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco, and State of California, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a Petition has been presented to said Court by Amelia Wood, of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco and State of California, with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased, and of the Probate thereof in said State of California, duly authenticated, representing that at the time of his death said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, on which said will may operate, and praying that the copy of said will may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office, in said County of Middlesex, and letters testamentary thereon granted to her, the executrix therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said Amelia Wood is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation three weeks successively in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, the first publication to be thirty days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said, Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

148 J. H. TYLER, Register.

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Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

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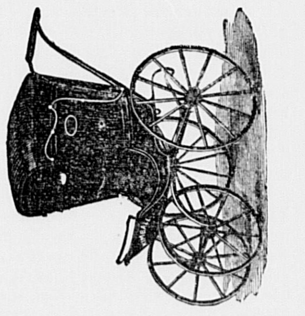

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PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

The Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch has an interesting account, written by "Aleph B. Gimmel," of his experience with a district telegraph box, which his wife had ordered put up during his absence from home. He says:

Mrs. Gimmel had fathomed its mysteries to the lowest depths, and she explained them to me—how to push a little white handle to the left, and pull out a ring, when a messenger would pop up out of the floor; thrust it to the left, give the ring a tug, and a policeman comes rattling down the chimney; jerk at the ring as if you wanted a shower bath, and the fire department would come locomotive speed for our domicile, supposed to be in flames. On the second day of the domestication of the latest modern convenience in our abode, my first born summoned four messengers. The inquisitive boy went supperless to bed on the eventful day. His mother paid the messengers, and economized by saving the child's evening meal. But the crowning triumph of the convenience was yet to come, and it came on a dark, rainy night. I was sleeping the sleep of innocence, when Mrs. G. aroused me with the old news that there were robbers trying to get into the house. Having received this information so often in the still watches of the night, I disregarded it and dozed on; but only to be jostled again by my wife, who was wrought up to a high degree of excitement. She insisted upon my hearkening. I hearkened. I did hear a noise of some kind and proposed to investigate.

"Oh, don't!" screamed Mrs. G. "you'll be killed! Think of Foster—Probst. I will save you, Gimmel. I'll save us both from the blood thirsty wretches."

She rushed to her telegraph box, and pushed and pulled. "Pshaw!" said she, "I've made a mistake;" and she pushed and pulled some more.

"Oh, dear," she cried pettishly, "I was right at first."

Then there was a noise in the back yard again. Then my wife tugged with might and main, screaming hysterically the while.

"Now you see, Aleph, what a jewel of a wife you've got. Our Latest Modern Convenience will save our lives, and the life of our perrecious cheyild."

Here there was a terrific ringing at our doorbell.

"Run down, Gimmel; it's the needed succor," said my wife.

I obeyed. But no sooner had I opened the door than a policeman grasped me.

"Ah, you are the burglar, are you? New dodge eh? Rigged up in a night shirt, with a candle in your hand. Cunning lady; but I am too old a bird to be caught with such chaff."

He shook my night garment as though it contained burglars in every stitch, and was about to drag me out of my own house, out into the rain, when three dripping, sturdy boys came trudging over the threshold followed by more hurrying men.

"We be the messengers, sir," bawled all in chorus.

"I brought a doctor," said the first, "he is coming up the steps."

"I brought a midwife," screamed the second.

"I want to know as to where I am to go," bellowed the third.

And while I stared in speechless wonder, a fifth lunatic came tearing up the steps with a metallic knapsack on his back, and a hose and pipe in his hand.

"Tell me—where's the fire?" said he. Then snuffing the air, he shouted: "I smell it here." And, bursting open the parlor door, played a stream of stale soda water on the piano from his knapsack.

The policeman began to regard me with speechless wonder, and would have demanded an explanation or an apology, had not more policemen arrived with handcuffs and revolvers. My neighbors to the right and left of me came in armed with bedposts, wrenched off in the hurry of alarm. Four men who dwelt across the street, came with shot guns, base ball clubs, billiard cues, and a feather duster. And to heighten the din, a steam fire engine came thundering up to the door, screeching like a locomotive with a bad cold; and close behind came the insurance patrol wagon, which vehicle no sooner came to a halt than two men leaped from it with a great roll of tarpaulin, with which they ran into the parlor and unrolled it over the sofas and centre table. Surrounded on every side, my house rendered a bedlam, I sought out the sergeant of the police, and humbly asked what it all meant.

"Why, you see, Mr. Gimmel," said he, "your district alarm struck so fiercely for police, messengers and fire, that in duty bound, we all came to see what could be done in the premises."

"My wife set the machine a going," I said, and then proceeded, in my airy wardrobe, to seek my spouse, whom I found leaning out of our back chamber window, intently regarding the yard. She was supported in flank and rear by my neighbors, armed with guns and bats and cues.

"I tell you the robbers are down there and I didn't ring for fire; at least I didn't intend to."

"Madam!" shouted a policeman at the back stoop, in a voice not to be contradicted, "there are no robbers here."

"But I heard them with my own ears," persisted my undaunted wife; "I heard them trying to climb up the tin water spout."

"That was it, was it?" asked the cerulean guardian of the peace.

"Yes, just," determinedly snapped out Mrs. G.

Loud and long and hearty laughed that policeman, and between his resonant guffaws, he gulped out:

"It was—ha, ha, ha, a—he, he, he!—a cat, ho, ho, ho,—a playing with—ha, ha ha, ha,—an empty tin tomatoe can—ha, ha,—which it are rolling around this here blessed yard for you all to see. Ha, ha, ha!"

My wife began to weep, the neighbors to laugh, the patrolmen to condemn their own eyes, the firemen to smell the bottle, and the three messengers to dance a triple jig in the hallway. Did I comfort my solitary wife? No; I left her to the tender mercies of the police sergeant, and consoled the crowd with the amber-colored contents of a decanter.

☞ Right principles will by no means suit wrong practices.

☞ A correspondent of the *Portfolio* sends the following:

Old Squire Gerrish of Newburyport is a genial soul who has a host of legal reminiscences. An intimate friend of Edward Everett, Webster and Rufus Choate and a law partner of Caleb Cushing, he had a rare opportunity of collecting anecdotes and details that are very interesting now. While connected with Cushing, a time came when those two Titans, Cushing and Choate were on opposite sides in an important suit. On the day when the case was called the court room was crowded. A battle between such men was a novelty, even in that epoch of brains. To the amazement of judge, jury and spectators both Cushing and Choate were somewhat anxious for a "continuance"—in other words, for a postponement of trial. As a usual thing both gentlemen were always anxious to force a case to trial, being in a state of "chronic preparation," as Webster once said in speaking of Choate. In going out of court," says Mr. Gerrish, I met Choate, and said, "How is it that you were ready for a continuance to-day? It is a little odd of you."

Choate replied, "Oh, I am a little pressed with business and can afford to let this case stand over."

Said I, "Choate, that is sheer nonsense. I'll tell you what the matter is. You are afraid of Cushing."

"So I am," was the reply, "and I'm not ashamed to own it either."

"Well, well," said I, "this is pretty good. The idea of Rufus Choate frightened. What on earth do you fear in Cushing.

"Mr. Gerrish, I will tell you. I am afraid of his overwhelming knowledge of the law."

In the afternoon, Cushing came into the office. I went for him at once. "Caleb, what was the matter to-day; why didn't you insist on trying that case?"

"Oh," he replied, "the weather is warm and we have much to attend to, and I didn't care to hurry matters."

"Now, Cushing, be honest, were you not a little afraid of Choate?"

"Well, Gerrish, to be candid about it, I was. Are you satisfied now?"

I then inquired what he feared Choate for. "Do you think," said I, "that he knows any more about law than you do?"

"No, sir, I don't," was the answer; "but I'm afraid of the rascal's infernal influence with a jury, right or wrong."

And there it was. The two men had been so often associated that each knew the other's strong points and felt timid.

PREMATURE LAST WORDS.—A writer in the Louisville *Courier Journal* tells the following amusing story of the rebellion:

A single shot, followed by a loud shriek, told us that one of my best men, Bradley was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back, and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near him.

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor, as he saw a liquid oozing out; "shot. I am afraid it's fatal."

And he commenced opening his coat.

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "I'm a dead man."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Capt. Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my mother and tell her that I died bravely, doing my duty, with my face to the foe, and that I thought of her when dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and a husky voice; "I will write to her and tell her, too."

But suddenly springing to his feet, with an indignant voice, said:

"Why, confound it, man, you're not hurt a bit. It's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it. Get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarous laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that, on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in one direction demanding:

"What shall I tell your mother!" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard: "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and hunt for the man that said it.

He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

CRESSWELL'S PET SCHEME.—In making up that portion of his annual report relative to the postal telegraph, the Postmaster General will embrace statistics on this subject, from every Government in Europe which has adopted the system; also observations of practical telegraphers and scientists who have thoroughly studied the subject. In Great Britain postal telegraphy has proved a decided success, The management of the wires by the Government, and the large reduction in charges for messages have done quite as much in a short time, to increase intercommunication by means of electricity, as cheap postage did to augment the mail service. During Septembsr last, the telegraphic despatches transmitted in England, Ireland and Scotland were 1000 per day more than in the same month of 1872. General Cresswell, believing that the adoption of postal telegraphy in this country will prove a great benefit to the people generally, has determined to make a strong effort to carry the matter through Congress next session.

☞ It is a pity that in proportion as a man grows wise he is forced to distrust his fellow beings, but so it is. If he has confidence in them he is pretty sure to be "sold." A man living in the outskirts of Portland had a fine garden of fruit, and likewise a large and resolute dog. He received a polite note from a neighbor lately, requesting to have the dog shut up at night as he was a great annoyance. The trusting man complied with the request, and the same night, his fruit trees were stripped.

☞ We all need to learn how to be idle gracefully upon occasion. We should do better work very often if we came to it fresher and brighter, with more verve and elan.

"HEN PECKED."—The city man who goes into the country to spend the summer must make up his mind to learn something of the routine of rural life. A New York man who is spending the hot weather season with a family on Pine street, was asked by the lady of the house if he would take a hen off the nest, as it wanted to set and she didn't want it to. "Certainly." said he, and immediately started out to the barn where the hens were kept, to crush out the maternal prospects of this particular one. He went straight to the nest to lift her off, and reached out his hand for that purpose, but immediately drew it back again, and tucked it under the other arm, and squeezed it a little, while he drew up his lips as if about to whistle something. Then he stood there and stared at the hen, and she lifted up her head, and stared back at him, winking her eyes with singular velocity. "Get off, won't you," said he after a pause. She made no response. He drew out his hand and looked at a red spot on one of the knuckles, and then put the knuckle in his mouth to cool it, looking all the while at the hen, and wondering how on earth she moved so quickly. The longer he eyed her the less inclined he felt to touch her, and finally he climbed up a post to a beam which ran over the nest, and working his way out on it till he got just above the hen, took off his hat and shook it at her, and advised her to git. But she only looked up at him, one eye at a time, and clucked ominously. He told her if she didn't leave he would come down there and kick her through the barn, but immediately gave up the blood thirsty design when he reflected that it was a dumb animal, and couldn't reason like a human being. Then he happened to think of his pants which were white linen, and rubbed his fingers on the beam to find them full of black dust, which led him to work his body around to look at the pants, and while making this very natural move, he suddenly slipped, made a plunge to renew his hold, shrieked for help, slipped again, and then came down on top of the hen and the nest, smashing them both to the floor, upsetting a barrel, and filling the air with dust, feathers, hen noises and shrieks. When the family reached the barn, the unfortunate man, looking something like a circus poster on legs, had got on his feet, and was turning around, and rubbing his head in an abstracted manner, and every time he turned, an omelette on white linen base came to view, while the hen stood up in the furtherest corner on one leg, with a look of mingled astonishment and reproach on her countenance. After five minutes of industrious application with a chip, the gentlemen was escorted into the house, where his head was bathed in spirits, and his comfort generally attended to,—*Danbury News*,

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INNOCENCE AND VIRTUE.—There is a wide difference between innocence and virtue. Innocence is feeble like an infant, virtue is stalwart like a giant. Innocence has never had a battle, virtue has had many a victory. Innocence is embryonic—it is like a fragile reed easily torn and blown away; virtue is like the gnarled oak, with the tempest in his limbs, but rooted in the right, wrestling with the storms, and still standing the stouter when they have swept by. Innocence is a gift; virtue an acheivement. Ever since Eden, virtue, in the place of innocence, is the destiny of man. It is easy to remain innocent if no assaults are made upon our passions. But it is quite impossible to acquire virtue without such assaults. How, for instance, can a man make an act of patience, who has never been crossed? How can a man make an act of trust, except he be smitten by bereavement or disaster? How can a man make an act of meekness toward his brother, except he be provoked by gainsaying; or of sweet humility toward his God, except he be plunged into those mortifications that stir pride? The virtues only grow strong through exercise and antagonism. When a question of destroying Carthage was debated in old Rome, Scipio Africanus counseled against the measure; for "though she was the implacable foe of the Roman Commonwealth, her arms," he urged, "would serve as a whetstone to Roman valor." If poor man had the adjusting of affairs, he would abolish and destroy all temptations. But the wise Father knows better, and leaves undestroyed that which seems harmful, overruling and wielding it on the other hand to the good of his creatures. Far from being despondent at temptations, the Christian should hail them as his glorious opportunity. He should shake off the deadly sin of sloth, and break through their ranks as they beset the hillside he is clambering, realizing that he shall grow stronger as he mounts. He should indeed "count it all joy when he falls into divers temptations."

☞ Professor Sedgwick was geologizing in a quarry near a high road in England, dressed in a rough suit for the purpose, and striking vigorous blows with his hammer upon the rock, when a travelling carriage coming up, stopped at the place, and a gentleman within beckoned to the professor to come up to the door, as he wanted to know the way to the residence of a nobleman in that locality. Professor Sedgwick, having answered this and various other questions put to him, very readily, the gentleman, pleased with what he deemed the intelligence and civility of the quarryman, offered him a shilling, which was received with thanks The carriage drove on, taking its occupant to the nobleman's house, where he was an invited guest. Soon after Prof. Sedgwick followed him, for he was staying there himself. At dinner, they happened to be seated near each other, and soon fell into conversation. After a while, the gentleman looking earnestly at Professor Sedgwick, observed:

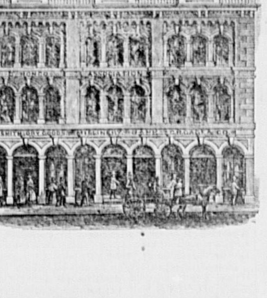
"I think I must have had the pleasure of seeing you before, and that not very long ago."

"Oh, yes;" was the reply, "you saw me this morning, and gave me a shilling for answering a whole string of questions and I was very much obliged to you for it."

☞ Some years ago, just as the Cunard steamer, *Scotia* was leaving Liverpool, a fussy little gentleman rushed up to Commodore Judkins, who was then in command of the vessel, and asked him if he thought the vessel would arrive in New York upon a certain day in time for him to catch the noon train for Philadelphia. The captain looked at him a moment in silence, and then taking out his watch, replied, "I fear, sir, we will be five minutes too late."

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,



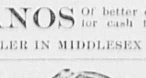
171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 24

THOMPSON & GARDINER
Civil and Mechanical Engineers,
—AND—
CONTRACTORS,
19 TREMONT ROW,
BOSTON, MASS.
S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 25
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DODGE'S
Piano Forte
ROOM,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,
WOBURN.
SOLE AGENT FOR
Mason & Hamlin
Cabinet Organs,
for Woburn and vicinity.
—ALSO—
First-class Pianos,
Piano Stools,
Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS For sale in every way to suit all customers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices
PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other
DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 26



DR. C. T. LANG'S
Dental Rooms,
135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,
Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

Geo. S. Dodge,
APOTHECARY,
No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."
"The invalid needs the best of everything."
In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices. 45

A. PRATT & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork,
Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.
Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,
Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts.. 102 BOSTON

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,
169 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,
PATRONIZE
FOSDICK & BUSS,
APOTHECARIES,
170 Main Street,
WOBURN.
A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand
Woburn Circulating Library.
New books added as soon as published. 53
GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS.

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS,
58
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock
Beef, Pork & Mutton
ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
Fruit and Game,
Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.
and everything usually found in a
Meat and Vegetable Market.
Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Steam Engines,
Boilers Snafting, Pulleys Mill Gears
And all kinds of Machine Work.
129 Main street, Woburn.
Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.
Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' supplies.
We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.
Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.
JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.
Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village,
is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding
Cornets, Altos, Basses,
or any other Band Instruments, which with
Violins, Guitars, Flutes,
all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of
J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 Court St., Boston.
(Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
CORDS, TASSELS, AND
FIXTURES.
IN LARGE VARIETY AT
HORTON'S
34
Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Aug. 4th, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Lowell 7||, 8†, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6. P. M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15† 9.45†* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 6.25 P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 6.27 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 6.37 P. M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.45 P. M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 6.50 8.20|| P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 7, 8.25|| P. M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.23, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28|| P. M.

Woburn Branch.
Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15|| P. M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
|| Wednesdays at 10 74

A. E. THOMPSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
Woolens and Small Wares,
West India Goods, Flour
AND GRAIN.
Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 WADE BLOCK,
A. E. THOMPSON,
E. H. NICHOLS. 75 WOBURN

J. E. Littlefield & Sons
DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
Coal and Wood,
Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.
SHINGLES,
Clapboards,
Laths, Pickets,
Conductors,
Caps and Irons,
Mouldings
for inside and outside finish.
TANNERS' and CURRIERS'
Yard & Hanging Sticks,
Doors, Windows and Blinds,
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.
RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.
LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA
AND
Franklin Coal,
Hard and Soft
WOOD.
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66
96 Main Street.

WARREN CUTLER,
JOB WAGON.
Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.
☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co. J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Fall and Winter Styles,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c
AT 46
J. W. HAMMOND'S.

BUEL & FLINT,
130 Main street, Woburn.
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,
AND DEALERS IN
Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29
GAS FIXTURES,
BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,
WATER PIPES
Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of
PLUMBING,
DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready fo the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82
J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED 1819. 83
CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871, $2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46
MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.
CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.
CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.
HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem.
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.
All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.
B. T. H. PORTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

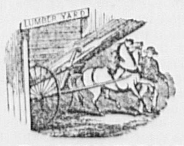
RAILROAD MARKET.
E. O. Soles,
Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88
RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.
ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS
ROUNDY'S CORNER.
WHERE HE OFFERS
Meat & Provisions
OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN
Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.
WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,
97 and 99 Main Street.
77 S. SIMONDS.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 7?
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.



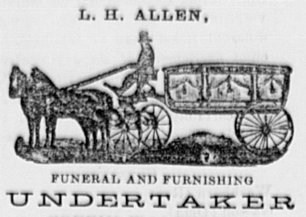
J. C. WHITCHER,
Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern
LUMBER,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,
All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.
Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.
Carpenter and Builder,
Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,
WOBURN. 76

F. J. Culbert,
PLUMBER.
No. 200 Main St., {In Store with C. M. STROUT.
WOBURN, MASS.
70
☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

CAYFORD & HALE,
CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,
OFFICE—Near the Depot,
ARLINGTON, MASS. 73

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

L. H. ALLEN,



FUNERAL AND FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main
WOBURN.
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.
Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,
FLORIST,
Greenhouse at Cummingsville.
WOBURN, - - MASS.
Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,
95
Supplied at Short Notice.
Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass.

M. ELLIS & CO.,
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS
AND CELLAR BUILDERS,
Park st. Rear of Baptist Church
Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,
WOBURN.
Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 96

Superior Printing
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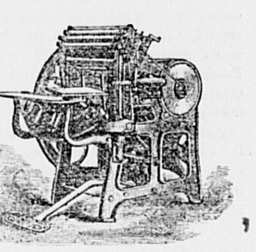

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W. H. FOSTER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
FURNITURE,
OF ALL KINDS,
No. 241 Main St., Woburn
Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION
BUYERS!
Stearns,
Brown,
& Co.,
Are now prepared to show the
Largest and Best
assortment of
CROCKERY
AND
GLASS WARE
ever displayed in
WOBURN,
at very
LOW PRICES
ALSO,
FLOUR,
Grain and Groceries,
STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,
216 Main Street,
WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63
WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. | WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873. | NO. 9.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 84 Proprietor

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. { Near Main Street.
☞Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
☞Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, } Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

HEADS, HEARTS AND HANDS.

Heads that think, and hearts that feel,
Hands that turn the busy wheel.
Make our life worth living here,
In this mundane hemisphere;
Heads to plan what hands shall do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through,
Thinking heat and toiling hand.
Are the masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring,
Until honest work has wrought
Into shape the sinker's thought;
Which will aid to civilize,
And make nations great and wise,
Lifting to a glory height
In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show
With their light the way to go;
Touch a tube of gas, and light
Blossoms like the stars of night;
Touch another tube, and lo!
Streams of crystal water flow;
Touch a Telegraphic wire,
And your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands;
Hands that dare to truth subscribe,
Hands that never touched a bribe;
Hearts that hate a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust;
Heads that plan for others' weal,
Heads poised over hearts that feel.

Selected.

An Uninvited Guest.

It was nearly three o'clock on a hot summer's day; the long polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers—money was flowing in and running out in the usual business-like manner.

From a raised desk in my private room, I, the manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure. The Royal Domestic Bank is not a long-established institution, and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of the manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed report of the directors, laid before the shareholders at their annual meeting, in which they are pleased to say—. But after all, perhaps I may be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.

A clerk put his head inside my door. "Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you."

"Send him in, Roberts," I said.

Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood; we had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine, perhaps, made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than its instrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stock holder, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and great good luck. At my request he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water Company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had, perhaps, a little uneasy feeling myself about those bonds, for they were not everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and moustache, bright eyes of bluish gray a nose tilted upwards, giving him a saucy, resolute air; he was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frock coats, a neat light duster over it, a blue, bird's eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold.

"Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office; sold 'em well too—to Billings Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought one at a discount."

"I'm very glad of it, Charlie," I said and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds and the directors' shrugs whenever they were mentioned.

"Hand 'em over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billings's check up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe and put my hands upon the bonds.

Charlie stood there looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I hadn't the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done, bring your customer here and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over. I should have said this to anybody else, but somehow I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' to risk, and surely it was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie went off like a shot.

It wanted seven minutes to three, and I sat watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowledge of all the rules of banking that I couldn't help feeling that I had done wrong. A few minutes, however, would set it right. Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just at a minute to three the cashier brought me three checks with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks for fifteen hundred—twelve hundred and three hundred odd respectively, and his balance was only five hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the cashier.

When he went out, I sat in my chair quite still for a few moments, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the checks in the confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing-house and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that if Mr. Thrapstow came he was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out and made way to his office, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Capel Court, perhaps—anywhere, he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half-hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a cab and went off to the office of Mr. Gedgemount, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gedgement, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bond voluntarily. No; I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankrupt of him, and then you can pursue him as having fraudulently carried off his assets."

But that advice was no good to me. I think I was wrong in taking it. I think I ought to have gone straight off to the police office, and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law, like Gedgemount, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, exceptin matters that bring grist in there own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face my directors with such a story as that I had to tell? The only excuse that I could urge of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us would make the matter only worse. Clearly, at the same time that I told the circumstances to the directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands, to be put into force if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but they would accept it. How damaging, too, the story would be to me, when I tried to obtain appointment.

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river, as soon as the bank closed, and the youngsters eargerly reminded me of the promise. I replied so savagely and sternly that the children made off in tears: my wife, coming to see what was the matter, fared little better. I must have had a sunstroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and eau de Cologne. I flung them away in a rage, and went out of the house. I must be doing something, I felt, and I hailed a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground floor of a small house in Ecclesford street, Pimlico, two rooms opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left me to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything, to try to find out his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney-piece, they were only circulars from tradesmen In the fireplace was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out on a newspaper. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder on which I saw the name of Isabel shining with metallic lustre. Then I went to the bedroom, and searched that. Here too, were preparations for flight; coats and other garments thrown hastily into cupboards, boxes turned out, an odd glove or two lying upon the dressing-table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the recepticles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness for others, in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the wash-stand was a card which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water; and near the upper end was a round irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph, whilst the face of the portrait had evidently been cut out, in order to place it in a locket or something similar.

It struck me at once that the photograph about which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble, must be of a person very dear to him; probably his sweetheart. Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved as to his own friends and associates, and I had no clue to guide me to any of them, except the photographer's card.

Re-entering my cab, I drove off to the photographer's. There was no number or distinguishing mark upon the card, and the chances seemed faint that he would be able to tell me anything about it. Indeed, at first, when the man found I wasn't a customer, he seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the matter. The promise of a fee, however, made him more reasonable, and he offered to let me see his books, that I might search for the name I wanted to find. It was unlikely that the photograph had been done for Thrapstow; if it had, there would probably appear in the books only the useless record of his address, already known to me. Then the man shook his head. If I didn't know the name, it was no use looking; the card was nothing he said; he sent hundreds out every month. What information could he possibly give? Then I tried to describe the personal appearance of Thrapstow. But again he shook his head. If he hadn't taken his likeness, he wouldn't be likely to remember him; hardly even then, so many people passed through his hands.

All this time he had been carelessly holding the card in his fingers, glancing at it now and then, and suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. "Stop a bit," he said, and went into his dark chamber, and presently emerged, smelling strongly of chemicals. "Look here," he said triumphantly. I looked and saw a very faint, ghostly impression of a photograph. "It's printed itself through," said the man; "they will sometimes—and I've brought it to the light. Yes, I know the original of that." Again he dived into a closet and brought out a negative with a number and label to it. Then he turned to his book and wrote down an address for me—Mrs. Maidmont, Larkspur Road, Notting Hill.

Away I went to Larkspur Road. Mrs. Maidmont's house was a small, comfortable residence, with bright windows, verandahs, gorgeous window-boxes, and striped sunblinds. Mrs. Maidmont was at home, said a very pretty-looking maid and I sent in my card with a message, "On most important business." The maid came back to say that her mistress did not recognize the name, but would I walk in? I was shown into a pretty drawing room on the first floor. An elderly lady rose to greet me with an old-fashioned courtesy, at the same time with a good deal of uneasy curiosity visible in her face. This was not the original of the photograph, who was a young and charming girl.

"Madam," I said rapidly, "I believe that my friend, Charles Thrapstow, is well known to you; now, it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain where he is at this moment.

"Stay!" said the old lady. "You are laboring under a mistake; I know nothing whatever of the gentleman whose name you mention; a name I never heard before."

"Was she deceiving me?" I did not think so.

"Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know," I said eagerly.

"Miss Maidmont is not likely to have formed any acquaintance without her mother's knowledge," said Mrs. Maidmont, with dignity." There seemed to be no alternative but for me to but retreat with apologies.

"I am very busy, you see," went on the old lady, with a wave of the hand; and indeed the room, now I looked about me, I saw to be strewed with preparations for some festive event, a ball perhaps, or from a wreath of orange blossoms that I saw peeping out of a milliner's box, more likely a wedding. I was about to take my departure reluctantly, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded into the room; she was the original of the photograph.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "here's a letter from poor Charlie to say he can't possibly be here to night! Isn't it provoking? And I want to consult him about so many thing."

"Well, my dear Isabel," said the old lady placidly, "you'll have enough of his company after to-morrow." From which I judged my surmise as to the wedding was correct, and that Charlie was the bridegroom-elect.

"By the way," she went on, "here's a gentleman, Isabel, whos insist that we know a Mr. Charles—I forget the name now."

"Thrapstow," I interjected.

"A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bella?"

"I know of no Mr. Charles but Charles Tempest," said Isabel.

"It is singular, too, that the initials of our friends should be the same. May I ask if you have given your portait, taken by Bluboro of Kensington"—

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Maidmont rising, and sounding the bell, "this is rather too much from a total stranger. We don't know your friend, and we don't know you. Susan, show this gentleman out."

"But a gentleman," I cried, "with blue eyes, and yellow beard and mustache, and turned-up nose."

"No more!" cried Mrs. Maidmont. "Am I to repeat once more, we know nothing about him?"

What could I do under these circumstances but take my leave? In Susan, however, I found an unexpected ally.

She had heard my parting words of description, and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said, 'Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that." Half a crown and a few blandishments, which under the circumstances I think even my worthy spouse would have pardoned, put me in possession of the facts.

Miss Maidmont was really going to be married to-morrow morning at St. Spikenard's Church to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good-looking young man, whom they had not known long, but who seemed to be very well off. My description of my friend tallied exactly with Susan's of the bridegroom, but the coincidence might be merely accidental.

"Had Miss Maidmont a photograph of her lover?" I asked.

She had, in her own room, it seemed. Susan couldn't get it now without suspicion; but she promised to secure it, and bring it with her if I would meet her at nine o'clock at the corner of the street.

I was punctual to my tryst; and at nine Susan made her appearance with a morocco case, containing an excellent likeness of my friend, Chas. Thrapstow, massive pin with a topaz in it, and all.

Now what was to be done? Should I go to Mrs. Maidmont and tell her how she was deceived in her daughter's lover? That would have been the best way adapted to spare feelings of the Maidmont's, but would it bring back the five thousand pounds? I thought not.

"Miss Maidmont," I soliloquized, "will find some way to warn her lover. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweet-heart, and no doubt she's over head and ears in love with Charlie." No; I determined on a different plan.

I rose early next morning, dressed myself with care, put on a pair of pale primrose gloves, donned my newest beaver, and took a cab to St. Spikenard's, Notting Hill.

The bells were jangling merrily as I alighted at the church door; a small crowd had already gathered on the pavement, drawn together by that keen foresight of excitement characteristic of the human species. "Friend of the bridegroom," I whispered to the verger, and I was forthwith shown into the vestry. The clergyman was there already, and shook hands with me in a vague sort of way.

"Not the bridegroom?" he said, in a mild, interrogative manner. I told him that I was only one of his friends, and we stood looking at each other in a comatose sort of way, till a little confusion at the vestry door broke the spell. "Here he comes," whispered some one; and the next moment there appeared in the vestry, looking pale and agitated, but very handsome, Mr. Chas. Thrapstow.

I had caught him by the arm and led him into a corner before he recognized who I was. When he saw me I thought he would have fainted. "Don't betray me," he whispered.

I held out my hand with a significant gesture.

"Five thousand pounds," I whispered in his ear.

"You shall have it in five minutes."

"Your minutes are long ones, Master Charlie," I said.

With trembling fingers he took out a pocket book, and handed me a role of notes.

"I meant it for you, Tom," he said. Perhaps he did, but we know the fate of good intentions.

It didn't take me long to count over those notes; there were exactly five thousand pounds.

"Now," said I, "Master Charlie, take yourself off."

"You promised," he urged, "not to betray me."

"No more I will, if you go."

"She's got ten thousand of her own," he whispered.

"Be off, or else—"

"No; I wont," said Charlie, making up his mind with a desperate effort; "I'll make a clean breast of it."

At that moment there was a bit of stir, and a general call for the bridegroom. The bride had just arrived, the people said. He pushed his way out to the carriage, and whispered a few word to Isabel, who fell back in a faint. There was a great fuss and bustle, and then some one came and said that there was an informality in the license, and that the wedding couldn't come off that day.

I didn't wait to see anything further, but posted off to the bank, and got there just as the board was assembling. I suppose some of the directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the board-room was old Venables grumbling out, "How about those Damacus bonds, Mr. Manager?" I rode rough-shod over old Venables, and tyrannized considerably over the board in general that day, but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwrecked I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his creditors, and made it up with Miss Maidmont. He had a tongue that would wind round anything, if you only give him time, and I wasn't much surprised at hearing that his wedding day was fixed. He hasn't sent me an invitation, and I don't suppose he will, and I certainly shall not thrust myself forward a second time as an unvited guest.

☞ The biggest "dinner," ever known in England was given by Sir William Lowther, when after the death of his father, Sir James, he stood for the shire of Cumberland, entertaining 3,650 gentlemen freeholders at dinner, at which were consumed 768 gallons of wine, 1,454 gallons of ale, and 5,814 bottles of punch.

OFFICIAL POLITENESS.—Politeness adorns the character of any man. It costs nothing to practice it, and yet, free as it is, many persons refuse to possess it. It should be the pleasure of every one to treat with common courtesy those who have personal or business relations with them. It should be exacted from our public officials as one of the duties of official life. A rude official should be driven from office. Insulting language to a well-behaved stranger who has business with a public official, should be good grounds for declaring the office vacant. It is a decided pleasure to do business with a polite official. Successful or otherwise in what you desired, you leave the office with a good opinion of the man. But to enter the presence of some public officers is like entering the den of a wild animal; you are on the guard continually, and fear that the harsh words and gathering frowns may be followed by an official order to tear you to pieces. You get out as soon as possible, and nothing but necessity can induce you to return. If you have collected an honest claim, you have been made to feel that you have plundered the Treasury; if you have protested against some official act, or submitted objections to certain decisions, you are in doubt whether you have performed the duty of an American citizen, or encroached upon the rights of some august monarch.

Public officials should understand that they are the servants of the people. Every tax-payer helps pay their salaries, and they have the right to demand polite treatment at all times. Too many officers forget the appointing power. They act as if they were in for life and owned everything under them, and had the right to crack the whip over their subordinates and over the heads of all who come in contact with them. This practice should be stopped; the people should demand courtesy from their servants, and if they fail to receive it, should drive the offenders from office, and put men in who can practice the common civilities of life.

BEGIN AT THE BOTTOM.—An eminent merchant, when quite young, and before he knew anything of the business, succeeded after many trials in finding a place where he had to do menial tasks for his board only. He was not like some young men, careful to earn no more than his pay, but disregarding all such considerations, he went to work and made himself generally useful to all—was up first in the morning, made fires, swept rooms, and did everything that the other young men shunned. At the end of the year he had rendered his services so valuable that he had good offers from other places—but no one could spare him. He was placed in a higher position, and in a few years became a partner in the business. But it must be distinctly observed that he was willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

NO MORE FOR SALE.—A man about forty years of age and a woman seemingly seventy years old, were at the Detroit and Milwaukee station yesterday, waiting for a train, when the man strolled out on the dock, and caught sight of one of the city life preservers hanging on its hook. He asked what it was, and a laborer told him, and then he asked:—"How long will it save a feller's life?" The man told him a hundred years, and the information staggered the stranger. Walking around a few minutes, as it meditating, he stepped to his informant and said:—"See here, stranger, I'll take one of them preservers, and it it wouldn't be asking too much of you, I'd like you to tell the old woman in the.e that you haven't another one for sale, and that the machine which made 'em has busted."

A LEARNED GROCER.—"Thirty-two cents!" echoed a woman yesterday, when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter. "Yes, 'um," he replied with a bland smile. "You see the grocer can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn out our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the Government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else, Butter is very paniery just now, but I think the worst is over." She paid the money without further growling.

THE UNDERLYING PURPOSE.—It is not the simple digging that makes a man honorable, but when he has underlying his digging an earnest and noble purpose. Not the simple muscular action, driving the plane or wielding the axe, but the design that prompts this activity. Not simply the great drops of sweat dripping down from the brow, and the soil and grime upon the hands and face, that we so much admire; but those good plans that have been worked out beneath that tired brow; such make a man a nobleman.

☞ Little Jenny T—— is five years old. Her uncle gave her a doll. Jenny cherished the doll with all a mother's care. The other day she was nursing it on her knees; she started suddenly, the doll fell, and the head was broken off. Jenny was overcome with grief at this misfortune, and looked aghast at the poor headless doll; then raising her eyes, said, with a sigh of resignation, "Another little angel in heaven."

A FRESH ITEM.—The Connecticut Valley Advertiser, having received a lengthy poem on "The Fall of Adam," says it is very sorry Adam fell, and trusts that he will yet recover from his injuries; but really for a fresh news item the poem will not be available for its columns.

☞ Mr. Smith is bound to have his joke. His wife walked nearly in front of a railroad train the other day, and he said that if she had gone a step farther his children would have had a stepmother.

☞ When a young lady gets a letter she carries it in her hand, but a couple of pounds of sausage she manages to squeeze into her pocket.

THE WILD HUNTER.

It is ten years ago (said Mr. Belden) and at that time the country back from the Missouri was not much settled. The fame of the Big Blue lands had spread far and wide, and every week scores of farmers from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri came in and settled on the rich bottoms, almost invariably writing back to their friends in the States that the land was one overflowing with milk and honey, and urging them to come and take up farms. So the settlement prospered amazingly and Beatrice, Neb., which had only been a town "on paper," became a thriving village in reality.

Among the farmers who came to settle in this new country was a Mr. Thompson and his family. They had formerly lived in Iowa, on the Big Sioux River, six miles from Sioux City; but not prospering there, sought to better their condition by moving to Nebraska, and selecting the Big Blue as the place of their future home. Mr. Thompson's family consisted of his wife, his daughter Mary, a sweet girl of sixteen, and an old man who had spent the best part of his life in the service of the family, and, now that he was old, was retained for the good he had done, and that he might have a home in his declining years. At one time Mr. T. had been well off in the world, but unfortunate speculations in Western lands had ruined him, and at the time of which I speak, he had little left beside a few horses, a wagon or two, and a dozen head of cattle.

Near to where Mr. Thompson had settled on the Blue, lived a wild young man who had won for himself the name of "the Wild Trapper of the Blue." He lived all alone on the headwaters of a little creek, and was rarely seen except when he came, once in every two or three months, to the traders to exchange his furs and skins for flour, tobacco, matches, coffee, and such other articles as he needed. On these occasions, after having made these purchases, he would lounge about the traders for several days, drinking bad whiskey, and quarreling with every one he could get to quarrel with him. When under the influence of liquor, he would mount his horse, and with two navy revolvers in his belt, ride up and down the village, defying every one to come out and fight him. For the slightest offense, either real or imagined, he would fire at a man, and if he had a grudge against any one, that person's cattle or horses were sure soon afterward to be missing. It was more than hinted that he was the principal or accomplice in many of the thefts, and if he were so minded, could tell where most of the valuable horses stolen from time to time on the Salt Lake stage road had gone. Yet such was the reputation of this young desperado for courage and wickedness that no one cared to meddle with him, and wherever he went his society was tolerated rather than preferred. No ten men could be induced to go to his ranche to search for stolen stock, and so the matter was allowed to rest—everyone blaming with all sorts of crimes, but no one being able to swear the suspicions were correct.

One evening just as Mr. Thompson and his family were sitting down in their humble cabin to a supper of corn bread and venison, a tall young man, mounted on a wiry pony, rode up. He was scarcely nineteen years of age, and wore the inevitable leggings and long frock of the Western hunters, fringed with buckskin. His face was brown as a nut, and when he raised the broad brim of his slouch hat, his face betrayed unmistakable signs of dissipation.

Mr. Thompson politely invited the stranger to dismount and partake of their frugal meal, and springing from his horse made haste to enter; but when he saw Mary drew back, blushed and would have mounted again, had not Mr. Thompson insisted upon his stopping long enough to eat something. It was not long before Mr. Thompson discovered from the conversation that his guest was none other than the famous young desperado of the Blue, and the discovery was attended with considerable anxiety and alarm. The quick eye of the hunter detected in an instant the alarm his presence had created, and rising from the table before he had finished his supper, he said with a dignified air:

"I am indeed the Wild Trapper of the Blue, and like everyone else, you think me bad; but I am not so bad as they say. Oh!" he added, after a moment's pause, "if some one in the world would only believe me good, I might become like other men."

Then fixing his piercing eyes on Mary, he gazed at her a full minute, and turning on his heel, he left the cabin without saying another word. The family through the doorway, saw him swing his lithe body across his pony, and gallop swiftly away over the prairie towards his cabin.

From this visit Mr. Thompson argued bad luck; but as day after day and week after week passed, and they saw no more of him, they began to think they had done the young man an injustice. True, they often heard of him in the village, where he continued his drinking and fighting; but, although the nearest way would have led him by Mr. Thompson's house, both in going and coming, he always crossed the prairie some miles above, and never came near the place.

Mr. Thompson, who had once been a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a man of good habits, disappointed by repeated failures in business and vexed by poverty, had, of late years, taken to drink, and now was little better than a common drunkard. His wife and daughter had persuaded him to move from Iowa, hoping when his old associations were broken up, he would do better in Nebraska, and make their new home a happy home. For a time their most sanguine wishes seemed about to be realized. The farm they had taken up was a good one, the crops were abundant, and all seemed to promise a happy future. Mr. Thompson had left off drinking entirely, and was again the kind affectionate husband and father of former years. The happiness of this little family was unbounded, when, in an evil hour, a cloud darkened the bright sunshine of the rude cottage, and finally burst in a destroying storm. A man named Cook opened a traveller's ranche, or hotel, near Mr. Thompson's; and between this man and farmer there soon subsisted the warmest friendship. Night after night Mr. Thompson would go to Cook's and sit in the society of bad men until the small hours of the morning. The wife and daughter alarmed for his safety, redoubled their efforts to make his home attractive, and resorted to every womanly device to keep him with them; but, despite their exertions, he spent more than half his time at Cook's.

For a long time he resisted every temptation to drink; but at length the evil of keeping bad company became apparent, and one night Mr. Thompson came home to his family reeling drunk. His downward course was now rapid; he was drunk now every day, and to the vice of drinking he soon added that of gambling. The land on which he lived was a homestead, and the title could not be perfected for five years, so he could not gamble it away; but, one by one, the horses, cattle, and farming implements were put up and lost, until all that was left were two horses, a wagon and harness.

Among the persons who visited Cook's was a person called Long Ned, a flashly dressed individual, an ex-stage driver, a drunkard, a gambler, and an unprincipled scoundrel. Ned had won most of Mr. Thompson's stock and money, and was now waiting to finish up his devlish work by taking the last thing the poor man had, He had not long to wait, for one evening Thompson, with his team and wagon, came over to the ranche, and after sundry drinks had been taken Ned proposed to play for the team and horses. At first Thompson refused, saying it was all he had left, and he meant to keep that; but a drink or two more and the exhibition by Ned of a hundred dollars in money changed his mind, and he sat down at the fatal table; he was so sure he could win this time, and then Ned said he only wished he would, for he wanted to see Mr. Thomson get back some of his property.

In one hour the last horse was gone, and Mr. Thompson rose from his chair and staggered to the wall where he stood with his head hanging upon his breast, pondering his misfortunes, and realizing at last that he and his family were penniless, and he had not even the means of getting home. Ned came up, and slapping the farmer familiarly on the shoulder, said, "Come, cheer up old fellow, and let us take a drink."

Thompson moved mechanically to the bar, and filling his glass to the brim drank it off. Again and again he drank, and at each swallow of the vile stuff seemed to grow more desperate. He was now maudlin drunk, and Ned led his victim to one side, and said he had long wanted a wife, and as Mary was a fine girl he would like to marry her. He really sympathized with Mr. Thompson in his losses; and as it was the custom in new settlements for men to buy their wives from the Indians he would put up all he had won of Mr. Thompson against Mary. At first the farmer was shocked and surprised; but the more he thought of it, the more reasonable Ned's proposition seemed to be, and after another glass he sat down and staked his own daughter on a game of cards. Ned won, and the farmer burst into tears. The gambler made light of the matter, and assured him, if he had lost a daughter, he had won a son-in-law. Again and again they drank, and, Ned calling for a bottle of whiskey, the two got into the wagon and started for the farmer's house. On the road Thompson drank heavily from the bottle, so that, when they arrived at the farm, the farmer was so drunk he had to be helped from the wagon. It was very late, but the wife and daughter were still up waiting for his return, and Mary was clad in a neat white muslin dress, which made her look charming. They were both much surprised to see a stranger with Mr. Thompson, but received him kindly, thinking, no doubt, he had merely come to see Mr. T. safe home.

Ned turned out the team—his team—and then entered the cabin. He was a repulsive looking fellow at best; but now that the night wind had puffed and flushed his bloated face, he looked perfectly hideous. Fixing his bleared eyes on Mary, he stared the girl out of countenance, and caused her to blush and turn away. Wherever she went Ned followed her with ferret eyes, untill the girl became so nervous and uneasy she went into the room and waked up the old man. When she returned to the outer room, she found her mother had fallen into a swoon, and her father, who had been asleep in the chair, was now sitting up, apparently quite sober, and talking to Ned. Mary ran to her mother, and, raising her head in her arms, placed her upon the bed, where she sprinkled water in her face until she recovered, and began to sob bitterly.

Her father now called her to his side and said:

"Mary, we have lost everything; this gentleman has won all, and he wants you for his wife. I have promised him your hand. Go to him."

The surprised and confused girl ran to her mother; but Ned called to her in a rough voice:

"Come here to me, girl, you're now my little woman, and I want you."

Continued on fourth page.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
A Card—S. of T.	3	2	1
Dancing School,	3	3	1
Divorce Notice,	3	3	2
T. H. Hays & Co.,	3	3	3
The Nursery,	3	2	4
Bryant & Stratton,	3	2	3
Low Rate Ads.	3	8	1
Wheelock & Son.—Furs.	3	3	6

LEATHER BUSINESS IN WOBURN.

The depression in business circles extends to every branch of industry. Leather being our principal interest, those connected with it feel the difficulties under which the trade is laboring, very severely. There seems to be a vague idea of how the business stands, and for the purpose of gaining exact data from which to form an opinion, we detailed a representative of the *Journal* to visit the shops, and make a report. He has done so, and below we give the result of his labors. It will be seen that there are 26 leather manufacturers in town, who employ in good times 1350 men, and turn out 18 000 sides per week. Now there are only 750 men at work, and the weekly production is only 5000 sides. The general impression is, that trade will be better after the first of January. The number of idle men about the streets is small compared with what we would expect with so many men thrown out of their ordinary work. Some are doing odd jobs in other lines, and others are working about their homes getting ready for winter. As yet there is no great distress, and if the opinions of the manufacturers are correct, there will be but little suffering the coming winter. Below we give the result of our reporter's inquiries:—

W. D. BYRON

(Grain) was formerly in Sawtelle's building, Green street, but now occupies Maxwell's shop, rear of depot. Here fifteen men are working half time, and are turning out about 150 sides per week. Mr. B. does job work mostly, and when busy employs twenty five men, and finishes 700 sides per week.

J. SKINNER & CO.

At their Green street shop, are running about half their usual number of men, on full time. When business is good they employ here sixty men, in the production of Grain, Buff, and Polish Leather, Imitation Goat and Splits. Now there are about thirty at work. The former number turned out 1,000 sides a week. At present no work is being finished. At the Chestnut street shop, twenty-five men usually turn out 10,000 sides Patent Enamelled Leather, and 30,000 skins during the year; the force is reduced to fifteen men, and no work is finished.

LINNELL, HOUSTON & CO.

(Buff Leather), have thirty men on three-quarters time, in place of the forty-three or five men generally employed. The average production of the establishment when busy, is 600 sides per week, but now the finishing department is almost wholly unoccupied.

WHITE OSBORNE & CO.

(Polish, Grain and Imitation Goat), formerly employed thirty-five men. Now eight are working on three quarters time, and nothing is being done comparatively speaking. Usual production is 700 sides per week.

E. CUMMINGS & CO.

(Polish and Splits, Imitation Goat), report that they have twenty-five men on full time and that they finish now about 100 sides her week. In good times they employ sixty-five men and produce 900 finished sides per week.

BLAKE, HIGBEE & CO.

(Buff Leather and Splits), have reduced the number of their employers from sixty to twenty-eight and these are working full time. Two-thirds of the usual yard force is retained and work is going on in this department, but the finishing department is vacated. Their usual product is 900 sides.

HORACE CONN & CO.

(Imitation Goat, Polish, Buff, Smooth Grain, &c.) have only about fifteen men and boys at work and these eight hours a day. When full they employ one hundred hands and turn out 1200 sides per week. At present they are not finishing.

JOHN FURBUSH.

(Polish, Imitation Goat,) has had 18 men at work in his shop, but the number is reduced to one or two. And when this article is being read, the shop may possibly be closed, as the proprietor has such a course in contemplation. Capacity of shop 400 sides per week.

J. P. CRANE & CO.,

(Buff, Polish, Imitation Goat, &c.,) employ when business is good forty-five hands, but at present find that twenty-seven men, working eight hours a day, are sufficient. The usual production of the establishment is 700 sides per week. Orders only are filled now, which amount to about 300 sides per week.

SHAW & TAYLOR,

(Buff, Polish, Imitation Goat, &c.,) have fifteen men turning out about 300 sides per week, instead of fifty-five men and 600 sides per week.

ABIJAH THOMPSON.

(Buff, Polish, Splits, Imitation Goat), are keeping about thirty men on half time. The yard force is entirely gone, the full number of hands being fifty-five. The production when all are at work is about 900 sides a week. Just now 700 sides a week are being finished. This, we learn should not be taken as a criterion, during the present unsettled state of affairs.

H. C. TROWAN,

(Polish, Buff, Pebble Grain and Boot,) is keeping seven men at work finishing what is in hand at present. Thirty men usually find employment here, and turn out 600 sides per week.

MURPHY & PLUMER.

(Imitation Goat, &c., &c.), have closed their shop entirely, owing to the state of business. They employed eleven men, and produced 150 sides per week.

J. B. WINN & CO.,

(Polish, Buff, Pebble Grain, Boot, &c.,) are employing a little more than half their complement of men. We find sixty-five men working on full time, but at reduced wages. The usual number of one hundred men produce about 1200 sides per week. Now only about 400 sides are finished. In the yard the full force is kept, and 500 sides are being put in every week.

F. W. KINNEY.

(Polish Buff and Splits,) has shut up his shop, preferring to wait for the springing-up of trade. Previous to this action he had reduced his force from thirty men, to fifteen. With a full force he turned out 500 side a week.

WARREN FOX,

(Grain and Splits,) employs ten men usually, and this number he retains. They work full time and the wages of the journeymen have been slightly reduced. 100 sides of Grain and 300 Splits is the product per week.

WINN, EATON & CO.,

(Buff and Splits,) have not discharged any men, but have forty, working on eight hours, with a slight reduction of wages. They have been turning out 360 sides per week, but now are finishing 240. They are putting in 300 a week, and holding the difference in an unfinished state. Messrs. Warland Brothers, who finish Splits here by contract, are busy in the shop. The goods are being accumulated, however, very few going away.

J. O. CUMMINGS & CO.,

(Polish, Smooth Grain, Oil Pebble, &c.,) in their tannery have three men at work, where they formerly had twenty, and have produced three hundred sides a week. In the shop we find six men instead of twenty, and nothing being finished, in place of the weekly production of 500 sides.

BOND & TIDD,

(Polish, Imitation Goat,) employ one journeyman, two apprentices, and labor themselves. This makes five pair of hands, and this is the usual number. They turn out here when business is good, 100 sides per week, but now are engaged finishing up some Splits, a branch not pursued here when times are better.

BOND & KEARNS,

(Polish.) have four men employed working nine hours, where ten men have previously produced about 200 sides a week.

FRYE & THOMPSON,

(Lace, Picker and Moccasin Leather,) have an establishment in East Woburn. Mr Frye informs us that they have eight men at work when there is any demand for their goods, but now only two are employed. Usually they would finish up 50 sides Picker, 200 sides Lace, and 300 sides Moccasin a week, but at present are doing nothing. The Boston Water Company have been surveying all around this building, in regard to flowing a large tract of country in that locality. If this is carried out, the shop will be in the middle of the pond, and as Mr Frye dryly remarked, "If business continues like this it won't make any difference."

S. O. POLLARD & CO.,

(Patent Leather, Patent Enamelled and Polish,) find employment when the skies are brighter, for forty-five men. They have been stopped for six weeks, the delay being caused by the putting in of new boilers. Now they are running again with twenty-five men, on eight hour time, and wages reduced in proportion. Previous to this 600 sides have been the weekly product; now only small quantities of anything are being finished.

HARRIS MUNROE,

(Polish and Oil Grain,) has not reduced in any way. He has seven men at work, full time, and turns out about 150 sides per week. This goes to the New England retail trade, and the demand has been very steady.

S. DOW & CO.,

(Grain and Splits,) are doing nothing, comparatively. When everything is in running order about one hundred and twenty five men are kept busy, and finish about 1200 sides a week. Now it looks lonesome in the shop. Only ten men are kept in the yard and those on three-quarter time.

JOHN CUMMINGS JR., & CO.

The panic has not reached this establishment if one may judge from a glance at the army of men busily employed all through the extensive works of the enterprising proprietor. Upon inquiring as to the force employed now as compared with that formerly employed, we learned that none had been discharged, and that work is given to two hundred and fifty men, and that from 1800 to 2,000 sides per week were finished.

C. J. BISHOP & CO.,

(Calf Skins,) have shut down at their shop in order to repair boilers and engine. Up to this week they have run with very near their full force, sixty-five men when full, and reducing it to fifty. The product here was over 200 dozen Calf Skins a week.

In our exports for October, leather stands in the fourth place. Provisions stood first, breadstaffs second, wood and its manufactures third, and iron fifth. The value of leather imported was $152, 964.

FRENCH LEAVE.—At Lowell, on Tuesday, a Winchester man was convicted for selling liquor, and sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and be imprisoned three months. He was very much affected and wept bitterly. The attention of the sheriffs being diverted from him, he got up and walked out of the court room. After a while the sheriffs began to look at each other and ask for the prisoner, and wonder whether he had melted into tears and run off, or where the dickens he had gone. Probably the prisoner thought that being a son of France he had a right to take French leave.

RIOTERS.—Patrick Kelley, Charles McCormack, and Bartholomew Carr, indicted for assaults upon officers when the seizure was made at Salmon's on the 26th of July, was called for trial at Lowell, on Wednesday. Their counsel being absent, the case was continued to Friday, of this week.

VOTERS.—The voters of Woburn number 1853. Of these, 820 remained away from the polls on Tuesday of last week, the total vote being only 1033.

SLIGHT FIRE.—On Saturday there was a slight fire at the Iron Foundry, in which some clothing was consumed. A pipe is said to have been the cause.

CRUISE OF THE COBWEB.—Mr. and Mrs. Cobb gave a very pleasant entertainment Wednesday evening in the Parker & Thompson course. Mr. Cobb opened with a prologue in which he apostrophizes Liberty, spreads the eagle, and finally comes down to lighter matters and speaks of the amusements and pleasures of life. He give his preference to nautical sports, and with yachting on the brain proposes a cruise in his little craft the "Cobweb." His crew are note worthy mariners named Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, and little Do. Having cast off from shore Mr. Cobb sang the yachtman's song. He then calls upon Mr. Do who has "run with the machine," to give a fireman's recitation, which he does in good style, as Cobb is no mean actor. Re is next called for and he sings a comic song, of the perils that beset a bashful man who attempts to take "Tea in the Arbor." The trials of a man who is beset by "one of the commissioners" of the society for prevention of cruelty to animals, are next set forth. An amusing account of a trip to Niagara Falls follows, and a Dutchman telle "John Schmidt," what he loves and hates.

The second part opens with the "Vagrant," which was sung with considerable feeling. "Angelina" the faithless wife, who was bewitched by a Belgian volunteer moved the singer to tell his woes in most lugubrious accents. A Frenchman told the troubles he had in learning to speak the language. Bret Hart's Heathen Chinee was sung with much spirit, and the "childlike and bland" expression of the delineator was irresistably absurd. His crew having all done their part Mr. Cobb ended the cruise with "Beauty and Beast," in which nearly all the tunes known to singers were introduced. Mrs. Cobb accompanied her husband on the piano very gracefully, and the entertainment was a very pleasing one. We expected to laugh, and our expectation were realized.

FAIR.—The fair in aid of the Young Women's Home in Boston, bespeaks for itself the generous aid and sympathy of all whose hearts prompt them to noble works. We feel assured that the reputation which Woburn has already gained for hearty cooperation in every good work, will be fully sustained in the aid rendered to this noble enterprise.

A number of ladies have been busily at work for several months past, preparing for the "Fair," and at their last meeting decided to have a Social Supper in one of the rooms of Congregational Church, on Thursday evening, Nov. 20, in aid of the above object. We hope and believe the community will be fully represented on the occasion. Any donations to the Supper will be most gratefully received, and may be left at the Church during the day.

FALL.—Sarah McConlogue an employee at Russell & Johnson's stiffening shop on Beacon street, was on Tuesday the victim of an accident quite serious in its nature. She fell into and through a box scuttle leading from the upper story a distance of about 28 feet. When relased she at first complained of nothing except the jar, but subsequent investigation showed internal injuries and one cut upon the body, caused by striking on a box at the bottom of the scuttle.

CONTESTED ELECTION.—We understand that Mr. John I. Munroe, intends to contest the seat of Mr. Cummings as member of the Legislature from the 22d Middlesex District, on the ground that the counting of the votes was fraudulent. The vote having been returned to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, cannot be recounted here, but it is not likely that the Committee on elections when the Legislature assembles, will find it to differ much from the returns of our Selectmen.

PRAISE MEETING.—There will a Praise Meeting at the First Congregational church next Sabbath evening, under the direction of Dr. Eben Tourjee of Boston, well and widely known as a successful leader in this delightful form of worship. All who can consistently do so are invited to be present, and to participate in the exercises of the evening. Sheets with the hymns and tunes will be furnished to all.

VISITATION.—Monday evening the Woburn Lodge of Good Templars was visited by delegations from Woodbine Lodge Cambridgeport, and Somerville Lodge. There were about fifty in the party, a portion coming in the cars and the balance in a large barge. A supper was spread in the society hall, and a pleasant time spent until 11 o'clock.

OMISSION.—We unintentionally omitted last week in our mention of the opening of the Rumford Reading Room, that Mr. George Perkins gave a very acceptable reading from "Pickwick." Mr. Perkins will read next Thursday evening, at the entertainment in aid of the Young Women's Christian Association Fair.

S. S. CONCERT.—An interesting Sunday School Concert was conducted at the Orthodox Church, Sunday evening. There was a concert exercise introducing the motto "Christ our Mediator." Mr. Joseph Neisemer, late of the Japanese Embassy, was present and addressed the meeting.

FIGS.—We received by mail on Wednesday, a box of California figs, the second crop this year, gathered in Benecia, California, by Francis Cummings, formerly of Woburn. They arrived in very good condition, and were very palatable.

FALSE ALARM.—Tuesday morning the firemen were startled by Conn's whistle. It was not an alarm of fire, however, but low water in the boiler, that started it.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Mr. C. F. Stackpole having resigned his position, Mr. G. F. Fosdick has been elected Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School.

POST OFFICE.—The Post Office will remove to the Methodist Block, 193 Main Street, corner of Walnut, about the first of January.

FIRES.—The light of the fire at Danvers Friday night, was plainly seen in Woburn. Also the Wenham ice houses which were burned Sunday night.

THE DOHERTY HOMICIDE.

The Jury summoned by Coroner T. J. Porter, to inquire into the cause of the death of Michoel Doherty, concluded their labors on Monday last. They examined twenty-four witnesses, and gave the matter a patient hearing which consumed four days. The testimony covers 88 pages of letter paper, and is too voluminous to warrant its publication in our columns. The Jury after carefully weighing the evidence, decided unanimously upon the following

VERDICT.

That the said Michael Doherty came to his death on the morning of the 27th of October, at his house, and that his death was caused by blows upon the head from some blunt instrument, received on the night of the 25th of October, at or near the house of Hugh Doherty. And we find that Hugh Doherty and Catherine Doherty his wife were accessory to the death of the said Michael Doherty.

The examination which was continued from last week, occurred on Thursday, before Trial Justice Converse. His office being to small he opened his court in Temperance Hall, corner of Main and Railroad streets. Joshua P. Converse, Esq. appeared for the government, and Erdix T. Swift, Esq. of Charlestown and J. W. Pettengill, Esq. for the defence Below we give the evidence in full.

John W. Day.—I saw Micheal Doherty about 8 o'clock on Sunday evening the 26th of October, before his death, which occurred Monday morning, at his house on Elijah street. Saw him after his death, about 9 o'clock Monday morning. He lay on the bed insensible, with bad cut on his head. Cut was half an inch long, above and behind the right ear. On side of leg there were two places, which looked as if he had been kicked or received heavy blows. Couldn't tell if he was in liquor. Wife and several sons were there, and other parties I didn't know. Defendent is a son of deceased. Saw defendant Monday afternoon at his father's house. We went there for a post mortem examination, but there were strong objections to it by old Mrs. Doherty, Hugh, Cornelius and all who were there, Hugh made threats of violence, and so did the old lady. Hugh said the old man was dead, and they knew it and that was all they wanted to know about it. Old lady said the same. I arrested Hugh the Friday following. Monday afternoon, the doctors concluded not to proceed, but it was done next day. While it was going on I went to Hugh's house, which is about 175 feet away, and saw Hugh. Asked him where he was that night and what occurred. He said there were parties there and they had a fight, and finally they went away a little before 11 o'clock. He said his wife interfered, and he thought she did so in behalf of the others, and after they had gone he corrected her for interfering. He said he had McLaughlin down, and his wife pulled him off. He said he then lit his pipe and sat on doorstep till half past two in the morning. During that time he saw nothing going on about his father's house. He thought these parties would come back, and he wanted to be ready for them. He loosed his dog during the time. He said his father was at his house about 9, but his father was not there during the melee. Some one said to the doctors when they were there on Monday, that if they proceeded some one else would be dead. Can't say it was Hugh said so. Dr. Harlow and Dr. Clough were there. When I committed Hugh to jail I told him as he was sitting on his doorstep he must have seen what took place at his father's. He said he made a mistake. I asked didn't you sit there. He said "yes, but I made a mistake in telling it." Hugh said to me he didn't know anything more about it than I did, but if we would wait long enough we would find out all about it. He said the parties fighting left his house between half past ten and eleven o'clock. Hugh had a very black eye and think there was a scratch over the eye on Monday. Saw no blood on his person or clothing. There was a potatoe hook, found near house of deceased. A piece of a rake handle, with marks of blood upon it, was found near Hugh's house, as I am told. One of the prongs of the hook fitted the wound in the head, and the wound looked as if it might have been made with that hook. Hugh was much excited on Monday and also on Tuesday. He was walking the floor, and I could not catch his eye while talking with him. When arrested he said nothing. Has never expressed any feeling either of regret or joy at his father's death. I was not present when his father was buried.

Cross examined—First saw the potatoe hook near the old man's house, on a pile of rubbish ten or fifteen feet from the house. Have known Hugh by sight three or four years. Not well acquainted with him. The rake handle was handed me by one of the boys, who said it was picked up near Hugh's. The stains didn't look like blood; more like strawberry stains. Didn't see any blood on the potatoe hook.

Neal Doherty.—Am a brother of Hugh Doherty, who lives opposite father's house. Lived there two or three years. Father died Monday morning about 20 minutes of 8. When I saw father first I thought he had cramps. Saw no wounds until the doctor came, when I saw one on the head and one on the side. On the cheek was another. Skin was not off, but it was red. Father didn't complain, he couldn't speak. This was between three and half-past three Sunday morning. Saw no scuffle in the house. No fighting there that night. Didn't hear how father was injured. Father went to bed about ten, and I went same time. Next saw him about three. Brother Mike slept with me. Mother called me down stairs and told me father was near gone. Mike was called at the same time. Didn't see Hugh that night. Saw him about six or half past. Didn't see Hugh at all on Saturday. Hugh told me there was a fight at his house, between John McLaughlin and two others I forget. Can't remember who they were. I believe I heard that Edward Clafferty was there. Hugh didn't tell me this. Saw the potatoe hook Saturday evening close to father's door. The rake handle was given to me by Mrs. Nolan, on Thursday or Friday after the fight. Saw the hook after the fight, and showed it to Dr. Harlow. He looked at it and said he thought it would fit the wound. I judged that it would. Was not present when Dr. Harlow and Dr. Clough first came up to examine father, but was there the second day. When it was made my brothers, Michael, Cornelius, James, were there, and Margaret, the servant girl. Think the examination was about noon. Hugh and his wife quarrel once in a while. Father sometimes went over there to still them. Hugh sometimes drinks a little; never see him very bad. Saw him Sunday, and believe he was intoxicated; I see drunker men and I see soberer. He didn't look as if he knew what he was about. Saw him between 4 and 5 Sunday afternoon. Father was called Mickey by Hugh's wife. Never heard Hugh call him so. Hugh's wife gets drunk sometimes. Can't tell how often. Have not seen her so since father's death.

Cross Examined—Found father undressed. He was leaning on his elbow on the bed vomiting and purging. Described the house. No carpets on the floors. Saw potatoe hook Saturday night about half past five when I was coming from work, lying side of the house. Found it Sunday morning standing up side of the house. Went to bed about ten, and father at the same time. Heard no disturbance before or after. Am a sound sleeper. Saw Hugh between 5 and 6 Sunday morinig. Hugh was sober then Looked as though he was sorry. He was no more excited than the rest of us. Heard no one go up and down stairs that night. Never was awakened by such noises. Asked father what was the matter, but he couldn't answer me. Hugh told me John McLaughlin was in the row. Never heard of any difficulty between Hugh and father. Father was not in the habit of carrying money about him. Don't think he had any about him that night. Mother went to bed before father did. Don't know that Father has been to Hugh's within the last six months to stop quarels between him and his wife. No trouble betweew father and Hugh's wife. Saw Hugh every day till he was arrested, and he didn't seem to feel more sorry than the rest of us.

Re-direct—Our house stands on the left coming from Winn street and Hugh's is on the right. Have seen no blood on the steps since father's death.

Magaret Doherty.—No relation to Hugh Doherty, Lived at Micheal Doherty's a year. Don't remember when he died. Was present. He died Monday morning. Kitty, Michael, Cornelius, Hugh, Neal, and the other children were there. He put his hand to chest, but was unable to speak. He was lying sideways on the bed. His wife was washing his head and fixing him. Saw blood in the bed and on the pillows. Didn't scrub the floor Sunday. Didn't say so before the coroner. Ellen Clafferty scrubbed the floors Monday. Saw blood on his shirts. Saw the wound on his head. They were keeping it cool and clean. Saw no blood on any other member of the family. He was buried Thursday. The old lady and Hugh's wife were washing him Sunday morning.

Cross Examined—The old man went to bed between 9 and 10 and I went at the same time. I sleep in the room right over them. I woke at 5, and no one called me. Am a sound sleeper. He was lying on the bed speechless when I went in. Blood was on the breast and shoulder of the shirt. Don't know what time Hugh came in; took no heed when any one came. Heard no noise during the night. Hugh was sober Sunday morning.

Adjourned at 12 50 to 2 o'clock. During the recess the counsel in the case visited the scene of the tragedy.

Dr. J. M. Harlow.—Have been a practising physician 29 years. Never knew Michael Doherty before I was called to see him. He lived about 24 hours after I saw him. Found him lying on back in north room of his house, unconscious. Bruise on right side of face, several on his leg. Bruised wound on top of head. Perforating wound in scalp above and behind right ear, ¾ inch in length. Clean cut. He must have bled some. Hair matted over wound. Bruise on side, skin torn off, might have been made by kick with boot, or being drawn across something. This was on Sunday, Oct. 26, and he died next morning between 7 and 8. The external appearance of the wound did not seem to be sufficient to cause death, but was not permitted to examine it carefully. There was a fracture and depression of the skull. Made a post mortem on Tuesday, with Dr. Cowdry of Stoneham, by order of the Coroner. Was there for the purpose on Monday, but was not permitted. Hugh objected to the opening of the body. From the post mortem, I am of opinion that the wounds on the head were sufficient to cause death. At the autopsy, the Coroner, the Undertaker, J. W. Day, Dr. Cowdrey and J. L. Parker were present. I examined his lungs, heart, and liver, and they seemed in a healthy condition. I discovered a severe bruise on the back near the spine over the lower ribs. The ribs were not broken, but there was blood inside the chest which showed the blow to have been very severe. This wound might be liable to cause vomiting, but the injury to the head certainly would. I saw him vomiting when I was there. I was requested to go there about 6 o'clock, and I went there before 8. Didn't see him attempt to move, except when I probed his head, when he made a slight movement of the hand and foot. He did not speak, nor make any sign of recognition.

Cross examined—Made no sign to show that he knew what was said. Had he been trepanned he would have been restored to consciousness and may have recovered, but I think it doubtful. There was a depressed portion of the skull 1¼ inches long, ⅜ wide at the base, and a long fissure extending forward. Another fissure extended over the top of the head. It was impossible that both should be made at the same time. The fracture laid down on the brain ⅛ of an inch. Had it been lifted there was a possible chance of recovery, and I so stated to the family. Mrs. Doherty would not allow it, he having had the priest and the doctor, that was enough. Can't say that Hugh objected. Have an impression that he did, but can't say definitely. Am sure he was there at the time. He looked a little black in the face. No recollection of seeing the deceased move his left arm or leg. The blow on left side was not sufficient to have caused death.

John McLaughlin.—Live on Houghton street, a short distance from Hugh Doherty's. Was there on Saturday, the 25th of October. Geo. McDermot and Hurdman Rankin were there. Hugh and his wife were there. We drank once. Mr. Doherty and I shoved one another some inside. When we went out we fell down and Hugh on top. Mrs. Doherty took hold of her husband and Rankin took hold of me by the arm. Saw Michael Doherty in Hugh's between 8 and 9 o'clock, just after we went in. He staid there only about 10 minutes. He got some liquor and went out. Heard no words between Hugh and his father. Heard Hugh say nothing about his father. The old lady was not there at all. We left between 10 and 11. I am not there very often, and never heard either Hugh or his wife speak of the old man. Hugh and his wife had no quarrel while we were there. He told her to mind the child, pretty cross, but he didn't strike her. We were told to go out and we did. It was after the old man left. I suppose Hugh was pretty mad. We had a good deal of liquor drank. Have been to the house once since. Was there Sunday morning after. Didn't see Hugh at all. Was there about 10 minutes. While I was there Saturday, saw no one but the two who were with me. Don't know if any one boards there. Never saw Hugh and his wife in a quarrel before. Had been there three times before that Saturday. Was never in the old man's house. When we left I went out on Winn street. Did not go back to the house that night.

Cross Examined—We separated before 11. I sat down or laid down at the corner, and don't know what became of the other two. Drank three times at Hugh's. I could walk straight. Couldn't see anything the matter with Hugh or his wife. When he scolded her I took it up, and that was the only cause of the trouble. We clinched in the house, and she ordered us out. We went out and clinched again and I was down. She took hold of him and my friend took hold of me. I saw Hugh next at the coroner's inquest. The old man came and got something in a bottle, and I havn't seen him since. Saw no one round while we were fighting. Hugh and his wife were outside when we went off. Winn street is I should think a quarter of a mile from Hugh's house. When we got to Winn street, it must have been close to 11. If there had been blows struck while we were there by any one else, I would have seen them. No other person came to the house while I was there.

Re-direct—Hugh Doherty did not drink so much as I did; only saw him drink once. I laid down corner of Winn and Bedford streets, was pretty tired. Suppose the liquor I drank caused me to lie down.

Bridget Nolan.—Live next house to Hugh Doherty I heard men quarreling out doors. They passed my house using profane language. Heard Mrs. Hugh Doherty cry aloud and call "Mickey" three times. I asked her next morning who she called and she said little Mickey. Then she went in towards her own house and said "what did you go near them at all for." Little Mickey is the old man's son, about 19 or 20 years old. Hugh's wife alwyas called the old man "Mickey." Hugh always called him "father." Heard no blows given, was not in Hugh's house that night. Saw the old gentleman about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Not in the old gentleman's often. Was in there Sunday. He lay on his back. There was a cut on his head. Don't remember seeing Hugh there. Saw him there the morning his father died. He didn't seem to be doing anything. The old lady gave her husband some water, which he took with difficulty. After the fighters had gone, I heard tramping in the garden between the old man's and Hughey's. Think it must have been between 10 and 11, as I heard the cars coming in. It seemed as if two persons were stepping round in the shrubbery. Heard no voices in the garden. Could hear the men on Winn street. One of them said "who was that —— —— son of a bitch," and the other said he didn't know. I saw Hugh and his wife pass into his own house after the men had left. Hugh came out afterwards, and told some one inside not to come any further. The steps continued in the bushes after Hugh came out. I went to bed. I could only see two men pass by my house toward Winn street. After I got to bed I thought I heard a quick step pass over the hill between our house and Hugh's and passed back of our house. Saw Hugh in the morning and said its too bad about the old man, and he said he didn't know what done it. After Hugh and his wife went in, I heard her cry very loud, as if something excited her, but couldn't hear what she said. This was about the time Hugh came out the second time. Mrs. Doherty was screaming and crying out in terror. After the party left, she said what made you come near them at all for. I thought it was her husband she spoke to.

Cross-examined.—Mrs. Doherty has a child, about two years old which she calls Mickey. I live on the same side of the street as Hugh. Mrs. Doherty was out by her own tan bed when she cried "Mickey." That was while the quarrel was going on. When Hugh came out the second time, he come out to the pump. I went to bed then. The old man's house is opposite Hugh's. It was between the houses that I heard the footsteps, and Hugh was in his house at the time. There is brush growing there along side of the road. Think there were two persons stepping. It was about 5 minutes before Hugh come out. Heard no blows. Heard no trouble after I went to bed; heard nothing expect the man go over the hill. Mrs. Doherty called "Mickey" three times while they were engaged in the quarrel.

Jas Nolan.—Am a married man. Live on Elijah street. Husband of last witness. Heard or saw nothing on the night in question. Went to bed 9 or 9.30. Was there till my wife woke me up. Wife knocked chimney off of lamp and woke me up. Got up and looked out of the window; saw two or three passing by towards Winn street. Heard nothing; was standing at the window at the southeast side of house. Went through the house to see if the house was all right. Did this when I heard the noise. House has never been distrubed. Did hear a noise: thought that the parties were not good friends. Could not here distinctly. Work where machinery is running.

Cross Examined—Did not see anything. Thought the disturbance was two insignificant to notice. To within a short time locality very quiet. Was proud of it.

Michael Doherty.—Am a brother of Hugh. Live at my father's. Heard no noise on the evening of the 25th of October. Was down town till 8 o'clock, Came home then, took off my coat and went into brother-in-law's, McColgan. Stayed a little while. My father (Michael Doherty) was there and shortly went out. I followed in a short time. Went home and to bed about 10. Heard nothing from father until 3 o'clock next morning. Was called by mother. Saw father in the bed-room. He was lying across the foot of the bed. Saw no blood. Mother said "Father was near gone." Did not know how he come so. Though he must have the cramp. Then thought he must have been out and fallen. Cannot say when I first saw he was injured. Mother was not dressed when she called me. Stayed with him half an hour, went back to bed, Thought he was all right. Saw Dr. there later in the morning. He found a small cut on the head. Did not look for any other bruises. Did not hear of any rows so did not suspect. Found out about 8 o'clock that he was injured. Did not asked any questions or investigate the cause of his injuries. First remark heard was, "he must have gone out and fallen upon something." I asked my brother Neal how it happened, he said he had been murdered. I thought it was done by a knife. I didn't ask any question. Didn't do anything after I found out that he was dying. Made no inquiries.

Cross examined.—Saw father pulling off his boots when I got home. Mother shouted once or twice to Neil and myself. Were both sober. Father was lying across the bed when I saw him at 3 o'clock. Clothes on. Was vomiting when we took him up and laid him in bed. We went to bed at mother's request. She called us in a short time. I went out and called the neighbors. Went to Hugh's and McColgan's about 6 o'clock. Found "Red George" at Hughey's. First saw the cut on cheek. Did not see the cut on the back of the head. He was lying on the broad of his back. Thought he had the cramps. Not subject to cramps. Door at Hugh's not fastened. Found "Red George" there. Cannot give any reason for my failure to remember. Father did not go to Hugh's from McColgan's. He had been there first to get a pint of whiskey. Father had not been drinking of any consequence. He took an half inch at McColgan's. Don't remember father and mother ever to have any trouble. Hugh and his father never had any trouble with each other. Hugh's wife and Michael had not trouble.

Hurdman Rankin.—Currier. Live at North Winchester, was at Hugh's. McLaughlin, McDermott and I. Doherty came in, and his wife was sitting by McLaughlin. The children were crying. Hugh told her to go to bed with the children. Did not say why. He spoke sharp. McLaughlin told Hugh's wife "not to hurry," Then Hugh and McLaughlin had a scuffle. Neither threw the other in the house. I took McLaughlin out. Hugh followed. Did not hear Hugh tell us to go. He asked McLaughlin if he was man enough for him. McLaughlin assented and they went at it again. Hugh's wife parted them. Hugh said nothing when separated. I told McLaughlin to come home. McLaughlin followed me. I did not see Hugh, or his wife after. This was very near 11 o'clock. McLaughlin and I walked down to Winn street. Walked then to Bedford street. I left them there. They said they were going home. Saw no one sit down. First visit to the locality. Was talking loud about the row. Had drank whiskey several times. Saw Hugh drink twice. Saw two men I did not know at 10 o'clock. Did not see these two drink. Saw no lights in surrounding buildings. About 9 o'clock an old man (Michael Doherty) came in. Had a bottle filled. Saw no other person there, nor any upon the street. Determined the time by the fact that the clock struck as I passed the engine house on Winn street. Come directly down after leaving McDermott and McLaughlin at corner of Bedford and Winn streets. They said they were going home. Heard no car bells, Turned in at Railroad street, and down Prospect street. Might have heard any noise that might have been taking place, but did not hear any.

Cross examined.—Heard nothing said to the two men. I was sitting at the door. I was not very drunk. Knew what I was about. Never was in the locality before. Hugh struck his wife twice as she was endeavoring to separate them. This examination elicited nothing that the direct did not show.

John W. Day.—Last train leaves Boston Saturday evening at 10.30. Arrives here from 11.05 to 11.15. No train after 8.15 from Boston, never knew a bell to ring when no trains are to start or arrive. There is an express train on the Lowell R. R. about 10.30. Never heard a bell on the express. Should think I might hear it if it should ring on a quiet still night. It is twice as far from Lowell R. R. to Elijah street, as from Central depot to Elijah street.

John E. Tidd.—State Constable, went to Doherty's with Coroner and the Dr. Knew Patrick Doherty. Never knew Hugh. Saw Hugh Monday and talked over the affair. He said he filled his pipe, lighted it, and sat down on the doorstep. Said he sat there till 2.30. Asked him what he was doing there all that time, said he was amusing himself with his thoughts. Then he went in and to bed. One eye was pretty well blacked, got as he said in a affair between McLaughlin and himself. Asked him if he saw no one about his fathers house while sitting in the doorway. While I was there he was walking back and forth in his house on Monday. On Sunday Dr. went into the kitchen. They objected very strongly to the examination. Finally consented. He did not tell me the whole of the fight with McLaughlin. He was scratched on the head beside the black eye. Had no conversation with him since arrest. Had some with other parties in the house.

Cross-examined.—His mother was much excited. The sons were excited, but not so much as Hughey. Heard no objections toward the last, about examining the head. The skin was broken above the eye and the eye was blacked. Seemed to have no objections to talking with me about his father's death but was excited.

Bridget Nolan re-called.—Did not find the potatoe fork

This closed the testimony.

J. W. Pettengill, Esq., summed up for the defendant. He reviewed the testimony and urged that there was not a particle of evidence circumstantial or otherwise that Hugh Doherty had anything to do with the killing of his father. He thought the conduct of Hugh should not be considered, as whatever he did, whether he was reticent or loquacious might be construed against him, but that in the absence of any direct testimony he ought to be discharged.

J. P. Converse, Esq., for the government, said that in the absence of direct testimony the conduct of the defendant became important. He reviewed it carefully, and insisted that there was probable cause to believe him guilty of the offence. If he is not, why does he not produce the guilty parties, as they must be known to him, no one could have done the deed while he sat on the doorstep without his knowledge. Counsel dwelt on the indifference defendant had manifested, and the opposition he had made to surgical examination, all of which indicated a desire to conceal, which is evidence of guilt.

Mr. Justice Converse remarked he was not trying the case, and should not decide upon questions of law. It was simply a question of fact. He made a brief review of the evidence and deemed there was sufficient cause to believe the defendant guilty, and ordered him to be remanded to jail to wait the action of the Grand Jury in February.

The examination closed at seven o'clock.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Last Friday, William Winn, Esq., of Pleasant street, having occasion to move a wheelbarrow from his suburban residence, loaded it into a side spring wagon, and using it as a seat started for town. He had gone but a short distance, when the wagon lurched, and out went Mr. Winn, striking on his head and shoulder, with the wheelbarrow on top of him. He was somewhat bruised, but continued his journey and was about his affairs as usual. On attempting to get up Saturday morning, however, he found he was seriously hurt, and was confined to the house for several days. He narrowly escaped serious if not fatal injury.

North Woburn.

REMOVED.—The Engine house (Jacob Webster No. 2) has been removed to the land purchased by the town on Main St., east of the P.O. building. An addition of 20x30 is being built, which in the lower story will furnish a lock-up, and fuel rooms, the latter for the engine company. In the upper story the new space will be made into ante rooms. It would not hurt the hall at all to have added the room to it.

☞ We suggest that the music stand, so generously built by Mr. Tidd, be moved to the corner where the engine house stood. It is a central and commanding position.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—The first public entertainment under the auspices of this Society was given in the Unitarian vestry Tuesday Evening, Nov. 11th. The audience was large and appreciative and very generously dealt out their approbation in the shape of smiling faces, close attention and applause. It was termed "An Evening's Chat" and the programme called for readings, and vocal and instrumental music. The participants, were Misses Woodman, Davis, Wood and Champney and Messrs Jones, Wethereil, Kendall, Morse and Hertkorn. There was a good variety in the selections and they were rendered in a manner that elicited many expressions of pleasure.

VOCAL.—Main street was made lively Thursday afternoon by the voice of one Mrs. Downey who resides near the Chemical works. Her son was before Supt. Davis, to answer to a charge of truancy and the mother became so excited that she nearly went into hysterics. Officer Simonds who notified them to appear, seemed to inspire her with terror, and as she passed up street followed by a crowd, she was screaming at the top of her voice "Simonds' will kill 'im." Her cries, and disordered dress attracted considerable attention.

MYSTERIOUS.—Mr. Noah Clapp, of Wilmington, having sold his farm, was intending to leave this week for California. His goods were placed on board a wagon, on Tuesday, and the driver, a young man named Miller, was instructed to meet Mr. Clapp on State St., Boston, at 2 P. M., of that day. The team was seen in Winchester at 11 A. M., and that was the last of it, certainly up to Wednesday noon, at which time Mr. Clapp had heard nothing of it. We fail to learn whether the load has been found since.

GOOD PLOUGHING.—On Thursday, Mr. Charles Boutwell, of Bedford street, with one team of two horses of his own, with one of his son's to drive, ploughed two acres and five square rods of grass land in one day, working ten hours, for Dr. Drew. No land was ever ploughed better than he did it. If any one doubts it, they can see the lot and judge for themselves. Said work was doneon land situated on Wyman street, north side of said street and east of the farmof Joshua Seward, Esq.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Converse. Nov. 10th, Samuel Hamlin, selling goods without license, $50 and costs. Dennis O'Callahan, illegal keeping of intoxicants, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance. Nov. 13, John Murphy, drunk, $3 and costs. Hugh Doherty, examination on charge of being accessary to the murder of Michael Doherty, Oct. 25th; held for trial.

☞ The Ladies' Social Benevolent Society, at the Orthodox Church, had a social entertainment Thursday evening. The officers for the year were chosen as follows:—Geo. S Dodge, Pres.; Mrs. A. W. Dimick, Vice-Pres.; Louisa M. Bacon, Sec.; Joseph H. Buck, Treas.

WATER PRESSURE.—Buel & Flint have placed in their show window, a guage which indicates the pressure on the water pipes. The indicator does not move much from 60 lbs Probably a full reservoir would show a trifle more pressure.

FAIR.—The Catholic Fair in Lyceum Hall, for the benefit of the Winchester Church, opened Thursday evening, under favorable auspices. The attendance was very fair, and the enterprise of the holders of share books cannot fail to receive a generous reward.

Cummingsville.

CAUGHT.—Monday, Mr. John Ellard, while repairing a rotary pump in the shop, had the end of a finger cut off, by being caught in a rapidly revolving wheel.

New Publications.

DEVOTIONAL CHIMES, a Choice Collection fo New and Standard Hymns and Tunes adapted to all occasions of Social Worship, Family Devotions and Congregational Singing. By Asa Hull. Price 75 cents. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co. 227 Washington Street, Boston.

The above unpretending title accompanies a very complete and convenient little book, made portable, light and compact, so as to be easily transported to social or neighborhood meetings. Its modest size may be an argument against its use in a large vestry or mission church, but should not be. The type is small but clear. The book is, without fatigue, held in one hand while singing, and may be held up within the point of view of one's eyes without being too conspicuous. Those who have to clear out the vestries for festival occasion, know how weighty are the baskets of singing books; and those who have to re distribute the books remember feelingly the large armful of tumbling volumes they are obliged to carry. The "Chimes," book is about as light as an ordinary Sunday School Song Book, and will cause little fatigue or trouble in these ways.

Why should not such books be carried in baskets or pockets to excursions, boat rides, or picnics? On such occasions eyerybody wishes to sing, and nobody remembers anything. How handy to bring the little books to light, and tune up on a familiar hymn! It is doubtful whether a book like this would not be vastly convenient at Camp meetings. That it has plenty and pleasing material the following summary of contents will bear witness:

There are more than a hundred of the best known psalm tunes, properly classed according to metre, each tune being accompanied by one, two, or three hymns. Then there are about one hundred and twenty spiritual songs, including, of course, "Nearer my God," "Shining Hour;" and all the other favorites. Altogeher, on the 248 pages there are about the same number of tunes, and nearly 400 hymns, with which quantity "Devotional Chimes" is large enough for all practical purposes.

Mr. Hull's "Pilgrim's Harp" to be sure, has the same general character, and is still lighter than this, which contains considerably more matter. Both may be safely recommended.

PETERSON'S.—This magazine has long excelled all others of its kind, but in its December number it excels even itself. The principal steel engraving, "The Orphan Musician," will touch every heart. There is also a beautiful steel title page for 1873, and a double-sized, colored steel fashion plate. The novelets and other original stories are all by our best writers. "Peterson's" is without question, the cheapest, of the really good lady's books. It contains, every year, one thousand pages; fourteen steel engravings; twelve colored, double size, steel fashion plates; twelve colored Berlin patterns; twenty-four pages of music; and more than a hundred novelets and original stories by the best American writers. Yet the price is only Two Dollars. To clubs it is cheaper still. Thus, five copies are sent for eight dollars, or eight copies for twelve dollars, or twelve copies for seventeen dollars. To the person getting up either of these clubs an extra copy is given as a premium, and also a superb five dollar engraving for framing, "Not Lost but Gone Before." Specimens of the magazine are sent, gratis, if written for. Now is the time to subscribe, or to get up clubs for 1874.—Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGRICULTURIST.—This deserving monthly for the farm, garden and household seems to gather merit with age. Its thirty eight finely printed pages are filled with articles of the greatest interest to many of our readers, and we cheerfully recommend it to their perusal. It would be impossible to enumerate the subjects, all of which are treated in an able manner. It is simply surprising how the publishers can afford to offer so much for the money. Send for a sample. $1.50 per year. Orange Judd & Co., Publishers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

FURS.—The display of furs in the show windows of W. H. Wheelock & Son is at once new and elegant. Ladies can find here every variety, while gentlemen who wish to make the holidays as well as themselves very agreeable, will do well to select their presents from this stock.

A. O. H.—The following is a list of the officers of Division No. 13, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which was organized on the 5th inst: President, Patrick Maguire; Vice President, P. O'Driscoll; Treasurer, Thomas Salmon; Corresponding Secretary, Peter Sexton; Financial Secretary, Frank McMorrow The Division meets at Hibernian Hall, on Friday evenings.—*Advertiser.*

HYDRANTS.—Supt. Bean is putting the hydrants in order for the winter. While engaged on the one at the junction of Main and Pleasant streets, Friday, the main pipe burst.

BROKE DOWN.—On Wednesday a lumber wagon belonging to J. E. Littlefield & Sons, fractured an axle tree, and Jones has it in charge.

☞ Sunday evening Mrs. W. A. Benton, a returned missionary from Syria will speak at the Baptist Sunday School Concert.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—The matter of the Avenue around Horn Pond is to be heard this (Friday) evening.

SNOW.—There was a light fall of snow Tuesday night. Rain fell on Wednesday and the snow soon left.

CRUSHED.—While piling wood on Tuesday, Ebenezer Parker, had one of his toes crushed by a log which fell on it.

☞ Samuel Walker of Burlington, has lost a valuable horse by the new horse disease.

DANCE.—L. W. Perham Hose Company give their first dance this Friday evening. A good time may be expected.

☞ Messrs. Fred Adams and J. T. Freeman have purchased the Noah Clapp farm in Wilmington, and are improving the same.

JAMMED.—On Thursday, Robert McKee caught a finger between the wheel and bed plate of one of the town teams, and the end was crushed off.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—Hon. Wm. Parsons gives the next lecture in the course on Monday evening next. Subject—"Richard Brinsly Sheridan."

EXHIBITION.—Under the auspices of the Methodist Society an exhibition was given in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening of last week, of tableaux, music, &c., which was well attended and a pleasant affair.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE.—Mr. Manny, our representative elect, is a high toned, courteous gentleman, who has filled various offices of honor and trust, and at the present time is cashier of our Savings Bank. In his new position he will worthily reflect the intelligence of the district he will have the honor to represent.

ERRATUM.—In some way the printer got a few lines of printed matter, in last week's paper, belonging under the Winchester heading, under that of Lexington, making the latter read ridiculously and the former was shorn of some of its completeness. The scratching of votes in Lexington conld not be said to have been done from as worthy a motive as suggested. Had the voters in very many of our towns and cities been actuated by the love of Christ, and felt their responsibility our State would be more fitly represented in its official positions.

REPRESENTATION:—The difficulty existing between this town and Arlington, in regard to representative to the Legislature requires a change in the method of selecting the candidates. An arrangement was first made that each town should have the candidate selected from it every other year. This was subsequently changed to every two years, for the reason that it was better that the same men should go for two years in succession. This arrangement has been broken into and interfered with from various causes which we will not allude to here, and each town has seemed to act rather independent of the other. The result is that now there is a very serious unpleasantness between the two towns, caused by the last election, which promises more trouble in the future. If the district is to remain as now, we hope that there will be delegate conventions hereafter of the political parties, who shall make the nomination and decide, if possible, to which town it belongs. We think the old plan of representation better than the present one, whereby each town was entitled to elect a representative once in every few years, and acted then on its own hook. Our town has no sympathy in common with Arlington, and its voters are mostly strangers to us, so that our wedded lives are not attended with happy results, and a divorce from the bonds of matrimony would be desired by both parties if it could be obtained.

Arlington.

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.—A Thanksgiving Praise Concert next Sunday evening will be given in the church at 6 1-2 o'clock. The Public are invited.

BLOWN DOWN.—A portion of the ornamental iron railing on the Russel school house lies prostrate upon the roof, having been blown down in the recent high wind.

PURCHASE.—The Ramsdell estate situated on the corner of the Avenue and Pleasant street, has been purchased by Messrs. Geo. C. Russell, Albert Winn and Wm. E. Parmenter, in trust for the Arlington Five Cent Savings Bank, for $7,000. It is the intention of the purchasers to erect a substantial building upon it for stores, offices, and bank room. Work will probably commence in the spring.

NEW STATION.—That ancient box known formerly as Gilboa Station, is being superseded by a new and modern structure, which will bear the name of Arlington Heights, when finished. There are numerous memories which cling to the old building There are ancient carvings upon its walls outside, and evidences of artistic ability, in lead pencil upon its inner walls. These will be lost forever

INTERESTING RELIC.—We were shown a day or two since, a stained paper, upon which was a statement of the expenses of the town of West Cambridge, from May 10, 1810, to May 10, 1811. From it we glean the following:—Poor $705.11; Schools $692.47; Contingencies $445.65; Military Stores $127 18; Highways $1,587.90; Total $3,558.91. There was voted as follows:—Contingencies $2500; Highways $500; Treasurers Salary $10; Town Clerks, do. $10; Total $3020.

LOSS BY FIRE.—Messrs. Addison Gage & Co., the well-known and extensive ice merchants of this town, met with their first direct loss in a business way, in the Wenham fire. The firm owned ten large ice houses at Wenham, and these were wholly destroyed. They contained 35,000 tons, and the loss is estimated at $65,000. We hear the concern was insured for a considerable amount. The debris cannot be cleaned up on account of the mass of ice, and the ice cannot be used as it is tainted with smoke, and if it is thrown into the pond would taint the ice which would form there during the winter.

LECTURES.—Last Monday evening Rev. W. F. Mallilieu delivered his lecture on the "Battles of Life, and How to Win Them." It was well received by a large audience.

On Monday evening next Lieut. Charles E. Forrest will give a lecture on Captain Jack and the Modocs. It will be a record of personal adventure in the famous Modoc war. Lieut. Forrest was wounded several times, once by Capt. Jack. It is a thrilling story, and has the charm of being true. It has created intense interest and the press has given it a high endorsement wherever delivered. The lecturer will appear in his uniform, and will exhibit a lasso used by the Modocs, and a number of curiosities taken in the war. Tickets for children, 15 cents.

The last evening of the course will be given to Mr. Black's stereopticon. The programme will be entirely new.

DEATH.—The death of Colonel Porter D. Tripp, late of the Eleventh Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, took place at his residence, in Arlington, on Thursday. The deceased took active part in the enlistment and organization of Company C of the Eleventh Massachusetts Regiment. This was one of the three years' regiments. Colonel Tripp was commissioned as Captain, and served with distinction throughout the first three years of the war, which secured his rapid promotion. His commission as Captain bears date June 13, 1861. He was commissioned as Major, October 11, 1861, and as Lieutenant-Colonel, August 30, 1862, and retired from service at the

close of the term of enlistment with the rank of Colonel. During the past three years he has held a position in the Boston Custom House. He has been in declining health for about four months, his disease having been an affection of the liver. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss. The funeral occurred on Sunday, and was numerously attended. There were present, large delegations from the Fifth and Eleventh Regiments, also many of his fellow-employees in the Custom House. The remains were interred at Mt. Auburn.

ADJOURNED TOWN MEETING.—There is no doubt but what the citizens of Arlington like to attend town meetings. This question is definitely settled. Post a warrant for a meeting, and the Town Hall is full. The announcement "draws well." The business of election day was sufficient in itself to engross the minds of the voters without troubling them still further with other matters. So the business portion of the warrant was postponed one week, and on Tuesday evening of this week Hon. J. S. Potter called the attention of those present to the third article of the warrant. This, and the fourth and fifth, referred respectively to the appropriation of money to meet the expense of repairing the Town Scales, of the funeral expenses of Mrs. Ford, and of reinsuring the Cotting High Schoolhouse. These were all acceded to, and included in a grant of $1000 for incidental expenses voted under Article 13. The meeting refused to appropriate money for the completion of Highland Avenue, and in the discussion under this article the whole question of the general administration of town affairs was brought up. Mr. W. Stowe moved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to bring in the names of five gentlemen who should act as an investigating committee, and look up the whole question, and that they be empowered to send for persons and papers. This was seconded by the chairman of the Board of Selectmen and chairman of the Water Commissioners, who severally hoped that the fullest investigation might be had. Personalities were indulged in, and various citizens were verbally condemned to execution and imprisonment, but no one was hurt, and the sheriff has not yet served the warrant. The motion for the committee was adopted, and the chair appointed Messrs. Albert Winn, W. Stowe and C. H. Crane. They reported the names of N. C. Nash, J. Schouler, W. G. Peck, J. Fillebrown and Charles Schwamb. The honor, however, was too much, and these gentlemen refused to serve. On motion of Mr. Gage the subject was laid on the table.

The following appropriations were voted: to settle claim of W. A. Mason, $500; to pay expense of raising Mrs. Hogan's house on Bacon street, $160; of moving house and damage to Patrick Fermoyle, $500; repairing furnace in Town House, $500; Water account, $8000; Incidentals, $1000; Fire Department, $500; Outside Poor, $400; Discounts and abatements of Taxes, $1000. It was voted to appropriate receipts for water to payment of interest on Water Bonds, in addition to the appropriation to be raised by taxation. The authorization of the Selectmen to transfer any unexpended appropriations to meet deficiences, was indefinitely postponed.

The Selectmen got about all they asked for. In one or two instances the meeting cut down the amounts. Hard words were given and taken, and what is more deplorable, some forgot themselves so much as to drag into public notice the private business troubles of others. No gentleman would do this.

The Selectmen of Arlington may have done wrong, or they may not. In either event fight them square. Their opponents will manufacture friends for the Board very fast if they resort to the weapons used by some speakers in the above meeting. The exact rights of Selectmen are difficult to define, so that they may fit every case, and those who denounce them as rogues and forgers, should be able to present a solution of the puzzle. We are glad this meeting was held. Truth can always bear ventilation. Go it.

Lexington.

☞ There are now 477 names upon the voting list. A few were added just before the late election. Quiet will reign in this department for a year, we presume.

LATER.—Upon a recount of the votes in in the 2d Suffolk Senatorial District, it was found that Mr. F. B. Hayes is the winner, instead of Dr. Thomas Jenks, as previously reported.

☞ The passers through Hancock St., Sunday morning, found evidence of the presence there of a party of low-minded and lower acting scoundrels. At intervals of ten or twenty feet, large stones were pulled out of the walls and left upon the sidewalk. These were to be seen the whole length of the street, from the junction of Adams street to the common. It is dirty work and merits the severest punishment.

SAVINGS BANK.—This institution makes a statement of its doings to Oct. 25, 1873, which more than meets the expectations of its friends, while the party who did not believe a Savings Bank would pay here, are silent. From the statement referred to we extract the following:

Whole number of depositors,	405
No. of new depositors within the year,	34
Amount of deposits,	$95,028 54
Loans on Real Estate,	35,800 00
" Personal Securities,	15,643 40
Cash on hand,	971 79
Expenses during the year,	501 71

A dividend of 6 per centum has been paid, amounting to $2,085 08, and on the 1st of April next, the first extra dividend will be paid—probably 2 1-2 per centum. The bank has earned since its commencement, 9 per centum. This is a very fine exhibit for a bank so young, and in so small a town. By this means the earnings of many have been secured against the time of need, and not foolishly and carelessly squandered, as they might have been had this institution not existed. Then again many have been enabled to build with the accommodation furnished, and thus the taxable property of the town has been increased, while industry has been encouraged on account of the increased responsibility of the borrower. We see nothing but good in it.

POWERS OF SELECTMEN.—It is four or five months before the towns of this Commonwealth hold their annual meetings, and before the people will, as a general thing, take much pains to ascertain the condition of their town finances; but it is none too early to remind Selectmen and other town officers that they are morally and legally bound to refrain from reckless expenditures, not only those which are not authorized at all, but those which are in excess of the money deliberately appropriated. We know little of the facts concerning the alleged over-expenditure of the town of Arlington; these officers may be unjustly accused; but the wrong for which they are arraigned is too common to allow us to suppose that we shall go far astray if we interpose a word of advice to them as to the voters. What the Selectmen of Arlington avow themselves ready to do—that is, to make "explanations"—it is very likely they may do, to the satisfaction of the voters; but the Selectmen of some neighboring town may not be so successful. The practice of running ahead of the authorized appropriations is almost universal, and the most constant vigilance is needed to keep it in check. There is no sort of need of it, as a general thing. The facilities for calling town meeting are such that Selectmen are inexcusable if they expend money without authority; and although it is doubtless a bore for the average citizen to be called to the Town Hall to pass upon a matter of small pecuniary consequence, yet this very fact of inconvenience will, in many cases, deter the town officers from undue and unnecessary outlay, and induce them to wait for the annual meeting before they proceed with their "improvements." We can imagine that even the "town scales" of Arlington might have waited a few weeks for repairs, though we know nothing of the emergency to which the goddess of justice in that town has been subjected. We shall be disappointed if at the next meeting there is not a plausible "explanation," and a sympathetic body of voters in that town; and if what we say on this subject takes effect in only a small portion of the places where grievance exists, we shall be satisfied.

After all, however, the lesson which has to be constantly preached in political operations which affect so nearly the finances of the nation and of States, and counties, has got to be preached here also; and that is to look out first for the primary meetings, and next for the secondary meetings. For years past the primary meetings have been neglected. As a consequence, this fall the secondary meetings became primary; and scores of men who ran the gauntlet of the caucuses with the skill and success of long practiced operators, were shot down before they reached the goals of their ambition in State House or county building. The town houses may next spring see a similar set of new faces. As a general thing we do not believe this to be desirable. Our own town officers are most experienced, honest and capable men; but they have been drawn into loose practices in this matter of over expenditure, and if they do not retrace their steps a good many of them will suffer, and as a matter of course, a good many useful men will be superseded. "Explanations" are in order, and should be candidly heard; but the evil will have to be cured, even though a few towns may find themselves next year worse off than they are now.—*Boston Journal.*

Married

In Woburn, Nov 12th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. William D. Grammer and Miss Lottie A. Hyde, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Nov. 12th, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr. James B. Pearsons and Miss Florence M. Eastman, all of Woburn.

In Arlington, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. M. Finotti, Jas. Higgins and Ellen M. Buckley, all of A.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Nov. 9, Harriet A. Turner, aged 19 years, 6 months, 6 days.

In Woburn, Nov. 10, Martha A. Barnard, aged 59 years, 5 months.

In Winchester, Nov. 13th, Luella A., daughter of John and Sarah Swan, aged 13 yrs, 5 mos, 29 days.

In Arlington, Nov. 7, Col. Porter D. Tripp, aged 47 years, 4 months.

In Arlington, Nov. 8, Maria R., wife of Lewis P. Bartlett, aged 52 years, 9 months, 3 days.

In Arlington, Nov. 13, George Clinton Whittemore, aged 50 years, 10 months, 29 days.

In Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 29, Miss Apphire J. Gould, formerly of Woburn, aged 35 years, 8 mos.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The thanks of Mishawum Division S. of T. are hereby tendered to Miss. Nellie W. Stearns, who having drawn the sewing machine at our late Fair, generously donated it to the Division.

Per order of the Committee.

Woburn, Nov. 12, 1873.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,

Bill Poster & Distributor,

Office, 150 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 33

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COURSE OF STUDY, PREPARATORY TO BUSINESS.

The studies embraced in the plan of the School, and designed for those pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the Elementary English Branches, are

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Catalogue post free. Communications should be addressed 554 Washington Street, at which place interviews may be had from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. Closed Saturdays. H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

N. B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, corner Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire. 163

$1.50. 1874.

THE NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers,

Superbly illustrated. Send stamp for a sample number. Address JOHN L. SHOREY, 36 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON. 167

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction."

Harper's Bazar.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The *Bazar* is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Bazar* commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for children's clothes, to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing gowns. But the reading matter of the *Bazar* is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.

Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to

B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent, 8 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.

ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,

vs.

SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.

DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G. Dickey, to be made absolute, on motion, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.

And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.

By the Court, THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest: THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

New England States,

ATTENTION!

The Fourth Grand Drawing, PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY, DEC. 3d, 1873.

12,000 Cash Gifts, amounting to $1,500,000. Only 60,000 Tickets in this Drawing.

In a letter from Mr. L. H. Keith, of Kingston, Mass., who drew the capital prize in the third concert, he say that "the Managers of the Public Library of Ky. paid me *in full, without discount*, **$100,000**, immediately on presentation of my ticket."

In this Drawing the Capital Prize is **$250,000.**

Now is the opportunity for the Eastern States to enrich themselves. *Do not let it pass.* Apply *at once* of

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PARTRIDGE COCHIN FOWLS. For sale by GRANVILLE PARKS, North Woburn.

Furs! Furs!

FURS!

First Time in Woburn,

Ladies' & Children's Furs

IN GREAT VARIETY, 164

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CLOTHING HOUSE,

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Prospectus for 1874.—7th Year.

THE ALDINE,

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THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or *timely* interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of *THE ALDINE* will be most appreciated after it has been bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of a similar class, *THE ALDINE* is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character. The possessor of a complete volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes *for ten times its cost; and then, there are the chromos, besides!*

ART DEPARTMENT, 1874.

The illustrations of *THE ALDINE* have won a world-wide reputation, and in the art centres of Europe it is an admitted fact that its wood cuts are examples of the highest perfection ever attained. The common prejudice in favor of "steel plates," is rapidly yielding to a more educated and discriminating taste which recognizes the advantages of superior artistic quality with greater facility of production. The wood-cuts of *THE ALDINE* possess all the delicacy and elaborate finish of the most costly steel plate, while they afford a better rendering of the artist's original.

To fully realize the wonderful work which *THE ALDINE* is doing for the cause of art culture in America, it is only necessary to consider the cost to the people of any other decent representations of the productions of great painters.

In addition to designs by the members of the National Academy, and other noted American artists, *THE ALDINE* will reproduce examples of the best foreign masters, selected with a view to the highest artistic success and greatest general interest. Thus the subscriber to *THE ALDINE* will, at a trifling cost, enjoy in his own home, the pleasures and refining influences of true art.

The quarterly tinted plates for 1874, will be by Thos. Moran and J. D. Woodward.

The Christmas issue for 1874 will contain special designs appropriate to the season, by our best artists, and will surpass in attractions any of its predecessors.

PREMIUM FOR 1874.

Every subscriber to *THE ALDINE* for the year 1874 will receive a pair of chromos. The original pictures were painted in oil for the publishers of *THE ALDINE*, by Thomas Moran, whose great Colorado picture was purchased by Congress for ten thousand dollars. The subjects were chosen to represent "The East" and "The West." One is a view in The White Mountains, New Hampshire; the other gives The Cliffs of Green River, Wyoming Territory. The difference in the nature of the scenes is a pleasing contrast, and affords a good display of the artist's scope and coloring. The chromos are each worked from thirty distinct plates and are in size (12x16) and appearance exact fac similes of the originals. The presentation of a worthy example of America's greatest landscape painter to the subscribers of *THE ALDINE* was a bold but peculiarly happy idea, and its successful realization is attested by the following testimonial, over the signature of Mr. Moran himself.

NEWARK, N. J., *Sept. 20th, 1873.*

MESSRS. JAMES SUTTON & CO.

Gentlemen,—I am delighted with the proofs in color of your chromos. They are wonderfully successful representations by mechanical process of the original paintings.

Very respectfully,

(Signed), THOS. MORAN.

These chromos are in every sense American. They are by an original American process, with material of American manufacture, from designs of American scenery by an American painter, and presented to subscribers to the first successful American Art Journal. If no better because of all this, they will certainly possess an interest no foreign production can inspire, and neither are they any the worse if by reason of peculiar facilities of production they cost the publishers only a trifle, *while equal in every respect to other chromos that are sold singly for double the subscription price of THE ALDINE.* Persons of taste will prize these pictures for themselves—not for the price they did or did not cost, and will appreciate the enterprise that renders their distribution possible.

If any subscriber should indicate a preference for a figure subject, the publishers will send "Thoughts of Home," a new and beautiful chromo, 14 x 20 inches, representing a little Italian exile whose speaking eyes betrays the longings of his heart.

TERMS.

$5 per annum, in advance, with Oil Chromos Free.

For **50 Cents extra**, the chromos will be sent mounted, varnished, and prepaid by mail.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter, be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rate; cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local canvasser, *without responsibility to the publishers*, except in cases where the certificate is given, bearing the *fac-simile* signature of JAMES SUTTON & Co.

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To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of

H. L. CARTER & CO.,

and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the

Horse Shoeing Business.

Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.

112 H. L. CARTER, J. C. CARTER.

Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

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200 PIGS FOR SALE.

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WOBURN - - MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, S. S.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of Francis Wood, late of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco, and State of California, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a Petition has been presented to said Court by Amelia Wood, of San Francisco, in the County of San Francisco and State of California, with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased, and of the Probate thereof in said State of California, duly authenticated, representing that at the time of his death said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, on which said will may operate, and praying that the copy of said will may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office, in said County of Middlesex, and letters testamentary thereon granted to her, the executrix therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the first Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said Amelia Wood is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation three weeks successively in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, the first publication to be thirty days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esq., Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

148 J. H. TYLER, Register.

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Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

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Are put up in neat style, and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks; one stick is sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved.

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Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had at all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

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The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of

P. L. CONVERSE, M. F. WINN, L. H. ALLEN, L. L. WHITNEY, Cemetery Committee. 149

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THE STANDARD!

Still "waves," and true to its name, keeps well to the front of all books for CHOIRS, CONVENTIONS, and SINGING SCHOOLS. By L. O. EMERSON and H. R. Palmer. Price $1.50.

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Contains 1,000 of the very best psalm tunes of the century. Has no superior as a collection of the most approved sacred music for CHOIRS and CONGREGATIONS. 500 Editors. 400 pages. Price $1.50.

The River of Life.

Is attracting the notice of all Leaders of Singing in Sabbath Schools, because of its very superior arrangement of Bible subjects, its department of songs for little children, its adaptation to the international lessons, and its general richness and freshness of music and words. Highly commended by all. Price 35 cts. in Bds.

This BEAUTIFUL SABBATH SCHOOL SONG BOOK, is sold at $30 per hundred in B'ds; $25 per 100 in paper.

The above book sent, postpaid, on receipt of retail price.

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Special attention given to the manufacture of

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Jewelry, Albums, Games, Smokers' Sets, Vases, Busts, Statuettes, Cuspadores, Pocket Books, Baskets, Iron, Wooden, and Tin Toys, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Slipper Pockets, Paper, Towel, and Book Racks, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Dressing Cases, Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Bronzed Goods, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Pictures, Dominoes, Checker Boards, Cribbage Boards, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Wax Dolls, Meerschaum Pipes, and thousands of other articles.

Our Stock is the Largest of its kind in Boston.

and the assortment is complete in every department. Our prices are reasonable, and we advise our patrons to purchase their presents before the great rush. 150

St. Joachim Bazar,
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Back Walnut Chamber Sets,

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95 & 97 FRIEND STREET,

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NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON. All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calendar month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY

COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The *genuine* is signed "I. Butts" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, Boston, Mass. Sold by dealers generally.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,

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This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2

Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y. Agents Wanted. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of J. C. WHITCHER.

Sheriff's Sale!

MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of December next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Thomas Connell, of said Woburn, had on the tenth day of July last, when the same was attached on mesne process or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in (East) Woburn, so called, in said County of Middlesex, on Thorn street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—On the west by land of the Town of Woburn 160 feet, northerly by land of Mary Connell and Michael Connell 116 feet, by land of Dominick McTague 160 feet, and southerly by said Thorn street 116 feet.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, November 8th, 1873. 156

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

TO LET.

Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage. Apply at MRS. FOX'S, Lexington Street, or address Box 121, P. O. 32

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Weston, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William Winn of Burlington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of November next, at nine o'clock, before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Thirtieth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

FOR ALL THE WOBURN NEWS READ THE JOURNAL.

FOR THE BEST PRINTING IN WOBURN, GO TO THE "JOURNAL OFFICE," No. 204 MAIN STREET.

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street. Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. 31

E. PRIOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

BEST YET!

The subscriber has just got in the BEST STOCK of

FURNITURE

ever exhibited in Woburn.

Call and see for yourself.

G. W. POLLOCK,

Town Hall Building.

REMOVAL.

NEW STORE!

NEW CARPETS!!

FOWLE, TORREY & Co.,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

New and Spacious Store,

168 and 170 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON.

And have now an unequalled stock of

FINE CARPETS,

And an Extensive Variety of Medium and Low Priced Goods. 147

Woburn Bazaar,

192 MAIN STREET.

New Store.

New Goods, New Prices

We would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to our extensive stock of

LADIES' AND GENTS'

Furnishing Goods,

And Fancy Goods,

SMALL WARES, &c. &c.

Which we are selling at a

LOW PRICE.

With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.

We keep most everything and sell

CHEAP.

192 MAIN STREET,

☞ Male and Female Agents Wanted.

AGENCY FOR THE

CITY LAUNDRY and DYE HOUSE.

☞ First-class work guaranteed.

Orders received for the celebrated Troy Laundry Goods received Saturdays and Tuesdays, and returned Mondays and Thursdays.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

LINCOLN EMERSON, 93 Main Street, Woburn. 133

Low Rate Advertisements

THANKSGIVING APPROACHES, and E. O. SOLES, corner of Main and Railroad sts., is selling Turkeys for 18 and 20 cts. a pound.

SAVE FIVE DOLLARS on One Hundred! Until Dec. 1st we will give FIVE per cent. discount on purchases. McCLURE, ROSS & Co., 123 Main St.

HARTWELL! HARTWELL! HARTWELL! Don't fail to step in and see the assortment. HARTWELL'S MARKET.

Winter Goods.

We shall take pleasure in showing our assortment of Overcoats made from Blue and Black Beaver, all Wool, heavy Chinchilla, French Elysian, and other cloths made up in the latest styles. Reefers, Cardigans, of every quality made, Under Garments in great variety, being the largest assortment ever shown at our Counters, Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, and other Goods adapted to the season, at low prices by

J. W. HAMMOND,

181 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found

PIANOS and ORGANS

from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the

Popular Sheet Music of the Day.

A full and complete assortment of small

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired

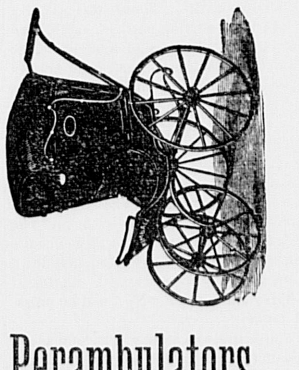
WOBURN MUSIC STORE,

No. 6 Railroad Street.

Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS. 42

O. GREEN.



Perambulators,

FOR

Children & Dolls.

MATS AND AFGHANS.

Carts, Wagons and Wheelbarrows

Croquet,

And Other Games,

AT

HORTON'S

BOOKSTORE, 49

WOOLEN CARPETS

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S, Opposite Common, Woburn 61

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

Scarcely knowing what she did, with one bound she reached the door, and in a moment was out in the dark night, and flying across the prairie towards the barn. She heard her father call to her to come back, and then halloo to Ned to run round the house while he went to the barn. Mary had intended to take her pony from the barn and ride, she knew not whither; but, hearing her father's voice close beside her, she slipped out of the stable by a back door and ran across the prairie. For an hour she ran on and then sank down completely exhausted. Long and bitterly she wept, lying still upon the cold, damp ground. Then, startled by the howl of a wolf she sprang up and tried to think. Where should she go? What should she do? It was not far to the river, and she would cast herself in, and beneath its dark waters end her troubles. Arrived upon the bank, she stood like a statue, gazing down at the gurgling flood. Her purpose is firm, one plunge and all will be over. But hark! what noise is that? It is the dip of paddles; and as Mary stands on the very brink of the river, in the light of the new risen moon, a canoe, with four Indians in it, came round the bend of the stream within a few rods of her. Why does the warrior in the bow of the boat rise, and, with a gesture impose silence on his comrades? He believes this white and statue-like figure is no human being, and even the oars cease to dip while the boat floats silently by and the savages pass on their way to the settlement to steal stock.

Mary has stood perfectly still, little caring what became of her; but the sight of the Indians has changed her purpose, and no sooner had they passed than she hastened from the river. As she turned about a gray wolf rose from the grass within a few feet of her, and slunk away with an angry growl, while a night-owl, perched on the limb of a tree over her head, flapped his great wings and uttered dismal cries as he flew affrighted up the river.

Mary had been thinking for the last few minutes of "the Wild Trapper, of the Blue," and she now determined to go to him. She knew she was not far from his cabin, and why should she not go and claim his protection? Perhaps he was not bad; indeed, she had always believed he was not so wicked as they had represented him to be.

The night wind was chilly, but she felt not the cold, for her blood was full of fever. The wind tossed her brown hair round so that she took her shawl and put it over her head, and then ran briskly along the trail. In an hour she neared the fierce hunter's cabin, and her heart beat wildly as she knocked upon the door. Again and again she knocked but still no response, and then she went to the little window and peered into the cabin. She listened, but all was dark and silent within.

Returning to the door she rapped louder than before, and a voice whispered through the key-hole:

"Who is it?"

For a moment she knew not what to say, then, summoning courage she replied:

"It is I—Mary Thompson—who wants you to protect her."

Cautiously the door was opened, and then the hunter looked out and stared at Mary, to whom he said:

"I thought it was Indians or Regulators; but come in, girl, and beg pardon for having kept you out in the cold so long."

Then he lit a pine knot, and handing Mary a chair, drew out his sharp jack-knife and whittled some shavings to kindle a fire. There was soon a bright blaze roaring on the hearth, and with all the politeness of a courtier, he moved up Mary's stool and bade her sit close to the burning embers.

"I heard you," he said, "even before you knocked, for my ears have become somewhat practised to the sound of approaching footsteps; but I could not make you out. When I saw your head at the window with that shawl over it, I thought it was a squaw's head," he added, laughing, and, after a moment's pause inquired, "Any Indians down your way?"

Mary simply said "No," and he pressed her no further.

The kettle was boiling, and he made a cup of tea and gave it to her to drink. Then he said:

"Now, young lady, I know not what brings you here at this time of night, nor do I wish to know; but something dreadful must have happened to cause anyone to claim protection from the Wild Trapper of the Blue, and above all others, a young girl. There! there!" he added, seeing Mary was about to speak, "don't say a word, but just lie down on that bed and take a good sound sleep, while I go outside and keep watch over the house. You can shut the door and bolt it after me, if you wish," taking his gun, "but you need not be afraid, Mary, for I would not harm a hair of your head; and, as for others harming you while you are under my protection, they must first cross the dead body of the Wild Hunter. Now, don't fret, girl, but sleep as soundly as if you were home and happy; and, mind you don't cry and trouble, or you'll be having a spell of sickness in the morning after this night trip, and I can tell you I'm a mighty poor nurse," he said, closing the door behind him, and laughing heartily outside.

Was this indeed, the Wild Hunter of the Blue, about whom such terrible stories were told, and in whom there was nothing but wickedness? Mary thought she had never met a more polite or gentlemanly person; somehow her fears had all disappeared, and she felt singularly safe and happy. She did not lock the door, for she felt not the slightest uneasiness; but she peered from a little window and saw the tall hunter, with his gun across his shoulders, walking up and down before the cabin like a sentinel, and then she laid down on the bed and soon fell into a deep sleep.

Next morning when she awoke the sun was shining brightly, and, springing up, for she had not removed any of her clothing, she ran to the little window and looked out. There was the hunter pacing up and down, just as he had been doing the night before. "How polite in him," thought Mary, "not to disturb me; and how considerate of my comfort and safety he has been ever since I entered his humble abode." She made haste to open the door and the hunter bade her good morning, and hoped she had rested well. Then he made up the fire, and bringing Mary some water in a basin, with a comb and brush, said he would cook the breakfast while she made her toilet. To this Mary objected, saying she would do the cooking herself; and, as soon as her simple toilet was made, set about the work. The hunter brought the things for her to cook, peeled the potatoes, and showed her where everything he had was kept. Every few minutes he would burst out laughing, and say, "how funny to have a woman cook for me!" Mary's heart was heavy, and she was constantly thinking of her mother at home, and wondering where they thought she was; but her position was so novel for a young girl, and her companion so cheerful, that she could not help blushing, and at times, despite her troubles, her small, steel-gray eyes would sparkle with mirth. When they sat down to breakfast, the hunter thought he had never seen so charming a creature as Mary, and somehow she never seemed to mind the great brown eyes constantly fixed upon her. Strange she should not be afraid, for she was alone with the most desperate man of the West, but, so far from fearing him, she thoroughly believed he was her best friend and protector.

After breakfast she told the hunter her tale, and again claimed his protection. He listened respectfully and attentively, and, when she had done, said:

"So you thought you could trust me?"

"I did," replied Mary, while the hot blood rushed to her temples.

For a moment the muscles in the face of the hunter worked convulsively, and rising, he went to a small cupboard and took from it two daguerreotypes—the one of a young girl, and the other of a middle-aged woman. Opening them and placing them in Mary's lap, while a tear dimmed his eye, he said:

"These are the pictures of my dear mother and darling sister, and I swear to you by them I will always be to you as a brother."

Mary held out her hand, and, as he grasped it, two hearts met in that clasp, never to be divided again on earth.

The hunter told Mary that she must go home at once to her mother, and, now she had placed herself under his protection, she need not fear Long Ned or anyone else. Placing her on his pony, he walked by her side and led the little brute, who, not being used to such a burden, was disposed to be a little vicious. Carefully and tenderly, as if she were an infant, he guarded her until they came to her father's house, when that most startling of all cries on the border, "Indians!" was heard, and a man dashed up to say that the settlement below had been attacked and all of Long Ned's stock stolen. Waiting to hear no more, Long Ned who was still at the farm, leaped upon a pony and dashed away across the prairie.

Placing Mary in the arms of her mother, the Wild Hunter left her to tell her own tale, and rapidly followed Ned. The Indians were driven off and all the stock recovered, but Long Ned did not return. Some said he was killed by the savages; others, that the Wild Hunter shot him, but, be that as it may, he was dead, and no one seemed to care by whose hand he had fallen. Nearly all the recaptured stock had once belonged to Mr. Thompson, and, Ned being dead, the Wild Hunter took it upon himself to return it to the farmer, saying he was Ned's heir; a decision no one objected to. What was most surprising, however, was the fact that the Wild Hunter did not drink any more or quarrel with anyone. When pressed for an explanation, he simply replied: "I have quit that sort of thing."

Little more remains to be told of this true tale of border life, and it may be summed up in these words. Soon after the Indian raid there was a wedding at Mr. Thompson's, and the farmer, influenced by his new son-in-law, stopped drinking and became a peaceful and useful citizen. If ever you visit the Big Blue, just above Mr. Thompson's place, you will find a neat farm house, and in it a brown-haired, happy-faced woman, with four little curly-headed children playing about her knee. The owner of this farm is a quiet, orderly, well to do man; and if you will wait until he comes home from the fields, you will recognize in him none other than "The Wild Hunter of the Blue."

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.—Women must be coming into bad odor. They are being crowded out of hotels and boarding houses. Look into any daily paper at the advertisements for boarders, and observe that nearly all of them either specify that no children are wanted, or that only single gentlemen are received.

What is the cause of this tendency to give woman a general cold shoulder. It must be the fault of the women themselves.

Perhaps they are apt to be disagreeable on slight occasions. They have that reputation.

Small jealousies and gibble-gabble are as thick in a house full of women as flies in summer. And, oh! how they do bite and annoy sometimes.

It is a harrowing sight to the generality of women to witness the daily changes of a better dressed woman than themselves.

And if she be comelier, insomuch as the smallest crimp on her forehead is concerned, heaven save the pieces of her. Mincemeat is nothing beside the chopping and pulverizing of her reputation in the hands of her enraged assailants. The fact is, any woman who dares to be good looking must consider herself arrayed against by a barbarous phalanxs of addle headed women who have nothing else to do than to cultivate envy and jealousy, until they consume nearly every good impulse of their natures. In truth, homely or handsome, women make a point of treating each other with less consideration than savages bestow.

No quarter from one woman to another. If it is a man, that quite alters the matter. In the twinkling of an eye the face changes from vinegar to honey, the manner descends from stiff stuck uppishness to polite civility, if not a winning friendliness.

Oh my! cannot women be sweet to men. But why will they be so mean to their own sex? A sweeping hatred is spreading among all classes of women for their own sex. They shun and avoid each other as something that will sting if in close contact.

All kinds of meannesses, small and great, are employed to torture women, by those who, being of the weaker sex themselves, and in turn subjected to like cruelty, should remember that it hurts, grieves, wounds, and often makes life a burden.

It is not that people are so much afraid of being imposed upon by disreputable women that they refuse to receive lady boarders, but because they make so much trouble in the house.

They either gossip and tattle until they have everybody mad with everybody, or they vent a kind of trumped up constitutional spite, by finding fault with their food and attendance.

Men take things easier. If they are vexed with each other, they keep cool until a proper occasion, and do not hash and rehash at the table and between meals, with nothing else to burden their thoughts or chatter.

If women would only cultivate a few of the virtues toward their sex, many a sensitive woman, to whom life is now made wretched by senseless thrusts, "cuts," and malicious meddling, would feel herself blessed.

A rest from the incivility of women to each other, would greatly enhance opportunities for good to themselves and others. —*Elm Orlou.*

THE BABY SHOWN TO VISITORS.—It is an odd fact that no baby ever did, and no baby ever will behave in company. The mother brings it into the parlor where the visitor is, dressed in its clean dress, and its father and its aunt come in smiling at the same time. After the visitor has kissed the baby and taken it on her lap, and declared it is the dearest little thing she ever saw, the baby's mother and she begin to talk. Each talks about her own baby as fast as she can rattle, and both talk at once apparently without caring what the other is saying. In the midst of the conversation the baby "throws up" on the visitor's dress, and is suddenly handed to its mother.

The visitor smiles a sickly smile, and says it makes no difference; but she is mad. The conversation is resumed, but presently the father winks furiously at the mother, and frowns, clears his throat, and makes mysterious signals at the side of the chair with his hand. The mother looks down, and perceives that some of the baby's undergarments are slipping off and she snatches up that infant and flies from the room. When she returns the child cries to go to its father; and no sooner is it settled on his knee, than it betrays an irresistible yearning to go to his aunt; after which it cries furiously because its mother won't take it.

Then the aunt gets a piece of candy to quiet it, and when its hands have acquired sufficient stickness, it reaches over and mauls the visitor's bonnet. Then its mother tries to show off its accomplishments, but it utterly refuses to make a display; it is as stupid as an owl. It won't say "mamma" or "papa," and it won't show how big it is. Its father tries to coax it to say "papa," but it pays no attention to him. He tries again and again, getting madder all the time, and dreadfully afraid the visitor will think his child is dull.

At last he grabs the child by the arm and shakes it, and yells, "Why don't you say Papa, as I tell you?" Then the child screams like a backyard full of cats. The more the mother soothes it, the louder it gets, until at last the father exclaims, "Gimme that brat!" and picks it up and dashes out of the room, and is heard spanking in the entry. Then the visitor goes home looking at her dress, and deciding that the end of that infant will be gallows, if its characteristics are allowed to develop fully as it grows up.

WASTE NO TIME. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dwadlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest to fall into file, and follow after like company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

☞ When an Eastern court is in session, the interim periods are interlarded with stories. One is thus told: Judge W—— was on the bench and a witness was on the stand who was testifying as to the great cost of living now a days. "Why," says the witness, "I am a single man, but I can't for my life bring my living down to less than $5000 a year." The judge looked up and asked the witness if it was worth as much as that!—with an intimation in his manner that so much money might be better invested somewhere else, if he would only be so good as to step out.

NEVER HAD THEM.—Two ladies were talking about the sparrows, and their usefulness in ridding the city of the measuring worms, which used to be such an annoyance. One said that the noisy chirping of the sparrows in the morning, when she wanted to sleep, was as great an evil as the worms. The other disagreed.—Just then a gentleman came in, and was appealed to. "Mr. A., which do you think the worst—sparrows or worms?" He immediately answered, "I don't know; I never had sparrows."

☞ A stranger observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table took it up, and, on inquiring its use, was answered; "It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, up and down, repeatedly, and at last in a paroxism of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?"

A NEW FLY TRAP.—We saw a man lying on one of the wharves last week, fast asleep and twice as drunk, with his mouth wide open, and about a score of flies buzzing and entering. If he only shut his mouth once in a while, it was the best use it been put to for a score of years—only we pity the flies. Such an awful death! Jonah was in the "belly of hell," we are told, three days, but nothing could live in a belly of whiskey half so long.—*Merrimac Journal.*

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 24

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 125 J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

DODGE'S

Piano Forte

ROOM,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets,

WOBURN.

SOLE AGENT FOR

Mason & Hamlin

Cabinet Organs,

for Woburn and vicinity.

—ALSO—

First-class Pianos,

Piano Stools,

Covers, &c.

PIANOS For sale at the lowest prices for cash.
PIANOS To sell on installments. Payments monthly.
PIANOS Furnished for schools at low prices.
PIANOS Taken in exchange for new ones.
PIANOS Tuned and repaired in the best manner.
PIANOS Packed and shipped to any part of the County.
PIANOS For sale in every way to suit all customers.
PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices.
PIANO STOOLS Of great variety at low prices
PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other

DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 26

DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices. 45

A. PRATT & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork,

Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.

Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,

Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts., 102 BOSTON

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,

169 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street,

WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published. 53

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS.

Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

58

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boiler Shafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metalic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village.

is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

or any other Band Instruments, which with

Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 Court St., Boston.

Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

34

Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov 3d, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6. P. M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.20, 7.20, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45†* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 5.40 P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 5.50 P. M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.48 P. M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.00 P. M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.20 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 8.20‡ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‡ P. M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.23, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‡ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.20, 9.30* P. M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‡ P. M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
‡ Wednesdays at 10 74

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Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

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for inside and outside finish.

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RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

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Franklin Coal,

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All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66

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☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 46

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130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

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By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871. $2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.
CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.
CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.
HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem.
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.
All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.
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RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

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No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 7

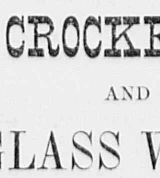
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.



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Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

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AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

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Carpenter and Builder,

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WOBURN. 76

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PLUMBER.

No. 200 Main St., { In Store with C. M. STROUT.

WOBURN, MASS.

70

☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

OFFICE—Near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 73

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

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L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

L. H. ALLEN,

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UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

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Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

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Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction. 96

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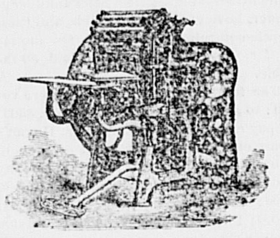

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

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Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe, and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

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Stearns,

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Are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

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at very

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STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873. NO. 10.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Hasconstantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

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Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. Near Main Street.
☞Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-ended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as hereto ore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
☞Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

MUSINGS FOR THE MONTH.

The wind is sighing loudly,
The wind is sighing long.
Of the far-away blue mountain,
And the storm-cloud in its song

It telleth of the ice and snow
On Hecla's rugged mound;
It boasteth of the wave it raised,
As it sped the wide world round.

Where it listeth, there it bloweth,
The wilful, wayward wind;
Whence it cometh, where it goeth,
And its dwelling, who shall find?

It whistleth, it crieth,
As begging it would say,
"Oh! let me in to rest my wing,
Ere I haste upon my way."

"Away! I cannot let thee in,
Thou weary, wailing child;
Seek thy father, seek thy mother,
Seek thy home upon the wild."

"I have no home, I have no sire,
I am a lonely thing;
Let me in, I'll rouse your dreary fire,
Or strike your wild harp string."

"No, no! the night is dark and cold,
The snow drifts at the door;
Away, away! thou art too bold,
Go chase the wild world o'er."

Where it listeth, there it bloweth,
The wilful, wayward wind;
Whence it cometh, where it goeth,
And its dwelling, who shall find?

Selected.

OFF THE STAGE.

I'm a super. I suppose you knows what that means. If you don't and ain't theatrically inclined, I'll tell you. A super's one of them as takes the small parts in a play, where the "business," is important, and the "cackle" particular. That's a super. When Shakespeare wrote, "A man in his time plays many parts," he must have had a "super" in his eye, if supers was invented in those days, which I suppose they was, or Shakespeare ain't the man I took him for. Bless you, our roll is unlimited, we does everything. Why, in one piece sometimes, I takes a matter of half a dozen parts, if not more. Say "Hamlet" is put up; first, I'm a guard a-walking on the ramparts of a castle; then I'm a courtier attending on the king; then I'm a recorder, (which ain't got nothing to do with the law, as I thought at one time, but performs on a sort of flute); then I'm a sailor; arter that, a mute at Ophelia's funeral; then I'm a soldier again or a courtier as the case may be. And there I am. A super is more important than anybody may think.

I gets a shilling a night and finds my own color, which being a saving man, I usually manages to scrape up enough from the walls in the painting room,—for in the matter of lime and ochre, artists is prodigal; and if I'm hard up for black, for a moustache or an eyebrow for instance, I gets the needful from the chimney pipe in the property room. I have worked my way up to the top of my profession, in my line, which is heavy lead of supers; and I've occasion to know that at particular times, say the first night of a new piece, I'm looked up to by the management to carry the play through; and I generally contrives to satisfy the most sanguinary expectations. I'm proud of my profession. I ain't only an actor for the sake of the filthy lucre (which I suppose means coin), but for the sake of the literature and art—'specially the art. I've studied it, really studied it; you mayn't think so, but it's a fact.

I've served under Edmund Kean, William Macready, and all the stars since. I once fell out with Macready, because I couldn't remember where to stand at a certain cue. He was very particular about his situations, and one day at rehearsal I couldn't think where I ought to be, and I made the same mistake so often that I got flustered. I was young at the time and rather sudden; so when Mr. Macready, almost out of patience, says, "Stand here, you dolt!" pointing to a place on the stage, I take a piece of chalk from my pocket, and makes a † just where he wanted me to be, and there I stood looking as cool as a railway clerk, though all the while I was as frightened as an amateur. If Mr. Macready's eyes had been daggers at that identical moment, I shouldn't have been telling you this. I never went on with Mr. Macready after that. Edmund Kean was different. His way of doing things was just the same "off" and "on." If you didn't please him you knowed it. I had to take a goblet of wine on to him one time, and I forgot my cue and kept him waiting. When I did go on, he was regular boiling over with rage. He catches me by the collar of my coat and the roomy part of my breeches, and pitches me slap off the stage. But he wasn't a bad sort, for after he was done, he comes up to me and says he's very sorry for hurting me, and asked me what I'd have to drink.

I've been married and had one child—a girl—and I'm a widower. I was married young, like most professionals. She was in the third row of the ballet and inclined to be stout; but she didn't last long, poor thing. She had an apoplectic fit one night and died in my arms in the greenroom. I was very cut up at the time, because she was as good a wife as ever wore a ring. My darter was as good looking a girl as you'd meet anywhere—quite different from her mother, not in the beauty line, because she was nice looking, too, but in size. Rose was very thin. She followed in the same steps as her mother, and I got her an engagement at our theatre. Of course she fell in love—girls always do at that age, seventeen—with as rising a young fellow as I'd wish to see. I was proud of Rose and glad it turned out so, and what's more, he wasn't ashamed of me, although I was only a super, which made me proud of him too. He was very jealous of Rose, and wanted to take her off the stage and marry her at once, but I objected on the score of age. I asked him to wait a year till she was a little older, and he took my advice rather unwillingly, I suspects, if his face was to be believed; but he didn't say so, for he always gave way to me, because I knew what was better than he did.

One night Rose gets a letter sent round to her from a gent in the boxes, a-asking her to meet him outside after the performance. She was very much hurt about it, for it was the first insult she'd received—they gets used to these things in time—and brought the letter to me. Just as I was a reading it, up comes Charley,—that's her young man—and Rose snatches the letter out of my hand and puts it in her pocket; but not before Charley had seen it. He looks surprised and he says:

"What's that?" says he.

"Oh, nothing!" she says, playful like, and runs away, and he turned away too, but not in the same direction.

When I saw Rose again, I says:

"Why didn't you show it to him?" I says.

"Oh, father!" she says, "he's so jealous; and if he'd have seen it, he'd have thrashed the fellow," she said, "and perhaps got into a row, and I wouldn't want him to do that."

She gave me the letter for fear he should ask for it, and I put it in my pocket, never a-thinking no more about it.

When work was done for the night, me and two or three others used to take our pipe and pot—which was half a pint o' fourpenny—at a little pub, round the corner, close to the theatre, where we was known and respected. There we used to talk over the events of the evening, and sometimes, when things were slow, we'd even condescend to talk politics, but not often, we left them frivolous subjects to people as hadn't the sense to appreciate art. While we was there that night, in comes a gent rather mopsy; he swaggered up to the counter, and calls for a bottle of champagne, and then asks us to drink, which we did—we never refuses that. Well, he was a going on about one thing and another, and at last he says:

"That Rose is a nice girl."

I pricks up my ears at this, and I puts down the glass of champagne as I was just arising to my lips, the glass he paid for, but I never says nothing. Then he goes on a boasting, and said he was a going to see her home. I jumps up and I says:

"I'm that lady's father, and if I wasn't a old man, I'd knock you down."

Then I turns to my mates and tells 'um of the letter busines, and takes it out of my pocket, and hands it to him, and gives him a bit of advice as he wanted. He was in that rage that he was just a putting up his fist to hit me when Joe Pulter, one of us, floors him. Then we handed him over to a policeman. We was rather excited afterwards, what with having an extra half pint, and the champagne we drunk afore we knew who we got it from. Charley used always to see Rose home after the performance, and stay with her till I come; but he wasn't there that night, and Rose said he hadn't come with her, as he always did, and laid the blame on the letter. She was naturally cut up about it and I said:

"I'll tell him how it was in the morning."

But she says:

"No!" she says, "if he cannot think me true without proofs, he shan't at all."

I see'd it was no use agoing with her, so I gives in. My little beauty was very proud, and I liked to see it; but I never thought as how pride would turn love over as it did; although I ought to have known better, aseeing so often how Pauline had a narrow escape of it. She was very pale next morning, and her eyes looked like mine do sometimes, when I ain't got water enough to wash with comfortable, and I leaves the color round under 'em; but it wasn't from that, I knowed, because Rose was a very tidy girl.

I never says nothing, but I goes on a eating, and not pretending to notice anything different; and, by and by off we goes to the theater. I was very curious to see what Charley would do; but he only just takes off his hat—Charley always was a gentleman—and turns away again. This here made me feel very queerish, and I didn't know what to make on it.

Things went on in this here unfortunate style for a week. Rose was too proud to explain, although I wanted her to; but no, not her! and there we was. One morning she didn't come down to breakfast as usual, so I goes up to her bedroom, and says:

"What's the matter, my beauty?"

"Oh, father," says she, I don't feel very well just now. I dare say I shall be all right to night."

But her hand was a trembling like a leaf, and her eyes was sunk; and when I come to look at her close, I was staggered to see how she'd altered in them few days. It flustered me more than I should a thought; so I gives her a kiss, and tells her to lie down quiet, and off I goes to a doctor. He comes and feels her pulse, and such like; then he calls me out on the landing, and says she's in a high state of fever, and must be kept very quiet, or he wouldn't be answerable for it. Then he began a asking me about myself and my profession and cetera.

"Not very rich, I suppose?" says he. "Ah, well!" he says, "we shan't quarrel about the money."

And, s'welp me goodness! as I'm standing here, he never charged me a blessed ha'penny for physic or nothing,—not a ha'penny, and found the bottles besides! When Charley sees me by myself, he didn't know what to make on it. He fidgits about me for ever so long, and at last he comes up and asks where Rose was. I was very short with him, a treating her as he was, though he didn't know the damage he'd done; so I says stiff:

"My daughter's at home, sir,—not so well as she might be."

"I hope she isn't ill," says he quick.

"It don't much matter to you," I says, "whether she's ill or not," and I turns away, choking like, a thinking of my little deserted beauty a lying so quiet at home.

I hurried back as soon as I could, and goes up to her room; and, God help me! she was in that state she didn't know me, and wanted to know if I'd brought a message from Heaven from Charley, as she was certain he was dead, because he hadn't been to see her. I tried to soothe her, but it was no good; there she kept rambling on about one thing and another, a pretending to be talking to him, and a telling him not to be sorry as she'd soon join him. It made me feel queer like, and moist about the eyes; and I remembered I was an old man, and began to think how I should feel when I was alone. She lay in this state for a week, a living chiefly on sop victuals as I was obliged to force down her throat. It was a hard time,—not because the money was short; I didn't mind that; but I couldn't abide to see my darling in pain. I never went near the public then, but hurried home every night as soon as the performance was over, a hoping always she'd be better, and would know me again; but she never did till about an hour before *it* come. It was a Sunday night, at church time, I used to think afterwards that my little darling was carried up to Heaven on the sound of the bells, as it died away on the breeze. I was a sitting quiet at the window, melancholy-like, a keeping my eye on Rose, to see as she didn't want nothing, and, somehow, the night my poor wife died came into my mind, and I couldn't get rid of the thought nohow. The more I tried, the more it would come. I remember, as well as if it was yesterday, when I had her in my arms in the green room, her a looking up into my face as though she wanted to say something. So I says:

"Is it Rose, Mary?" I says, and she nods and smiles, and I promised as I'd be a kind father to her.

She smiles again at that, and lays her head on my shoulder. Then I see her eyelids a closing, and that told me that the Great Prompter had rung down her curtain.

I was a looking out of the window, and I sees somebody turn the corner, and stop in front of the house; but it was a getting dark, and I couldn't make out who it was,—I thought I knew the figure, too. Just as I was a puzzling myself a thinking who it could be, I heard my little darling call "Father!" I runs to her quick, for it was the first time she'd knowed me since the fever took her. I had such a glad feeling at my heart as I can't tell here,—it comes so fresh to me after waiting so long, although it seemed to choke me, too, and I couldn't speak at the moment. I sits down by her head, and takes her hand in mine, and there we was, for a matter of a minute or two, before either of us said a word, a looking into each other's faces, joyfuller than we'd been for some time. Then says she:

"Father," she says, "I want to see Charley."

I says:

"You shall, to-morrow, my darling."

"Let me see him to-night, father," she says beseechingly,— "let me see him to-night, because—"

And there she stopped.

I gets up,—not having it in me to see her want for anything as I could give her, though I couldn't make out why she was in such a hurry; least ways I couldn't then; I do now. I puts on my hat, and just outside who should I see a coming acrossthe road but Charley hisself. When he knew he was wanted, he runs faster than I could; and by the time I got in the room, there she was, with her arms around his neck, a smiling up to his face, and he a kissing of her, as happy as birds. So I says nothing, but goes and sits on the stairs outside, a waiting till they made it up. I felt almost jealous of Charley, and I thought—God help me! as how he would take her away from me as soon as she was well. She *was* took away from me, but not by him,—not by him.

I sat there for a matter of half an hour in the dark, when all of a sudden Charley gives a cry. I rushes in, and there was my darling with her head a laid quiet on his bosom, and her eyes shut; and I could see, by the scared look on his face, that my little beauty would never cheer my poor old heart again.

Why Youth is Dowered with Beauty.—Youth with its beauty and grace would really seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for becoming so ourselves without their aid, when they leave us. The sweetest child we all smile on for his pleasant want of the whole world to break up or suck in his mouth, seeing no other good in it—he would be rudely handled by that world's inhabitants if he still retained these angelic, infantine desires when he got six feet high and bearded; but little by little he sees fit to forego claim after claim on the world, and puts up with a less and less share of its good as his proper portion.—*Browning.*

☞ Never kick a man when he's down unless you're sure he can't get up.

"CarewORN," is a familiar expression and conjures at once an image of a face so pale and sad as to show that its owner was utterly disheartened, was weary of himself, of life, and of all the world besides. Many such are met any day in our public streets, feeding upon what is destroying them. It is moral medicine which these unfortunates require; but unhappily the places where the "balm" of sorrow is to be had, free of cost, is not frequented by those who most need its healing power. But calling in at one of these moral "dispensaries" on Fifth Avenue, during the "crisis of '57," we gathered up some prescriptions from the "Doctor of Divinity" which we think ought to be spread broadcast over the whole country, as of enduring value; for in cases not a few we have found that it was a diseased mind which was wasting the body into the grave, and no drop or drug, or pill or bolus, known to the apothecary, could avail to break up the malady of the heart. And not wishing to assume responsibilities out of our present line, we will use the identical words of the great prescriber, leaving it to the reader to compare and find out whether it be according to the law and testimony:

Trials increase with age, but the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Thinking over past trials in order to rectify them, is most unavailing.

Each trial has its errand—as a bullet its billet. Receive each trial as from God.

Cultivate the habit of regarding daily vexations as trifles.

Never be troubled with trifles, and soon all trouble will appear as trifling.

Daily educate your mind to turn away from trials.

We can't lessen our trials by thinking on them.

You can't mend your trials by brooding over them.

Your motto should be—"Look forward and go forward."

Let past troubles go, except for thanks ane penitence.

Nothing so kills fretfulness as advancing in duty.

Meet a fire with a fire; meet one engrossing trouble by zeal in some important duty or enterprise.

Many hearts may even now be fretting about yesterday's trials, or to-morrow's engagements.

Don't dwell too much on seeking for consolation, Blessed are they which endure.

The more disinterested, the more happy you will be. Throw more of self overboard in a storm, and the lighter will the vessel be left.

Trouble not about want of success in worldly business, or that wealth is endangered, or is departing, or is gone.

Aim to reap benefit from your trials.

All unnecessary care tends to evil.

Heaven is perfect freedom from care; Hell is complete vexation.

Examine how we have fallen into a fretful temper.

The cure of fretfulness is in religion.

Reflective brooding makes our cares greater.

To nurse our cares is to create more of them.

Trouble comes like a thunderbolt sometimes in a family; and thus are irreligious men daily now driven over the brink of drunkenness, insanity and suicide.

We don't know how much material wealth has been consumed in the late commercial disasters; but the wear and tear of anxiety, and the shortening of life must be computed by hundreds of millions.

When trials come without our own fault, it is wrong to brood over them and to fret.

About Reading Books.—We heard a school girl say of a "girl graduate," the other day: "O, she has grand times now that she has left the academy. And she doesn't spend her time foolishly, either. She reads all the new books!" "I don't know about that," said an old gentleman. "O, it's true, sir," said the school girl, flushing; "that is, I mean she reads as many of them as she possibly can." "Just so, my dear," said the old gentleman, kindly. "But I'm not sure about the wisdom of the lady who reads all the new books. It seems to me that she often must spend her time very foolishly—very foolishly indeed, my dear." The old gentleman was right. It would be better to read no new books at all than to read too many of them. A man might live to be as old as Methuselah, and read a good book through every week—yes, at the end of a few centuries become really a well read man without once looking into a new book. Ever since the days of the grand old poet named Chaucer, books have been coming and going. Fortunately, that careless old saying, "the good die young," cannot be applied to books. Those that are worthy to live do live; and it would be quite a safe thing for our Methuselah to look only at twenty-year old books. "Ah, but he would be so far behind the age!" True, my dear, and very knowing of you to say it. So, to save you from such a fate, we shall try now and then to point out as they appear, the new books that are worthy of a boy's or girl's attention. But, first of all, here is a word of advice. Do not read only the new authors. For hundreds of years great and good souls have been saying beautiful things to us all—those who come early and those who come late—and their words are as precious now as ever they were. It is a good rule for young persons not to read any two new books in succession. Always put a good standard work between them; something that has stood the test of time and that lives, which your new books may not. There is such a long list of these that you must ask your parents and friends to help you make a suitable choice, according to your age and tastes.—*St. Nicholas for November.*

☞ Great Britain has 396 paper mills, France, 634, and Spain, 139.

[Original.]

THE CRAMP.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

Believing that I am but one out of thousands who suffer from this terrible disease in silence, I feel constrained to tell my experience, and proclaim to all sufferers the remedies that have proved beneficial in hundreds of cases, a few of which have come directly under my personal observation.

In giving or taking medicines it is necessary to know why it is given or taken. This fact has recently come to light; though not new, yet it may be properly classed with "hidden truths."

In reference to the subject under consideration, I would say there are as many different varieties of cramp as there are people; therefore it would be impossible for one kind of medicine to cure every body.

(Hidden truth number two.) This is an obstacle in the way of every follower of Aesculapius, and is only overcome by General Treatment, who holds this truth before his victims—a certain per cent. of human beings die every year—and adds his own wisdom thereto,—they may just as well die under General Treatment as in any other way; die they must, and 'tis better to have received General Treatment and die than to have received no Treatment at all (?)

We are expecting any amount of censure for the platform we raise for the multitude. We would have said stand, but everything has a platform now-a-days, and why not, since they are useful,

Every one his own physician; this is the basis of our new revelations. We will proceed without further explanations to tell what we know about cramp.

The disease is not contagious, yet nine persons out of ten are thus afflicted, which proves nothing but this—we are similar—to what? One another—if we all have eyes, for the peculiarity of cramp is its manner of seizing its victims, namely, by one of the senses, the eyes. We were taught in our school days to say "sight" for one of the senses, but tell me, where would sight be without eyes. We are trying to get at primary causes, therefore we say "eyes." A little personal experience carries weight as to the value of an article presented. I verily believe the disease to be chronic with me. I remember my childhood's sufferings at beholding the dolls and elephants, the other side the glass that flattened my nose; or the sugar dogs and cats in the confectioners' windows. Talk about children having a good time—I tell you their sufferings are all they can bear. We shake our few gray locks and sigh over our burdens, saying, "it is all I can bear," just so I say, "according to our day shall be our strength." I remember, too, when this disease gathered unto itself new power. I was attending the Grammer School and had frequent attacks that unfitted me for study. Sometimes it would come when one of the girls had a new dress or ribbon for her hair, and I had not a cent in my pocket,—nor any pocket book.

That was a terrible experience. How small I felt myself growing as I felt the cramp which I knew was "in our family." After a time I grew up, just as everybody has to do whether they want to or not. Yes, I grew up and the Cramp grew too. My eyes would see things, and instantly I wanted what I saw, when—Oh, dear, no money. Beautiful carpets, and pictures and books. Oh, how acute I felt the Cramp as I gazed across the way upon the rows of treasures, which could be mine but for this terrible disease.

Then came a time when I was deluded by prosperity. The carpets came, also my precious books and pictures, my eyes saw fewer things, I was growing contented, which means in our dictionary—lazy, self-conceited, ignorant. I have sat in the boat rocking on the in-coming waves, and the sensation is comparable with the state described. The wings of my Prosperity grew, and one morning it had flown. I have nothing to do with my feelings about it, I must stick to my text. The old disease speedily returned. I stretched out my hands, but the effort brought no relief. I counted my cents and experienced such a shock from my old enemy that to this day I have never dared to repeat the experiment.

I remarked in a previous sentence that I grew up; I now remark that I came to a day when I ceased to grow. I do not remember the day, but I know there was a season when dresses did not want "letting out;" then I discovered that my soul's envelope had reached its length, though the required width was still undetermined.

Now commenced a new form of the disease under consideration.

I am confident that our souls grow and demand larger things than satisfying the wants of our physical nature. I know I intensely longed for soul—food, and oft times fainted by the way. Then an angel came to me and brushed away my tears with her wing, and with dry eyes I looked up and saw Hope, smiling and beckoning me. I arose and followed her, oft times losing sight of her face in the crowd of pursuers, yet she brought no relief to me. I felt very much as a child feels taking a dose of castor oil. Mother says—"You don't want to be sick and have the doctor come and give you nasty medicines?" "No," we answer with the tears running down our cheeks, wondering all the time if the "nasty medicine" wouldn't be better than castor oil. Father says, "Now be brave as a soldier and take it; it will make your hair curl," and laughs. We wonder if it will, and why he laughs, and if it will make us well,—mother holds the cup,—father pinches our nose, and after all this help, we have to swallow. Just so with my good angel Hope. She says come,—come. I go—go, thinking it will be well with me—not quite this time but will be next. Thus Hope keeps me going.

Oh, World! if Hope should fold her wings the wail of human sorrow would drown all other cries.

If I could cease from following Hope I think I should be cured of the Cramp; but I cannot stop, and consequently my eyes being very good for an old lady constantly appropriate something that my pocket book denies, thereby producing singular feelings that are best expressed by the word "Cramp." I have found an anodine (not Johnson's Liniment) that allays for a time the terrible sufferings of this kind of cramp, that is affecting so many people in these fall months of '73.

All medicines do not cure, indeed my experience teaches me that "ails" are more frequently put to sleep than exterminated. You can safely try this medicine I recommend which brings me down to my platform, "everyone his own physician." Whenever you feel the sharp or prolonged ache from the money—cramp, *go home and count your blessings!*

"Woman's talk!" a man exclaims. Well, if women can go home and count their blessings, can't (I always liked that word from a child) men count theirs!

I'll count some for you. First—you don't have to make your own clothes. Be thankful. Second—You always have pennies for one more cigar, which is a comfort. A woman would not be thankful but a man would. Third—You have a good wife, and dear children, while Tom the banker has neither. Men should be thankful, but the most of them think of the expense, and all fine feelings are lost in the pocket book. My pen refuses to chronicle the numerous blessings a man can count.

Now a woman sitting down to count her blessings begins this way. First—"I am thankful I have a good husband" (if she has one) "if he is not rich. Second—I am thankful I have eyes to see beautiful things, even though they are not my own."

A man never thinks of being thankful for eyes or any privilege of learning, or—lots of things a woman thinks of. When a woman has counted her mercies, she winds up with,—"Well, it's no use to fret,—I'll steal all the beautiful things with my eyes, and—there, I almost forgot John's pants need to be mended." And amid housework and family cares counts her blessings" when money is scarce, and drives the blues away from the strong man who cannot see if money is gone.

I believe in money. Who does not? But more I believe in the blessings lost sight of in our getting money. Therefore let us all go home and count our blessings.

Hero and Leander.—An exquisite engraving from Armitage's beautiful picture in Harper's Bazar, illustrates the classic story of Hero and Leander—that favorite theme for both poet and painter. Both ancients and moderns, from Ovid to Leigh Hunt, have united in singing the loves of the hapless pair, until the tale has grown so familiar that it seems a work of supererogation to repeat even its barest outlines. All will remember how Leander, the adventurous youth of Abydos, used to swim nightly across the Hellespont to visit his beloved Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus at Sestos, guided by a burning torch which she held from the top of a high tower. He was drowned on his return one stormy night. In the morning the waves washed his body to the feet of Hero, who in despair threw herself from the top of her tower into the sea, and perished with him. The straits of the Hellespont, known in modern times as the Dardanelles, separate Europe and Asia, and form the connecting link between the Archipelago and the Sea of Marmora. The ancient name was derived from Helle, the daughter of Athamus, King of Thebes, and the goddess Nephele, who fled from home with her brother Phryxus, on the back of a golden fleeced ram, which transported them through the air to avoid the persecutions of a cruel step mother. In crossing the strait Helle fell into the water and was drowned, whence it was afterwards called in her honor Hellespontus, or Hellespont, the sea of Helle. The name of Dardanelles is derived from the neighboring Dardinia of the ancients. It was across this channel that Xerxes built his celebrated bridge of boats. The straight between Sestos and Abydos is about a mile and a half wide, but the strength of the current would oblige a swimmer to make a circuitous course of at least four miles.

A Somnambulist.—Belshazzar Smith had a very bad and very dangerous habit of walking in his sleep. His family feared that during some one of his somnambulistic performances he would charge out of the window and kill himself. So they persuaded him to sleep with his little brother William, and to tie one end of a rope round his waist, and the other round the body of little William. The first night after this arrangement was made, Belshazzar dreamed that a burglar was pursuing him with a dagger, so he crept over to William's side of the bed, stepped over William's slumbering form, jumped out on the floor, and slid under the bed. He stayed there awhile fast asleep, and then, his nightmare having changed, he emerged upon the other side of the bed, and got under the cover in his own place. The rope, it will be observed, was beneath the bed, and it was pulled taut, too. Early in the morning Belshazzar, about half awake, scrouged over against William. To his surprise, the movement jerked William clear out of bed. Belshazzar leaped out of bed to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon, and at the same time his brother disappeared under the bed. Belshazzar, hardly yet awake, was scared, and he dived beneath the bedstead; as he did so he heard William skirmishing across the blankets over his head. Once more he rushed out just in time to perceive William glide over the other side of the bed. Belshazzar then became sufficiently conscious to feel the rope pulling him. He comprehended the situation at once, and disengaged himself. And perhaps little William was not mad! He was in the hospital undergoing repairs for about three weeks, and when he came out he had a strange desire to sleep alone. Belshazzar anchors himself now to an anvil.—*Max Adeler.*

Dear Editor:—From an old publication, called the *Ulster County Gazette*, published at Kingston, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1800, I copy the following:—

"WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

Georgetown, Dec. 20.

On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington the Great, the Father of his Country and the friend of man, was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp. A multitude of persons assembled from many miles around, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the august inhabitant was now no more—that great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed, but ah! how affecting, how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness thus to mortal eyes fallen—yes, fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still, composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive, a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed '*Surge ad Judicium*' about the middle of the coffin, '*Gloria Deo*,' and on the silver plate,

General
George Washington,
Departed this life, on the 14th December,
1799, Æ 68.

Between three and four o'clock the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrows—the corps moved—a band of music with mournful melody, melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe. The procession was formed and moved on in the following order:

Cavalry, Infantry, Guard } with arms reversed.
Music
Clergy,
The General's horse with his saddle, holsters and pistols,

Colonels	Pall Bearers	Corpse.	Pall Bearers	Colonels
Simms,				Gilpin,
Ramsey,				Marstetter,
Payne.				Little.

Mourners,
Masonic Brethren,
Citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn on the banks of the Potomac where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the mount and formed their lines—the clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the citizens descended to the vault, and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around. Three general discharges by the infantry, the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed commander in chief of the armies of the United States, and to the departed Hero. The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of Washington, the American President and General, will triumph over Death. The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages."

Abram.

Bedford, Nov. 7, 1873.

☞ Says a modern writer—If good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women, will end by behaving with politeness towards each other. Hauteur always implies a want of consideration for others, and is, therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed, an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness, we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious. Graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

The Responsibility of Carrying other People's Money.—A clergyman of no little note, talking the other day with a mechanic who had served him professionally, said, "I want your bill; when I owe a man I desire to pay him. I do not want the responsibility of carrying other people's money." The idea suggested by the reverend gentleman was a most admirable one. How many men we meet, taking one day with another, whose pocket books contain money that belongs to others, but who are apparently indifferent to the fact. They propose to pay their debts when convenient, or when they are obliged to, not realizing that when they can discharge a pecuniary obligation and fail to do it, they do themselves and their creditors a grievous wrong. How many men would be made happier, if every person dreaded the "responsibility of carrying other people's money," and at once relieved themselves of it.

—A man who had been to a crowded ball said he was fond of rings on his fingers, but he didn't like belles on his toes.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
S. Horton,	3	5	1
Boston Journal,	3	4	1
Administrators Notice,	3	4	2
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	4	3
C. H. Morse,	3	3	1
Announcement,	3	3	2
Mortgagee's Sale,	3	3	4
Globe Clothing House,	3	4	4
G. H. Richards,	3	3	5

OFF.—The editor disappeared from this office on Tuesday. He is supposed to be somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey. No tidings are expected from him until after Thanksgiving. But the *Journal* as usual will be on ☞ for "all the Woburn news."

THANKSGIVING.

Ere another issue of the *Journal* reaches its readers, they will have celebrated this time-honored anniversary with appropriate ceremonies. Around the name cluster many fragrant memories for each and every one. Grand season of family reunions, in which old and young alike partake without restraint. It is a gladsome sight to see the well laden boards, groaning under the results of months of preparation. It is a far happier and brighter picture to see the smiling faces which surround them, where the gray hairs and curly locks intermingle, and to hear the cheery laugh, contagious in its heartiness. Thanksgiving! It is a beautiful name, and deserves the attention it will receive, all up and down the length and breadth of this Commonwealth. The old time gatherings were events to be anticipated and remembered with delight. Think of thirty or forty sitting down together —four and even five generations at the same table! What a heap of good things the cooks of those days prepared for this occasion, and what a subject for universal pity was the man who had no appetite. We hope none of our readers will find themselves in this unenviable position. For on this day all care should be banished and every face should be bright and happy. That your dyspepsia may take a day's vacation,—that your turkey may be done just right,—that you may have a good jolly time and that Thanksgiving of 1873 may be the most enjoyable of all days in the year, and of the past is the heartfelt wish of THE JOURNAL.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—At the regular meeting Tuesday evening, the monthly choice of officers resulted as follows: Rev. W. S. Barnes, President; W. B. Jones, Vice-president; J. Warren Johnson, Treasurer. Rev. Mr. Barnes made a very pleasant address upon the manifold advantages offered by such a room, with its latitude of periodical literature. This was followed by humorous readings. The next entertainment will be termed "An evening with Thackeray," accompanied by music. The Fraternity now numbers forty-seven members.

SNOW.—With the Sabbath morn came the snow, and throughout the day the flakes continued to fall. Monday forenoon we were treated to another instalment, but neither were sufficient to warrant the general appearance of sleighs. A few did venture out, however, we presume rather for notoriety than for convenience.

On Tuesday it snowed again quite briskly, and in the evening the storm cleared away and the shrewd, biting air gave us a taste of winter. Wednesday morning the jingle of sleigh bells was quite frequent.

CHANGE OF TRAINS.—It is rumored that Conductor John C. Blood, who is representative elect from Lowell, will make his home in Woburn during a portion of the winter. His train (7 A. M. from Lowell) is to be discontinued, and he would take a train direct from Woburn about 8 A. M. In the afternoon, the four o'clock train from Boston to Lowell, would be superseded by one to Woburn. The rumor further says that this is to be done to save expense.

NEW MUSIC.—From O. Ditson & Co., Boston, we have received the following; I never can forget, from "Glenarvon;" The Fortune Teller, (La Calabrese) duett; Sing, Sweet Bird; Aftermath; Wouldn't you like to know; Roses; Volunteer Galop, Zikoff; Triplet polka, Fox; Perchance Mazurka, Meininger; Spring, gentle Spring waltz, Pratt; March des Troubadours, Roubier; Hunyadi March from Erkel's Overture.

☞ A driver of a coal team a few days ago enquired of a local merchant, "Can you tell me where the Woburn Huzzar is?" For sometime it was a matter of study, but at last the light dawned and it appeared the man was in search of Norton's "Woburn Bazaar" 192 Main street.

"JOURNAL CLUB."—The employees of the *Journal* office, numbering twelve, have been formed into a club, and the magazines which are received at the office are taken in turn by them for perusal. This places at the disposal of each one, 12 or 15 of the best periodicals of the day.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE.—There will be a union service at the Baptist church on Thanksgiving Day, at 10.30, A. M. Rev. Dr. W. M. Young will preach the sermon, and the clergy of the town will participate in the services. The community at large are invited to be present.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—We would call attention to the prospectus of the above journal in another column. It is emphatically *the* newspaper of New England. Read the prospectus.

RE-COUNT.—The Executive Council commenced Monday morning the ten day's job of counting the votes for State officers and members of the legislature.

☞ Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Grammar.—Thanks for the remembrance.

ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday morning as Conductor Young was about to start the 10:25 train from the depot here he noticed a lady running along the platform towards the cars. Thinking she wished to ride he withheld giving the signal. When she got as far as the rear of the train she stopped and shook hands with a friend, and Conductor Young seeing that she was in conversation, started the train. Upon this the woman ran ahead and when she reached the front platform of the rear car, she jumped upon it, but owing to the fact that she failed to grasp the railing with both hands, she swung around and was in imminent danger of falling when a gentleman from Somerville, named Anderson who was upon the platform, caught her. In some way he lost his footing and then both fell together, she next to the car and he outside, both being parellel with the train, and each clinging to the other. In this position the moving train pushed them one-third the length of the depot, when the train was stopped and the parties released. In the scrape (for that's what it was) the lady and gentleman each lost a good share of their clothing but were not seriously hurt. The lady was so much excited that she had not thought to thank Mr. A. for his efforts when he left the train at Somerville.

FAIR.—A fair in aid of the new Catholic church in Winchester, now under construction was opened in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, on Thursday evening, the 13th inst, the attendance being large and interesting. On the seven tables there are very many attractive articles. The voting for the gold-headed cane is chiefly in favor of Fathers Qualey and McClure and Mr. John Lynch of Winchester. The fair was opened with every indication of success, notwithstanding the scarcity of "greenbacks" in the different cities in the Union. The lady attendants are active and engaging. All who have any appreciation for this noble object should avail themselves of the few days that remain to swell the needed proceeds by visiting Lyceum Hall. The fair will probably close on Thanksgiving night. ZUNADOR.

FOUND.—The mysterious disappearance of a load of goods, trunks, etc., belonging to Noah Clapp, formerly of Wilmington, which we mentioned last week is accounted for. The young nam named Miller, who drove the team, met with some mishap at a point below Woburn, which obliged him to change the white horse he started with for a bay one. Of course no one had seen a load of trunks drawn by a white horse after this. The young man reached Boston, drove to the place of rendezvous but did not meet Mr. Clapp. After being moved along by the police a number of times the young man drove to the Old Colony depot, but Mr. Clapp was going from the Boston & Albany depot, so the parties missed each other again. Mr. Clapp has got his trunks, however, and no one has stolen them.

TRIAL OF RIOTERS.—July 26th, during and just after a seizure of liquors at Thomas Salmon's, Officers Day and Osgood were assaulted by two men, named respectively Bartley Carr and Patrick Kelley. These men were tried here, and held in $800 each to appear at the Superior Court. Last Friday, Nov. 14, their trial came off, and when Carr's case came up, their counsel put in a plea in bar because his name was Bartholomew and not Bartley, as written in the complaint. This will go to the Supreme Court for decision. In the case of Kelley, he was convicted, but his counsel filed objections which also await the decision of the Supreme Court.

RUNAWAY.—On Tuesday last, Charlie Wade and Richard Briggs were loading a stove into a pung, from the former shop of Samuel Rinn. Hart's express team backed up to the sidewalk near by, and this caused a horse belonging to A. Moseley to retreat suddenly, snapping the halter. The Moseley team struck Wade's pung, and a sheet of zinc which formed a portion of the load, rattled sufficiently to frighten Wade's horse. In his fright he cleared himself from the shafts and dashed up Main street, turning into Bedford street, and running half way to Cummingsville, where he was secured. The damage was slight.

HOUSE WARMING.—Mrs. Aurora H. C. Phelps announces that she will be happy to receive all friends of the movement in which she is engaged, viz: the elevation of laboring women, at Bethesda Laundry, near the Watering Station, Tuesday evening next, at half past seven o'clock. There will be speeches and music, and a pleasant evening may be counted upon. Work will commence at this establishment in a short time and the public will have a chance to practically test it.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Patrick Dillon hired a team Saturday, at 3 P. M., of Charlie Wade for the purpose of attending a funeral at East Woburn. The horse was seen by Wade in Winchester, about 5 P. M., and then again Sunday morning, at 7 A. M., when he was standing under the shed at the stable on Walnut street. Dillon says he returned the team at 5 A. M. The horse had been without food, and had been exposed to the severely cold weather of Saturday night.

WATER WORKS.—On Monday our citizens used water directly from the reservoir for the first time. There are 13 1 2 feet of water in the reservoir and it is found that during the day, sufficient water can be supplied to obviate running the pumps at night, thus lessening the expenses considerably. The work upon the embankment has proceeded about as far as it will this winter, being now about 18 feet high. It will be 26 feet high when completed.

DEATH.—Oct. 16th Wm. Coveney and James Keigan were committed to East Cambridge jail to await the action of the Grand Jury on a charge of breaking and entering the store of Stearns, Brown & Co., at East Woburn. On Friday last Coveney died and his case goes to a higher court than that of Massachusetts.

DANCE.—The Perhams opened the season with a dance at their hall, Nov. 14th. The boys report a good time. Hammond of the Central House, furnished the supper.

CURB.—The curb stones bounding the estates of the Methodist society, Hugh Dever and Joseph Kelley on Main street have been lowered.

TAN PRESS.—Labor saving machines have an attraction whatever be the object for which they are invented. We had an opportunity this week to examine a machine just put in place by Messrs. J. B. Winn & Co., at their tannery on Salem street. It is usual in such establishments to use for fuel the bark after it has done its work in the leach. To prepare it for use it is spread in the yard, dried, raked, and carted to the boiler room. All this costs money and time. In Messrs. J. B. Winn & Co.'s tannery about seven cords of this is used daily. Last July the firm tried an experiment with a tan press, and the experiment proved so satisfactory that they have substituted for that machine a larger one of the same make. It is known as the Breval Cylindrical Tan Press. To commence with its work we must suppose ourselves in the room where the bark wet from the leach is thrown. This wet bark (and the wetter the better) is shovelled into a hopper and passes from thence down upon and between two fluted rollers, three feet long. Below and adjoining these is a smooth roller which directs the sheet of pressed bark one way into an inclined trough, and the liquor the other way into a tank beneath, from whence it pumped back into the leach again, thus doing double duty. The press weighs about three tons and the pressure upon the rollers is guaged by a set of double levers upon each end, which are self adjustable, so that any hard substance can pass through without damage to the rollers. The cost of the press was $1000, and it is the only one in use in Woburn. Messrs Winn & Co. have built a house for the machine and supplemented its usefulness by constructing an elevator, which consists of blocks of wood upon an endless chain, that serve as buckets, and catch the bark as it drops from the trough and carry it to the fire room, where it drops upon another incline, as the blocks pass over the pulley and is deposited in front of the boilers. The machine presses seven cords of bark daily and it makes a better fire than that used formerly. Then the saving in labor is great. No more carting to and fro from the drying yard, and no more work spreading it or raking it over. The using of the liquor is a gain as well. Water would be used if this was not utilized, and by this method much strength is gained. The entire machine including elevator is at work each day, and is proving eminently successful.

BAPTIST S. S. CONCERT.—The regular exercises of this entertainment commenced at 6:30 Sunday evening. At 7 o'clock, Mrs. W. A. Benton, a returned missionary from Syria, was introduced, and addressed the audience, occupying most of the evening, to the great satisfaction and profit, it is presumed, of all present. Her little daughter, who was dressed in Syrian costume, sang very prettily, in Syriac, some of our own tunes and one of their native airs. Mrs. B. took us in imagination across the Atlantic, and over the Mediterranean Sea to Beyrout in Syria, describing minutely the place and its surroundings, speaking of improvements and changes since she first landed there twenty years ago—the population being three times as large now as then. She spoke of the facilities for acquiring an education there, and that there were a goodly number of students now preparing to preach the gospel to their respective tribes, and countries they represent.

She took us along the carriage road, the only one about there, on donkeys, towards Mount Lebanon, describing scenes in a graphic and pleasing manner, as we ascended towards her mid mountain home. Her description of a sunset and sunrise scene from the mountain was grand; and remarks with regard to pastoral life and habits, manner of tending and folding their flocks, tended much to illustrate scripture expressions. She gave a minute detail of the persecutions from the Maronite Christians, as they are called, who seem ignorant of any other object of worship than the Virgin Mary. The whole was very instructive to the Bible student and was listened to with unusual attention. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the body of the house was filled. A collection was taken up at the close, to assist in the education of her two sons, now in college at New Haven, Ct.

IRISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—At the semi-annual meeting of this ancient and honorable society held in their hall on Monday evening, the 17th inst, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: president, James Downey; vice president, Timothy Callahan; Recording secretary, John Connor; financial secretary, James Hurley; treasurer, Timothy Calnan; librarian, Jeremiah Howard, janitor, James Miniture; directors, Thos. Manley, Timothy Corcoran, John Murphy, Wm. Ahern, Timothy Driscoll. The society will give during the coming winter a series of debates, readings, and musical entertainments in their new and commodious hall in Dever's Block which will be occupied about the 1st of Dec. The society numbers 82 active members. ZUNADOR.

DEATH.—About half past 10 o'clock Saturday night, the 1st Police found an unknown man on Charlestown bridge, partially drunk, who had received a severe cut on the back of his head in some unexplained manner. He was taken to the station house, where he died Sunday morning. The body was taken to the dead house.—*Boston Herald.*

The above proved to be the body of Mr. George Whitford, father-in-law to Mr. C. W. Stanley who formerly lived here. Whitford was a painter and had worked here some, even as late as the day he was found. His son-in-law reports in addition to the above that one eye was blacked and that his watch and pocket book had been taken.

GRAND CONCERT.—Mr. C. H. Morse offers the programme of his second grand concert, in another column. The concert will take place in the Unitarian church, Wednesday evening, Nov. 26th, upon which occasion Mr. Morse will be assisted by Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist of the church of the Advent, Boston. Miss Sallie M. Clough, soprano, Woburn, Miss Mary G. Clapp, contralto, Boston, Mr. C. H. Clark, tenor, from the "Old South," Boston, and Mr. A. H. McKenney, Basso, Boston.

—— On account of the storm Dr. Tourjee did not arrive last Sunday night, and consequently the announced Praise Meeting at the Con'l church did not come off.

☞ Rev W S Barnes is to build a house on the corner of Canal and Sturgis street.

WOULD-BE SUICIDE.—Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. George W. Dearborn separated on account of domestic infelicity. Since that time, Mrs D has made her home with her brother, Mr John Stygles who lives in the Hart house on Walnut street. Mrs D has lately been away, in search of work, as she claims, but came back a short time since, and reported that the trip had proved unsuccessful. Since her arrival, she has been despondent, and has at various times expressed her determination to end her life by her own hand. These threats were deemed idle talk, and no steps were taken by her relatives to prevent such action. On Saturday last, in company with her sister in law, she visited the drug store of George S Dodge, and purchased a certain amount of arsenic. Her companion made no remark to lead the druggist to suspect anything wrong, but he enquired as is usual what the poisin was for, and received the answer "rats!" Knowing the lady, he sold her the article and she withdrew. Sunday morning she told her folks that she was intending to take poison, but they seemed to treat the matter as a joke, or as one of them has since observed "I didn't think she would have the spunk to do it." On Sunday forenoon she (Mrs Dearborn) was in and out of the family room, and after noon she retired to her own room up stairs. A little after one o'clock, her brother being attracted by unusual noises proceeding from her room, repaired thither and found her upon her bed, tossing to and fro, and evidently in great distress. On being questioned, she admitted having taken poison. Medical attendance was at once summoned and an antidote was administered. Mr George S Dodge, the druggist, accompanied the physician, and knowing what she had purchased, gave the antidote for arsenic. Mr Dodge was convinced that she had more poison concealed about her, and asked a lady present to search her; but the lady did not see fit to use any force, and merely reasoned with her. Not succeeding in this, she joined the relatives and attendants in the next room, leaving Mrs D alone. Mr Dodge still believed she had more poison, and quickly entering the room, caught her in the act of taking a second dose. He snatched the bottle from her hand and found that she had placed the arsenic in a solution of corrosive sublimate. Antidotes for the latter poison were immediately given, and had almost instant effect. This was Sunday afternoon and the unhappy woman still persisted in her determination to die. The physician stated that if she would do her share of the work by partaking of nourishment, she would stand a fair chance of recovery; but she stoutly refused until Wednesday, to do anything of the kind, and wished that death might come; in fact, she frequently said that if she recovered from this, that she had other poison and would take it.

On Wednesday, she partook of a little food for the first time, and gave the Dr the remainder of the arsenic that she had secreted beneath the pillow.

Since then, up to the time of going to press, this is all she has taken, and on Thursday and Friday mornings she was worse, and the physician informs us that her recovery is doubtful.

LIQUOR CASES.—James McDonald, John H Connolly, Thos Salmon and Michael McManus were before the Superior Court this week. McDonald and Connolly in consideration of their agreement to abandon the liquor business were ordered to pay a fine of $50 and costs each. Salmon's case is still unsettled, the Government not being ready. McManus was convicted and the sentence of the lower court confirmed ($10 and costs)

FALL AND BREAK.—As H. Mackey of Billerica was driving through Winn street to the depot Thursday morning his horse fell and threw Mr. M. out, breaking his right collar bone and cutting his face. He was 68 years of age, but nevertheless his spunk was good, for when his wounds were dressed he drove back home.

NEW ROOMS.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians have moved into the upper hall in Dever's Block.

The Irish Literary Association will occupy the lower hall in the same building.

The Irish Band occupy the same room as the latter.

LEATHER BUSINESS.—This department of trade occupies nearly the same position as it did one week ago. Perhaps there may be a little brighter look, but the change is very slight. One or two of our establishments have put on a few more men, but there is as yet no marked activity.

☞ Who has not heard of Josh Billings, the great original wit, and writer of truthful proverbs? He will lecture before the Independent Lyceum Course next Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th. Go and hear him.

WILD GEESE.—Monday, the 17th inst, will long be remembered as remarkable for the number of migrating flocks of wild geese. One party reports twenty-three flocks. They must be in direct communication with "Old Prob" to hit the mark as to the weather so closely.

QUOTED.—The article on "Leather Business in Woburn" given in last week's *Journal* was very generally quoted in our exchanges. The *Journal* is the official organ for Woburn news.

PICTURE GALLERY.—Dr. Boardman has a very fine assortment of chromos at his drug store, which he will dispose of at astonishingly low prices. The collection is a remarkably good one.

SHAFT BROKE.—As Supt. Bean of the water works was turning his horse from Main into Railroad street, the animal slipped upon the ice and fell, breaking one of the shafts of the buggy.

No. 1.—Fred. Hartwell was the first to appear on runners Sunday. Hartwell is prompt at all times.

☞ The question of forming a Young Men's Christian Association in town is being agitated.

QUERY.—Is a Nile green an oil color?

UNION ENTERTAINMENT.—The vestries of the Congregational Church were very well filled with a pleasant company Thursday evening, the occasion being an entertainment to raise money in aid of the Young Women's Home Fair. It was quite successful in every department. In the large vestry, confectionery, ice cream and flower tables were arranged, at which a lively business was done. Supper was furnished on the European plan, during the evening. In the small vestry the following programme was offered: Music by the Woburn Quintette Club; Readings by Mr J G Pollard of Southey's "Mary the Maid of the Inn," and Scott's "Young Lochinvar;" by Miss Mary Pollard of "How we kept the day;" by Mr George Perkins of J T Trowbridge's "One Day Solitary," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The evening passed very quickly and pleasantly and we learn that about $125 was cleared.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Geo H Conn was passing over Academy Hill, Wednesday night when he met a party of boys who were engaged in coasting down the sidewalk of Warren street, Wishing to indulge in an old time sport he borrowed a sled and rode down the hill. Upon trying to repeat it he struck against a tree with great force severely injuring him. Michael Harney, near whose house the accident happened helped Mr Conn home. The injuries sustained were extensive, consisting of a bad cut upon the forehead, a broken nose and thumb and scratches upon the body. During the night and the following day he vomited considerable blood. We hear Friday morning that he is better.

SELECTMEN.—At the regular meeting Thursday evening all present but Conn. Petition received from G F Jones and others for a street lamp on Main street near Everett street; referred to Supt. of Street Lamps with authority to locate. Also voted to place one on Woodberry's corner. Petition of F W Bosworth and others for lamps on Burlington street from Pleasant to South Bedford street, received and laid on the table.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Nov 14, M Haskins, assault upon Susan Flaherty, $3 and costs,—Nov 17, William Simpson of Win., assault upon Maria Simpson, $ 3 and costs; Charles D Cunningham, drunk, $3 and costs; committed in default.—Nov 19, Thomas Gibbens of Win., drunk, 2nd offence, 2 months, House of Correction. Daniel Keating, drunk, $3 and costs.

ROAD COMMISSIOMERS.—At the meeting last Friday a hearing was had on locating a road around Horn Pond. Various parties testified, all of whom were in favor of the road. Plans were exhibited and the principal question seemed to be the selection of the best location out of the numerous ones proposed.

NEW BELL.—The bell for the Methodist church has arrived and is a nice looking piece of work, and if we may judge from the experiments tried upon it by the workmen, the tone is very clear and good. It weighs about 750 lbs, and is of cast steel. It bears the name of the firm of Vickers, Son & Co, Limited, Sheffield. Such a bell costs about $300.

North Woburn.

CHURCH SERVICE.—On and after next Sunday, services will consist of a Bible Lesson and Sabbath School in the morning; sermon in the afternoon and prayer meeting in the evening.

BUILDING.—Mr James McFeeley is building a new shop on School street.

DRAMATIC.—An organization calling themselves the Woburn Dramatic Associates has been formed with the following officers: President, Geo H Miller; Secretary and Treasurer, T H Hill; Dramatic Manager, Mark Allen; Prompter, E Lynch; Property Man, J C McConlogue.

VISIT.—The North Star Division, Sons of Temperance of Lynn, paid Mishawum Division a fraternal visit Tuesday evening last. Nason furnished a supper, and all had a good time until 2:30 the next morning, when the visitors departed for home.

A BLOW.—A young man named Rand at work at Jones' blacksmith shop, while engaged at the anvil, was struck near the temple by the hammer which rebounded from the anvil. The blow rendered him unconscious for a time, but he will not experience any great trouble from it.

☞ The Town sold the Dearborn house on Prospect St last week Tuesday. Jos B McDonald purchased the main building for $1300, the outbuildings for $15, and John Soley bought the bricks and stone in the underpinning and cellar for $25.

SCHOOLS.—The schools closed to-day (Friday) for a vacation. The High and Grammar schools have one week, and the Intermediate and Primary have two weeks. In the meantime the teachers will be welcome at the Town Treasurer's office.

ESCAPE.—Dr J M Harlow fell as he was stepping from his wood pile to the ground, a day or two since and narrowly escaped breaking a leg; as it was, his face and arm were somewhat bruised.

☞ Our Winchester columns contain a statement of the condition of the leather business in that town which will be of interest to many.

☞ Cyrus Cummings and family leave for San Francisco, Cal., on Monday next.

☞ The chapel of the new Methodist church is expected to be ready for occupancy, January 1st.

FALL.—John Bulpit's horse fell on Franklin street, Thursday morning. No damage.

— Mr. Q. R. Ward was knocked down and run over by a team on Railroad St., Monday evening. Not seriously hurt.

—— Boss Tweed was convicted on Wednesday.

—Hon. John P. Hale died Wednesday.

G A R.—There was an interesting debate at the meeting of Burbank Enc, Post 33, Thursday. The question was, "Ought the United States to grant belligerent rights to the Cubans?" This was ably argued by eight disputants on each side, and a verdict based on the merits of the argument rendered in favor of the affirmative, by a jury of seven comrades. It is proposed to continue these debates, and two weeks from this week Thursday, there will be another upon the question, "Does travel improve a man more than study of books?" It is hoped a full attendance may be had.

BLOW.—We were reminded Monday night of Josh Billings' almanac where he predicts "windy winds with wind." Boreas was on a gay lark and rushed this way and that in mad glee. Blinds slammed, windows were broken, swinging signs screeched and wailed, while those who were unfortunate enough to be out were sadly buffetted by this noisy, boisterous fellow, who attacked you from all sides at once.

ENLISTED.—Roderick Foss, a young man well known to many of our citizens, enlisted last week in the regular army.

SOCIAL PARTY.—Members and friends of Mishawum Division, S of T, held a social party in Temperance Hall, last Thursday evening. This was the first of a course of fortnightly parties.

THEFT.—Thursday night some one entered the barn of Nathan Johnson, situated on Chestnut street, and stole a harness.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—The fourth lecture in the course was given last Monday evening by Hon. William Parsons. His subject was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the greatest orator, finest dramatist, and the greatest wit of the age and period in which he lived. His father was Thomas Sheridan, a prominent tragedian, and his mother was a comedian, so that he inherited both tragedy and comedy from his parents. In his early years he did not make great proficiency in his studies, which induced his mother to say of him that he was an incorrigible dunce. It was evident, however, that he had natural talent, and after he had completed his studies at school, he was fitted for the bar, which was then the school of eloquence, and composed of all classes. In addressing the jury at those times, it was customary for the lawyers to indulge in flights of eloquence, but now the standard is entirely changed, and lawyers give themselves more to the recital of facts, while but few are fitted to indulge in any oratorical displays. This was the profession to which young Sheridan addressed himself, and before he had been admitted to the bar, he gained some celebrity in successfully proving an *alibi*, in the trial of a supposed highway robber. This defence was conducted through a lawyer under his instructions, and was very ingenious. After this, old Mr. Sheridan removed to Bath, and retired from the theatrical profession and engaged in the business of lecturing. These lectures it was found necessary to intersperse with music, and a Miss Elizabeth Lindley, one of the most beautiful young ladies of that time, was employed. She was of the age of 16 years, a great singer, and possessed a fortune of $25000. This fortune she gained out of a breach of promise case against an elderly gentleman of wealth who had become infatuated with her and whom she voluntarily accepted, but afterwards got sick of, although the wedding day had been fixed. The elderly lover magnanimously took upon himself the breaking of the engagement, to shield the young lady from the anger of her father, who was set upon the match, and did not appear in court to defend himself from the unjust aspersion heaped upon him, but paid over the large sum which the Court awarded her. Young Sheridan was introduced to her, and shortly became as deep in love as he was ever afterwards in debt. Under the influence of the tender passion, he pimples forth in poetry, and like children who are subject to diseases in their early years, he broke out all over with this love disease. He induced the young lady to elope with him to France, where they were married. On his return to England he met a great number of disappointed lovers, whom he had got the start of, and who were desirous to wreak their vengeance upon him. He was obliged to fight two duels in consequence.

At this point he retired from the profession of the law and took up the pen. With his wit he goes to work and produces a dramatic poem, equalled only by Shakespeare. The play of "The Rivals" was alluded to, and Mr. Parsons read extracts in a fine manner from it, illustrating the various characters it contained. Garrick withdrew from Drury Lane Theatre, and Sheridan assumed it at an expense of a quarter of a million dollars.

The lecturer here gave a definition of wit and humor. We smile at wit, but laugh at humor. Sheridan possessed both, but unfortunately had not conscience enough to keep him from going astray, or from falling from the lofty pedestal which he had occupied in his dramatic writings. Out of his great embarrassments he produced the "School for Scandal" which closed his account with literature.

He then entered upon the arena of politics and for twenty five years was a member of the British Parliament.

We cannot follow the lecturer in his interesting and graphic description of the situation of our own and foreign countries, during this period. It was claimed that Sheridan took sides with this country in its early struggles for independence and that his efforts were always on the side of freedom, and in opposition to the feudalism of the Old World, that he contended in eloquent words that nations should not interfere with the internal arrangements of a sister kingdom.

The lecturer spoke of his recent visit to Europe, and to the fact that no progress has been made in Europe since the time of Sheridan. The whole of Europe was like one great powder house, which the least spark will ignite. He eloquently eulogized this country and its free government, and the opportunities which it offers to the trodden down and oppressed of every clime.

The latter part of Sheridan's life was in striking contrast with his earlier years. He fell into bad company and became addicted to the excessive use of the intoxicating cup. He was poor and his appetite so enslaved him, that he had to employ his jesting powers to gratify his desires. The fire which destroyed the Drury Lane Theatre brought about the closing scenes in this eventful life. Westminster Abbey contains the mortal remains of Sheridan. The lesson we are to learn from his life is this, that mere intellectual power is nothing without heart and conscience to control it.

The lecture was pleasantly interspersed with anecdotes illustrating the points under discussion, and the glowing imagery in which Mr. Parsons depicted the scenes and events to which he referred, made it a life like picture, while his language was so choice and fell so easy from his lips, that it was a great pleasure to listen to him.

The next lecture will be given on next Monday evening, by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Subject—"The Battle of Money."

PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian Society was held on Thursday evening of last week. Dr. F. Winsor was chosen Moderator. The report of the Standing Committee shows the society to be in a flourishing condition, and that of the Treasurer that it stands very well financially. Officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Clerk, Thomas P. Ayer; treasurer, Edwin A. Wadleigh; standing committee, in connection with the clerk and treasurer, Frederic Winsor, L. R. Symmes, Samuel W. Twombly, Franklin W. Perry, and Emmons Hamlin; Superintendent of the Sunday School, Rev. Richard Metcalf; assistant, Dr. F. Winsor; secretary William R. Stone; librarians, F. M. Symmes and F. T. Kimball.

RUNAWAY.—Wednesday afternoon a horse and hay rigging belonging to Nicholas Fitzgerald and driven by Patrick Kennedy became frightened and ran through the centre of the town, turning in at the street leading to P. Waldmeyer's tannery. Here he ran between a tree and the fence, when he cleared himself. The driver was thrown out and somewhat bruised.

LEATHER BUSINESS.—Our town, while not offering such an extended list of tanneries as Woburn, yet feels an interest to know how her few manufactories are weathering the storm. A visit to the various shops reveals the following:

A. MOSELEY.

(Buff and Splits), are running fifty men on full times, but at reduced prices. This gives them something to do and half a loaf is better than no bread; when full, one hundred and thirty men are employed and they finish 1500 sides per week Something is being done in the finishing room, but nothing to speak of.

P. WALDMEYER & CO.

(Calf Skins) is running about the usual force of sixty men who produce about 200 dozen per week.

W. JOHNSON.

(Splits) have seven men on nine hours, and turn out about a ton of Splits a week. Mr. Johnson has employed eleven men and increased the above amount by one-half a ton.

L. NUTTER.

(Splits) formerly had 12 men and finished up two tons a week. Now 7 men turn out a ton.

SCHAYER BROS.

have just commenced operations and no comparative report can be made.

JOHN MAXWELL

(Oil Grain, Boot, Russett, Splits, Calf Skins, Wax and Kip, Harness Stock). When business is brisk, employs about 65 men, but at present only 30 are at work. His productions are varied, as will be seen from the above statement. In good times, he turns out, of Oil Grain, Boot, Russet Leather and Harness stock, 300 sides per week; 5 tons Splits; 50 to 75 dozen Calf Skins; and 150 sides Wax and Kip.

ENTERTAINMENT.—On Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, we were favored with exhibitions of Tableaux and Mrs. Jarley's wax works at the house of Salem Wilder Esq. The audience room was filled to overflowing each evening, and a goodly sum of money was added to the fund already established in this town for the benefit of the Fair of the Young Women's Christian Association soon to be held in Boston.

Arlington.

—— Prof. Harrington gave an entertainment Thursday evening in the Town Hall, assisted by "that Humerous Watson." The Prof. lasts well.

—— The Catholic Fair opens in the church vestry Monday. The attractions will be numerous and a crowd may be expected.

ACCIDENT.—Joseph Ronco, the barber, was engaged in lowering a heavy skylight over Dodges drug store on Monday and the light, proving too heavy the rope passed very rapidly through Ronco's hands, cutting the flesh to the bone. He is at work again.

MOVED.—The buildings occupied by Kimball's wheelright and Hill & Gott's blacksmith shop, have been moved back, and the ground graded in front, giving them considerable yard room.

☞ Among the New York items in the Boston *Herald* of Nov. 14th, we noticed the following paragraph:—

David Mahoney was to day found guilty of snatching a pocket book containing $363 from Miss Mary Hill of Arlington, Mass, while the lady was walking in Forty second street on the 30th of October, and sent to State prison for four years and six months.

WRONG IMPRESSION.—The *Boston Post* of the 13th inst, has a paragraph concerning Arlington, in which it states that at the late town meeting it appears that the deficiencies amount to $1000. This might be interpreted as meaning that the Town Treasurer was at fault. We are happy to explain that the word "deficiences" refers to those cases where the expenditures necessarily exceeded the appropriations. Friend Allen's skirts are entirely clear.

SUIT.—Bernard McCarroll has notified the Town through his attorneys that a suit will be instituted at once if his claim for completing Highland Avenue is not paid. At the last town meeting the Selectmen asked for an appropriation of $500 to meet this, but it was refused. This debt was the amount of a contract made with McCarroll by the Selectmen to finish the street after the original contract was completed. It appears that a ledge was found that was not expected, and after the work had started it seemed to be proper to the Board to go ahead.

SEIZURE.—Dan Reardon, a denizen of the "Acre" employed two men a day or two since to help him harvest his cabbages, and in order to make them feel well he gave them a "wee drap of the crather." Shortly after, Reardon missed two jugs of whiskey, some one having seized them. One was recovered, but at night it disappeared again, and now Reardon mourns his loss.

FIRES.—A fire broke out in the house of Patrick Fermoyle on the Acre shortly after 1 o'clock on Friday, the 14th. The Highland Hose Co. were quickly on the spot with their apparatus, and speedily subdued the flames, before much damage was done. Mr. Fermoyle was insured for $700, but owing to the widening of the street his house was moved back and as he did not notify the Insurance Co. we understand his policy was renderd null. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Fire was also discovered in the rear of the Cutter School House on High street about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. An alarm being rung it brought the Highland Hose Co. promptly to the scene and they quickly extinguished the fire. The presence of a box containing paper and resin indicates the work of an incendiary.

RUNAWAYS.—During the funeral of the late Geo. C. Whittemore on Saturday last, two horses attached to a hack belonging to W. C. Currier took fright at an approaching train and ran down the avenue as far as the hotel where they were secured.

That regular contributor to the runaway column of this paper—we refer to the white horse used in the express team—furnished another item this week. He was standing in front of the depot when the cars frightened him, and he ran, striking the stone posts and damaging the harness.

GRATEFUL.—A brace of queer ducks, purporting to be man and wife, called for aid at the Selectmen's Room Monday evening. After a hearing they were sent to the Almshouse. The man was under the influence of liquor and gave his name as Frank Perkins. Arriving at the Almshouse he found fault with the food, claiming that he must have a meat supper. He created so much disturbance that the keeper handed him over to the officers, and Judge Carter heard the case and fined him $5 and costs, in default of which he was committed. Before the Court he gave the name of Frank Peabody, and said he never was in such a situation before. When he arrived at the jail the keeper said he had been there twenty-five times previously, and that he was known under still another alias.

VISITATION AND INSTALLATION.—Hiram Lodge was visited Thursday night of this week by D D G M, S B Harrington of Medford, and the following officers were installed:—

Geo D Tufts, W M,
John C Hill, S W,
Milan R Hardy, J W,
J Winslow Peirce, Treas,
Geo W Storer, Sec,
Rev W H Ryder, Chaplain,
Henry Frost, S D,
J H Hardy, J D,
Leander Pierce, S S,
Charles S Jones, J S,
Henry Bacon, I S,
James Thaxter, Tyler,
—— Knowles, Organist.

Delegations were present from surrounding towns and the party sat down after the exercises to a supper furnished by Bro. W H Pattee, and the visitors report that the affair was in keeping with the usual high standard established by Arlington Masons.

LECTURES.—Lt. Forrest was to have appeared on Monday with a lecture on the "Modocs," but certain revelations which came out in the daily papers the same day, that he was a fraud and was engaged in disreputable practices at Somerville, made it inexpedient that he should appear in the Course. Several engagements made for the gay Lieutenant in other places were cancelled the same day. It was a disappointment but there was no help for it. To meet the emergency Mr. Woodworth, a young elocutionist of rising fame, highly endorsed by Wendell Phillips, Gough and many others equally competent; gave us readings which more than filled the programme of the evening.

Lexington.

SUDDEN DEATH.—As the 2:45 Lexington train was approaching North Avenue station Wednesday afternoon, Mr Joel Viles, a well known citizen, aged about 78 years, died suddenly, with an attack, it is supposed, of heart disease.

MR. EDITOR:—Your correspondent, *Phillipian*, in your issue of Nov. 15 includes Uncle Tom's Cabin among the many books produced in the book-making town of Andover. Will *Phillipian* allow me to call his attention to the following extract from Mr. Field's Yesterdays with Authors?

"Uncle Tom's Cabin was wholly prepared for the press in a little wooden house in Maine, from week to week while the story was coming out in a Washington newspaper. Most of it was written by the evening lamp on a pine table about which the children of the family were gathered together, conning their various lessons for the next day. Amid the busy hum of earnest voices constantly asking questions of the mother, intent on her world renowned task, Mrs. Stowe wove together those thrilling chapters which were destined to find readers in so many languages throughout the globe."

I suppose no one will question Mr. Field's authority, but, in confirmation of it I find on the fly leaf of the first edition of Uncle Tom's cabin, "Entered according to Act of Congress in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maine." Perhaps *Phillipian* forgot that Professor Stowe had ever lived in Brunswick. E.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES.—The High School Lecture Course opened pleasantly on Thursday evening, Nov. 6th. At the appointed hour a good audience assembled in the schoolroom to listen to "Dramatic and Humorous Readings," by W. F. Gill of Boston. The speaker was introduced by Master Edward Mulliken, chairman of the Lecture Committee, and began the entertainment with the reading of a new poem entitled "The

Little People of God," by J. G. Whittier, of which the manuscript had just been handed to Mr. Gill. The selections which followed were "Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel," by Francis Waller; "A Report from below," by Thomas Hood; "The Raven." Mark Twain's "Curing a Cold;" an extract from Hamlet, Act III, Scene IV. "The Vagabonds," by J. T. Trowbridge, and "Reminiscences of School Life," by Mr. Gill. We cannot notice all these at length, but perhaps the best rendering of the evening was given to "The Vagabond," which was presented with rare force and naturalness. "The Raven," was well given, parts of it being very fine. The reading as a whole, was good, and emphasized by many and appropriate gestures. The most noticeable fault was an occasional indistinctness of utterance, which was most apparent in the rendering of the first selection, "The Little People of God," in which also, the inflection was somewhat monotonous. Due allowance should be made, however, for the difficulty of reading an unfamiliar poem from manuscript. The audience seemed much pleased and testified its approbation by frequent applause. Mr. Gill is well qualified for the pursuit of his profession, and has appeared with marked success as a public reader, in Boston and other cities.

The second lecture was given Thursday evening of last week, by Hon Chas Hudson, who took for his subject, "John Quincy Adams, Webster, Calhoun and Clay." The analysis of Mr Adams' character, was quite extended. His appearance, his manners, his great fund of information on literary and other topics, his power as a speaker, his wit, humor, and sarcasm, were all set forth and illustrated. Mention was also made of his hasty and violent temper, his long remembrance of injury, and his ready and complete forgiveness when the slightest apology was offered. The analysis of the other three characters were formed by comparing and contrasting the persons in a variety of ways. Webster was an intellectual giant seizing upon the main features of a subject, and presenting them with marvellous power, but troubling himself little about details, and requiring a season of rest after one of his great efforts. Clay was a man of remarkable versatility of talent and untiring industry. Calhoun possessed a mind wonderful for its analytic power, its fine discriminations and nice distinctions. Webster held himself apart from all as a superior being, and received advice from no one—compelling admiration, but winning no affection. Clay, on the other hand, was inclined to mix with the people, always ready to receive kindly any suggestion, and was personally and generally beloved. Calhoun was between the two—courteous and friendly to those with whom he came in contact, and through their representations receiving a certain moral regard. Calhoun's private character was undoubtedly purer than that of Webster or Clay; but there was reason to suppose that he was a more designing politician and cherished a more unworthy ambition than either. It is believed that even then he looked for a dissolution of the Union, and a position at the head of a Southern Confederacy. By way of illustrating his estimate of the talents and characters of the three great statesmen, the speaker, in closing, assigned to them the positions for which he believed them best fitted. Webster was appointed Premier of England, Clay was placed at the head of the French nation, and Calhoun occupied the chair of Professor of Metaphysics in a German University. The lecture was interspersed with many anecdotes, of which most of the incidents occurred within the personal observation and experience of the speaker.

This week Thursday evening, Prof James C Sharp of Boston lectured on "The Chemistry of Combustion, and Experiments with Oxygen and Hydrogen Gases."

West Medford.

MISSED.—Edward Shaw, who drives an express team from Boston to W. Medford, on his way home Saturday night, stopped in Medford Center at the barber's. Here he waited so long that Officers Grady and Allen thought that the team had strayed to that point alone, and that Shaw had fallen off, or been knocked over and robbed. They drove the team to the stable and went to West Medford and informed Mrs. Shaw of their fears. In the meantime Shaw, having been shaved, came out and missed his horses. He started in search of him, while a party of villagers started in search of Shaw. Considerable excitement reigned for a short time, but at last the two searchers met, and matters were explained.

BROKEN INTO.—J. E. Ober's grocery store was broken into last week, an entrance being effected through a window in the cellar. The rogue then commenced cutting through the door at the head of the stairs, but must have been frightened away, as he proceeded no further.

An attempt was also made to enter C. W. Macy's store.

New Publications.

HOSTETTER'S ALMANAC.—This illustrated annual for 1874 is gotten up in the usual way. Calendar, useful hints, jokes, recipes, comic pictures and Hostetter's Bitters in delightful confusion. Presented by Fosdick & Buss.

THE NURSERY.—We are happy to learn that in spite of hard times, panics, etc., the names of new subscribers are constantly coming in for this gem of juveniles. The illustrations in this number, the stories and the poetry are all equal to the standard long ago established and subsequently maintained by the publisher, Mr. John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston. Price, $1.50 per year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for December is the same magnificent juvenile we have often asserted. Its editors are always sure to present a work that will secure the popular approval. Our young folks everywhere will rejoice with us over the beauties of this number. We always turn the last page with regret, and there is no rest until we get the next number. Price $3 00 per year. James R. Osgood & Co, Boston, Publisher.

SCRIBNER'S.—December, 1873. A second profusely illustrated article on Louisiana opens *Scribner's* for December. Mr. King's first article on this subject created an interest which the present paper cannot fail to deepen. In the same number is a "popular science" paper on "Savage Man," with very striking illustrations; an interesting sketch, with portrait of Proctor, the celebrated young English astronomer now in this country, by John Fraser; Froude's second paper on an English Abbey, in which the Wat Tyler insurrection is touched upon; a timely and able discussion by Prof. Atwater, of Princeton, of the Specie Payment question; "Black Rock," a story; a poem by Bret Harte, entitled Luke (in the Colorado Park—1873; an explanation of "Carlism in Spain," by J. W. Preston; and continuations of Miss Trafton's story, "Katherine Earle," and Mrs. Davis's "Earthern Pitchers." Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time, discusses "Some Religious Newspapers," "Provision for Wives and Children," "The American Gentleman of Leisure," and "How Much has been gained" toward Christian Union. In "The Old Cabinet" there is "The House in the Corner," "The Commonplace," "The Invisible Hinge," and "Something better than Truth." In Home and Society, Culture and Progress, Nature and Science, and Etchings, a great many subjects are briefly treated. The January number of this magazine will have features of special interest.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December opens the Forty-eighth volume of that periodical, and fully justifies the promise of the publishers that this volume shall surpass its predecessors. Besides the five regular Editorial Departments, this number contains seventeen contributions, of which eight are illustrated with sixty-five engraving. Under the title of "The Water Ways of New York," William H Rideing contributes a very interesting account of the Erie Canal, with particular reference to the life of the boatmen. The illustrations are very characteristic. The historic and literary associations that cluster around Lake Leman are gracefully treated in another profusely illustrated article by Ralph Keeler. Charles Nordhoff contributes an illustrated paper on Mendocino and Clear Lake, in Northern California, giving some fresh and characteristic pictures of life among the lumbermen. To most readers, the brightest gem of the number will be a "Golden Wedding,"—a poem of rare beauty and excellence, by Miss H. R Hudson, illustrated with ten engravings, from drawings by W. L. Sheppard. Moncure D. Conway contributes the second part of his Dorset Saunter, embellished with eight illustrations. These "Saunterings," are replete with rare and exceedingly interesting materials, such as are not often found in magazine literature. T. B. Maury's article on Indian Summer, is as remarkable for its philosophy as for its poetry. It contains the results of the latest researches on the subject of the supplemental seasons—the second winter as well as the second summer. In "A Chapter of Gossip," some very entertaining selections are given from Maunsell B. Field's forth coming "Memories." The paper on "Panic in Wall Street," gives a very concise history of the three panics within the memory of the present generation of readers, and a very picturesque description of the Stock Exchange, as it was and as it is, with some piquant gossip about leading Wall street speculators. Two short stories, "Delgrado," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, and "A Legend of Crawford Notch," by Anna C. Swasey, are given, in addition to the second installment of Professor De Mille's Serial, "A Living Link." Alfred H. Louis, S. S. Conant, Bessie M. Love, Will Wallace Harney, and William C. Richards contribute the poetry of the number. The January number will contain the first part of Miss Muloch's serial story, (beautifully illustrated) "My Mother and I—A Love Story for Girls."

Horton has it.

A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

While the events of a rather eventful political year are fresh in our minds, and the evidences are numerous of neglected duty and consequent unsatisfactory results, it appears fitting that there should be that careful review of the lessons that are offered us thereby, if possibly we may not draw therefrom the purpose and wisdom which shall secure a better future and leave less of reproach upon our citizenship.

The facts are not to be disguised or smoothed into a semblance of something better than they are, that all over the country the Democratic party has made large gains upon its results of previous years, that numerous good men and true have lost their elections to less worthy representatives of the people, and that much that the best judgment and wishes of good citizens deplore, has been and will be thereby set afoot.

The misfortune that exists, the wrongs that have been done, the grave injury that men and causes have suffered by this lapse cannot be palliated or atoned by any imbecile apologies that "this was an *off* year," that "I wasn't particularly interested in any of the issues this Fall," that "I can't endorse the Gubernatorial nominee and so I thought I wouldn't vote at all," or "I am not interested in politics any way."

These and their kindred excuses, as numerous as they are weak, are the real causes of the apparent gains of the Democratic party this year, for that they are only apparent and arise from the apathy or temporary disaffection of the Republican ranks is beyond doubt.

It is evident that the total vote was not increased, but on the contrary was sensibly diminished, and that the Republican cast has been as a whole, below the lowest strength its opponents readily assign it.

It is certain that a general tutoring of our people is necessary to awaken their minds to the serious neglect of their duties and privileges, which they are suffering each year to increase.

The remark of Charles Bradlaugh that we "who have obtained the advantages of Republicanism do not know how to appreciate them as those who seek them do," is pregnant with truth and to our shame be it confessed.

It has come to be simply amazing with what apathy and forgetfulness of even decent usage and fair play, we treat our friends, our causes and our principles.

A thorough rousing up is needed and a thorough wholesome defeat of our lazy wishes, an overthrow of party, plans and measures seems to be almost essential to awaken our American citizens to the duty imposed upon them, of protecting those liberties and institutions which they really value, but which if the past conduct of things continues, they are likely to lose.

The mass of the members of the Republican party seem to forget that when a candidate is fairly nominated it becomes the gravest possible duty to give him every possible support, and that their failure to do so may inflict upon a valuable citizen, thrice valuable measures and principles, a defeat the injury of which cannot be estimated, and is most galling because often unnecessary.

To set up friends and tenets to be knocked down like pins upon an alley, because we fail to give the support that only laziness or contemptible prejudice withholds, is meanness which no man likes to charge home upon himself, but which many a man who calls himself a good citizen should honestly shoulder today, and in shame and humiliation ponder upon, to abjure henceforth and forever.

It is not a pleasant commentary upon the virtue and faithfulness of the citizens of what we have heretofore been proud to call "staunch old Middlesex," that four out of her seven Republican Senatorial nominees lost their election, week before last, from some one or the whole of the pitiable excuses we have quoted, with which men insult their sovereignty and their obligations to law and good order.

We write strongly upon this point because we feel strongly, and because we feel that every good citizen *should* feel strongly hereon, and *no* man has any *right* to jeopardize friends, party, interests or principles, because he has applied to his conscience the balm of any such weak assurances as these we have named.

"This is an off year." Then all the more reason why you should be *on* hand, that sense of duty may be sure and accomplish what the intrinsic interest of issues will at other times do.

"I wasn't particularly interested in any of the issues this Fall." Was there ever a Fall when the issues of right and wrong were not before the people in some shape and demanded the attention of right thinking men?

"I can't indorse the Gubernatorial nominee, and so won't vote at all." Will you cut down the tree because a branch is blighted? Are there no other names or interests represented by the ticket you *should* vote?

"I am not interested in politics any way." Then the more shame upon you, for if, as there can be no doubt, the very existence, perpetuity excellence, and value of the nation lie in its systems and its forms of government, how valuable, how patriotic and helpful a citizen has he become who "cares nothing for politics any how."

If the institutions and advantages we enjoy and the principles that have been thought worth any price, even that of a treasury of human life, labor and sacrifice, are still worth anything, they are worth the every effort of every one of their indorsers.

It is lamentable to observe how many of our best men, best in every sense *except* in the exercise of their citizen sovereignty, take no part in moulding the management of the State and nation.

Are politics "too dirty" for your presence and participation? Then purify them by these agencies. Are bad men too much in power? Then see to it that good ones are substituted.

Is "the thing always cut and dried?" Then be you on hand to cut and dry it in the interests of virtue, honesty and economy. Croak not dismally at what is, unless you are prepared to offer aid in creating a better.

Of this thing be certain, that so long as you fail to do your full part to establish the order of things that should exist, you have no right to complain of aught that is unsatisfactory in the political establishment you would not, or did not lend your aid to rightly construct.

Parties are not sovereign, but principles and their expression in men are, and while no citizen is called upon to of necessity act with this, that or the other party, as such, every citizen is called upon as he values the supremacy of right and progress in the community, to aid in placing in charge of affairs, men whom he believes are true and upright.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Married

In Woburn, Nov. 19th, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr. Thomas G. Merriam, and Miss Mary C. Robinson, all of Woburn.

In North Woburn, Nov. 19th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. Charles E. Nichols and Miss Kate C. Frye, all of North Woburn.

In Waltham, Nov. 20, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Oscar L. Strout and Miss Anna P. Ryan, all of Waltham.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Nov. 15, Miss Mary S. Greenough, aged 21 years 2 months, 9 days.

In Billerica, Nov. 18, Fanny C. Harrington, aged 65 years, 4 months.

In Wilmington, Nov. 20, Esther E. McDonald, aged 28 years, 3 months.

In Acton, Nov. 16th, Oliver E. Thorpe, youngest son of the late Thomas Thorpe, of Acton, aged 76 years.

In Cambridge, Nov. 19th, Joel Viles, of Lexington, aged 78 years.

Wednesday Eve'g, Nov. 26th,

SECOND GRAND CONCERT

—IN THE—

Unitarian Church, Woburn,

By CHARLES H. MORSE,

Organist at Tremont Temple, Boston, assisted by the following talent:

MR. S. B. WHITNEY, organist at the Church of the Advent, Boston.
MISS SALLIE M. CLOUGH, Soprano.
MISS MARY G. CLAPP, Contralto.
MR. CHARLES H. CLARK, Tenor, (from the Old South, Boston.)
MR. A. H. MCKENNEY, Basso.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture,—"Stradella." Flotow — MR. MORSE.
2. Duett,—"The Fisherman," Gabussi. — MESSRS. CLARK AND MCKENNEY.
3. Offertoire, Reed. — MR. WHITNEY.
4. "Oh, Mio Fernando," Donizetti. — MISS CLOUGH.
5. Andante, with variations, (from "The Septuor.") Beethoven. — MR. MORSE.
6. "Faith and Hope," Millard. — MR. CLARK.

PART II.

7. Duett,—"Cheerfulness," Gumbert. — MISSES CLOUGH AND CLAPP.
8. Overture,—"Poet and Peasant," Suppe. — MR. WHITNEY.
9. "Ah, S'Estinto," Mercadante. — MISS CLAPP.
10. (a) Canon, in octave, Merkel. (b) Prelude and Finale (Faust), Gounod. — MR. WHITNEY.
11. Quartette,—"Ecco quel fiero istanti," Costa. — MISSES CLOUGH AND CLAPP, MESSRS. CLARK AND MCKENNEY.
12. Pastorale, Best. — MR. MORSE.

Doors open at 7 1-4; concert commences at 7 3-4.

The next concert of the series will be given on Wednesday Evening, Dec. 17th, with Dudley Buck, Miss Wyman, and the Male Quartette.

The Piano used at this Concert is kindly furnished by Oliver Green, No. 6 Railroad street, Woburn.

Season, $1.00. Single tickets, 25 cents.

For sale by Fosdick & Buss, S. Horton, and at the door. 174

ANNOUNCEMENT !

The subscriber would announce that on and after Saturday, Nov. 21st, she will dispose of her stock of

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY

AT REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S. K. NICHOLS.

North Woburn, Nov. 21, 1873. 171

200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.

Russell Street, Woburn. 72

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

For breach of the conditions contained in a certain Mortgage given by William H. Foster to Eli Thomas.

Will be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the dwelling house of said William H. Foster, on Salem street, opposite Bow street, in said Woburn, the following articles of Personal Property, viz:—One Black Horse, one Furniture Wagon, new and second-hand Sofas, new and second-hand Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Sinks, Refrigerators, Hat Trees, Whatnots, Mirrors, Marble Top Tables, Show Case, Spring Beds, and other articles usually found in a Furniture Ware House too numerous to mention.

By order of ELI THOMAS, Mortgagee.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WILLIAM WINN, - Auctioneer.

Woburn, November 20th, 1873.

BOTTOM PRICES !

During the "hard times" that are upon us, everybody desires to economize. We have accordingly placed our figures at the

LOWEST MARK

for the immense stock of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

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Out of town buyers, will find any style of Garment they need.

OVERCOATS	AT	RICHARDS'.
STOUT WORKING SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
MATCHED SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
BOYS' SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
CHILDREN'S SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
TOP COATS	AT	RICHARDS'.
DRESS SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
UNDER FLANNELS	AT	RICHARDS'.
FURNISHING GOODS	AT	RICHARDS'.
ALL GRADES AND SIZES	AT	RICHARDS'.

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FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

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The Leading Events of the Hour,

While its pages shall not only reflect the substantial progress of opinion upon topics which are connected with the

Social and Political Interests

Of the people of New England, but shall also contain a large amount of matter which will instruct and edify the large circle which depends mainly upon its columns for their knowledge of what is going on in the great

Business Centres of the World.

The same features that have given to the *Weekly Journal* its strong hold upon the people, and have caused its subscribers to renew their subscriptions year after year, will be retained. We do not propose to introduce any catch-penny novelties, for the field is already filled with such newspapers, but we do propose to so fill its

THIRTY-SIX LONG COLUMNS

That every member of a household may find something which they shall read with pleasure and profit. There are papers which contain a larger amount of literary reading, but there is no paper published in New England which furnishes

So Large an Amount of Newsy Reading at such a Moderate Price.

When it is remembered that by forming Clubs, a paper like *The Boston Weekly Journal* can be secured fifty-two times each year for THREE CENTS PER WEEK, the statement would seem to warrant a circulation of a hundred thousand in the New England States. We confidently believe that an inspection of its columns will convince any one that the investment of such a trifling amount is the wisest expenditure that any man can make who desires a

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Which he can place in the hands of the members of his family, confident that there is nothing objectionable in any of its many departments.

We shall be happy to send specimen copies free of expense. We invite the attention of Postmasters and Agents to our terms. There is no advance in price, though the paper last year was greatly enlarged and improved,

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And one copy to the getter up of a club of ten.

All orders must be accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued promptly at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

THE DAILY JOURNAL,

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Contains the latest news by telegraph and mail from all parts of the world. Its circulation is more than THREE times that of any paper of its class in New England.

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Contains all the news of the day, including the review of the Markets, Commercial news, &c., and has a very large circulation among country merchants throughout New England. It is issued Tuesday and Friday mornings.

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FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, FOR BOYS' WEAR, FOR YOUTH'S WEAR,

in great variety laid in for the Fall and Winter of 1873 and '74.

Prices the Lowest! Goods in all Styles! Everybody can be suited!

TRY THE "GLOBE,"

Nos 1, 2 & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of the estate of Jacob Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. Also person having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EBENEZER L. PIERCE, } Adm.
EDWARD E. BUTMAN, }

Woburn, Nov. 11th, 1873. 172

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HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, November 8th, 1873. 156

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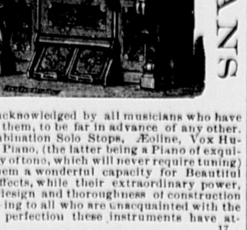
N. B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, corner Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire. 163

GEO. WOODS & CO'S ORGANS



Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

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B. F. COLEGATE,

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Woburn Mass.

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The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of JOSEPH KELLEY. 31

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REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to **Collecting Bills.**

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

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NEW CARPETS ! !

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HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

New and Spacious Store,

168 and 170 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON.

And have now an unequalled stock of

FINE CARPETS,

And an Extensive Variety of Medium and Low Priced Goods. 147

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LINCOLN EMERSON, 93 Main Street, Woburn. 133

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.

ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,

vs.

SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.

DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G Dickey, to be made absolute, on motion, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.

And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.

By the Court,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

Winter Goods.

We shall take pleasure in showing our assortment of Overcoats made from Blue and Black Beaver, all Wool, heavy Chinchilla, French Elysian, and other cloths made up in the latest styles. Reefers, Cardigans, of every quality made, Under Garments in great variety, being the largest assortment ever shown at our Counters. Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, and other Goods adapted to the season, at low prices by

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Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,

WOBURN MASS. 42

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Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets. Have no disagreeable sulphurous or strong acid smel when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are put up in neat style, and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks; one stick is sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved. Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had at all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

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115 North Front St., Philadelphia.

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43 Broad St., Boston. 157

Cemetery Lots For Sale.

The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of

P. L. CONVERSE, M. F. WINN, L. H. ALLEN, L. L. WHITNEY, } Cemetery Committee. 149

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Manufacturer of

SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES.

Special attention given to the manufacture of

FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS.

258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

WOOLEN CARPETS

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S, Opposite Common, Woburn 61

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

Coke For Sale.

At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

FOR SALE.

PARTRIDGE COCHIN FOWLS. For sale by GRANVILLE PARKS, North Woburn.

EXCUSES.

Wellington's maxim that a man good at excuses is good at nothing else, was doubtless born of experience; but, like most maxims, it errs in asserting as universally true, what is only generally so, and he who adopted it as a crucical test of capacity would sometimes be terribly at fault. The wit who gave our stage the best comedy—the orator who extorted the highest compliment ever paid to a speaker's eloquence by an opponent, was as his creditors knew but too well, a consummate master of the art of making excuses. Waller, too, was no incapable man, although he could turn an excuse as cleverly as he could turn a verse; witness his answer when Charles II complained that the loyal strains with which he welcomed the Restoration, were very inferior to those in which he had glorified the Protectorate. "I own it, your Majesty," said the ready-witted time-server, "poets always write better upon fiction than upon fact." What, then, could be happier in its way, than Talleyrand's excuse for having passed a lady in the street without having looked at her; "If I had looked, I could not have passed you." It must be owned, however, these examples might be cited as illustrations of Pope's definition of an excuse—something worse than a lie, being built upon some probability, and using a degree of truth to falsify with—in short, a lie guarded.

Flattery, coming easily enough to a poet or diplomatist, was not the forte of the American lawyer, who, called to account for displaying his contempt of the court, replied that if he had been so unfortunate, it was from inadvertence, as he had studiously endeavored to conceal his feelings. This learned gentleman would have sympathized with his brother-in-law, threatened by an irate judge with committal, for declaring his belief that the court could be bought with a peck of beans. Whereupon the delinquent owned he had spoken too hastily, and begged to withdraw the obnoxious observation, with the reservation that if he had put it at half a bushel, no power upon earth should have made him recall his words. A neater impertinence was perpetrated by Lord Eldon in the days of his barristerhood. A young counsel, lacking self control, upon hearing judgment given against his client, exclaimed that he was astonished at such a decision, and was ordered by the judges to attend at the bar the next morning to answer for the irregularity. Mr. Scott undertook to see his friend through this little difficulty, and when his name was called, rose and said: "My lords, I am very sorry my young friend has so far forgotten himself as to treat your honorable bench with disrespect. He is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it originated in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships. Now if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he but known you half as long as I have done—he would not have been astonished at anything."

These legal apologists wilfully framed their excuses so as to aggravate the original offence, a result innocently attained by a worthy old gentleman, too prone to political discussion, since he could not keep his temper while arguing, He was given, much to his after-repentance, to call those who ventured to differ with him, all sorts of hard names, in the heat of debating. Upon one occasion, having favored a neighbor in this way, as soon as he had cooled down, the old gentleman went to apologize for his outbreak, and this is how he did it: "I am very sorry," said he, "pray forgive me for always losing my temper in talking with you; but the fact is, you talk so like a jackass, I can't help it!" Still more innocent of intentional offence, was the rough Tennessee soldier, who, tired of campaigning after three months experience, asked General Thomas to grant him leave of absence because he wanted to see his wife. "Why, I have not seen mine for three years," was the general's reply, intended to be conclusive. But the homesick warrior was equal to the occasion, and retorted: "Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that kind." This affectionate husband would scarcely have appreciated the joke of the old Scotch judge, when one of his colleagues failed to take his seat on the bench, leaving a brother to excuse his absence, on the ground that he had lost his wife. "Has he?" exclaimed the lord justice. "That 's a good excuse indeed; I wish we all had the same."

The Honorable Nyrum Reynolds, a distinguished member of the bar of Wyoming county, United States, would have been just the man to have settled the orthographical difficulties of the Tichborne case. Taunted in court for his eccentricities in that line, this counsel said to the jury, "The learned gentleman on the other side finds fault with my writing and spelling, as though the merits of the case depended upon such matters. I'm agin lugging in any such outside affairs, but I will say that a man must be a great fool who can't spell a word more than one way." This reminds us of the darkey who was chaffed about his habit of writing himself down as "Tomas," who put down his critics with, "I understand all about dat, but you orter know the 'Merican language is very unregular, and der is more dan one right way to spell a man's name in dis country." Like the Michigan schoolmaster, Tomas was not to be silenced by a parcel of ignoramuses because he differed with the dickshunary style of spelling; but his argument was hardly so unassailable as that of the negro who justified taking a second wife somewhat suddenly upon the decease of the first, by declaring he had searched the Scriptures vainly for any promises to widowers, although he found plenty for widows, and thereupon came to the conclusion that Heaven would not waste its sympathy upon one who had it in his own power to comfort himself under bereavement; clinching matters thus, "Besides, brethren, I thought poor Patsey was as dead as she ever would be," a fact there was no gainsaying; which is more than can be said of that advanced by the dame of eighty, as an excuse for taking a mate of the same age to love and to cherish, that the old gentleman was about her place so often, that if they did not go to church, folks would be sure to talk.

Palmer the actor would not have come under the ban, as a man good at excuse making. One day, while busy in his garden at Kentish-town, he was stung in the eye by a wasp, with such effect that he was obliged to send word to the theatre that it would be impossible for him to appear on the stage that evening. The customary apology, on account of sudden indisposition was made by the manager. A pittite, however, was incredulous, and rising in his place, loudly gave his disbelief expression, until the audience, convinced they were being deceived, became uproarous, and insisted upon seeing the actor himself; so the manager was obliged to fetch him. When Palmer walked on the stage, the people saw no sign of any ailment, and hissed him unmercifully. As soon as quiet could be restored, Palmer, advancing to the footlights, addressed the house briefly, and as he thought to the purpose with, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am aware of the odd effect my appearance here may produce, after the apology which has been made for my illness, which I thought it hardly possible to describe by communication with the theatre." Here he was interrupted by cries of "No wonder!" "Shame" "What's the matter?" "The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, my illness was all in my eye!" Of course the impatient people interpreted the dubious expression their own way, and a scene of confusion resulted easier to be imagined than described. For once, at least, Palmer achieved the height of an actor's ambition and brought down the house.

Very odd excuses are sometimes put forward in courts of justice. A French republican, condemned to death for murdering his wife and child without extenuating circumstances, demurred to the sentence, because capital punishment had been abolished in France for political offences, and he had killed his wife and child for no other reason but because they were Legitimists. An Irishman accused of perpetrating a bigamous marriage, justified the act on the ground that he was not a consenting party at his first wedding; the friends of the lady who claimed him for her own, having carried him before a priest one night, and married him in spite of his resistance. A thief charged with stealing a Bible, pleaded that he had been led away by his pious propensities. At Liverpool, a publican, summoned for having sundry false measures in his possession, declared he only used them for those who got drunk upon credit; and a green grocer excused his use of a false beam because new potatoes were so dear that he could make no profit out of them unless he cheated his customers a little, A witness told by the judge he must not speak so quickly, as it was impossible for him to follow him, replied: "I can't help it, my lord, I've got an impediment in my speech; I had it since I was born." Another, one, charged by the examining counsel with prevaricating, asked how he could help prevaricating, when he had lost three of his front teeth. This witness must surely have been own brother to the gentleman who, using the wine at a public dinner, not wisely but too well, was called to order for indulging in language more free than polite. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did say; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

We do not suppose an army was ever yet defeated without plenty of proof being forthcoming that it ought to have been victorious; but it would be hard to beat the way in which a Yankee, bragging of his countryman's warlike achievements, disposed of the Englishman's reminder that they got the worst of it at Long Island. "Well, yes," said he "you did whip us there; but then, you see, in that battle, somehow, the Americans didn't seem to take any interest in the fight." This was as pure an invention as the story with which Dr. Chalmer's aunt averted the punctuality-loving doctor's wrath, when she came down late to breakfast. She laid the blame of her bedkeeping upon a dream, exclaiming before he had time to speak: "Oh, Mr. Chalmers, I had such a strange dream; I dreamt that you were dead. I dreamt that the funeral day was named, the hour fixed, the funeral cards sent out. Then the day came, the folks came, and the hour came; but what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done chapping twelve, the time named in the invitations, when a loud knocking was heard inside the coffin, and a voice came out of it, saying: "Twelve's chappit, and ye're no liftin." Both these ingenious excuses lacked the basis of probability, without which no excuse can be held to be a good one, and therefore cannot contest the palm with Barham's apologetic explanation, when called to account by his college tutor for his absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, you are too late for me, sir; I cannot sit up until seven o'clock in the morning. I am a man of regular habits, and unless I get to bed by four or five at the latest, I am fit for nothing the next day." This deserves bracketing with Charles Lamb's well known justification of his late appearance in Leadenhall street: "You must remember, sir, that I am always the first to leave."

Quaint excuses were quite in Ella's way. When a correspondent of the *London Magazine* claimed the London Templar for a Whitshire man and a brother, Ella repudiated the construction put upon his words. "By the word 'native,' I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born, or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situated in whole some air, upon a dry, chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a summer or two ago, so agreeably that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation I see not how we can avoid falling into a gross error in physics, as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent." Having said this much in explanation, Lamb adds (let clever folks who think to bolster up their theory of an author's private life by internal evidence ponder his words), that he hath not so fixed his nativity—like a rusty vane—to one dull spot, but that, if he sees occasion, or the argument demands it, he will be born again, in future papers, in whatever place and at whatever ever period shall seem good unto him.

Little Pat Lowe's excuse for not making short work of a foe at Sabugal was as perfect as an excuse could be. Patrick, full private in the Fifty-second Regiment, failing to make the running with his comrades, pursued by the enemy's cavalry, when they took shelter behind a wall, ensconced himself behind a tree stump. A French dragoon had taken a strong fancy to the stout little Irishman, and tried all he knew to make him waste his fire, but Pat contented himself with covering the enemy until the Fifty-second, advancing in full force, the French horsemen retired with all speed, Pat's particular friend among them. Astonished at the latter getting away scot-free, an officer of the Fifty-second asked our hero how he could be such a fool as not to shoot that Frenchman. "Is it shooting ye mane, sir?" asked he. "Sure, how could I shoot him when I wasn't loaded?"—*Chamber's Journal.*

Our Faces.—We may pretend that it is otherwise, but we are all interested in our own faces; and yet we treat them as badly as we do many other things in which we are deeply but ignorantly interested. The countenances of a nation define the characteristics of its people. Every human face indicates the moral training as well as the temperament and the ruling traits of its owner, just as much as every human form indicates the quality and amount of its physical exercise. This is proved by the varieties of human faces everywhere visible. Those whose whole lives have been given to physical labor, unbrightened by an education of ideas, have always a stolid, stupid expression, even while their limbs and muscles are splendidly developed. The more savage a people, the uglier they are in facial developement. The very features of their faces are disfigured by violent and ungoverned passions. People whose employments are intellectual, invariably have a large, clear gaze, a bright, outraying expression, as if from inward light shining through a vase. Where a fine organization and deep sensibility accompany the practice of intellectual pursuits, often the features take on a transparent, luminous look. Persons endowed with a powerful sensibility, however plain their features, always have moments of absolute beauty. "My sister-in-law is plain," said one lady of another, who possessed such a countenance, "but I have seen her so absolutely beautiful at times that she drew everybody in the room towards her. When she is very happy, her face kindles with an absolute radiance." The refining effects of high culture, added to deep religious feelings, not only subdue evil passions, but beautify and elevate the entire expression and bearing of an individual. Thus it is a physical as well as moral fact that it is in the power of every person to improve his own beauty as well as bearing by a constant control of passion and temper, and a deep and constant cultivation of the intellectual facilities, pure affections, and the moral nature.

It is a physical as well as spiritual fact that the concentration of desire upon one object of thought, upon a single subject, shows itself in some feature of the face as distinctly as it stamps the effect upon the character. This is why we see so many distorted and almost deformed faces, so few symmetrical and spiritually beautiful ones. Comparatively few have the desire and fewer still have the leisure, to cultivate that harmony of thought and temper which is sure to shine forth from within, and harmonize every feature. Work and struggle, care and fret, bustle, hurry and wearing-out ambition, make the law of average American life. It all shows in our poor faces—in our sharp, eager, restless, weary, unhappy faces. Look about you on a ferry-boat crossing the river near the standard dinner hour. It is more than the want of dinner that gives that hungry look to eleven out of every twelve mortals that are homeward bound. It is the consuming care, the ever-repeated, never-ending, daily care; it is the struggle to live, the curse of the want of money, and the curse of ever-craving, unsatisfied wants—physical, affectional, spiritual—which have seamed and scarred those faces, and made those sunken eye-sockets the craters of burned-out fires. Don't say, "Never mind about the face!" We all mind about our faces, and we mind very much about the faces that we see. It may be too late to make our own very beautiful, though never too late to beautify them; but it is not too late to serve the next generation through the souls and faces of our children.—*Bazar.*

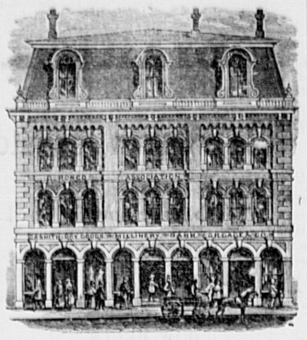
Liability of Railway Time Tables.—The Great Western Railway Company of England recently became a defendant in a suit at law involving a novel ground of complaint. It appears that the plaintiff, a Queen's Counselor, made a professional appointment, which he expected to meet by means of the defendant's trains. The trains, however, failed to run according to the published time table, so that the plaintiff, in order to meet his engagement, was forced to hire a private vehicle, at a cost of ten shillings sterling. There appeared to be no particular reason for the delay—that is to say, there was no fortuitous hindrance. The plaintiff contended that the railway company in question, had developed unpunctuality into a system, so that no one could make any engagement on the faith of its train arrangements. He therefore brought the suit for the benefit of the public, and the court decided in his favor. An appeal against this decision will be taken by the company.

Tragedy in Private Life.—Miss Simkins had a bug down her back, last night as she was sitting in the parlor entertaining Mr. Smikes. She felt it crawl. She knew it was a big bug and probably deadly poison; but as Mr. Smikes was on the verge of a proposal, she stood it. It rested for a moment and she felt relieved; it moved just a little though, once when she tried to touch it with the end of her fan outside her dress; but in a little while, she could feel it sticking the sharp sting into her flesh. "Uh?" she almost shuddered. "My dear," said Mr. Smikes. She paused. "My dear miss, what makes you so restless?" "Oh, nothing," said she, brushing the bug. Mr. Smikes turned partially and touched her hand. Agony—the bug stung her; it was burying itself in her flesh! She rushed from the room, and found—that it was a pin that had slipped out of her dress. She returned to the parlor, and Mr. Smikes was gone.

☞ The *Lowell Courier* says—"Leaves make capital bedding." Perhaps so. But somehow or other it isn't always pleasant to leave one's bed.

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,



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Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

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PIANO COVERS Of all styles and prices.
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PIANOS Of better class and lower for cash than any other

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Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

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APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"Determined to meet every public requirement."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods and Stationery, at very low prices. 45

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The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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Call on

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APOTHECARIES,

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New books added as soon as published. 53

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Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

58

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CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boiler Snafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

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JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village.

is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

or any other Band Instruments, which with

Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

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33 Court St., Boston.

Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

34

Woburn Telegraph Office.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov 3d, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7†, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A.M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P.M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P.M.
Billerica 7, 10, A.M., 2.30, 6. P.M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A.M., 2.30, 6. P.M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4. P.M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A.M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45†* P.M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A.M., 2.20 P.M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 5.40 P.M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 5.45 P.M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 5.50 P.M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.00 P.M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.40, 8.20‖ P.M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P.M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

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Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

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for inside and outside finish.

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RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

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Fall and Winter Styles,

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HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 46

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Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

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WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking the water from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set up.

PLUMBING,

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CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

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With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

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INCORPORATED 1819. 83

Capital, $3,000,000. Charter Perpetual.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871. $2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46

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E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

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Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St,

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56

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J. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

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☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

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CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

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made to order, or repaired, at

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L. Thompson, Jr. 55

L. H. ALLEN,

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UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

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He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

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For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

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Stearns,

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Largest and Best

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CROCKERY

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A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873. NO. 11.

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Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

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ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
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HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. } Near Main Street.

☞Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 98

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CHAS. HOWARD,
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Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

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☞Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

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AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
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Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

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Poetry.

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

When is the turkey handsomest?
With sunshine on his brazen breast,
When every feather is like a scale
On a glittering suit of knightly mail;
When his tail is spread, a splendid fan,
As he struts before his faithful clan
With blue, bald head and threatening eye,
And wattles red as a stormy sky;
With lofty step and war-cry loud
He marshals forth the quittering crowd,
Or leads their dance across the plain,
Or heads their march through waving grain,
Intent on plunder, red with pride,
Like warrior not to be defied,
In all the pomp of battle dressed—
Then is the turkey handsomest?

When is the turkey handsomest?
When he is killed and plucked and dressed;
His spurs hacked off and thrown aside
With all the trappings of his pride,
He lies, a goodly shape of snow
On stall or dresser, making show
Of swelling breast and rampant legs;
Or, dangling from the larder's pegs,
Tells to the cook-maid's practised eye
How fast the days are flitting by,
How soon appears the day of days,
The hour of Turkey's reign and praise;—
There hanging in his smooth, white vest,
Is not the turkey handsomest?

When is the turkey handsomest?
Ah! when again he shows his breast,
Brown with the sunshine of the fire,
Crisp as a lady's silk attire,
With unctious juices dripping down
In pools of gravy rich and brown;
Odorous as any spicy air
That blows across an orchard fair;
His bosom swelled with savory meat
Of sausages and bread crumbs sweet,
His pinions neatly skewered and tied
With giblets tucked in either side;
His legs resigned to any fate,
Rampant no more, but meekly straight;
Beside him cranberry, ruby clear,
With groves of brittle celery near—
As stately as a king he lies
The centre of admiring eyes.
Now is the turkey handsomest,
Arrayed before the hungry guest,
Of all the viands first and best!
His life well lived, his woes at rest,
And the platter he lies on gaily dressed,
Now is the turkey handsomest!

—*Our Young Folks.*

Original Story.

"IN THE TWILIGHT" SERIES.
No. 1.

Married, but not Settled.

BY WILLIAM B. JONES.

George Veryworthy was a nice young man. He bore the reputation in the village where he lived of being a perfect paragon of excellence. Papas and mammas would call the attention of their young hopefuls to him as an example of honesty and good nature which they might with safety imitate. The old men greeted him with a cordial and patronizing bow; the young men treated him civilly enough, though they were often heard to remark with many winks and nods that he would never set the world on fire.

Some of the young ladies, that is, the more demure and sedate, who never for a moment would think of looking back to examine the fashion of the dress worn by a dashing beauty that chanced to pass them, lest, like Lot's wife, they should be changed into a pillar of salt, considered him very talented and too good by far for them, while the saucy, prattling, provoking damsels, with a merry twinkling eye and a scornful, pouting lip, insisted that he was no better than any one else, and with a great show of seriousness insinuated that if his stock of common sense was increased no material damage would be done.

And last, but in a country village, not the least, the gossips, with steel or gold-bowed spectacles astride their nose, over their strong cups of Hyson and Bohea came to the unanimous conclusion that George Veryworthy would be as good a ketch as any young lady might desire.

And thus was he "done" by his friends on the one hand and his enemies on the other. Frequently this idle tattle came to his knowledge, but he regarded it not. Driving an express team with skill and delivering his goods with punctuality was at this time his highest ambition.

But great vicissitudes sometimes bring out latent qualities, which we were ignorant we possessed but which astonish both ourselves and our friends.

The little village was all in a bustle one fine morning, occasioned by the arrival of summer boarders. The eight o'clock train whirled up to the station. Some dozen or fifteen persons alighted, consisting of father, loaded down with a fowling piece, a fishing pole, game basket, powder flask, shawls, mother's hat box containing a bonnet which she "had more than fifty times cautioned him not to turn upside down," and various articles belonging to different members of the family; mother in a terrible fret lest the children should fall under the cars in their haste to get out and they in turn shouting, whistling and playing leap frog as soon as they reached the platform; young ladies, full of life, joyous with the anticipation of a few weeks spent in the country; nursery maids, lap dogs, baby carriages, toy tip carts, and all the etcetera of a party bent on a good time.

The baggage master having landed their trunks, the signal was given. The iron horse with a weary snort started, and the train glided away, leaving the passengers to pick out their baggage and have it transported to "Hazeldell Villa," the most fashionable surburban retreat in the vicinity, or to the different farm houses, where a few summer boarders were accommodated.

It so happened that two of the trunks marked "Gen. Chas. G. Forceythe, Washington, D.C.," were intrusted to the care of George with instructions to deliver at Mr. Glendale's, which was about half a mile from the center of the village and in close proximity to George's boarding place.

"I'll take my portmanteau, pa," said pretty Miss Forceythe; "these expressmen throw things about so."

George looked up at the sound of her voice, and a thrill passed through his frame like a shock from a fully charged electric battery. Did ever such a picture of loveliness present itself to his vision? No, not even in his *wildest* dreams when—he had eaten too freely of green corn or lobster salad. Those dark blue sparkling eyes, those ruby lips, those blooming cheeks, that clear cut, well defined Grecian nose, those golden ringlets, some what disordered by travel, though by this rendered more bewitching, floating down her full, white neck, that form, light and graceful as a fairy, yet firm and energetic, that musical voice which seemed capable of interpreting the charming madrigals of some great Maestro yet unborn; all conspired to render him about as useless an individual as one could wish.

Mechanically he loaded the trunks and drove away. Mechanically he unloaded the same at Mr. Glendale's. Mechanically he took his money for transportation and as much like a huge automaton toy moved he about the remainder of the day.

That night he could not rest. He was in love. But the tormenting question which harrowed his soul and drove all sleep from his eyelids was this: was she married, if not was she engaged? The next day he made dilligent inquiry and found to his delight that she was free. A latent spark of genius was kindled. The idea possessed him to write a poem, extolling her beauty and virtues and send it to the nearest newspaper for publication. He worked nearly all night, writing, blotting out, rewriting and tearing up, until he produced a poem of fourteen stanzas, two of which we quote,

"Fair Amelia, whose bright eyes
On me, her humble slave do shine,
Brighter than the starlit skies
Made by immortal hand divine,

Condescend, oh fairest angel
But one glance on me to cast,
Thou will find I am not changeful,
Or fickle like the storm's fierce blast."

And so on, comparing her to everything lofty, grand and strange. As he was folding the paper preparatory to sending the poem by mail, he stopped. Would it not be better to carry it to the editor? Would it not create a better impression upon the mind of said editor? After a little reflection he concluded to do so. Accordingly when an opportunity presented itself he drove to U——, and with a trembling heart and dizzy head he stopped opposite the building where the *Beacon Light* was published. He ascended the stairs with a faltering step; twice he fain would have turned back, but the promptings of genius impelled him on.

And now he is standing in the sanctum before the editor. "I called, sir, to see if you would publish a little poem which—which—" here George looked quite confused and grew very red in the face.

"Which you have written, I suppose," said the editor quickly.

"Yes sir," replied George much relieved, and at the same time feeling a sudden reverence for the man who knew so well what he was about to say.

"Let me see it," said the editor.

George produced the manuscript.

"Thank you, I will peruse this at my leisure, and if I consider it worthy of publication I shall publish it. In that case I will send you a copy of the paper, containing the poem."

The manuscript was placed in the desk, and George took his departure. He was a little disappointed at his reception for he had always supposed that an editor had plenty of time and could entertain callers as well as not.

The days dragged slowly by until Friday, when he eagerly walked to the Post Office, and—there was a paper directed to him—the *Beacon Light* and no mistake. Tearing off the wrapper he opened the paper, when to his astonishment he found his fourteen stanzas had been reduced to five, and those materially altered. However. the subject matter was his and his name was appended. Now had he spoken to the lovely Amelia.

The next day not a man, woman or child in the village but knew that George had written a poem. The praise and criticism which it elicited was as varied as the numerous people who read it. Mrs. Grampley declared "that there young feller had got a thing or two in his head, and would give some o' them college chaps with standin' dickeys and small canes a hard push one o' these days.

"What do you think," said Emma Glendale with a roguish shake of the head, to her friend Jennie Sharp. "That George Veryworthy has written a poem. It's published in this week's *Beacon Light* dedicated to Amelia Forceythe, with whom the poor fellow's in love."

"Is it possible? Have you a copy of the paper?" inquired Jennie.

"Yes, just listen to the love-cracked thing," replied Emma, unfolding the paper,

"Fair Amelia, whose bright eyes,"

"Oh, fan me," cried Jennie with a merry laugh. "Eyes, skies, dies."

And thus at every line the ladies made some spicy comment. Jennie's brother, who chanced to be reading the evening paper in the opposite corner of the room very quietly remarked, "Those whom the gods love die young."

But what said Amelia to all this! Alas she was, notwithstanding her beauty but a whimsical, heartless girl. She courted flattery, while she despised her flatterer. Accustomed as she had been to praise from her earliest remembrance why should this weak poem of George Veryworthy's cause her breath to falter or her pulse to beat the quicker. A copy of the paper being placed before her, she read it, laughed, and in half an hour forgot it all.

George, however, was not discouraged when he learned this. He besieged the editor of the *Beacon Light* with poem after poem, some of which were published and some of which were consigned to the waste paper basket. The simple friends of George stood aghast when they read them. Where did he get so much information? What opportunity had he for such a wide spread knowledge? Sun, moon and stars, principalities and powers were invoked to sing the praises of his love. But when he had reached this empyrean height, like some weary traveller who has climbed to the mountain top, his strength gone, he sinks exhausted to the ground, so his poetic muse took flight and left him alone.

In vain he endeavored to gather inspiration for another poem, but his pen lagged, his fancy failed, and he was precipitated "from his high soaring down."

* * * * *

Two months passed, during which time George and Amelia had met, the details of which meeting we pass over. It is sufficient to say that the whole matter was concocted by Emma Glendale and Jennie Sharp. Ladies are excellent wire pullers in love affairs, and whatever they propose with a will to do, be quite certain that it will be accomplished. The impression which he had made upon her by a personal interview was much more favorable than that created by his poems. No one should infer from this, however, that Amelia of a sudden loved him deeply. This she was incapable of doing under any consideration. At first she encouraged him for the sake of the amusement which it afforded, then she fancied him, and then, as much as was possible for one possessed of but little sentiment, and no real affection, she loved him. Loved him as one loves a pet horse, or is fond of a faithful servant, simply for the assistance they will render.

The infatuated youth proposed and was accepted; but in consequence of the disapprobation with which the maternal regarded this acquaintance, they decided to keep it a profound secret. A marriage certificate having been obtained, they drove to N—— one evening, sought a minister and were married.

It was a beautiful night. As they started for home, the moon was just rising, shedding a mellow light upon the face of nature. The birds from their nests twittered a few short notes of displeasure at being awakened from their slumbers by the passing of some heavy market wagon along the road, and then tucking their heads under their wings, were soon lost in birdie's land of dreams. The frogs in the distant meadows were singing lustily; a cool breeze caught up the dry sticks and straws, and sent them in whirling eddies hither and thither. Had nature been in a stormy mood, under the circumstances, it would have made but little difference with George. His dream was realized; that intoxicating, bewildering, happy dream. Schemes for the happiness of her, his own dear love, were formed, but when he ventured to disclose them, he was somewhat shocked by her unsympathizing question.

"O, George, did you ever dine at Delmonico's? They *do* serve up broiled quail superby."

This put an end to all sentiment.—George was silenced; but Amelia essayed to speak of the opera season that would soon be inaugurated, and to hint that it would give her great pleasure to attend at least three or four times a week.

Arriving at his place of abode, he assisted Amelia to alight. They entered the house, when, much to his surprise instead of meeting the bland and smiling face of his landlady, he encountered the stern visage, and heard the angry voice of Mrs. Forceythe.

"Amelia," said she, "why do you come to this house?"

Amelia lost all self possession upon seeing her mother; but with some confused idea of laying the blame upon some one else, replied, "Ask George."

"Mr. Veryworthy," said Mrs. F., "why does my daughter come to this house with you?"

George twice attempted to speak, but failed. At last he faintly replied: "She is my wife!"

"Do I hear aright—Amelia, is this true?" cried Mrs. F.

"Yes," she sobbed, "perhaps I was wrong not to tell you."

Mrs. Forceythe imagined (and in this respect, she was a fair representation of a large class of individuals) that her family belonged to a higher order of being than most of the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe, consequently if they chanced to do any wrong, they were not to be held accountable; but some scapegoat must be found upon which to cast the sin, and in this instance, our friend George was the said goat. She scolded him severely, until she was tired, when she demanded to see the marriage certificate. Not surmising her intention, he gave it to her. She read it—then tore it in pieces and threw the fragments into the grate.

At this intensely dramatic period, his attention was suddenly called in another direction. A newspaper that was floating about upon the wind, fell under his horse's feet, which so alarmed that animal, that he started off at a rapid pace down the road, very carelessly allowing the buggy to strike all the posts and trees along the route. He gave chase, and in half an hour succeeded in securing him Having made a hasty estimate as to the cost of repairing the vehicle, he led the horse to the stable, where, after pounding the door, and unluckily striking his knuckles upon a nail that protruded about a quarter of an inch above the surface, and indulging in various calls, he awoke Patrick, the hostler, who came forth lantern in hand, rubbing his eyes, yawning and grumbling at being waked up in the middle of the night when "all dacent Christians were fast asleep in their beds."

"Is that *you*, Mr. Veryworthy?" he cried.

"Yes, Pat," replied George; "the horse became frightened at something and ran. I fancy the buggy is considerably damaged."

"Be gorra, and I should say the wheels was pretty well bent," replied Patrick. "Oh, musha, musha! is it goin' a courtin' does that now?"

"Not exactly," replied George; and after a pause added, "If you won't mention it, I'll tell you some news,—I was married to-night."

"Is that so?" said Patrick, opening his mouth and eyes very wide "Excuse me, Mr. Veryworthy, as the buggy smashed afore or after yer was married?"

"Since," answered George.

"Och! and by the holy snout of the Pope's pig, it's a bad beginning yer made of it onyhow."

George was not quite certain but it was rather a bad omen, in view of what had recently transpired. He turned away and sought the house where he had left his happy bride(?), and Patrick unharnessed the horse, all the while thanking his blessed stars that he was not a married man.

Matters now became considerably complexed, for upon reaching the house, he found that Amelia had gone with her mother to Mr. Glendale's. Rushing to that gentleman's residence he rang the door bell. The chamber window was opened and Mrs. Forceythe appeared and inquired if it was George Veryworthy.

"It is," he replied; "is my wife here? If she is, I demand admission to see her."

"It will be of no use," replied Mrs. F., "my daughter repents of her folly and declines to receive you." Without farther comment she closed the window, and George with a heavy heart returned home.

This was a somewhat revised edition of the "Romeo and Juliet," story; still we can but feel that our hero was a very worthy object of commiseration.

He never saw Amelia again, but on the following Thursday he received the following note:

C——, Oct., 18—.

"DEAR GEORGE:—Ma considers that my position in society is such that it will be impossible for me to recognize you as my husband. Your sober judgment, will I trust, admonish you that we had better part forever. Adieu. AMELIA.

This was love with a vengeance. A kind upon which is placed a very high premium at the present day.

A week elapsed, and Amelia and her mother were on their homeward journey. In six months time all remembrance of George was with her a matter of history. A divorce having been obtained, she married, much to the joy and satisfaction of her mother, Paul de Brombach Gondola, Lord High Chamberlain, Knight of the Silver Knee Buckle, and Keeper of the Royal Poodle Dogs to His Majesty the King of the Caskowhisky Islands.

George bore the taunts and jeers of his companions very meekly at first; but as they were unremitting in their persecutions, he determined to put an end to it as far as he himself was concerned. One cold day in November he was last seen by the villagers wending his way up the hill whose rocky summit overlooked "Crystal Pond." Reaching a projecting point, he cast one last, long, despairing look around him, and then—taking a bypath down the side of the mountain, he crossed the meadow, and arrived at the railway station in season to take the three o'clock afternoon train for Boston. From there he journeyed away to the "Sunset Land." Away to the golden sands of California, and there among the sons of the celestial empire he dwells,—head porter of a hotel in Sacramento.

ANECDOTES OF HENRY CLAY.—A fresh anecdote of Henry Clay, or any of the wise and witty men who were his contemporaries, is always refreshing. When General Jackson appointed Mr. Buchanan to the mission at St. Petersburg, he inquired of Mr. Clay at a whist party in Washington, what style of dress he should wear at the court of the Czar. Mr. Clay replied that as they were about of a size (Buchanan had not then grown so stout as he appeared later in life), the coat he wore as one of the United States Commissioners at Ghent, was at his service.

"But it has been worn, Mr. Clay," was he response to the offer.

"Oh, that is nothing. You can turn it, Buchanan—you're used to it."

Mr. Clay never let pass an opportunity to have a fling at Mr. Buchanan, after the latter had written his famous letter charging bribery and corruption in the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the House of Representatives. In the course of a speech in the Senate, Mr. Buchanan stated that when a young man, he joined a volunteer militia company that marched from Lancaster to the relief of Baltimore, when the Monumental City was threatened by the British, during the war of 1812. Upon reaching Hagerstown, however, the troops, learning that the invaders had been repulsed at North Point, returned home without farther participation in the war. At this point Clay arose, and addressing the chair, expressed a desire to ask the speaker a question.

"Certainly," was the courteous response.

"I would like to inquire of the Senator from Pennsylvania," remarked the Great Commoner, with that inimitable twist of his cat fish mouth, "whether the gentleman marched to the relief of Baltimore because he had learned that the British had left, or whether the British left because they heard that the gentleman from Pennsylvania was coming?"

Mr. Clay had a standing joke which he never failed to perpetrate at Mr. Adams's expense when he caught his Massachusetts colleague in a congenial crowd. Adams was afflicted during his whole life with a disease of the lacerymal duct, which caused his optics to be constantly watery. The two occupied the same apartment, and a rosy and buxom Swiss damsel attended the room. Clay's story was, that upon his attempting to snatch a kiss from his handsome chambermaid he was bluffed off with,

"Oh, Mr. Clay, you must not, for Mr. Adams a few minutes ago, begged me with tears in his eyes for a similar favor, and I refused him!"—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

—When is a baby not a baby? When it is a tea-thing.

—The hardships of the ocean—iron-clads.

A REMARKABLE EVENT.—A remarkable event took place in Rome on the 20th of last month, which will render that day forever memorable in the history of Italian independence. A small knot of gentlemen, headed by Prince B. Odescalchi, knocked at the doors of six of the principal convents in the "Holy City," took formal possession, and intimated to the inmates that they must be prepared to quit the premises in fifteen days. All this was done in obedience to the law, Legge Salle Corporazioni Religiosi, promulgated by the Italian Parliament on the 17th of June last. This religious corporation's act was passed to meet Rome's case in regard to the complete unification of Italy. Without her the national unity was incomplete, and as it was she alone that stood out, the State's most bitter opponent by the preposterous pretensions she advanced to its being the right of the Church to dominate over the State, the Italian people, through their representatives, determined to place the ecclesiastical institutions of the capital on the same footing as those of the country generally. Of the convents to which the law has been first applied, four belong to the Jesuits, and these are their principal establishments, the Convent of the Gesu, the Collegio Romano at St. Ignazio and the Convents of St. Eusebio and St. Andrea al Quirinale. The remaining two belong to the Franciscans—the Chierici Minori at St. Lorenzo in Lucina, and that of the Minori Osservante at Aracœli. The expropriation of eight other convents is ordered and three nunneries are comprehended in the present measure.

The act as it at present stands, under which these convents have been confiscated, is far more sweeping in its character than the original proposals of the Government, and in this respect is significant of the changed attitude of the Italian people towards the Church of Rome. The Government's original intention was to recognize the Generals of the different Orders, and the corporations belonging to them. To this, however, the Parliament refused to assent, and it was finally arranged that the Generals should receive a pension of $80,000, and be allowed at the State's discretion, to occupy part of their residences. The money was to be placed at the disposal of the Pope on his agreeing to recognize the Italian Government—failing which, the Government retained its distribution in its own hands. To understand the importance of this last blow which has been struck by the Italian Parliament against the Pope's authority, it must be borne in mind that the convents now confiscated are among the wealthiest, oldest and most important of those associations resisting the new order of things in Italy, and, as may be imagined, they have not failed to protest against this deed of "spoliation and sacrilege." The Cardinal Vicar General, on behalf of the Pope himself has delivered his protest; Father O'Callaghan of the Irish College has delivered one on behalf of Irish students; and the Superior of the dispossessed Orders has delivered one on behalf of all. The protestors, including His Holiness, specially take objection to the seizure of the Collegio Romano, which as an internaitonal institution, ought, in their opinion, to have escaped the "rapacity" of the Government.

It does not appear that the least difficulty arose in carrying out the orders of the Government. Admission was given without demur. The deputation delivered to all the members of the invaded houses the bonds issued by the Government, allowing $120 yearly for life to priests or monks in orders, and half that sum to lay brethren. And it is gratifying to learn that the reverend gentlemen so far accepted the situation that they philosphically took the half loaf offered to them in place of no bread at all. The Government does not compel them to leave Rome; it simply refuses to recognize the legal corporate existence of the Orders. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Jesuits and their Franciscan confreres will find no difficulty in settling down in private capacities in the city.—*Boston Globe.*

POWERFUL ACTING.—The little old theater at Albany, New York, has been the scene of many curious theatrical stories. On one occasion Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, then a young man, and more famous for his muscle than his genius, gave a tremendous display of really powerful acting. He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsal Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supers who condescended to play the minions. They were too tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They didn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supers sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supers inquired in his local slang:—"Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?"

"I do," replied Forrest.

"All right," said the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded.

In the evening the little theater was over-crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred the great tragedian took the center of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue, "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches from the stage by a well directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussle. For a moment Mr. Forrest was astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage; his great eyes flashing; his sturdy legs planted like columns on the stage. Then came the few minutes of powerful acting, at the end of which one super was seen sticking headforemost in the base drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out on the roof of the theater, and shouted "fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest being called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as a part of the piece, and had "never seen Forrest act so splendidly."

☞ The Sunday School Times gives the following incident, as illustrating a strange moral perversity as to physical laws in connection with high profession of formal and forcible piety:—

"A lady who had charge of a young ladies' Bible class, speaking of defective home training, said that her best pupil, eighteen years of age, had caused her the most acute anxiety. Rain or shine, she was always at her post. The girl's whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the straightening out of intricate theological problems; 'and yet,' said the teacher 'the girl was so pale and wan that I was afraid every Sabbath would be her last in class. One day she fainted, and in trying to restore her, what do you think I found, when I loosened her dress? Corsets so tightly drawn that a full respiration was impossible. I removed them and found that the girl's ribs actually lapped! I took her to her to her mother, a very prominent and useful church member, and stated the case without reserve.' 'Well, you see,' said the mother, 'Fanny never had any figure. I shouldn't be surprised if the lacings were drawn a little too tight. Her waist is naturally so large that it is impossible to make anything fit genteelly on her. How is your class prospering, Miss ——? I hope you are drawing many souls to Christ.'"

LATE AT CHURCH.—The Springfield *Republican* says:—"One of the papers tells the story of a man coming into the church after the service had begun, whereupon the preacher paused and said to him, "Glad to see you, but come in, come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." To which salutation the stranger as coolly replied, "Thank you, would you favor me with the text?" "Certainly," was the answer, and it was given, after which the discourse moved on as before. This recalls a Missouri incident:

One cold night Rev. Ezra S. Ely, of Presbyterian fame, was preaching in a prairie farm house. When about a third through the sermon two late comers rode up to the door and entered. The doctor stopped, and said that as these friends were very cold with their ride, the meeting would sing a hymn while they were warming themselves, which being done, he observed that as they had taken so much trouble to come he would begin his discourse again for their benefit; and taking his text, he accordingly commenced once more at the beginning and repeated his sermon, rather more for their edification than that of the rest of the audience, perhaps.

☞ A writer to the *Herald of Health* says: "It surprised me to see your correspondent's recommendation to use brown sugar in the preparation of food. I queried whether she had ever seen the process of the manufacture and refining of sugar. Does she know that brown sugar means simply and solely, moist and dirty sugar? Does she comprehend the nature and equality of the dirt which constitutes its brownness? Does she know that the pure loaf, crushed, or granulated sugar is not only perfectly free from dirt, and is incapable of adulteration, but is much cheaper, pound by pound, even at the slight additional price usually charged for it, than brown sugar of any grade, because you buy no dirt or moisture, but pure saccharine matter? Does she know that the notion that brown sugars are sweeter than white is a pure fancy, and that the contrary is true? I suppose we are each and all of us destined to eat our peck of dirt sooner or later, but there is dirt—and dirt—and save us from the dirt that makes brown sugar brown!"

☞ Cows are sociable and understand more than we suppose. The way I came in possession of this choice bit of knowledge, Tim and I used to sing to our cows. They knew quick enough when we would change from one tune to another. We have tried them often. When we sang sober church hymns, they would lop their ears down, look serious and chew their cud slowly, reminding me—no irreverence meditated—of nice old ladies in church, listening to the words of the preacher, and all the time munching cloves. Then we'd change to some quick air, "Yankee Doodle," or the like, they would shake their heads, open their eyes, and blink at us as much as to say, "Stop, don't you know we are deacon's cows?" But when we would stop entirely, every cow would turn her head, as if asking us to go on with the singing. If it was pleasant, we generally sang together through the entire milking. I love the dear animals which add so much to our comfort. Boys will you not be kind to cows?—*Canada Farmer.*

WORKING AND WAITING.—There are two things that always pay—working and waiting. Either is useless without the other. Both united are invincible and inevitably triumphant. He who waits without working is simply a man yielding to sloth and despair. He who works without waiting is fitful in his strivings and misses results by his impatience. He who works steadily and waits patiently may have a long journey before him, but at its close he will find his reward.

☞ Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitate, involving constant wear and tear.

☞ The laboring man holds the same relation to the merchant, manufacturer, attorney, physician and minister, that the locomotive does to the train of elegant and well filled cars; they would stand still forever if the engine did not move them.

THE NEW YORK PAWNBROKERS.—One of the most certain indications of hard times is an increase in the business of pawnbrokers. These refugees of the poor and impecunious when all other methods of raising money fail, were never busier than now. The bowery offices of the Simpsons are thronged with poor people, whose appeals for more money than the clerks are willing to give upon the articles offered are piteous. Among the many callers are to be seen numbers of well dressed people whom lack of employment has driven there, whose efforts to escape observation on entering and leaving are so palpable. At one of the Bowery offices it was stated that its business had increased nearly fourfold since the panic, and that the reports from other pawnbrokers indicated a similar increase.

The very common difficulty of getting money for current uses has been experienced by the pawnbrokers. The scarcity of money has forced them to reduce the usual amounts paid upon pledges. While the clerk was making this statement a little child handed up a bundle containing a frock and some undergarments, for which she begged the loan of $3. "I can't give you more than $1 50," said the clerk, rolling up the garments and handing them back. The child begged in vain, so the poor little thing left the place sorrowfully to carry the news to her mother, whom the clerk felt certain would send back for the $1.50. "Some time ago," said the clerk, "I would have given $3, but now we have not the money to spare." Taking a diamond ring which must have cost $150, from a male customer, he offered to loan $50 on it. "I can't get along without $75," said the man. "Can't give you more than $50," was the response. "Can't you let me have $60?" "Not a cent more than what I have said." The ring was finally left.

Many similar instances were witnessed, and remarking the character of the various pledges offered, it was asked if there were not more household necessities and clothing pawned than usual. An affirmative answer was given, and it was stated that people seemed to be scraping up everything which it was possible to part with to pawn. "You can safely calculate," added the clerk, "that times were never harder, for we have abundant evidence of the fact every day."—*New York Times.*

HOW HE BECAME DEAF.—A Vermont landlord, famous for being deaf when he wanted to be, when rallied upon his infirmity one day, told his amused guests the following story:

When a young man he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer in an adjoining town. On leaving him, a balance of two dollars was due George for wages. Having called repeatedly for his money, the old man always had some excuse for not paying. A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs, consisting of four; one of them, which is generally the case, being a small runt, as they call them. George told the old man that he would take a pig for his money; the old man said he might have the small one. George then jumped into the pen and seized the largest pig. The old man shouted:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal," said George, "I can hold him."

Old man, excited:

"Take the small one."

"I will risk his biting," answered George.

Old man, desperate, and as loud as he could bellow:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal; I can hold him," answered George.

"Take him along, you deaf cuss; I can't make you hear anything."

And George carried off his pig in triumph.

"BREAKING IN" BOOTS AND SHOES.—A writer in the *Oneida Circular* concludes a discourse on this text with the following "practical remarks," which we hardly endorse:

1. Never "break in" boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new, don't take them; for the boot will break your feet oftener than your feet will break the boots.

2. If you go on "breaking in" boot leather, you will need a special last made with all sorts of knobs and protuberances to correspond with your distorted joints. Then you will be sorry.

3. If you have large feet, admit it in all honesty, and have your boots made accordingly. Then you will be happy.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.—There is often a depth of wisdom in the thoughts and sayings of the little ones which maturity has failed to fathom, and which those who are but "children of a larger growth" might do well to apply. Such wisdom was beautifully exemplified in the case of a little girl who once returned to her home from a jaunt in the woods, her face covered with mosquito bites. "Why did you not drive them away?" said the mother. "They would not go," said the child. "Why did you not kill them?" "It would not have been right," was the answer. "But I have seen you kill them at home," urged the surprised mother. "Yes, mamma," argued the child firmly, "if they come into my house and bite me, I kill them. But if I go into the woods, that is their house, and I have no right to kill them."

☞ A professor, in explaining to a class of young ladies the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every seven years, said: "Thus, Miss B. in seven years longer you will in reality be no longer Miss B." "I really hope I shan't," demurely replied the girl, casting down her eyes.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Standing Wood at Auction,	3	3	1
Water Works Notice,	3	3	2
North Woburn Street R. R. Co,	3	2	1
Omnibus Line,	3	3	3

RECOUNT.—The following correspondence has taken place between the Town Clerk and the Secretary of the Common wealth:

OFFICE OF TOWN CLERK,
WOBURN, Nov. 24, 1873.

Hon. Oliver Warner' Sec'y of State:

DEAR SIR:—The Democratic candidate for Representative in the 22 l Middlesex Representative District (Woburn) has filed at my office a letter claiming an election and asking for a recount of the votes. Will you please inform me who is the proper Board to examine and recount the same, and what course I shall pursue in relation to the same?

Respectfully yours,
M. S. SEELEY, Town Clerk.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE
BOSTON, Nov. 24 h, 1873.

M. S. Seeley, Esq, Town Clerk, &c,

DEAR SIR:—The proper Board to examine and recount the votes for Representative in your District is the House of Representatives. The votes in your District should be kept sealed until called for by order of the House.

Yours very respectfully,
OLIVER WARNER, Sec'y.

N. B. See Chap. 40, Sect 2, Acts of 1871.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN—This (Friday) morning Capt. Timothy Winn died at his residence on Main street, aged 56 years. Although he had been an invalid for about eight years, yet his death was quite sudden. Capt. Winn was for many years the most popular and loved commander of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and to the day of his death took a lively interest in its welfare. He represented the Town in the Legislature in 1851, and was a delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1859, that first nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency. His acquaintance with the leading politicians of the country was probably larger than that of any other man in Woburn. At the time of his death he was a member of the Leather manufacturing firm of J B Winn & Co. In his social relations as citizen and friend, by his truly genial manners, he won the almost universal respect and love of his fellow citizens, who, both on the street and in the social gathering will sadly miss his presence.

TRAINING SCHOOL.—The Principal of the Intermediate and Grammar Department of this Institution, Miss Sarah D Jaquith, has tendered her resignation to the School Board, the same taking effect on the 21st instant. Miss Jaquith has taught in Woburn most of the time since 1852, and has been at the head of her department in the Training School since it was established. Her work has been one of continued success from beginning to end, and remarkably so in the work of preparing our teachers for our own schools. She has always enjoyed the full confidence of the school authorities and the citizens of the town, and her departure is a source of much regret. She will take with her, however, their high esteem, as well as congratulations for her prospects of future happiness. It will be no easy matter to fill the place now made vacant.

HARD SLEDDING. — Friday afternoon last, a five horse sled, loaded heavily with boards was being drawn through Main street, and when nearly opposite Everett street stuck fast. After a series of attempts in which the drivers made themselves hoarse and the horses danced all over the street, it was started and turned the corner into Everett street at a very lively pace. When opposite Pollard's shop the leading horse conceived the idea that he was going the wrong way, and true to his conception he turned about, a movement in which he was joined by the rest. It was a queer sight to see the team going in two directions at the same moment,—a sort of counter march not looked upon with favor by the driver. At last, however, the knot was untied, and the load passed on, but not until a crowd had collected and considerable amusement furnished for the on-lookers.

DRAMATIC.—The great event of the Lyceum course will be the appearance of the Original Medford Dramatic Club, next Wednesday evening, Dec 3d, when will be presented the beautiful drama, "Plot and Passion" and the farce of the "Lottery Ticket." All the old favorites will be there, including Messrs Boles, Beck, Thompson, Maxwell, Green, and Misses Moore, Burbank and White. The Woburn Quintette will furnish the music and the entertainment will be of a high order. The popularity of the club will fill the house.

RECOVERED.—We are happy to learn that Mr. James L. Hanson, principal of the High School has recovered from his late illness and will take charge of the school again at the commencement of the next term (Monday). We hope his valuable services may be spared to us for many a year to come.

During his illness the services of Miss Sarah L. Devoll were secured. Miss Devoll is from Auburndale and is a lady of fine accomplishments. She has lately finished a two years' course of study at Darmstadt.

BAPTIST.—The pulpit of the Baptist church was filled Sunday evening by Rev. John Brackett of Lynn, some years since, a citizen of Woburn.

PRAISE MEETING.—Rev. Mr. Kelsey officiated at a praise meeting held in the First Congregational Church, on Sunday evening.

BETTER. — The physician attending Mrs. Dearborn, states that she is improving.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

A union service was held in the Baptist church at 10.30 A M. The introductory services were as follows: Reading of the Scriptures by Rev W J Hambleton of the Methodist church, and prayer by Rev H S Kelsey of the Orthodox church.

These exercises were followed by the sermon which was preached by Rev. Dr. W. M. Young of the Baptist Church. The text was as follows:—

Righteousness exalteth a nation.
Prov. 14: 34.

The willing year brings to us once more the time honored festival of Thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good. It comes to us laden with the remembrance of bygone years and with the recollections of Divine beneficence.

The closing year leaves with us memories of joy and sorrow. What changes have been wrought! The remembrances of these Thanksgivings are pleasant, but sometimes mournful and sad. While today we fain would weave the laurel wreath, yet the cypress claims a place. While we would that the enchanting strains of joyous music should bring notes of merriment to our festive board, yet a dirge-like strain comes and goes at will.

We have come up to-day, my brethren, to call to remembrance the goodness of the Almighty. We come, as citizens, not as churches, to consider that righteousness which exalteth a nation. It becomes the citizen, the statesman, and the Christian to ponder well the truth, that righteousness exalteth a nation, with a sincerity and honesty demanded by the age in which we live. Every principle we hold, every position we assume, should be measured and tested by the righteousness which cometh from God.

National prosperity is the fruit of national honesty and rectitude.

Character involves three things—Motive, Aim and Act. These elements lead the one to the other. They transmit their moral impress, each to that which follows. From the nature and constitution of the human mind, all the good or evil of the Motive passes so perfectly through the Aim to the Act, that if there is no honesty or rectitude in the aim, there is none in the act, and consequently none in the agent.

It is the eternal decree of God's law, in the constitution of the human mind, and in His system of moral truth, that honesty and rectitude in principle demands honesty in aim and act. It is not enough, therefore, to constitute a good man that his feelings should seem to correspond with God's idea of right. His motives and aims must be determined by God's eternal law of right as revealed in His word.

What is the Almighty aim and purpose in the government of the world?

The history of human government is one on which the student of history and the Christian soldier may ponder long and wonder much. Since the world began, all the powers of man, good as well as evil, have been concentrated on the great problem of governing himself and his fellow men. God made man in His own image. He was born in a paradise. He is the supreme intelligence of this beautiful world, yet he is linked to endless ages by the immortality of mind, and is allied to Deity by divine origin and the destiny of the soul. He is the master piece of Him, who conceived and formed the universe, before matter had emerged from chaos. The union between man and his God was complete. But by man's voluntary act, that union has been broken. Sin has come upon the race. Man is, by nature, alienated from his God. He has no just claims upon the Almighty. How cheering amid the dark clouds which would forever rest upon our humanity, to see and learn the grand end of Jehovah's love, to secure man's restoration to the likeness of his Maker, man's redemption from sin. The incarnation and crucifixion of God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, for pardon; the descent of the Holy Spirit for sanctification. How boundless the blessing, when universal bankruptcy had thrown a gloom over man's prospects for the present, and hope for the future, to proclaim a wisdom so profound, a love so great, a power so strong, that He might accomplish the great and stupendous work, the salvation of the human soul. Man's reconstruction, man's adoption, man's immortality, and eternal fidelity—this is what Infinite love and mercy has undertaken to accomplish. This is the supreme object and end which God commands all nations, kindred and tongues to seek, with all the heart and mind. Just in proportion as righteousness advances (the reign of revealed truth in the soul), just as this work advances, will the man crave the right, to enjoy all that may help him in this direction, and to be free from all that would burden him.

Observe 1st—That righteousness is essential to the permanency and growth of our government and institutions. Civil government is a balancing of probabilities, involving the social, moral, intellectual and religious condition of its subjects, and this greatly determines the form. Hence Constitutions and Laws are a mere outgrowth, more from public opinion and national character than a studied creation of the brain. The Bible prescribes no form of government. No national constitution is revealed. Yet it treats government as a necessity, and reveals the principles upon which it can succeed.

We are often told that ancient civilization involved all the elements of freedom, progress, and moral elevation of the human soul. No reader of history can deny that the ancient world gave birth to some splendid forms of civilization. The era of Greek and Roman culture shines as a radiant spot in the dense gloom of ages, and naturally awakens the profoundest interest in the philosophical and Christian enquirer.

Of all Pagan civilizations, our knowledge must be limited. A very high degree of prosperity reigned in Chaldea, Egypt, Phœnicia, and Persia. They achieved great victories, and built marvelous cities. Babylon filled travellers from Greece with wonder and amazement. The valley of the Nile presented the Pyramids and the Sepulcores, and now recall to our mind, the period mantled by antiquity, when Thebes poured forth her myriad warriors to conquest, and Egypt cradled the infant science of the world. Phœnicia had filled the world with her colonies and manufactures while Greece was yet without a name; yet there is no evidence that these nations ever rose above a low point of civilization; that in any of the higher elements of culture, in art, science, literature, legislation, and especially in morals, they made any considerable progress.

They were distinguished for physical power; their condition, a splendid barbarism. Nevertheless it was the outgushing of the national heart—the creation of a delicate taste and of mental activity. It stands in its sublime and imperishable beauty, serving as a model in thought, and coloring every literature which they have originated.

Wherein did ancient civilization fail? Wherein did it fail to meet the great demand of human nature, the end of all civilization, viz: the elevation of man to the height of his capacity for virtue and happiness? If I have hinted at the greatness of ancient civilization, I intimate its defect. It was a civilization of the taste and the intellect; it lacked the moral and religious power. It truly lifted man above the level of the brute, and brought him into the sphere of a rational intelligence,—but it left him there.

It regarded him as a being with undying desire to know, and boundless capacities for knowing. But it failed to meet the demands of his moral and religious nature. It unchained his mind, and sent it out to sweep with unfaltering wing the vast domain of thought; but it could not arouse from their stupor, and call into healthy and vigorous action his paralyzed moral energies. I am far from declaring that the ancients did not theoretically, at least, recognize the religious nature of man; that they did not speculate much and earnestly, on man's moral nature, conditions and relations; that they did not utter many beautiful and excellent precepts for moral culture, and produced many noble examples of attainment in virtue. Still their want of just and adequate views of these subjects precluded any efficient and general moral culture.

For look at what lies at the basis of all moral and religious culture, their conceptions of a God. Their philosophers, with but a few exceptions, atheists or patheists, and the people as uniformly polytheists.

They had no abiding belief in a supreme and righteous Moral Ruler, to whom men are individually responsible for their inner and outer life. A pure, Omnipotent and Holy God, controlling their affections, had a faint hold upon their being, and their grosser views of retribution hung on a slender thread.

"Alas," said the Greek poet, in a beautiful funeral dirge, "when the flowers perish, they afterwards revive, and bloom in another year: but we, men, the great, the wise, the mighty, when once we die, where? O where?"

The ancient civilization lacked the righteousness which exalteth a nation. It had no correct ideas of the rights of conscience and of religious liberty. How could it have? The rights of private judgment were completely subverted. Its spirit was that of a crushing despotism. Its whole spirit, aim and tendency, was to sweep into one strong and resistless current of national usage, all private judgment and practice.

It concerned not itself with the ignorance, vice and wretchedness that prevailed among the common people. The gilded mountain tops of society threw their splendor into distant lands, and what mattered it how deep a darkness shrouded the vales below. Hence, no public measures were taken to remedy the many forms of social and moral evil, which human depravity ever generates. No asylums for the poor, the blind, the lame; no systems for the reformation of the guilty and the lost; no schools to bring to every man the blessings of knowledge. Paganism could bring patriotism but little benevolence; thousands would die for the glory of their country, but none would live for the benefit of their race.

What should be the gratitude of our hearts to day that we live in the midst of a righteousness which exalts man in his moral, as well as his intellectual being.

Christianity recognizes the spiritual nature, the immortal existence and the moral accountability of man. Righteousness thus clothes with a new character, and presents under a new aspect all the relations of our being. No other system of belief has ever done this, never made provision for the complete care that is in man, body, mind, heart, spirit in care and culture.

The speaker then proceeded to show the natural process and force of righteousness upon a nation. It developes and elevates the moral being of mankind by imparting to him a knowledge of Deity, and the revelations of Divine truth. It also develops man's social being by revealing to him, himself, and by teaching him his relations to his fellowman. It also develop's man intellectually. Here the ancient systems were referred to and it was shown that they paid more attention to physical glory than to intellectual power.

The nature, construction and destiny of the human mind were considered as adapted to receive the revelations God has given, and Christianity was pronounced the agent to accomplish the desired object. Institutions of learning have been forced into existence by Christianity and their power, progress and perpetuity depend upon the recognition of Christianity. Here the speaker was very earnest as he dwelt upon the importance of linking education with Christianity. The question of the Bible in the public schools was thoroughly treated and urgent reasons adduced why it should be retained. The conclusions arrived at were that Righteousness necessarily imparts honesty, integrity and virtue to a nation and its government. Christian men and women were urged to be the friends of Righteousness as the nation's guarantee for its perpetuity.

At the conclusion of the sermon prayer was offered by Rev W S Barnes of the Unitarian church and this closed a very interesting service.

SURPRISE.—The friends of Mr. Jos. Henry Parker assembled at his residence on Salem street Wednesday evening, much to the surprise of J Henry. A pleasant social time was enjoyed and the visitors left among their gifts two handsome chromos.

JOSH BILLINGS.—Curiosity to see the man who has labored so hard to distort the English language, orthographically, led us to be present at his lecture Tuesday evening. The audience was large, and J. B. seemed to be satisfied with it, as he coolly and critically surveyed it while endeavoring to find his place in his book, preparatory to the start. And here let us say for the benefit of those who never heard him lecture that if you ever find you are late upon one of his nights you need not stay away. He does not commence for sometime after he is introduced, and then does not begin his lecture for sometime atfer that. Josh is in no hurry. There is a deliberation about him, which although wearisome, still impresses you with the fact that he believes in the adage "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." The word "go" being at last given, the speaker commenced by telling his hearers what he should *not* speak upon, and then he drifted away into a rambling talk about soft-shell crabs, mosquitoes, sea-bathing, Jonah, district schoolmaster, the marriage state, etc., etc., the whole interspersed with philosophical conclusions drawn and uttered in his peculiar manner. We had read all the lecture in installments before, and we presume others had done the same. This fact rather detracted from the interest of the discourse. The lecturer is not a handsome man, and the positions he assumes, and the faces he presents while speaking do not add to his charms, but yet, there was considerable humor in the lecture and we noticed that people who seemed at first not disposed to see anything funny in the remarks, laughed in spite of themselves. There is a good deal of truth in the chronicles of Josh Billings, albeit they wear a homely garb, and lessons may be learned from them which may result in good.

Messrs. Parker and Thompson, the enterprising managers of this Lyceum Course, make an announcement elsewhere in regard to the appearance of the Medford Dramatic Society, next week, on Wednesday evening that will be found to be worthy of perusal.

HYDRANT CHUCK.—One of the regulations of our Fire Department is that the hose company arriving first at the scene of the fire shall attach a line of hose to the nearest hydrant. This having been done, if it is desired to attach a second line to the same hydrant, it is necessary to shut off the water from the first line. It can easily be imagined that in certain circumstances, the consequent delay might be dangerous. Also, if two streams are being played upon a fire from the same hydrant, and it is wished to use only one, both must be shut off again in order to disconnect either. To obviate this, Chief Engineer Gilcreast has made extensive inquiries for some attachment that would allow the increase or decrease of the number of streams without shutting off the entire supply. He found in nearly all the surrounding towns where water has been introduced, that this same difficulty is met with Messrs Hallowell and Wight of Lowell, manfuacture what they call a Swivel Hydrant Chuck, and this attachment has been adopted by the Woburn Fire Department. It consists of a simple valve with swivel coupling. Each hose company is furnished with two of these, and each fire company with one. Upon arriving at the hydrant, the caps are removed, and these chucks are screwed on with the valve closed. The hose is attached to the chuck, and after the hydrant gate is turned on, the valve can be opened and closed at pleasure. It will be readily seen that hose can be coupled on or disconnected without disturbing the other stream. It will be found to be of use, and a want greatly felt has been supplied by its invention. Its simplicity renders its liability to get out of order very improbable, and the time that may be saved by its presence at some critical moment, will prove beyond doubt, its usefulness.

ASSAULT.—A case of assault with intent to sleigh was tried before Judge Converse Saturday afternoon last in which Alex Graydon complained that John Soley struck him with a whip three or four times. The affair happened on Main street Friday morning, and was in this wise: Graydon offered a few days previous to sell his sleigh to Martin Ellis for $16. Ellis did not accept but afterwards told Soley that he knew of a sleigh that he (Soley) could buy for the aforesaid sum. Soley went and got the sleigh, harnessed his horse to it and on Friday drove up to Ellis' office. Graydon in the meantime sold the sleigh to Boody Sherburne, and the twain went to get it Friday. They found it in the place mentioned above, and after some talk in Ellis' office concerning it they adjourned to the sidewalk where Soley jumped into the sleigh, saying, "I've got the sleigh and I'm going to keep it." Graydon stepped up to unharness the horse when Soley struck him as alleged with the whip, upon which Graydon retreated and Soley drove off. The testimony elicited this and nothing more. and Soley was fined $1 and costs, from which judgment he appealed.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Joshua Barker who resides on Winn street and is employed as ship carpenter at the Navy Yard, while at work on the Franklin last Friday was struck upon the head by a falling timber, and for a time was rendered insensible. He was not seriously hurt, and daily attends to his duties.

MEAN.—The *Globe* furnishes the following:

The Coroner of Middletown has put in a claim to being a model mean man, and has sent a bill of $28 to Mrs. Young, a poor widow in Lawrence, Mass., for the inquest upon the body of her son, which was recently found on the beach there.

REPLEVIN.—Tuesday Morning Alex Graydon sued out a writ of replevin to recover a sleigh in the possession of John Soley, made returnable Dec. 6th, before Judge Converse. Officer Simonds served the writ and took the sleigh. This is the second chapter of the assault.

FALL.—Tuesday forenoon a horse attached to one of J. E. Littlefield and Son's lumber wagons, while drawing a load of lumber to the house of M. M. Tidd, Esq., fell, breaking a shaft and spring of the wagon.

DOWN.— A horse, owner unknown, drawing a load of tan, fell, last Tuesday, on Main street near Green street, and sprained an ankle.

☞ The Perhams will give their second dance Friday evening Dec. 5th.

Aurora

THE BETHESDA LAUNDRY.—A pleasant house-warming was held at the Bethesda laundry Tuesday night, when the friends of the institution met there in large numbers. Among those present were citizens of Woburn, and guests from Boston, Winchester, Stoneham, Arlington and other neighboring towns. The evening was passed in an enjoyable manner. The programme included music, both vocal and instrumental,— the latter coming from the piano and from the Irish Brass band, and the former from Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Boston, Miss Lillie Blanche Phelps and Miss Adelaide Lockerby of Woburn; speeches by James N. Buffum, ex-mayor of Lynn, Dr. Lawrence and wife, Jennie Collins of "Boffin's Bower," Charles McLean, President of the Plasterer's Union and others; a friendly letter from Wendell Phillips in which Mrs. Aurora H. C. Phelps, the projector of the enterprise, was warmly congratulated on its successful completion, and an excellent collation. The rooms were handsomely decorated with mottoes and evergreen, the mottoes used being the same as those which decorated the walls of Faneuil Hall upon the occasion of the Joseph Arch reception. Everyone expressed themselves in a very encouraging manner and the enterprise opens under pleasant auspices. The engines and machinery will be placed in position next week. The laundry will employ about fifty women, and it will be run on the coopeative plan, on the same principle as the famous Troy laundry, which began on a smaller scale than this and now employs over 1300 women.

TRIAL.—Among the crowd that surrounded the store of Thomas Salmon on the night of July 26th, was Bridget Thornton. She was missing in a few days after the occurrence, and upon her return a few days ago, was arrested on charge of throwing a missile at Officer Day, and obstructing and hindering the officers in the discharge of their duty. Wednesday at 4 P. M., her trial took place, and Thomas Salmon appeared as her counsel. Officers Day, Osgood, Simonds and Ramsdell were the government witnesses, while Edward Shea and Andrew McHugh, Mrs. Farrar, Mrs. Carrol, Mrs. Salmon, and the prisoner supported the defence. Officer Day testified positively that she threw a missile that struck him in the face. The other officers testified as to the disturbance, and one saw Bridget holding to Day's coat. The other side saw no missile thrown, and some saw no trouble of any kind that evening, although they were there all the time. Bridget herself denied the throwing *in toto*, said she went there to get Mrs. Salmon's boy, who, she was afraid would be trampled under foot; that she tried to get in and was pushed back and struck by Day. The judge carefully sifted the testimony, wholly throwing out some as unworthy of credence, cautioning the author that when a witness overdoes a story it is suspicious. Bridget was held in $300 to appear before the Superior Court.

EVENING WITH THACKERAY.—This was the title of the entertainment at the Channing Fraternity meeting Thursday evening. The exercises commenced with a short sketch of the great novelist's life and writings, read by Rev. W. S. Barnes; then a selection from his "Roundabout Papers, read by Mr. J. W. Johnson. This was followed by "Molony's Lament," read by Dr. M. H. Allen. Mr. Geo. A. Day gave a selection from Rossini's "Tancredi" upon the organ, and Mr. F. E. Wetherell read "The Age of Wisdom" and "Peg of Limavaddy." Portions of "Vanity Fair," together with the poems, "The White Squall" and "Little Billee" given by Mr. Barnes, another selection from "Roundabout Papers" by Mr. Johnson, and a Menuet from the Oratorio of "Samson" by Mr. Day closed the programme. The pieces read, illustrated the different styles in which Mr. Thackeray wrote, and formed a pleasing variety. Next Tuesday a debate will be had upon the question, "Is concentration better than diversity, or point better than breadth in education?" A full attendance is requested.

ACCIDENT.—A smashup occurred at Soles's corner, Thursday. John Wentworth and a friend from Stoneham were driving down Main street at a rapid rate and when Railroad street was reached, the attempt was made to turn the horse. The horse was turned, but the buggy took a lateral course, which expelled the two men. Mr. Wentworth struck against a post, and his friend near him. The former sustained a slight cut on the head and remained insensible for some time. He came out all right, however. Both shafts of the buggy were broken, and the horse was secured in Carter and Dearborn's yard.

— The story upon the outside, entitled "Married, but not Settled" is written by Mr. William B. Jones, and is the first of a series he will contribute at intervals to these columns. It has the interest of being founded upon incidents that occurred within a few miles of Woburn. His next sketch will be entitled, "The story of a Kid Glove."

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."—This is the name of a pretty 9x12 chromo received from the Murray Hill Publishing Co. A little girl is dosing a group of dogs with Epsom salts for the "Epizooty." The position of the figures is good, and the coloring bright and natural.

Cummingsville.

OMNIBUS. — Mr. Charles Taylor is soon to start an omnibus line from the depot to this portion of the town. This will meet with good support and gratify many who have for a long time waded through the mud. See advt.

STREET LIGHTS.—We feel very proud of the fact that we have twelve new street lights in this quarter. Cummingsville is bound to keep its lamps trimmed and burning.

Burlington

☞ A nice Social Party was held at the Town Hall, Thanksgiving night.

IMPROVING.—Mr. Conn, whose accident was noted last week, is, we are glad to learn, improving.

☞ There are several men boarding at the church opposite.

GRAND CONCERT.—The night before Thanksgiving a goodly company were treated to a musical entertainment which elicited general approbation. The music was of a lighter nature, and was, we think, better appreciated than that of the previous concert. Mr. Morse opened with the delightful overture "Stradella" and was warmly applauded at the close. "The Fishermen" was a spirited duett by Messrs C H Clark of the Old South choir and A. H. McKenney. The Offertoire by Mr. S. B. Whitney, was played with vigor and emphasis. Miss Sallie M. Clough, soprano, rendered "Oh Mio Fernando" with great dramatic effect, and responded to an encore with a pretty Scotch song. An Andante with variations from "The Septuor," played by Mr Morse, succeeded this, and Part 1st ended with "Faith and Hope," which was sweetly sung by Mr. Clark. For an encore he gave "Farewell," by Graham

Misses Clough and Clapp took the audience by storm with a duett, well sung, which introduced Part Second. The beauties of the overture "Poet and Peasant," were next exhibited by Mr. Whitney, and if we were to find any fault we should say it was played a trifle too fast, certainly faster than we ever heard it before. Miss Clapp was received with applause when she appeared for her solo "Ah; S'Estinto," by Mercadante. This she sang very nicely, and answered an encore. Mr. Whitney for his third selection, gave first a Canon, in octave by Merkel, and the prelude and Finale (Faust), both of which met with heartily expressed commendation. Misses Clough and Clapp and Messrs Clark and McKenney ended the vocal portion of the concert with "Ecco quel fiero istanti," in which the four voices appeared to good advantage. A Pastorale by Best, rendered by Mr. Morse, was the last number of this pleasing entertainment.

MASONIC.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Royal Arch Chapter occurred Wednesday night. The following officers were elected and appointed:

Edwin A Wadleigh, M E H P,
Alva S Wood, E K,
Geo H Conn, E S,
Horace Collamore, T,
Sparrow Horton, Sec,
Chas E Follansbee, C of H,
Fred'k A Flint, P S,
C Henry Moseley, R A C,
Frank H Gould, M 3rd V,
Charlie A Jones, M 2nd V,
Thos S Spurr, M 1st V,
Rev W S Barnes, Chaplain,
James C Johnson, Organist,
Henry A Munroe, S S,
Richard B Bean, J S,
Joseph Kelley, I S,
Geo G Osgood, Tyler.

The installation service was performed by M E Alfred F Chapman, G H P of the Grand Chapter. At the close of the meeting a collation was partaken of at Nason's.

BRUIN LOOSE.—John S. Richardson, who lives near Richardson's Row, owns a bear that has been an object of much curiosity for months past. This animal broke his fastening and rambled off a few days ago, in search of other scenes. His departure caused some little excitement in the neighborhood, and a party of hunters started in pursuit. The whole matter is shrouded in mystery, but we hear that his bearship is still at large, and that two dogs have been sent by him to the happy hunting grounds of their fathers.

Later reports state that the animal was captured and returned to his master.

KNOCKED DOWN.—Mr. J. C. Collier of Waltham was driving through Main street this (Friday) morning when his team came in contact with a lady named Mason, wife of Rev. J. H. Mason, who lives near the Watering station. Mrs Mason was crossing the street and was struck by the horse and knocked down. She miraculously escaped serious injury. When rescued she was lying underneath the carriage, the horse having been stopped almost immediately. It appears to have been an accident for which no one was especially to blame. Mr. Collier carried the lady home.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Thursday was a quiet day, most of the business places being closed, and we presume that our readers paid full attention to the all-absorbing topic of the day,—viz: the dinner. We heard of only one man who was at all ungrateful, and he couldn't see what there was to be thankful for, these hard times. He will survive however, and it is to be hoped will look more cheerfully upon the anniversary when the year rolls round again.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Nov. 21st, John Soley assault upon Alex. Graydon, $1 and costs; appealed. Nov. 22d, J. Tierney, drunk, $5 and costs. Nov. 24th, Thomas Smith and James McLoughlin, Nov. 25 h, Barnard Quigley, drunk, $3 and costs each. Nov. 26 h, Bridget Thornton, assault upon officer, etc., ordered to recognize in $300 to appear before the Superior Court.

SNOW.— Thanksgiving opened clear and cloudy, and about noon snow began to fall, which threatened to make the day a perfectly old fashioned one; but it ceased during the afternoon, and the evening was pleasant.

SLIPPERY.—A powerful rain on Monday and the cold snap on Monday night, served to render the walking very uncertain. The maintenance of one's equibrium under the circumstances was a difficult task.

WATER COMMISSIONERS. — At the regular meeting, Friday last, the cutting off of the water on Wednesday next was ordered as per advertisement in another column.

☞ Hoosac is tunnelled, and there is daylight through the mountain. On Thursday, November 27th, the final blast was made.

☞ A buggy belonging to J. D. Gilman was tipped over on Railroad street, this (Friday) morning.

COLD.—We have had a week of real Simon-pure cold weather, the mercury in the thermometer registering near zero.

Winchester.

LECTURE.—The lecture of Mrs Livermore is to be delivered next Monday evening. Subject, — "The Battle of Money."

WATER WORKS.—The recent severe weather has considerably interfered with the progress of the work upon the reservoir, but it is hoped the weather will not continue such as to prevent its completion before the winter sets in.

REMOVAL.—Our well known townsman George P Brown, J. P, M W B, S W M, I O, P M, &c, &c has moved into the new and elegant house which he has caused to be erected on Washington St, and we may confidently expect that his multiform duties will be more faithfully performed through the inspiration of the new surroundings. Is not a housewarming needed?

SUDDEN DEATH.—Our community was pained to hear of the sudden death of our well known townsman, Mr F H Morse on Tuesday afternoon last. Not returning home at the usual hour, his family became alarmed, and on going down towards his office, he was found lying upon the ground attached to his house, dead, where he had apparently dropped on his way. The deceased has been in feeble health for some time, but has been able to attend to his business recently.

MOCK TOWN MEETING.—We print below a humorous Town Warrant, presented and discussed at a meeting of the L & M Association, last week Thursday evening. Our informant reports that it was productive of much amusement.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
MIDDLESEX SS.

To Either of the Milkmen in the Town of Winchester. Greeting:

In the name of Common Cents you are hereby required to notify and warn the men and women of said town who desire to vote on town affairs, to meet by Gaslight in said town; on the 20th day of Nov, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P M, to Expatiate and Dilate on the following Articles, viz:—

Art 1 To determine what sum or sums of money the town will raise to meet its unnecessary expenses for the coming year, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art 2 To see if the town will vote to abolish the tax on Goats, during the present stringency of the money market.

Art 3 To see if the town will build a reservoir in Turkey Swamp, as soon as somebody discovers water there, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art 4 To see if the town will vote to sell the gravel bank known as the High School lot, with the buildings thereon, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art 5 To see if the town will send as representatives to General Court all the men and women who are willing to go.

Art 6 To see if the town will vote to take all necessary precaution to prevent the Eyes of Needles from being put out, especially Darning Needles.

Art 7 To see if the town will furnish the Selectmen's room with a backgammon board and billiard table, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art 8 To see if the town will on behalf of the milkmen offer a suitable reward for the detection of any person or persons placing obstructions in the nostrils of the town pump.

Art 9 To see if the town will vote to purchase One Dozen Seidlitz Powders for the use of the Chemical Engine.

Art 10 To see if the town will vote to enforce the law in regard to the free use of Matches, especially Parlor Matches.

Art. 11. To see if the town will raise a sum of money for the support of the Fish Committee, or do anything for the relations of the same.

Art. 12. To see if the town will appropriate the unexpended money appropriated to light the band stand for the purchase of toothpicks for the members of the band, or do anything for the relations of the same.

Art. 13. To see if the town will place a fence around the Common and have the top rail upholstered.

Art 14 To see if the town will extend a Cordial (known as Cherry Pectoral) welcome to all public benefactors desirous of location charitable institutions in our midst, especially the one known as State Prison.

Art 15 To see if the town will instruct the Selectmen to lease the Band stand to the Categorical and Dog-matical Musical Society for Evening Entertainments during the winter months.

Art 16 To see if the town will raise a sum of money for the purpose of defraying the expenses of Uncle Solomon's Depot Carriage for the use of the field drivers, or do anything to aid the relatives of the same.

Art 17 To see if the town will appropriate a sum of money for enlarging the doors of the Post Office; or regulate the males of the same.

Hereof fail not, and make due return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the Town Pump, at or before the time of holding said meeting.

Given over our hands at Winchester, this thirteenth day of Nov A D. 1873.

FERDINAND ZUMGRUNDE.
V. JACKSON SWALMSTRUP,
his
PATRICK H. X O'HOLIGAN,
Mark.
Chiefs of the Borrough.

True Copy. Attest:
ISAAC ZACHARIAH, Milkman.

Arlington.

RESIGNATION.—Rev. J. M. Finotti has tendered his resignation as a member of the school committee.

THANKSGIVING.—Union services of the Baptist and Congregational societies were held in the Orthodox church yesterday, Rev. Mr. Cady preaching the discourse.

DONATION.—The different societies in town contributed a large lot of supplies to the Little Wanderer's Home, for their Thanksgiving dinner.

ACCIDENT.—While loading freight at Bedford on Friday morning last, Mr. Edward Sweeney slipped and sprained his knee necessitating his laying by from work for a few days.

KICKED.—On Monday last a horse belonging to Mr. McInotte Whittemore was kicked by another horse, breaking a leg, which rendered it necessary to kill him.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Carter Nov. 14th, John Grant was before the court on two counts, one for malicious mischief, and the other for assault on William Martin, for which he was fined $5 and costs on each.

LECTURE.—A temperance lecture was given in the Methodist church on Sunday evening which was addressed by Mr. —— Green, President of the State Total Abstinence Society. There was a full house, and the lecturer gave much satisfaction to all who listened.

SMASH UP.—The 7 o'clock up train last Monday, struck Winn's express wagon and smashed one of the wheels. This frightened the horse who ran away and smashed the wagon still further, sustaining some bruises himself. The wagon contained a basket of crockery, which was broken, and a jug of wine which was stolen. Winn has had several losses since starting his route.

SEIZURES.—State Constables McAdoo, Hudson, Smithers and Neenan seized about forty gallons of mixed liquors and two barrels of ale, Saturday evening, from the following named persons: Geo Russell, Charles Jacobs, Terrence Owen, Patrick Sheehan, Mathias Nichols.

While the officers were seizing the above, one of the parties went to Boston and got a barrel of beer and a two gallon jug of whiskey. Returning he procured a wheel barrow and started to transport the liquor home, when the jug rolled off and broke. Then the fellow attempted to roll the barrel along. How he succeeded we cannot say, but he did not labor for a few days.

FAIR.—The Catholic Fair opened on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and will continue every day from 2 until 10 o'clock for two weeks. Owing to the weather the attendance has not been as large as was expected. The usual attractions are displayed among them the shooting gallery, which is in charge of M. E. O'Leary; galvanic battery in charge of John Gardner. The first drawing took place last Tuesday evening as follows: Sunday School Table, Rev. J. M. Finotti, No. 76, box of cigars, No. 195, Lady's work basket, Mary J. Collins. On the chidr table held by John Ferguson, No. 5 drew a toy which is known as "The Boy in the Barnyard." The statue which is being voted for between the Lexington and Arlington churches at last accounts stood as follows: Lexington 225, Arlington 75.

West Medford.

THEFT.—Mr. H. D. Wood's stable was broken into last Sunday night and a new harness stolen.

Lexington.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES. — Last Thursday evening at precisely 1-4 of 8 o'clock, Master Everett Mulliken, chairman of the Lecture Committee announced the next entertainment of the course to be a school exhibition at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, Dec 4, at 7 3-4 oclock, and introduced the lecturer of the evening, Prof Jas E Sharp of Boston, who spoke upon the "Chemistry of Combustion." Prof Sharp prefaced his remarks with an introduction upon the principles of chemical philosophy—that chemical affinity produces an entire change in the properties acted upon, e g, Copper in Sulphuric acid gives a beautiful blue color—that affinity is exerted between different kinds of matter—that combustion may take place instantly or be postponed until heat excites action. The rapidity and skill with which the Prof managed the experiment in the use of chlorate of potassa, sugar and sulphuric acid awakened applause.

The experiments in oxygen were very successful and interesting, facilitated by a large supply of oxygen in a rubber bag provided for that purpose. The combustion of iron was beautifully illustrated. The principal test used to detect oxygen was shown. We were particularly pleased with the management of gases over the Pneumatic trough. An explanation of combustion—that it was a rapid union of oxygen with a chemical body accompanied with evolution of light and heat followed. The explosion of charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur, besides the evolution referred to called out some "Ohs!" from the timid ones in the audience. Its "products were oxygen uniting with carbon of fuel to form carbonic acid, and with hydrogen to form vapor of water. The "structure of flame," and the experiment to prove that the combustion of a candle generates gas like that of the ordinary gas manufacturer, followed. The whole lecture was as advertised, illustrated with experiments. We have not attempted to give more than a general idea of the subject. The audience were greatly pleased and gave manifestation by hearty applause. We learn that the lecture committee have secured Prof Sharp for the 5th lecture to be illustrated with experiments in hydrogen, Thursday evening, Dec 11. We would advise all who enjoy good entertainments to be present at the school exhibition next week Thursday evening at the Town Hall, and the remaining lectures of the Course.

SINGING CLASS.—It has been thought possible and desirable to form a singing class in town and there will be a meeting of those favorable to this project at the Unitarian vestry, Saturday evening, 7.30 o'clock. It is to be hoped that all who belonged to the Jubilee chorus will join this attempt to form a class and advance the interests of music. Mr. Joseph Green, the organist of the society will conduct.

☞ Lovers of the dance will have a good opportunity to indulge to their heart's content during the winter. The Grand Army Sociables, the Y. M. S. C.'s, the Band Assembly and the Total Abstinence Society Ball offer a host of attractions to the society of Lexington. The Band party will occur New Year's night, and the Y. M. S. C., Dec. 5th.

AHEAD OF TIME.—The bell ringer at the East Village made a slight mistake on Monday, and rang the bell for noon at twenty minutes before the hour. Several members of the engine company started out thinking there was another chance to see a building burn, but they were doomed to disappointment. The bell ringer's clock was a trifle fast. Nichols should have a job.

THANKSGIVING DANCE.—The second assembly of the Geo. G. Meade Post 119, on Thursday night was a very pleasant and well attended party, about seventy-five couple being present. The music was good and the calling excellent. Now we hope the next and succeeding parties will be as well patronized. The members of the Post are endeavoring to raise a Charity Fund, and all should bear a hand.

☞ The former crooked track below the depot has been straightened and the appearance of the same much improved.

☞ Prof. Harrington gave one of his entertainments in the Town Hall, Saturday evening last to a good audience.

☞ The B. R. Co. have marked the boundaries of their land with a substantial wooden fence.

NEW FENCE.—Mr. George Sparhawk has ornamented the street line of his estate with a new iron fence of a very tasty pattern.

New Publications.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Next to possessing a flower garden where a variety of blossom and foliage gladden the eye and perfume the air, we know of nothing that surpasses the exquisitely beautiful Floral Guide published by James Vick of Rochester, New York. For thirteen years he has sent forth this beautiful messenger, and a perusal of its pages has benefitted many a one. We believe in the educating influence of flowers and we hail with undisguised pleasure anyone who is endeavoring to advance this department. To those who wish to beautify their homes and render them more cheerful and attractive, we commend Vick's Floral Guide for 1874. Its articles on Floral decorations, Rockeries, Money value of flowers, Annuals, Climbers, Ornamental Grasses, Perennials, etc., etc, are written in a clear, pleasant style, which exhibits a complete knowledge of the subject. The typography of the work is unexceptionable, and with the tinted paper upon which it is printed it makes a very handsome book. Only 25 cents a year. James Vick, Rochester N. Y.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH for December closes the Third Volume of this practical and independent Magazine. Its leading object is to teach the Science of Life, including all that relates to recovering and preserving health, and promoting a higher physical and mental condition. Among the contents are "The Potential Sex," in a Review of the Race; "The Model School Girl, who lost more than she gained, and how," with illustration; "What we want for Health, Comfort and Improvement at this season of the year," "Woman's Dress," is considered by L. E. L. "Disease and its Treatment," by different Schools; "Conceits of Convalescence," "Walking as a Medicine," and how to take it, "Occupation as affecting Longevity," "Seasonable Dishes," on Hygienic principles; "How to go to Bed," "California Fruits," "Yellow Fever," "Cold Feet," and how to keep them warm, and many questions from correspondents are answered, and much general information given. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD.—The December number is replete with good reading—entertaining sketches, stories, poems &c. Its table of contents embraces the following articles: "A Better Country," Mary Hartwell, "An Engineer's Yarn," Albert Williams, Jr., Our Party at Sea, Rev J S Breckinridge, Two Enthusiasts, H M Lewtral, Presence of Mind, Rev F W Holland, Our Babies, D A Gorton, M D,; Blessedness of Riches, Tenoroon, Hans Doodledee, Rudolph Mentel; installment of Max Kromer, author of Jessica's First Prayer, Codfish and Potatoes, Chapter II, by Eleanor Kirk, Misery Jippeau, Chapter VII, VIII, by H V Osborne. In addition to these articles are several pretty poems, a charming little cottage design, and editorial departments embracing Our Housekeeper, Correspondence, Literary Notices, Laughing Stock, &c, &c. The engraving for this month is entitled "Old Folks." All the above for only $1 per year,—or with Chromo, "Yosemite" $1 50. Address Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh N Y.

ST. NICHOLAS.—This new claimant for popular favor is before us for the second time, this being the December number. A beautiful frontispiece by Moran, entitled "The Wonderful River," opens the feast, and stories, sketches, bright poems and puzzles follow each other in rapid succession. The illustrations are fine, and the work is a gem throughout. $3 00 per year. Scribner & Co, New York.

☞ Magazine readers will read this item with interest:

Messrs James R Osgood & Co, of Boston, proposing to relinquish the business of magazine publishing, have sold their periodicals, the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Every Saturday*, to Messrs Hurd and Houghton of New York, and Messrs Houghton and Co of the Riverside Press, and *Our Young Folks* to Messrs Scribner and Co of New York, publishers of the new juvenile magazine, the *St Nicholas*. The January issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Every Saturday* will appear with the imprint of Messrs Hurd and Houghton and the Riverside Press. Mr. Howells will continue to edit the *Atlantic*, and there will be no change in its general character or management in consequence of the change in proprietors. Mr Aldrich will still edit *Every Saturday*, and in both these periodicals the programme already announced for 1874 will be carried out. *Our Young Folks* will be joined with *St Nicholas* and will therefore disappear from the list of Boston periodicals. The leading features announced by its late proprietors, for 1874 (including Mr Trowbridge's serial story) will be incorporated in the rich programme already offered by the publishers of the *St Nicholas*.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The December number of this magazine is here, and the supply of music is as extensive as ever. Its list comprises, Where has Ida gone? Song, Will S. Hays; Call me your darling, again, song, Frank Dumont; Little Sunshine, song; Go and learn a trade, song, Will S. Hays; Praise the Lord, quartette; Seraphim Waltz; March of the Pilgrims; Mother Goose's Quadrilles, on 19 songs from M. G.'s melodies; Merry Girls' Galop. J. L. Peters, Broadway, N. Y.

THE NEW LOWELL STATION.

On Monday of this week the Boston & Lowell R. R. Co., threw open to the public the result of two years of labor, viz: their new passenger station on Causeway street, Boston. It is truly a magnificent work and reflects credit upon all connected, and Messrs. L. Newcomb & Son, the architects are the recipients of praise upon every hand. We give room to a description of the building.

The head-house alone, which fronts on Causeway street 200 feet and has its broad pavements, its bold end towers and center pavillion, with its lofty Mansard roof broken into graceful turrets, presents a distinguished architectural appearance. The characteristics of this facade of brick, with heavy moulded and carved belts and ornaments in Nova Scotia freestone, are quite familiar and correspond with the massive effect of the Romanesque drawing. Perhaps one of the most readily appreciated features are the archways supporting the towers. Through these covered driveways (forty feet wide and some 400 feet long), liberal sidewalks lead to the outward and inward entrances to the head-house and train-house. The whole building has a depth of over 800 feet, but 689 feet are used for the train-house. It has been rumored that the head-house above the first story was to be fitted for a hotel; and its appearace, with its four stories and towering roof, pierced for an extra amount of light, would seemingly endorse such a story, but General Stark has a way of utilizing the whole for railroad purposes.

The economy of space in the interior arrangement is simply perfect, every room is suitable, and there is nothing perplexing in the subdivisions. Entering the head house from the train house by either of the entrances by the side of the ticket office, you are in a magnificently marble tiled court, fifty-two by ninety-two feet, and covered in by a glass roof. All the windows are in ground glass, but the outward and inward baggage rooms, the telegraph office, dining hall, the porters' room, and ladies' and gentlemen's toilet rooms, ranged on either side, and the waiting rooms and ladies' parlor that occupy the front of the building are quickly found. The beauty of this court is truly courtly. From the wainscot to the arches that support the glass canopy, some seventy feet above the tiling, are walls of ash elegantly carved and ornamented with bracket courses, pilasters with ornate capitals, double tiers of balconies, and a third tier of openings, with balustrades simulating an upper balcony. The four principal rooms to be noticed are the gentlemen's in the east tower, the ladies in the west, the ladies' parlor in the pavillion between these, and the dining hall, leading from the ladies' room and the court. The gent's waiting room is finished in ash, has a ceiling appropriately ornamented with stucco and fresco, is twenty-six by forty feet, twenty feet in the clear, and the supports of the floor above are metal columns, finished in bronze and maroon color. Hair dressing rooms are connected with this, which H. A. Lewis of East Boston has fitted in the highest order. The water closets and wash room are most convenient, and have approved appliances.

The ladies' parlor, entered from the ladies' waiting room, is fifty-two feet long and nearly forty wide. On the floor is laid a rich Brussels carpet, and the ceiling is in fresco to blend with its colors. It is fitted in walnut, upholstered in plush, has tall mirrors and pier glasses and, now that it is curtained, looks more like the parlor of a hotel than a place of entertainment in a railway station. The common waiting room for the ladies is about the same as that for the gentlemen, but has walnut furniture, is carpeted in oil cloth, and has a nicely arranged toilet room adjoining. The dining hall fully equals that of a first class restaurant, and as it is in the hands of Mr. James L Locke, the popular caterer, at the old Lowell, will be conducted on a requisite scale. The cooking is all to be done in an extensive culinary department in the Mansard roof story, the ovens and ranges and cauldrons of which are sufficient for a medium sized hotel.

Staircases lead from either side to the upper stories. The conductors have a cosey, comfortable room on a half story, looking out into the train house, and then the second floor is subdivided into offices and rooms bordering on the court. The general frieght agent, now at Nashua, and the chief clerk, will have suites of rooms; Superintendent Winslow has a suite of three rooms in the east turret; General Stark, the manager, has three rooms in the west turret; the Treasurer a private room and public office leading from General Stark's; the general ticket agent and general purchasing agent have fine accommodations, and the large room over the ladies' parlor will be used for business purposes when large numbers are gathered. This story is 19 feet in the clear and finished in ash. These spacious rooms are being finished with the same liberality that marks the entire institution. The next story has 18 feet studding, and is finished with the story above, seventeen feet posts, in the same kind of wood.

In the third story are the apartments of the treasurer of the Lowell & Nashua road, a private lunch room communicating with the dining hall below, the office of Colonel John H. George, counsel to the coporation; a room 52 by 37, for the civil engineers' department, and several other rooms not yet appropriated. In the French roof story is the kitchen, furnished with all the modern inventions, communicating with the dining rooms below by means of a dumb waiter, and provided with an elevator for sending up supplies There are also well furnished apartments for Mr. Locke, superintendent of the dining room, and the servants employed. Each floor has 200 feet of hose on each side of the court, attached to pipes leading over the entire building; every office has its private wash room and water closet, and in all the minor details there appears to be nothing that has been omitted to make a perfect building.

The ticket office will be an arcade constructed in the train house. As this part of the depot is so very large, and is pierced with so many openings, this last named feature of the interior was found necessary. Ample entrances are to be provided, so that access to the ticket windows and news stand will be easy and convenient. Windows will open from the ticket office into the court of the head house, and a double-faced clock will indicate the position of the sun to those in either the trains or headhouses. Proper attention has been paid to the indicators for starting trains, and the public will be protected from accidents by gates at the head of the half dozen lines of rail. In the upper part of the centre tower will be placed an illuminated clock, lighted by electricity. It will regulate itself, lighting at sunset and extinguishing at sunrise.

The following parties have been employed in the construction and furnishing of this palatial structure: Pile drivers, Bixby & Cole; granite workers, Sanborn & Son; freestone worker, E. F. Meany; masons, Adams & Barstow; carpenters, Morton & Chesley; frescos and painting, W. J. McPherson & Co.; marble work, Bowker & Torrey; steam heating, Clogston & Co.; gas piping and fixtures, R. Hollings & Co.; plumbing, Hawthorne & Tucker; iron work, G W. & F. Smith; iron roof, National Bridge Company; clocks, Howard Watch and Clock Company; slate roofing, C. S. Parker & Sons; electric bells, A. Micheant; hydraulic elevators, McChon & Bash; furniture, Lawrence, Wilde & Hall; carpets, John F. Pray & Sons; desks, Patterson & Lavender; galvanized iron works, J. K Hicks.

The aggregate cost of the depot above land damage is stated at $700,000.

Married

In North Woburn, Nov. 27th, by Rev. L. Thompson, Mr. Frederick L. Sawyer and Miss Sarah O. Bell, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Nov. 27, by Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Mr. Frank H. Leathe and Miss Elvira E. Munroe, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Nov. 21, by Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Hugh Neal and Maria A. Waitt, both of Stoneham.

In Lexington, Nov. 20, by Rev. Henry Westcott, Mr. James Edmands and Miss Bessie Miller, all of Lexington.

In Winchester, Nov. 19, by Rev. S. L. Beller, Mr. Robert M. Armstrong and Miss Marilla J. Weeks, both of Winchester.

In Arlington, Oct. 26, by Rev. Amos Harris, Mr. Samuel H. Jones, of Lexington, and Miss C. M. Fisher, of Dedham.—Oct. 29, by the same, William M. Thomas and Miss Alaria Millett, both of Arlington.—Nov. 20, by the same, Andrew Ferguson and Mary McNarny, both of Arlington.

In Arlington, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. M. Finotti, John Bannon, of Waltham, and Miss Maggie J. Bradley, of Arlington.

In Arlington, Nov. 20, by Rev. George W. Cutter, Mr. Albert B. Clapp and Miss Annie G., daughter of the late Lewis Spaulding, all of Arlington,

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Winchester, Nov. 23, of consumption, Mrs. Mary Shattuck, relict of the late George Shattuck, aged 28 years.

In Worcester, at the State Insane Asylum, Nov. 22d, Sarah P. Smith, wife of I. B. Smith, of Lexington, aged 68 years.

In Charlestown, Nov. 24th, Elizabeth Wellington Reed, wife of John Flanders, aged 52 years.

Special Notices.

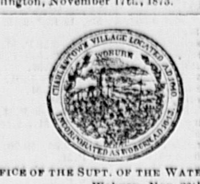
North Woburn Street Railroad Co.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Company will be held at the Selectmen's Room, in Woburn, on Tuesday evening, December 9th, at seven o'clock, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may come before them.

Per order,
ALBERT THOMPSON, Sup't.
North Woburn, Nov. 28, 1873.

LARGE SALE OF
STANDING WOOD,
AT AUCTION IN BURLINGTON.

On Monday, the 1st day of Dec. next, at 9 o'clock A. M., will be sold at auction in lots, the wood standing on about 40 acres of land, situated in the westerly part of Burlington, on the homestead of the late John Kent. Said wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch, and White Pine of excellent quality for the market. There is on said lot a large amount of White Pine Timber Trees suitable for sawing purposes. Said lot is well located, being accessible at all seasons of the year.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Burlington, November 17th, 1873.



OFFICE OF THE SUPT. OF THE WATER WORKS
Woburn, Nov. 26th, 1873.
Notice is hereby given that the water will be shut off from all the pipes on Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, 1873, for the purpose of making connections with the main.
G. A. BEAN, Supt.

CUMMINGSVILLE
AND
WOBURN CENTER
Omnibus Line.

ON and after December 1st, the subscriber will run an Omnibus between F. W. Ellis' store, Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.
Leave Ellis' store at 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 10, 11.30 A. M. 12.45, 3, 4.15, 5.30, 6.30 and 8.55* P. M.
Leave Depot at 6.40, 7.35, 9, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15, 3.40, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10 and 9.15* P. M.
*Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
On Sundays at Church hours.
CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

IF YOU WANT
GOOD WINTER CLOTHING
You can select it from a prime stock this season upon our counters, and the public are invited to

where a complete assortment of Ready-Made Garments will be found
FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,
FOR BOYS' WEAR,
FOR YOUTH'S WEAR,
in great variety laid in for the Fall and Winter of 1873 and '74.
Prices the Lowest!
Goods in all Styles!
Everybody can be suited!
TRY THE "GLOBE,"
Nos 1, 2 & 3 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

ANNOUNCEMENT!
The subscriber would announce that on and after Saturday, Nov. 21st, she will dispose of her stock of
FALL & WINTER MILLINERY
AT REDUCED PRICES.
MRS. S. K. NICHOLS.
North Woburn, Nov. 21, 1873. 171

1874
ALMANACS
—AND—
DIARIES.
At Woburn Bookstore
Subscribe now for 1874.

ALDINE,
ATLANTIC,
BALLOU'S,
BOW BELLS
CHATTERBOX,
DEXTER SMITH'S,
DEMOREST,
GALAXY,
GODEY'S,
HARPER'S
JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY,
LESLIE'S FASHIONS,
LITTLE CORPORAL,
METROPOLITAN,
MUSIC FOLIO,
NURSERY,
OUR YOUNG FOLKS,
OLD & NEW,
OLIVER OPTIC,
PETERSON'S
PLEASANT HOURS,
POPULAR SCIENCE,
SCRIBNER'S,
or any other Magazine or Newspaper.

Sparrow Horton,
MAIN ST., WOBURN.

Dancing School
—AT—
CENTRAL HOUSE HALL,
WOBURN, MASS.

MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.
Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to
B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent,
15 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.
N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

FOR SALE.
Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of
J. C. WHITCHER.

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.
BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL.
1874.
A NEW VOLUME.
Prepare Your Clubs.
The Cheapest Newspaper in New England.

The Publishers of the BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL invite the attention of the reading public to the attractions of a family newspaper, which for the past FORTY YEARS has received from the intelligent classes of New England a most cordial support. The thousands who rely upon the *Weekly Journal* for
News, General Reading & Information
Will cheerfully indorse the fullness of its news, the freshness of of its weekly compendium of general intelligence, and the reliability which may be placed upon its editorial comments. The aim of the Publishers has always been, and will continue to to be, to send out a weekly sheet which shall be free from all sensationalism, and present shall a large amount of reading matter, which shall keep its readers fully posted up regarding
The Leading Events of the Hour,
While its pages shall not only reflect the substantial progress of opinion upon topics which are connected with the
Social and Political Interests
Of the people of New England, but shall also contain a large amount of matter which will instruct and edify the large circle which depends mainly upon its columns for their knowledge of what is going on in the great
Business Centres of the World.
The same features that have given to the *Weekly Journal* its strong hold upon the people, and have caused its subscribers to renew their subscriptions year after year, will be retained. We do not propose to introduce any catch-penny novelties, for the field is already filled with such newspapers, but we do propose to so fill its
THIRTY-SIX LONG COLUMNS
That every member of a household may find something which they shall read with pleasure and profit. There are papers which contain a larger amount of literary reading, but there is no paper published in New England which furnishes
So Large an Amount of Newsy Reading at such a Moderate Price.
When it is remembered that by forming Clubs, a paper like *The Boston Weekly Journal* can be secured fifty-two times each year for THREE CENTS PER WEEK, the statement would seem to warrant a circulation of a hundred thousand in the New England States. We confidently believe that an inspection of its columns will convince any one that the investment of such a trifling amount is the wisest expenditure that any man can make who desires a
First-Class Family Newspaper,
Which he can place in the hands of the members of his family, confident that there is nothing objectionable in any of its many departments.
We shall be happy to send specimen copies free of expense. We invite the attention of Postmasters and Agents to our terms. There is no advance in price, though the paper last year was greatly enlarged and improved.

One copy by mail.	$2 00
Five copies to one address.	7 50
Ten copies to one address.	15 00

And one copy to the getter up of a club of ten.
☞ All orders must be accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued promptly at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

THE DAILY JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED
MORNING AND EVENING,
Contains the latest news by telegraph and mail from all parts of the world. Its circulation is more than THREE times that of any paper of its class in New England.
TERMS.

Single copies,	3 cts.
One year,	$8.

Payable in advance.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,
Contains all the news of the day, including the review of the Markets, Commercial news, &c., and has a very large circulation among country merchants throughout New England. It is issued Tuesday and Friday mornings.
TERMS.

One copy,	$4 00
Five copies to one address,	15 00
Ten copies to one address,	30 00

And an extra copy to the getter-up of the Club. The money in all cases must accompany the order.

JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY,
120 Washington Street, Boston.

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s,
A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,
Comprising
Shawls,
Repellants
Flannels
A GREAT BARGAIN!
HOSIERY
AT
No. 123 MAIN STREE,
ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110
WOBURN - - MASS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of the estate of Jacob Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. Also person having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
EBENEZER L. PIERCE, } Adm.
EDWARD E. BUTMAN, }
Woburn, Nov. 11th, 1873. 172

Ditson & Co's Celebrated
HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY.
Unexcelled Collections of Bound Music.
VOCAL.
Gems of German Song!
Gems of Scottish Song!
Gems of Saced Song!
Wreath of Gems!
Operatic Pearls!
Silver Chord!
Shower of Pearls! Duets.
Musical Treasure! Vocal & Instrumental.
INSTRUMENTAL.
FOR PIANOFORTE OR REED ORGAN.
Gems of Strauss!
Organ at Home!
Pianist's Album!
Pianoforte Gems!
Home Circle! Vols. I and II.
Price of each Book, in Cloth, $3.00: In Boards $2.50; Fine Gilt, $4.00. The above splendid books are perfect treasure houses of the best and most popular music, being selected as the "cream" from an immence stock, 200 to 250 pages, full sheet music size, in each book. Buy these books for presents! In each book you get $25 worth of music. In the whole library, costing, according to binding, $35, $42, or $50, you will get Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars worth!
Sent, postpaid on receipt of retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 173
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

$1.50. 1874.
THE NURSERY
A Monthly Magazine
for Youngest Readers,
Superbly illustrated. Send stamp for a sample number. Address JOHN L. SHOREY,
167 36 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

New England States,
ATTENTION!
The Fourth Grand Drawing,
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY,
DEC. 3d, 1873.
12,000 Cash Gifts, amounting to $1,500,000.
Only 60,000 Tickets in this Drawing.
In a letter from Mr. L. H. Keith, of Kingston, Mass., who drew the capital prize in the third concert, he say that "the Managers of the Public Library of Ky. paid me *in full, without discount*, $100,000, immediately on presentation of my ticket."
In this Drawing the Capital Prize is $250,000.
Now is the opportunity for the Eastern States to enrich themselves. *Do not let it pass.* Apply *at once* of
THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
Managers Branch Office, - 609 Broadway, N. Y.
Circulars in English and German, 165

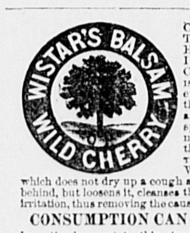
Sheriff's Sale!
MIDDLESEX, ss.

TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of December next, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County, all the right in equity that Thomas Connell, of said Woburn, had on the tenth day of July last, when the same was attached on mesne process or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in (East) Woburn, so called, in said County of Middlesex, on Thorn street, bounded and described as follows, viz:—On the west by land of the Town of Woburn 160 feet, northerly by land of Mary Connell and Michael Connell 116 feet, east by land of Dominick McTague 160 feet, and southerly by said Thorn street 116 feet.
HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.
Woburn, November 8th, 1873. 156

Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

TO LET.
Offices and Desk Room, in the building 192 Main Street. Also a Cellar 20 by 60 feet, for storage.
Apply at
MRS. FOX'S,
Lexington Street,
22 or address Box 121, P. O.

ST. JOACHIM'S
FALL IMPORTATIONS
—OF—
Holiday Goods.
Jewelry, Albums, Games, Smokers' Sets, Vases, Busts, Statuettes, Cuspedores, Pocket Books, Baskets, Iron, Wooden, and Tin Toys, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Slipper Pockets, Paper, Towel, and Book Racks, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Dressing Cases, Hair Brushes, Mirrors, Bronzed Goods, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Pictures, Dominoes, Checker Boards, Cribbage Boards, Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Wax Dolls, Meerschaum Pipes, and thousands of other articles.
Our Stock is the Largest of its kind in Boston.
and the assortment is complete in every department. Our prices are reasonable, and we advise our patrons to purchase their presents before the great rush. 150
St. Joachim Bazar,
167 Washington Street, Boston.



COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.
CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED
by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The *genuine* is signed "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper, SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, Mass. Sold by dealers generally.

Mercantile Savings Institution.
NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON.
All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calender month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000.00 for the express protection of depositors.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,
No. 80 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.
This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.
All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.
Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.
ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2
Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.
Domestic Sewing Machine Co., N. Y
Agents Wanted.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. 174

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASS.
Commercial
COURSE OF STUDY, PREPARATORY TO BUSINESS.
The studies embraced in the plan of the School, and designed for those pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the Elementary English Branches, are
Book-Keeping,
(BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY.)
Commercial Arithmetic,
(DESIGNED FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN BUSINESS.)
Commercial Writing,
(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LEGIBILITY AND RAPIDITY.)
Commercial Law,
(RELATING TO NEGOTIABLE PAPER, CONTRACTS PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.)
all of which are especially necessary for and adapted to Commercial purposes.
Those desiring to accomplish more than the course included in the above studies may select any or all of the following studies, viz: — READING, WRITING, SPELLING, GRAMMAR and ARITHMETIC and pursue them as associate studies or separately.
Pupils received at any time when there are vacancies. Parents desiring children educated in a useful and practical manner are invited to examine into the merits of this School.
Catalogue post free. Communications should be addressed 554 Washington Street, at which place interviews may be had from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. Closed Saturdays. H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.
N. B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, corner Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire. 163

FOR ALL THE WOBURN NEWS READ THE JOURNAL.

FOR THE BEST PRINTING IN WOBURN, GO TO THE "JOURNAL OFFICE," No. 204 MAIN STREET.

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17
S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street.
Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.
REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.
B. F. COLEGATE,
is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.
Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68
HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE
Woburn Mass.

FOR SALE.
The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.
Inquire of
31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.
Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.
OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN. 38

Woburn Bazaar,
192 MAIN STREET.
New Store.
New Goods, New Prices
We would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, to our extensive stock of
LADIES' AND GENTS'
Furnishing Goods,
And Fancy Goods,
SMALL WARES, &c. &c.
Which we are selling at a
LOW PRICE.
With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.
We keep most everything and sell
CHEAP.
192 MAIN STREET,
☞ Male and Female Agents Wanted.
AGENCY FOR THE
CITY LAUNDRY and DYE HOUSE.
☞ First-class work guaranteed.
Orders received for the celebrated Troy Laundry Goods received Saturdays and Tuesdays, and returned Mondays and Thursdays.

House For Sale.
A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to
LINCOLN EMERSON.
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
—o—
MIDDLESEX, ss.
Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.
ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,
vs.
SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.
DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G. Dickey, to be made absolute, on mot on, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.
And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed in Woburn in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.
By the Court,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.
A true Copy. Attest:
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

Furs! Furs!
FURS!
First Time in Woburn,
Ladies' & Children's Furs
IN GREAT VARIETY, 164
At WHEELOCK & SON'S
CLOTHING HOUSE,
155 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Houses, Stores, Merchandise & Stock
Insured in Reliable Companies,
—BY—
E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 18

To Owners of Horses.
The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of
H. L. CARTER & CO.,
and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the
Horse Shoeing Business.
Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.
112 H. L. CARTER,
J. C. CARTER.
Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Special Notice.
The subscriber in order to meet the demands of his increased trade, has been induced to erect a building, where he has a large and commodious room, elegantly fitted up, where may be found
PIANOS and ORGANS
from the best manufactories of NEW YORK and BOSTON. Also all the
Popuar Sheet Music of the Day.
A full and complete assortment of small
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
VIOLIN and GUITAR STRINGS &c.
PIANOS AND ORGANS
Sold on installments at terms to suit. Also tuned and repaired
WOBURN MUSIC STORE,
No. 6 Railroad Street.
Rear of DODGE'S BLOCK,
WOBURN MASS. 42
O. GREEN.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence. Are better, because they give a finer gloss than any other polish.
Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.
Have no disagreeable sulphurus or strong acid smel when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Are put up in neat style, and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks; one stick is sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved.
Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.
Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you: if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.
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LOST OR WON AT WIMBLEDON.

"I shall look for you at Wimbledon." Those were his last words, as he put her into the carriage after the Horwood's pleasant dance; words that had dwelt in her memory more than she would care, perhaps, to acknowledge. And it was with undisguised pleasure that she now turned to answer his eager greeting.

Very pretty she looked in her dainty dress and ribbons; and so Ralph Leicester thought when he met the earnest glance of her gray eyes uplifted to his. He felt as though he could then and there have pledged himself her life-long slave, instead of prosing on about the shooting and the heat, and a thousand other commonplaces, which go to make up an ordinary conversation. As it was, I think his gaze was sufficiently expressive, and that Margaret Dene appreciated its silent eloquence quite as much as she would have done more outspoken admiration.

They had met for the first time at a picnic some two years before, and then not seen each other again till the dance I have referred to; but each held a lively remembrance of the pleasant day spent together, and had been glad to renew their acquaintance. Now they seemed quite like old friends, and more than one remark was made during the day, on the attention Leicester was paying to that pretty Miss Dene; while the men wondered, as they will do sometimes, what the latter found in her companion so attractive. Handsome young exquisites looked down upon him from the superiority of their good looks and greater number of inches, and said, "By Jove, she's a funny taste!" reflecting, perhaps, on her apparent blindness to their perfections, and evident liking for the "ugly little barrister." Ugly he was, but in spite of his plain face and short stature, there was talent and power in his strongly marked features, and an indescribable freshness and vigor about his character which Margaret Dene at once recognized and admired.

No luncheon party could be merrier than that which gathered in the tent of Charlie Dene, Captain of the —— Rifles. His own spirits were overflowing, and his guests seemed to have caught the infection of his gayety.

"Who knows whether the report is true that Clara Rivers has gone off with Tom Lightfoot of the Engineers?" asked somebody.

"I do," answered Charlie. "Old Rivers told me about it himself this morning. He's furious, and says they shall neither of them touch a penny of his money. By the by, Travers," he added, turning round suddenly upon a conceited, foolish looking young man at his side, "we ought to condole with you, I fancy; were you not a little sweet in that quarter?"

"Not at all," answered Travers, trying vainly to look unconscious. "I—aw—we were only amusing ourselves."

"Oh I see," said some one from the end of the table; "attention without intention, as somebody has defined flirting. Very kind of you, though, old fellow, to let her use you as a blind. Or perhaps, she despaired of your ever coming to the point, and its pique, after all, that has led her into this marriage."

Such a roar of laughter followed this sally that Charlie called for order, and begged to know the cause of it.

"Did you ever hear that story?" said Bob Lambert, fixing his merciless eyes on poor Travers, who was becoming more and more uncomfortable under all this chaff. "One evening the lovely Clara threw over our friend here for a waltz with *troistemps* Charlie, and when he called her to order, for her faithlessness, she only laughed. Travers could not understand such indifference, until at last the happy thought occurred to him that he had himself danced three times with a certain young lady in blue. 'I know why you did it,' he said, inspired with this new idea; 'it was pique.'

'Pique, Mr. Travers,' replied Clara, and they say her face was quite sublime in its innocence, 'I don't know the word—what does it mean?' By the bye, I never heard your answer," he added, across the table to the unhappy young made; rather difficult to find one, was it not?"

"How charming! Quite a situation!" chimed in another voice, with such an imitation of Travers' speech and manner, that Charlie, in his character of host, began to feel that things had gone far enough, and to turn the tide of conversation, he broke in with a question on his cousin Margaret's long *tete-a-tete* with Ralph Leicester.

"Whom do you think I saw to day, Meg? Your old friend Cecil Collins; and he made most particular inquiries after you."

"Do you know Collins?" said Ralph, looking up.

For a moment Margaret hesitated, and her companion's quick eye detected the strange expression which flitted across her countenance; but she recovered her self-possession almost immediately, as she answered:

"We were near neighbors, and great friends as children, but I have not seen him now for several years."

"Ah," said Charlie, "you would scarcely know him again; he is handsome still, but a mere wreck of his former self. He has not forgotten how to shoot though; by George, his scores are something wonderful. Why, I am beginning to tremble, already, Leicester, for I have backed you for the Queen's Prize, against all the ladies I know; Froment's whole stock couldn't clear me if you lost."

"Take my advice and hedge at once then," answered Ralph, laughing. Then lowering his voice, he added:

"Miss Dene, will you wish me success?"

"With all my heart, Mr. Leicester."

"I think I shall succeed, then," he said in his cool, odd way. "Do you know, I can understand how those old knights used to perform such prodigies of valor, inspired by their lady's scarf as a talisman? May I be equally favored?" and he laid a meaning hand on the rose at her side.

"I fear the days of chivalry are over," answered Margaret; but as she did not attempt to repossess herself of the flower I think she was quite willing he should prove its talismanic powers.

"Not at all, fair lady; and when I bring the trophy of victory to lay at your feet, I shall expect the reward of my prowess."

Margaret looked up, not quite knowing how to take this speech; but if she read any serious meaning in his eyes, the light laugh and low bow which accompanied the words, seemed meant to pass them off as a jest.

"Leicester," broke in Charlie, again, "did you say you knew Cecil Collins?"

"We were at Oxford together for a short time," answered Ralph; "he came up there about six months before I left—in time to do me a service I hope I never shall forget. He saved my life," he added in answer to Margaret's quick look of inquiry. "I was attacked by a mad dog, a huge creature, when I had nothing but a slight cane in my hand, and it would have been all up with me, then and there, had not Collins, a mere youth freshly arrived from college, been passing at that moment. He rushed forward just as the brute's teeth were about to grab my arm, and seizing its collar, dragged it off, holding it back by main force till somebody from behind came up and gave it the *coup de grace*. He is a brave fellow, whatever are his faults, and has made me his debtor to no small amount."

"Poor Cecil!" sighed Margaret to herself; but Ralph caught the words, and a pang of jealousy came over him as he thought, that thereby hung a tale.

Perhaps it was well he could not see the vision which rose before his companion's eyes just then; the vision of a quaint old parsonage garden, with a boy and girl standing there among the roses and saying good-bye—to more, ah, how much more than they themselves knew!—he to go forth into the world and fall from his high resolves and noble ambitions into the downward path too fearfully easy to travel along; and she to remain in her quiet home and dream of an impossible future. None knew what to her had been the awakening from those dreams when the first faint rumor, which she strove to disbelieve, reached her; and then when she knew beyond a doubt that the idol she worshiped was of clay all unfit for the shrine she had found it.

Hers was a self-contained nature; the wound had bled sorely, but no one had guessed its presence—only her family were wont to remark, "How quiet Margaret has become!" It was now completely healed, how completely she had not realized till these last few days, although the scar was still left and would not bear handling too roughly.

Perhaps all this will account for the fact of Margaret Dene being yet unmarried at the advanced age of five and twenty; a fact which her friends were never tired of wondering at.

Before many minutes my heroine's thoughts were recalled to the present by the general breaking up of the party, and somehow the *au revoir* whispered in her ear by earnest tones made her quite forget to revert again to such sad retrospections.

* * * * * * *

"Who won?" shouted a chorus of voices, as, two days later, Charlie sauntered into his mother's drawing room. "Please, Charlie, do tell us quickly who won."

"Who won what?" Do be a little quiet, girls; it's far too hot to exert oneself this weather. How d'ye do, Margaret? I never saw you anything but cool in all my life; wish I could say ditto for myself;" and catching up a fan, the young man threw himself into an easy chair with a great affectation of feeling overcome.

"Come, Charlie, don't be such a tease! Who got the Queen's Prize? We are all dying to know."

"Much good may the knowing do you then," said Charlie. "Cecil Collins has got it."

"Cecil Collins!" and Margaret's voice this time joined the others. "Why, you said Mr. Leicester was sure of it."

"I never said anything of the kind; and besides, if I did, I don't pretend to the Pope's infallibility." After which, Charlie tried the effects of the veranda and a cigar on his ruffled feelings.

So the rose did not answer after all, thought Margaret, as she walked to the window to ask what score Mr. Leicester had made.

"Leicester never shot at all," was Charlie's gruff response.

"Never shot at all! Why not?"

"That's just what nobody knows. The fellows are saying it looks awfully fishy; and Travers, who can always kick a man when he's down, hints that he's got into some trouble or other, as those wonderfully clever men are sure to do; but that's mere jealousy, because Travers is such a fool himself. Ha! there's Philips and dinner; I always think of the two as synonymous. Come along, Meg, let's try to forget about shooting for a while, or it will decidedly affect my brain after all I have heard of it to-day."

If Charlie's brains were not affected somebody else's appetite was; the song she had been practicing that afternoon would keep recurring to Margaret's memory, with a refrain of Shakespeare's verse:

"Then sigh no more, ladies; ladies, sigh no more:
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on the sea, and one on the shore,
To one thing constant never."

* * * * * * *

"Have you a dance to spare me, Miss Dene?"

"I fear not, Mr. Leicester;" and without glancing at her programme, Margaret turned towards her companion to continue the conversation that Ralph had broken in upon, neither did she look round again until she knew he had left her side.

It was their first meeting since that luncheon party at Wimbleton, now more than a month ago, when Raleigh Leicester had been foolish enough to talk a great deal of nonsense, which she had been still more foolish in believing, so Margaret had said to herself. She did not in the least credit all the nasty things people were saying about him; but he had shown pretty plainly by this silence all this time, his perfect indifference to her good opinion, and she was determined on that point to meet him more than half way.

She had just arrived at this conclusion when Cecil Collins came forward to claim her for the waltz that was commencing, and as she walked down the room on his arm, not a few turned to gaze at the handsome couple and wonder who they were; a wonder easily satisfied, for Cecil at least, was becoming well known. Not only had he won the Queen's Prize, which in itself made him a sufficiently marked man, but with that prize he had come into the heirship of a large fortune.

His uncle, an eccentric old bachelor, who was wont to describe himself as the "best shot of his day, sir," and who considered that quite description enough for any man, was so delighted at finding his scapegrace nephew turning out a distinguished marksman, that he wrote to him promising not only to pay his debts, but to make a new will in his favor, if only that nephew succeeded in carrying off the prize of the year. A strange excuse through which the truth showed somewhat pathetically, for making one last effort to reclaim the prodigal; that so, if it were possible, this only son of his dead brother might still be found worthy to fill his place, when that place should have become vacant; instead of the old home and well-filled coffers passing into the hands of strangers.

The dance over, Margaret and Cecil strolled through the open window into the moonlit garden beyond, glad to exchange the heated atmosphere of the ball room for the cool night air. Did their thoughts wander back to that other garden they had stood together in long ago, ere sin and sorrow came to overshadow their young lives? Perhaps so, for they were both unusually silent: and it was not until they had paced the whole length of the terrace, that Cecil roused himself to say that which he had brought his companion out there for the express purpose of telling her.

"Margaret," he said, "Ralph Leicester is a friend of yours, is he not?"

"An acquaintance would be the more correct term."

"Why so? I have heard your names coupled together more than once; yet just now I myself saw you refuse to dance with him. Are you offended, like all the rest of the world, because he threw up the shooting at Wimbledon? or perhaps, because he did so without telling you the reason?"

Margaret's only answer was a suggestion to go in; the night air felt chilly, she thought.

"Not yet, Margaret; not till I have told you what is weighing on my conscience, if, indeed, such a thing is left in me," said Cecil, with rather a bitter laugh. "People are saying that Ralph Leicester promised to win the Queen's Prize for your sake, and that you have thrown him over for giving it up. How far that may be true, I feel that I have no right to ask; but as I and I alone can tell you his real reason for not shooting—I suppose he would rather lose even you than confess it himself—you must listen to me a few moments while I do so. Long ago, I was fortunate enough to save his life in an encounter with a mad dog. I had almost forgotten the circumstance, but it seems that Leicester retained a vivid remembrance of it; and when, the day before the prize was to be shot for, my uncle's strange intentions came to his knowledge—how I do not know, as I had tried my best to keep the world ignorant of the stake for which I had played—and he found that thus something more than life, reputation, and the means of once more facing the world were within my reach, if only I could be successful—he generously determined no act of his should diminish my chance; and, by quietly withdrawing from the shooting, paid back his debt to me multiplied a thousand times. The prize is mine, Margaret, and with it the new life that has opened upon me, but I need hardly tell you how I shall count it all too dearly bought if Leicester's future happiness has been sacrificed to its payment."

Half an hour later, as Ralph Leicester was standing moodily in a doorway, his meditations were broken in upon by a dance programme falling at his feet, as some waltzers flew past him. He stooped to pick it up, not at all knowing who was its owner, and absently ran his eye down the list of names inscribed therein. His indifference vanished, however, when towards the end, he came upon his own, written in a remarkably clear hand. It was odd, he thought, decidedly odd, as with one exception, he had asked no one to dance with him that evening. He was just beginning to wonder who the scribe could be, when a voice at his side, said:

"I think you have picked up my programme, Mr. Leicester." And turning round he met the soft glance of a pair of gray eyes, which this time were not averted from his gaze.

Now perhaps it would only have been showing proper pride, to have repelled such advances from a young lady who had decidedly snubbed him at the commencement of the evening; but if so, Ralph Leicester proved himself lamentably wanting in such pride at that moment, though as a rule, meekness was not counted among his virtues. His face softened marvelously as he returned the programme, and there was an earnestness in his voice, which Margaret's ear was quick to discover, though he only said:

"No. 23 is our dance, I believe."

"If you still care to claim it," she answered blushing, and the next moment her impatient partner had once more whirled her off into the dance.

If he still cared to claim it! Ah, did he not? That and a great deal more besides; as Margaret found when she once again paced the terrace, with Ralph Leicester this time as her companion; and that such claim had been accepted, Cecil was not slow to discover, when he watched their return to the ball room after more than an hour's absence.

"There goes my first attempt in the good line," said he, looking after them somewhat ruefully; "and a precious hard one I've found it, too; but, as the French have it, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;' and the next step may be easier. God knows my folly has taught me a bitter lesson; I will try what the other thing can do for me now."

And he did try, setting his face right manfully to the battle. Who can doubt of his success? Verily there had been more at stake on that summer's day at Wimbledon than the world in its philosophy could guess.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

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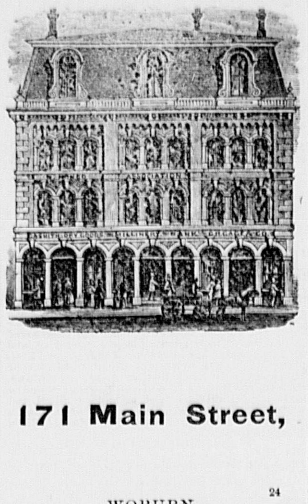

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North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A.M., 4. P.M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P.M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12 15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45†* P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 5.40 P.M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.28, 5 45 P.M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 5.50 P.M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.00 P.M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.40, 8.20‖ P.M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M. 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P.M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.

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Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 30 P.M.
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A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 46

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years,	$39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months,	$9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871.	$2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873,	$5,980,867.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.
CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.
CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.
HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem.
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.
All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.
B. T. H. PORTER, Agent. 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN ts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

77 S. SIMONDS.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 7

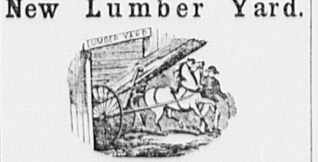
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Bull's Block,

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.



J. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern, Western and Northern Lumber,

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts. Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder.

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets.

WOBURN. 76

F. J. Culbert,

PLUMBER.

No. 200 Main St., In Store with J. M. STROUT

WOBURN, Mass.

70

☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

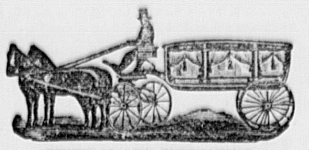
CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

Office—near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 73

L. H. ALLEN,



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COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

Railroad st., near corner of Main

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers, 95

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass.

M. ELLIS & CO.,

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AND CELLAR BUILDERS,

Park st. Rear of Baptist Church

Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

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Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 96

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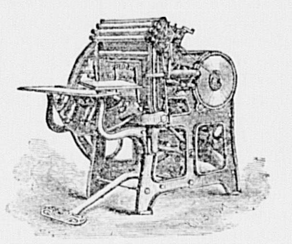

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at 57

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION

BUYERS!

Stearns,

Brown,

& Co.,

Are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

assortment of

CROCKERY

AND

GLASS WARE

ever displayed in

WOBURN,

at very

LOW PRICES

ALSO,

FLOUR,

Grain & Groceries.

STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,

216 Main Street,

WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873. NO. 12.

THOMAS S. BANKS.
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 84 Proprietor

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. { Near Main Street.
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

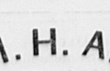
JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN

DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, { Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

A CLOUD PICTURE.

I had a vision one eve at sea,
In the clouds as they unrolled,
When the kingly sun was falling asleep
On his royal couch of gold.

Many shimmering pictures,
I saw among the clouds,
And troops of laughing children
Came dancing along in crowds.

And just in the midst of the glory,
In the brightest, sunniest place,
I saw four cherub boatmen
Pulling a fairy race.

Dimpled and white and airy,
Pulling with baby glee,
Their little craft a fairy,
Afloat on a golden sea.

They rowed their boat with sturdy might
Into a cloud and out of sight
And then I knew the race was won,
And their goal was the far-off setting sun.

—*From St. Nicholas for December.*

Selected.

MR. DOBSON'S WIFE.

We were so happy when we were first married, Jerusha Ann and I. We lived up two flights in back chambers in Boston. We could see a few steeples and a great many chimneys, and not much of anything else from our windows, but we did not care for the outlook. It was the inside of our little home we loved to look at, and this was the way it looked. I can see it now, though my old eyes are rather dim and I gaze through the latest kind of spectacles. Well, we had one room which served as dining room and kitchen, and another which was parlor and bedroom, and we found these two rooms enough. Three straight backed wooden chairs, a pine table and a cooking stove, as bright as bright could be, were reflected in the brightness of the yellow painted and varnished floor. Three more wooden chairs, a bureau, bedstead, looking glass and washstand, furnished our sleeping room. The painted floor had braided mats lying upon it, and this was our carpet. Our whole wardrobe was contained in one small closet, and this was all we had in the world except each other, and health and strength and contentment, and I tell you what it is, I have found out that that was a good deal.

I think I never saw a prettier woman than Jerusha Ann at that time. Her cheeks were like roses, her step quick and light, her dress a pretty fresh calico, was as neat as a pin, and she was as full of fun as she could be.

What a cook she was! Shall I ever forget our Saturday night's supper of baked beans and brown bread. The week's work was done and we took it leisurely—the supper, I mean—and after that was over and cleared away, Jerusha Ann sat down to her knitting or darning and we told stories, or sung what Jerusha Ann now calls pennyroyal hymns. I don't know where you would have found a happier couple. And then the old meeting house, and the minister banging the dust out of everything and raising his voice to such an unearthly pitch, (probably to keep sleepy sinners awake). Did we not enjoy those Sundays? Dressed up in our best clothes, our wedding clothes, we felt about as smart as anybody, excepting the rich folks, and we did not expect to feel like them, and did not want to either.

So we lived a whole year, and then little Jim, our first baby came, and we were happier than ever. Jerusha Ann and I both thought there never had been a baby like this one before, and I think now there never was. The last thing till I went away in the morning and the first thing when I got back at night was to tend that baby. I never got tired of it, neither did Jerusha Ann, and then when he began to smile on us, and to cut his teeth, and to walk and talk, we were more sure than ever that there had never been another like our little Jim

When our first baby was two years old little Joe came, and Jim became my special care. It was my privilege to rock and sing him to sleep every night, and sometimes it took a long while to do it; but it was a very precious time with the little curly head nestled in my bosom: I sung the old cradle hymn, or another of which I was very fond, "Abide with us, abide with us, the evening shades," &c., for many a blessed hour.

But alas! before many months had passed over the head of our new baby, the scarlet fever had broken out in our neighborhood, and little Jim and Joe lay side by side in a sleep too deep to be disturbed by our sobs and cries. We put the little darlings in their cold resting place, which was henceforth to become to us a sort of Mecca, to which our thoughts continually traveled, and where we always went every Sabbath before we slept.

In a few years my salary was raised, so that I could afford to give Jerusha Ann two new gowns a year instead of one as formerly. And then we began to celebrate our wedding anniversary by taking a drive into the country—as we were married in the autumn, and so cut among the bright leaves we went, when the nuts were falling and the air was spicy with the perfect harvest time. We used to take a substantial lunch with us, as the cool air gave us hat indeed we were seldom without, a good appetite. This was our gala day, and in our youth and health we enjoyed every minute of it.

When little Jim and Joe had been gone a year, their little sister came, and Jerusha Ann named her Matilda Jane. It seemed to me at first that the name was too large for so small a creature, but Jerusha Ann said she would grow to it as she would her clothes, and as she herself had grown to her own name. So Matilda Jane was the child's name to all intents and purposes, but we never called her anything but Baby. Somehow, although I was very fond of her, she never seemed like the other babies. There was something about them that made me more tender of them—that made me feel while they were living, that reverent tenderness that comes to me now, looking towards them in their home beyond the grave. But my wife Jerusha Ann knew no difference; if anything she loved this baby the best; and as this child grew in knowledge and stature, a wild ambition for her took root in the heart of Jerusha Ann.

All this time we had lived very simply to be sure, but comfortably and respectably. We owed no man and had laid up a little sum for a rainy day; but Jerusha Ann gave me no peace of my life until I borrowed some capital and went into business on my own account—and now the race began. It was hurry and worry, up early and down late, with no time for anything but business, with the exception of our anniversary drives in the autumn. We still went in a one horse chaise, with little Matilda Jane perched up on a stool before us, when she became too large to sit on her mother's knee, but our pleasrue was not like the old pleasure. Occasionally our child would give a shriek of delight as we came in sight of the beautiful, bright colored maple trees, and so call our attention to them. Business which went to the store with me in the morning came back at night and went to bed with me. On Sundays it went to church with me and back again home. It went also on our drive, and the fret and worry of debt was the hardest of all to bear; and now Jerusha Ann said we were not living properly for people in our circumstances. So she hired a house in a more stylish street. Then our old furniture would not do for the new house. For my part, every stick of it was precious to me. Was it not our first? and did not little Jim and Joe live among it? I asked Jerusha Ann if she could part with it, and she said she could, so we parted with it.

The new house was newly furnished, then Jerusha Ann must have a servant; finally she said we did not dress well enough for our new residence. So I had to go to the tailor, and my wife to the dressmaker, and our little girl was submitted to the tender mercies of a seamstress; formerly Jerusha made my clothes and her own, and the children's. At last we were made suitable for our new dwelling place. Then Jerusha Ann began to receive calls from her new neighbors; and when I came home tired and weary, she would relate to me how Mrs. Van Splash had called "with a silk on that would stand alone;" and when I mildly suggested that if the silk would only walk as well as stand alone, Mrs. S. might have sent it to call and have saved herself the trouble, Jerusha Ann was offended.

We had no time for "pennyroyal singing" now, or any other kind, and how I did miss it.—for somehow or other dear little Jim and Joe seemed to go farther away from us, than when we had the singing.

We used formerly in the winter evenings to have an occasional game of checkers or cards, with a few friends, and make merry over a dish of rosy cheeked apples or nuts, but my wife, Jerusha Ann, said it would not do now, as we were liable to have genteel callers. So as soon as I had read the prices of stocks I fell asleep in my chair and snored out the evening. All this while I was gradually getting out of debt and doing a fair business.

Old Mr. Bangs, our minister had gone the way of all earth, and my wife, Jerusha Ann thought we had better "change our sins" and go to a more fashionable church. Accordingly we went, for when my wife set her heart upon anything it had to be done; but here it seemed to me we only got farther and farther from little Jim and Joe.

It cost a great deal of time and trouble and more money to go to the new church. Our new clothes were not half good enough in which to hold our new reins, but said I to Jerusha Ann, "certainly there must be some poor people there, not dressed as well as we are." Says Jerusha Ann, "there are no poor people there." Of course that altered the case amazingly, and then we all had to get a new outfit to suit the church.

Meantime I was wonderfully prospered in my business; through constant labor and thought by day and by night, I was out of debt and making money. What more could I wish? Did not men raise their hats to me, and women smile on me, who would not have looked at me in the days of the two flight back rooms. What more could I want?

Matilda Jane had become quite a tall girl, and was well covered with ruffles. She attended a fashionable school and called on me for plenty of money. It was astonishing how much could be spent on her. She addressed me as "papa," and gave me the tips of her fingers. Little Jim called me "fader," and sometimes when my daughter came very close to me and I would for a moment have held her in little Jim's place, she would cry out, "Oh, papa, you will spoil my ruffles." Little Jim would have no ruffles.

I saw but little of my family, indeed I was scarcely acquainted with my daughter in her new estate, the counting room swallowed me up by day, and at night, too weary to attend my wife and daughter to places of amusement and the like, after ordering a carriage for them, I read my paper and slept. Still we kept the anniversary day, Jerusha Ann and I, Matilda Jane, who, bye the bye, had changed her name to M. Jennie, refused to take any more "such stupid drives," and much preferred driving with a live count with whom she had become acquainted. And whenever that count dined with us the bills were very large. I think he had great capacity for stowing away food.

The time came at last when we had outgrown our recent house. Jerusha Ann and M. Jennie wished to live in more style. So they made me purchase a huge brown stone front in the newest and most fashionable part of the city, and they fitted a part of it with things the names of which I did not know, much more the use of them, and the rest of it was filled with servants of whom I stood in much fear.

Bye and bye we were settled, or the servants and furniture were. Then M. Jennie went away to a still more fashionable school in a distant city, taking a great deal of baggage with her; on her first vacation she came home with her surname changed slightly. She was now to be called M. Jennie Dobson, with the accent on the last syllable, and politely requested me to correct anybody who should address me as Mr. Dobson, with the accent on the first syllable. I was not much troubled by syllables from my friends down town, who usually called me "Dob," or "Old Dob."

And now Jerusha Ann said it was impossible for us to get on without a coachman and horses and a carriage of our own. I was quite willing to gratify my wife in this respect, thinking that we should take many a pleasant drive into the country, and be able to invite some of our old friends who could not afford to ride. But I never had the time to go with them, becoming more and more involved in business.

A few of our new neighbors decided to call on us. The first was the wife of Mr. McCracker. I chanced to be at home when she called, and I never saw Jerusha Ann thrown into such a state of admiration and awe before in my life. It seemed as if she would debase herself before the Honorable lady. Now to me Mrs. McCracker seemed quite a common place lady, as I remarked to Jerusha Ann after the lady left.

"I am sure," said my wife, "Mrs. McCracker did us great honor by calling; see what living in a nice neighborhood does for one; at least you get into good society. Do you say, Mr. Dobson, (with a very strong emphasis on the last syllable) you don't know whether Mrs. McCracker is any better than our old neighbor? that is owing to your stupidity."

Jerusha Ann did not speak to me in this way when we lived up in two flight backrooms, and little Jim and Joe were with us. When I thought of these children in the days of the brown stone front, I liked to take my hat and go out under the stars by myself. So I went and wandered about awhile and presently I overtook two small boys, whose bare feet were pattering along on the frosty sidewalk. With the thought of my dear ones in my mind, and the longing for them in my heart, I spoke to these little wayfarers, and found they had a sick mother at home, for whom they were out begging. I gave them some money and promised to send Jerusha Ann to see their mother.

On my return to my house I found that my wife and daughter had gone to a party with the delightful Count Frederic de Guliem.

It was at this time that I began to observe the change that had taken place in my wife's and daughter's looks. The roses had fled from their cheeks, they were pale and languid, certainly the great brown stone front and the carriage did not agree with them at all. They never took the air when they could help it, and never walked. M. Jennie had possessed a comely little figure in her childhood, but if you could have seen her at this period! She seemed to be somewhat deformed.

It was a source of much grief to me to see the dear girl so bent that I thought there must be some difficulty with her spine, besides, she had a large protuberance growing upon her back: these things, with her pale cheeks and languid motions were very distressing to a fond parent's heart. I thought I had better call Jerusha Ann's attention to the matter.

I cannot undertake to repeat the disrespectful reply she made me, but I distinctly remember that it implied I was non compos mentis. At this juncture our indoor man appeared with a colossal boquet which was to be taken to the Hon. Mrs. McCracker, by Jerusha Ann and M. Jennie. I ventured to request they would call on the little boys' sick mother, at the same time casting my eyes upon the large collection of flowers and suggested that a part of them might cheer her sick room.

Jerusha Ann and M. Jennie silenced me with a withering glance and sailed out of the room. In two days from this time Jerusha Ann was credibly informed by the maid of Mrs. McCracker, so soon as the boquet was received by that lady, it was deposited in the dirt barrel.

M. Jennie's school days were over. She could speak a very little French and write a little less. She could make herself as unintelligible with a little German as many other people with a good deal. With the aid of two or three teachers in finishing, touching up and so forth, she could paint a flower so that a person of tolerable intelligence could see that it represented some one of the floral kingdom, but of what species was uncertain. She could get a good deal of noise out of an ordinary piano, and a good deal more from a grand concert. Of her native tongue she was profoundly ignorant, except in the matter of asking for money, being unable to spell correctly. She was quite unable to write. M. Jennie was all ready for society; the elegant Count Frederic de Gullem was ever in attendance. The amount of food and wine that man consumed on his visits to us would have supported us sumptuously in the days of the two flights back.

A quarter of a century has passed since Jerusha and I were wedded, and though it was our silver wedding day, according to the fashion of the times, it was a golden October day without, and an October day of our lives, for we had reached our Autume time. The leaves on the trees were turned, so were the hairs of our heads. It was our Autumn time, and I longed once more to take the one horse chaise and drive out among the falling leaves and beautiful harvest time with Jerusha Ann, and see if we could call back for a little while the old, old, time. I mentioned my wish to my wife; said Jerusha Ann, "What would folks say! The days of John Gilpin and his wife have gone by, and I do not wish to revive them. I shall not ride John Gilpin fashion, you may depend, so long as I can go in better style."

Surely surely, this is not the little woman of twenty-five years ago, who counted the drive with her husband sitting beside her, in the shabbiest vehicle, with a very poor horse, in the golden Autumn day, as the greatest of earthly blessings. I took my hat and went out to while away the time as best I could.

I am an old man now; M. Jennie has married the Count Frederic de Gullem, and crossed the seas. We received a letter from her, written in great distress. The count was no count, but an imposter and a villian. Jerusha Ann has gone to her child and I am left alone. What has come to me that I cannot look on the things that are now, but always back to that golden Autumn time, and the little ones who left me there.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.—I was once in Mr. Lincoln's company when a sectarian discussion arose. He himself looked very grave, and made no observation until all the others had finished what they had to say. Then, with a twinkle of the eye, he remarked that he preferred the Episcopalians to every other sect, because they are equally indifferent to a man's religion and his politics.

It happened that at one time a blockade runner going out of Charlestown Harbor was captured, and on board of her were found certain despatches from the Spanish consul in that city for his own government. These despatches were very improperly opened by the captor, and then forwarded to the State Department at Washington. Mr. Seward, immediately after he received them, sent for the Spanish minister, Mr. Tassara, and with expressions of great regret that the envelopes had been tampered with, offered him the dispatches. The minister, highly indignant, declined to receive them. Then Mr. Seward proposed to forward them to their destination through the medium of our own agents. This proposition was equally unacceptable, and the Secretary of State was at a loss what to do. He shortly afterwards explained the difficulty to the President, whom it reminded of a "little story." "When I lived in Indiana," he said, "there resided very near us an old negro known as 'Uncle Josh.' He was a very pious darkey, but was so infirm that it was impossible for him to go to the neighboring school house to listen to any itinerant preacher who might happen to discourse there on a Sunday. However, in order to make up as far as possible for his own inability to attend, he always compelled his grandchildren to to go; and they were required not only to recollect the text, but also to be able to give the old man some account of the sermon. On one occasion a Methodist came and preached. He told the congregation that there were two kinds of people in this world, Methodists and Baptists; that the Methodists followed a road that led to heaven, and the Baptists one that led to hell. The next Sunday there presented himself a hard shell Baptist, who had heard about the sermon of his Methodist brother. He told his auditors that it was true that there were two kinds of people in the world, Methodists and Baptists, and that they followed different roads, but that it was the Baptist road that led to heaven and the Methodist road that led to hell. When old Uncle Josh heard this he scratched his wool, and said: 'Each one says that there are only two roads, and that his own leads to heaven, and the other to hell. Well, this ole nigger 'll go 'cross lots!' Seward, you will have to go across lots!"—From Maunsell B. Field's "Memories of Many Men," in *Harper's Magazine for December.*

☞ A story has been told at the expense of a distinguished theological professor at Andover, whose usually retentive memory is occasionally a little treacherous on proper names. While visiting a neighboring city some time since, as he stood upon the depot platform waiting for the train, a gentleman stepped up, accosted the Professor, shook hands warmly and began numerous inquiries in regard to members of the family and the friends living in A. The professor was puzzled. The face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, and he was evidently no stranger to himself or family, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of memory. The professor joined in a lively conversation, disliking to make the awkward inquiry, and hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend. But it came not, and as the conversation went on, the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the professor; he would get it without asking. So with an indifferent air he asked: "Let me see, I forget just how to spell your name?" But alas for the expedient! With a curious smile his friend replied: "Well, sir, usually I spell it, J-o-n-e-s!"

—To read the English language well to write with despatch, a neat, legible hand, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy every question of figures which comes up in practice. I call this a good education. And, if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with those, all your flashy attainments, a little natural philosophy, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish.—*Everett.*

☞ The boys at the State Agricultural College are to learn dancing, probably with a view to making them skip lightly o'er the lea, rather than stumble in the clogging fallows.

HOW A TINKER WROTE A NOVEL.—Once upon a time—years and years ago, I wanted some good Sunday book to read; and when the want was made known, I was helped to a big, leather-bound, octavo book, which at the first glance, notwithstanding one or two large splotches of gilt upon the back—did not look inviting. In the first place, what boy wants to grapple with a big octavo? Your precious old aunt will tell you what an octavo is—that it means a book with its paper folded so as to make eight leaves of every sheet, whereas a duodecimo is one of paper folded so as to make twelve leaves to a sheet; and this last is therefore much handier and every way better for boy use—at least, I think so. Then it was bound in full calf, very suspiciously like a dictionary, and like—well I must say it—like the Bible. I do not mean, of course, to breathe one word against that venerable volume; but then you know, when a fellow wants a good Sunday book, and knows just where the Bible is kept and has read it ever so often, he doesn't want what looks too much like it.

However, there I was with the big book on my knee, and there were pictures in it. These last were stunning. There was a picture of a man with a great pack on his back, doing his best to get out of a huge bog; and there were some people standing by who didn't seem to help him much.

There was a picture of a prodigious giant, fully as large as that in Jack and the Bean-stalk story, who was leading off two little men—one of whom looked like the man that wore the big pack, and was near sinking in the bog. Then then there was a splendid picture of this same little man walking up with all the pluck in the world, through a path beside which were seated two old giants, which by the bones which lay scattered around their seats, seemed to have been amusing themselves by eating up just such little men as the plucky one, who came marching up between them so bravely.

In short, the pictures carried the day; and though it seemed droll Sunday work I wanted amazingly to find out how this plucky little man got through with his bogs and giants.

Well, that story in the leathern covers and as big as a Bible, has been printed by thousands and hundreds of thousands, and has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and it was written by a travelling tinker. Think of that!

John Bunyan was his name, and he was born in a house built of timber and clay (which was standing not many years ago) in the little village of Elstow, near to Bedford, England.

Bedfordshire is a beautiful county; there are fine farms and great houses, and beautiful parks in it; but this man, John Bunyan, was the son of a traveling tinker, and was born there only a few years after the pilgrims landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock. He says of himself that he was a wild lad, swearing dreadfully, going about with his father to tinker broken teapots, lying under hedges, having narrow escapes from death. Once, falling into the river Ouse, and another time handling an adder and pulling out his fangs with his fingers.

But he fell in with Puritan preachers, who "waked his conscience," for he lived just in the heart of those times which are described in Walter Scott's novel, 'Woodstock," and he didn't think much of Episcopacy or Bishops; and at last he took to preaching himself, having left off all his evil courses. He married too, and had four children, one of them, Mary Bunyan, blind from her birth.

He fought in the civil wars under Cromwell, and it is possible enough that he may have seen Charles the First go out to execution. May be he was one of those crazy fellows, who came to Ditchley (in Scott's novel) to help capture the runaway, Charles the Second, who was gallivanting in that time in the household of old Sir Arthur Lee. He throve while the commonwealth lasted, but when Charles the Second was called back to the throne in 1660 (John Bunyan being then thirty-two years old), it was a hard time for Puritans, and worst of all for such Puritan of Puritan preachers Bunyan.

They tried him for holding disorderly religious meetings, and he put a brave face on it and contested his right; but this only made the matter worse for him, and they condemned him to perpetual banishment. Somehow, this judgment was changed in such a way, that Bunyan instead of being shipped to Holland or to America, where he would have found a parish, was clapped into Bedford jail, where he lay (he tells us) "twelve entire years." He had no book there but the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs He made tag-lace to support his family, the while he was in jail, and bemoaned very much the possible fate of his poor, blind daughter, Mary.

While he was living this long prison life, country people in England were reading the newly printed book by Isaac Walton, called the Complete Angler, and during the same period of time, John Milton published his Paradise Lost; and in that Bedford jail in those same years, John Bunyan wrote the story I have told you of, called "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He came out of jail afterwards, a good two hundred years ago to day—and took to preaching again. But he preached no sermon that was heard so widely or ever will be, as his preachments in "The Pilgrim's Progress."

He went on some errand of charity in his sixtieth year, and took a fever and died in 1688. It was the very year in which the orthodox people of England had set on foot the revolution which turned out the Papish King James the Second, and brought in the Protestant William and Mary. Poor John Bunyan would have seen better times if he had lived in their day, and better yet if he had lived in ours, and written in the magazines as well as he wrote about Great Heart.—*Donald G. Mitchell, in St. Nicholas for December.*

PROCTOR, THE ASTRONOMER. — Ten years ago, the name of Richard Anthony Proctor was absolutely unknown; five years later, it was familiar in scientific circles in London, but comparatively unheard of outside; and to-day it is familiar as household words to every educated man in England, and to many thousands in this country. Yet, the man who in so brief a space has conquered fame, and attracted the respectful admiration of astronomers in both hemispheres, is only thirty-six years old now, and did not begin to study astronomy till he had passed his five and twentieth year. Barely eight summers have flown since his maiden work appeared, and in the interval he has contributed a score of volumes to the library of science, some of them profound, many of them entirely original, and all of them thoroughly elevating and purely philosophic in tone. In addition to these works, Mr. Proctor has written constantly and voluminously in most of the leading English periodicals, and has fought successfully more than one brilliant and stoutly contested battle with some of the oldest and ablest savans in Europe. Notably was this the case in his memorable struggle with the venerable Astronomer Royal of England, Sir George Airy, who had achieved a world-wide reputation, and had published seven or eight of the nine quarto volumes of his Astromical Observations before his young antagonist was born. The dispute in question arose out of the widely divergent views set forth, upon the one hand by Airy, and, upon the other by Proctor, as to the manner in which the approaching Transit of Venus might be utilized to the best advantage. Sir George Airy, having originally by an unfortunate choice, adopted the approximate process in dealing with the abstruse calculations involved in the working out of this delicate problem, had been strongly advised by Mr. Proctor, so far back as 1860, to adopt by preference the exact process. Delisle's method having been selected by Airy for the Transit of Venus in 1874, his keen-eyed critic at once pointed out that Halley's method was in every way to be preferred, where as in regard to the next Transit—that of 1882—Delisle's would be better than Halley's. He farther insisted from the first, that the Astronomer Royal, in his selection of points of observation in Hindostan had overlooked many of the most desirable. And the young astronomer was right in both instances, as is shown by the fact that the leading astronomers of England at their last meeting, in session at the Board of Visitation of Greenwich Observatory, were unanimous in urging the Government to adopt the suggestions made by Proctor four years before. This is but one out of the many similar instances which might be cited of the extraordinary courage, keenness of perception and farsightedness of this the youngest, and, in some respects, the most brilliant, of living astronomers.—*John Fraser; Scribner's for December.*

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.—The cotton gin, without which the machine-spinner and the power-loom would be helpless, is American. The power shuttle, which permits an unlimited enlargement of the breadth of the web is American. The planing machine is American. Navigation by steam is American. The mower and reaper are American. The hot air engine is American. The sewing machine is American, The machine manufactures of wool cards is American. The whole India rubber industry is American. The hand saw originated, we believe, in America. The machine manufacture of horse shoes is American. The sand blast of which the large capabilities are yet to be developed, is American. The guage lathe is American. The only successful composing machine for printer is American. The grain elevator is American. the artificial manufacture of ice was originally invented by Prof. A. S. Twining, an American. The electro-magnet was invented, and, immediately after its invention was first practically applied in transmitting telegraphic signals, by Prof. Joseph Henry, an American. The telegraphic instrument, introduced a few years later into public use, which has since obtained universal acceptance, was invented by Samuel F. B. Morse, an American —*Boston Journal of Chemistry*

☞ Two outrages have recently been committed on the press which should not be overlooked or passed unrebuked—one in this city, wherein Mr. Morgan of the *Saturday Evening Express*, was brought before the Supreme Court and fined $25 and costs for commenting in a free manner on a trial then in progress before that court, he being held to have shown a "contempt of court;" the other in New York, where Mr. Shanks, city editor of the *Tribune*, was committed to jail for refusing to tell who wrote certain articles therein, exposing some malpractices of municipal officers in Brooklyn. Both these journals were ready to respond to a libel suit, if such could be maintained against them for their offences; but they were not permitted to do so. They were arbitrarily punished by a single judge, who claimed to have the power to inflict it. We doubt if they had, in either case, Mr. Morgan paid his fine, as the quickest way out of an annoyance. Mr. Shanks went to jail defiantly, and has now been released on his own personal recognizance. We regard both acts as a gross outrage on individual rights.—*Commonwealth.*

☞ A Mr. Damn runs a stove and hardware store at Eagle Harbor, Mich., and the Marquette Journal says: "He must have an extensive trade, for we have heard his name mentioned in connection with all the stoves and stovepipe we ever saw put up together here or elsewhere.

☞ Peck's experience with a coal stove is thus related by the *La Crosse Democrat*: "We never had a coal stove around the house until last Saturday. Have always burned pine slabs and pieces of our neighbor's fence. They burn well, too, but the fence got all burned up, and the neighbor said he wouldn't build a new one, so we went down to Jones' and got a coal stove. It is called the "Radiant Home," and any man that says we didn't have a radiant home at our house for about four hours last Saturday night, is a republican and a villian. You see we did'nt know anything about coal stoves. We filled the Radiant Home about half full of pine fence, and when the stuff got well to going we filled the artesian well on top with coal. It simmered and sputtered, about five or ten minutes and all went out, and we put on an overcoat and a pair of buckskin mittens, and "went out too," to supper. We remarked in the course of the frugal meal, that Jones was a fraud for recommending such a confounded refrigerator to a man to get warm by. After supper we took a piece of ice and rubbed our hands warm, and went in where that stove was, resolved to make her draw and burn if it took all the pine fence in the Fifth ward. Our better half threw a quilt over her and shiveringly remarked that she never knew what real solid comfort was until she got a coal stove. Stung by the sarcasm in her remark, we turned every dingus in the stove that was movable, or looked like it had anything to do with a draft, and pretty soon the Radiant Home began to heave up heat. It was not long before she sputtered like the new Silsby steamer. Talk about your heat! In ten minutes that room was as much worse than a Turkish bath as Hades is hotter than Liverman's icehouse. The perspiration fairly fried out of a tin water cooler in the next room. We opened the doors, and the snow began to melt as far up Vine street as Hascombe's house, and people all round the neighborhood put on linen clothes. And we could'nt stop the confounded thing. We forgot what Jones told us about the dampers, and she kept a biling. The only thing we could do was to go to bed, and leave the thing to burn the house up if it wanted to. We stood off with a pole, and turned the damper every way, and at every turn she just sent out heat enough to roast an ox. We went to bed supposing that the coal would eventually burn out, but about twelve o'clock the whole family had to get up and sit on the fence. Finally a man came along who had been brought up among coal stoves, and he put a wet blanket over him and crept up to the stove and turned the proper dingus, and she cooled off, and since that time has been just as comfortable as possible. If you buy a coal stove you want to know how to engineer it, or you may get roasted.

CHOICE WORDS.—The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the support and approbation of Heaven.

Argue not with a man whom you know to be of obstinate temper; for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred up against all light and information. Arguments, though never so well grounded, do not provoke him, and then make him afraid to be convinced of the truth.

If thou desirest the love of God and man, be humble, for the proud heart, as it loves none but itself, so it is beloved of none but by itself. The voice of humility is God's rhetoric. Humility enforces where neither virtue nor strength can prevail nor reason.

Bestow all the time you can spare from the necessary business of this life in preparing yourself and those about you, for entrance into better life.

THE FOUNDATION OF FRIENDSHIP.—In the matter of friendship I have observed that disappointment arises chiefly not from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over estimate of their liking for and opinion of us, and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content and even happy to give more affection than we receive—can just make comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inference, and never let self love blind our eyes—then I think we may manage to get through life with consistency, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsion of feeling. The moral is, that if we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than for our own.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

VALUATION.—From the returns of local assessors to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, we take the following statement concerning Middlesex County: The polls reported June 1, 1873, were 81,339, a gain of 4133; personal estate, $83,441,334, a loss of $1,500,000; real estate, $240,949,321, a gain of $30,012,453; total valuation, $323,400,621, a gain of $27,521,463; taxes raised, $4,755,914, a gain of $638,617; dwellings, 49,880, a gain of 2313; horses, 25,334, a gain of 2474, cows, 24,940, a loss of 546, sheep, 837, a gain of 8.

☞ One of the Virginius victims was William Valse, a young man about twenty-three years old, formerly a student in a New Haven Boarding School, and well known in Middletown.

☞ A Frenchman has invented a boot with wheels, which, he says, will enable the wearer to go faster than a horse.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
O. Green,	3	3	1
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	3	3
Evening School,	3	2	2
J. C. Haynes & Co.,	3	2	3
Wood and Timber for sale,	3	2	4

THE MESSAGE.

The fifth annual message of President Grant was presented to Congress on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. In a brief introduction the country is congratulated upon the friendly and cordial relations which exist between it and other countries. It is believed that we have attained the object which Congress had in view when it passed the joint resolution in order to enable the people of the United States to participate in the advantages of the International Exhibition at Vienna and American exhibitors have been the recipients of a gratifying number of diplomas and medals. Some advance has been made in the suppression of the Chinese coolie trade. The money awarded to this country by the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva has been paid by Great Britain, and the amount ($15 500,000) used to redeem as far as it may the public debt. The advantage of a commission to adjust losses is again urged. The line of the northwest boundary has been determined and marked in accordance with the award of the Emperor of Germany. The mixed commission on claims for acts committed during the rebellion awarded nearly two millions to Great Britain. Other claims amounting to ninety-three millions were disallowed. An application from the Republic of San Domingo, asking for protection is transmitted. Further legislation in regard to citizenship is urged, so that we may be on a par in liberality with other nations. The seizure upon the high seas of the Virginius by the Spanish gunboat Tornado on the 21st of Oct. a vessel duly resistered as a part of the commercial marine of the country, caused a demand to be made upon the Spanish government for the restoration of the Virginius, the surrender of the survivors of her passengers and crew, a due reparation to our flag, and the punishment of the authorities who had been guilty of these illegal acts of violence. The Spanish Government has recognized the justice of the demand, and has arranged for the immediate delivery of the vessel, and for the surrender of the survivors of the passengers and crew, and for a salute to the flag, and for proceedings looking to the punishment of those who may be proved to have been guilty of illegal acts of violence towards citizens of the United States, and also towards indemnifying those who may be shown to be entitled to indemnity. A copy of a protocol of a conference between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister, in which the terms of this arrangement were agreed to, is transmitted. Pending negotiations between the United States and the government of Spain on the subject of the capture, the Secretary of the Navy has been authorized to put our navy on a war footing, to the extent, at least, of the entire annual appropriation for that branch of the service. Two amendments to the constitution are proposed, one allowing the President to approve of any part of a bill without approving the whole, and the other providing that there shall be no legislation during the last twenty four hours of a session of Congress. Retrenchment in public expenditures is strongly recommended, and also an early resumption of specie payment as the first step towards permanent prosperity. The contraction of currency during the last four years is referred to and hopes are expressed that such an elasticity of the currency may be secured as will keep employed all the industries of the country. Cheap transportation is a subject that has attracted the attention of both producers and consumers for the past few years, and has contributed to, if it has not been the direct cause of the recent panic and stringency; but no recommendation is made, because the special committee on that subject will report at length. It is recommended, however, that the States of New York and Illinois be encouraged by government aid to so enlarge their canals as to permit water communication by means of large vessels between the East and West. A revision and codification of the tariff law and the opening of more mints for coining money, with authority to coin for such nations as may apply are recommended.

The importance of preparing for war in time of peace is specially urged (all the recommendations of the Secretary of war being referred to), proper armament being held of more importance than fortifications. The depletion of the navy by sale and condemnation is more than compensated for by repairs of old and building of eight new sloops of war. The distressing occurrences which have taken place in the waters of the Carribean sea, almost on our very seaboard, while they illustrated most forcibly the necessity always existing that a nation situated like ours should maintain in a State of possible efficiency a navy adequate its responsibilities, has at the same time demanded that all the effective force we really have shall be put in immediate readiness for warlike service. This has been and is being done promptly and effectually.

The recommendations of the Postmaster-General for the extension of the free delivery system, are endorsed, also for the prepayment of postage on newspapers and other printed matter; for a uniform postage and limit of weight on miscellaneous matter; for adjusting the compensation of all postmasters not appointed by the President, by the old method of commissions on the actual receipts of the office, instead of the present mode of fixing the pay in advance, and favorable action on the recommendation for the establishment of United States postal savings depositories is urged. Attention is also again called to a consideration of the question of the postal telegraphs and the arguments adduced in support thereof. Affairs in Utah require early and special attention. To prevent anarchy, it is absolutely necessary that Congress provide the courts with some mode of obtaining jurors. The bankruptcy law is pronounced to be productive of more evil than good at this time. It is recommended that so much of the law as provides for involuntary bankruptcy on account of the suspension of payment be repealed. The Indian policy inaugurated at the beginning of the last Administration, has been steadily pushed, with beneficial results. It will be continued with only such modifications as time and experience may demonstrate as necessary. The Indian Territory, Pensions, Bureau of Education, Census and other subjects are treated briefly and the message concludes with the President's views on Civil Service Reform, General Amnesty and Civil Rights. In regard to the former he thinks that to have any rules effective they must have the acquiescence of Congress as well as of the Executive, and he suggests that a special committee of Congress be appointed to confer with the Civil Service Board for the purpose of devising such rules as can be maintained. He renews his previous recomendation to Congress for general amnesty, and suggests the enactment of a law to better secure the civil rights which freedom should secure, but has not effectually secured to the enfranchised slave.

DRAMATIC.—The original Medford Dramatic society was billed for Wednesday night, and the announcement served to fill the house. The Woburn Quintette Club discoursed the music for the occasion in a very acceptable manner and after the overture the curtain rose upon the drama of "Plot and Passion," a French play sufficienty described by its title. The troupe dressed it appropriately and richly, and rendered their several parts very creditably although the parts were too heavy for the actors. Mr. John S. Beck made a hit as Desmarets, it being the best thing we ever saw him do. In the farce of "The Lottery Ticket" every character was in their proper place and therefore showed to great advantage. The farce was as well played as professionals could do it, and Messrs. Maxwell, Boles, and Thompson and Misses Burbank and Moore have our gratitude for the heartiest laugh we have enjoyed for a long time.

On Monday night Dec. 8th, Rev. W. H. H. Murray delivers his lecture on "Civilized Heathen" in Lyceum Hall. This will be the closing entertainment of Messrs Parker & Thompson's course.

RUMFORD ASSOCIATION.—A pleasant entertainment was given Tuesday evening by this society at their rooms in the Cong'l church. The following was the programme: Duet, "Trust her not," by the Misses Thompson; declamation, "Sequel to Betsey and I are out," Gordon Parker; reading, "Harry Gill and Goody Blake," Miss Robinson; declamation, "Ireson's ride," Lamson Allen; reading, "The Year of Repentance," Miss Parker; song, "The Shades of Evening close around," by Miss Annie Thompson; declamation, "Death of Marmion," Clarence Philbrook; reading, opening scene from the "Drama of Exile," (Mrs. Browning) Rev. H. S Kelsey; reading, "Polyphemus and Ulysses," (Saxe) J. G. Bridgham; duet, "Spring, spring, gentle spring," Misses Thompson.

ATTEMPTED RUNAWAY.—On Saturday last the driver of Frank A Kennedy's cracker team removed the bridles from the horses' heads and fastened on the feed baskets, and having strapped the wheels together, left them to eat their dinner in front of Stearns, Brown & Co.'s store. Becoming frightened at something they started to run, when the driver caught them and at last succeeded in checking them. It came very near proving disastrous to the team itself and those surrounding it. The grit of the driver was good, however, and he hung on, until the horses were quieted.

COACH.—Mr. Chas. E. Taylor as mentioned last week has started his line of coaches to Cummingsville and is meeting with encouraging support. The trips are timed so as to meet the trains and to accommodate the public. We trust that the support given the enterprise will be such that ere many years a line of track may be laid over the route. The necessity will be felt more and more each year until this consummation is reached.

MASONIC.—The annual meeting of Mt Horeb Lodge was held on Wednesday evening, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Amariah V. Haynes, W M.
G. Minot Buchanan, S. W.
Charles H. Buss, J. W.
Frank B. Dodge, Treas.
Sparrow Horton, Secretary.

MIXED UP.—John Marcy was driving down Main street Wednesday with a load of furniture when his horse by a process only known to animals of this class performed the difficult feat of walking both sides the shaft at once. This mixed things and aid was summoned and after some trouble the wagon was withdrawn and things moved on as before.

DID NOT TAKE IT.—Mr. Soley of the case, Graydon vs Soley, wishes us to say that he did not *take* the sleigh, but that Mr. Ellis delivered it to him as testified to.

—The friends of Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps's Bethesda Laundry at Woburn, propose to hold a fair soon after Christmas in aid of that enterprise.—*Globe.*

DIVORCED.—Ellen Woods has obtained a decree of divorce from Benjamin R. Woods; cause, adultery. Decree absolute.

☞ Thanks to Dick Carton for the new time table of the B. L. & N. R. R. It bears date Dec. 1st.

DOWN.—One of J. E. Littlefield & Son's horses fell while drawing a load of lumber up Academy Hill, Wednesday.

☞ Charlie Wade has a carriage at the depot upon the arrival of trains for the accommodation of the public.

SHUT UP.—The water was scarce on Wednesday, and people wondered how they ever got along without it.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The funeral services of the late Capt. Timothy Winn, who died Nov. 28th, were held in the Unitarian Church Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 2d. The church had been very beautifully decorated with flowers and trailing vines. In front of the organ loft was a delicate festoonery of smilax and roses, while bouquets graced either side of the platform. The front of the reading desk was nearly hidden with wreaths and an elegant floral crown was suspended in front so that it hung over the casket, after that had been placed in position, suggesting that the deceased had finished his work and that the crown of the victor awaited him. Upon the right of the desk was an anchor, and upon the left a cross, formed of rare and beautiful flowers. The entire decorations were arranged with the greatest taste, and their perfume filled the audience room. At 1:30 o'clock, the organist, Mr. C. H. Morse, opened the exercises with an aria from Mendelssohn, "But the Lord is mindful of his own." During this, the citizens filed about one-half the house the body of the house being reserved for the family and immediate friends. At 2 o'clock the body was borne in by the pall-bearers, all of whom with one exception, had commanded the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and of which the deceased was a commander for a number of years. The pall-bearers were Col. W. T. Grammer, Capt. Walter Wyman, Col. Cyrus Tay, Capt. C. S. Converse, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Capt. L. R. Tidd, Capt. A. L. Richardson and Col. A. S. Follansbee (late of the Sixth Regiment and formerly a member of the Phalanx). There were present also the Phalanx Associates, numbering about fifty men. The casket which was placed in front of the reading desk, was of very handsome design, covered with black broadcloth, and mounted with elegant massive silver trimmings. The plate bore the following inscription:

TIMOTHY WINN,
Died
Nov. 28th, 1873,
Aged 56 years.

A simple wreath of ivy was the only floral decoration upon the casket.

After the friends were seated, a select quartette, consisting of Miss Mary D Wyman, Miss Florence Holmes, Mr. T. Robie Jr., and Mr. George H. Iott sang the anthem, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," from Mendelsshon's "Elijah" Rev. W. S. Barnes of Woburn, gave the Scripture reading, and was followed by the Rev. Eli Fay of Taunton, (a former pastor here) who spoke substantially as follows:—

No one who looks back twenty years canfail to discover that the feelings excited by the presence of death have greatly changed as the years have rolled by. Then, Death produced a shudder, and we walked as it were, with muffled feet and our voices sank to whispers. We looked upon it as a judgment of God. This feeling has nearly passed away. We have come to view it as part of the discipline of the Heavenly Father. We are reposing more and more in the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood. Resting here we accept this event as a part of the dealing of the Heavenly Father with us. It may be inexplicable, but we accept it as his act and say, "God is our Father and His will be done." The death of friends is painful to us, on this the hither side, but not on the other. There is a faith, a trust, a hope, that God is in this, that His hand is at the helm. There is much that should cheer us all even in our sadness. Our friend who has left us was a good man, sincere, true-hearted, unostentatious, quiet, but firm, one of the sterling men of the town. There was not a stain upon his character. We bury to-day one of the best and truest men that Woburn has ever produced. He was a faithful husband, a trustworthy friend, an excellent citizen, a christian man.

When asked to be present to-day, I felt that I could not well be absent. I felt that I must look once more on the face of that brother who was always ready with the helpful word, and whose voice was always on the side of religious influences. At one time, when I was suffering extremely from ill health, he insisted upon my sharing his home, and how full of sunshine was that home, and how genial he was. When we think of these features of the loss, a deep sadness comes over us, but we fall back on our Christian faith and say—although we do not understand, yet we accept it, and we will meet him in that land where there is no night or sorrow. Remember that the affectionate father, the true neighbor, the citizen, the *man*, is not in the grave. He is above.

After words of sympathy to the family the speaker concluded: He was a noble man. Peace to his ashes, and may his memory be forever sacred in all our hearts. May we emulate his virtues, and by and by, in God's good time, we shall meet him,—meet him to be separated no more forever.

Rev. Mr. Barnes followed with a few well chosen words, in which he said that the audience had assembled without conventionality to show their respect to the memory of a good man. Our brother was a constant attendant upon Divine worship, and it is eminently fitting that we bring his remains here, to this place he loved so well. This was one of his homes, and to its support he brought many kind words, as well as material aid I feel that I have not lost him from my congregation. I shall see him in his accustomed place, as I see the faces of others who have bid adieu to earthly scenes. His influence will be here, and thoughts of his goodness will cheer me in my work He *was* a good man. That is the proper word,—a *good* man. You that have associated with him in public or private life, will bear witness to this. We have a lesson to learn from his patience and heroism so well exhibited during his long period of invalidism. He waited anxiously for the relief of death. The last time I saw him, I was particularly struck with the peace and contentment upon his face, after we had prayed together. It was a transfigured face, and in view of his long sufferings and present beatitude, do I seem unfeeling to say that we have reason for thanksgiving, that the long, weary day is over. May the mantle of our brother's excellence rest upon us, and may we work as good a work as he has done. The speaker closed with words of comfort to the family. Both speakers were much affected during their remarks, and their emotion met with a marked response in the large audience.

The chant "Come unto Him," from "The Messiah," was rendered by Miss Wyman, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Barnes, the quartet gave "Sleep thy last sleep," by Barnby.

An opportunity to view the remains was given to the friends, and it was embraced by nearly all present, the organist playing Chopin's "Funeral March" in the meanwhile. The Phalanx Associates on foot preceded the carriages to the cemetery. Prayer was offered at the late residence of the deceased previous to the church service, by Rev. Mr. Fay and Rev. Mr. Barnes offered another at the grave.

A friend has furnished us the following:—

Timothy, son of Col. William and Abigail (Walker) Winn, was born in Burlington, Sept. 25, 1817; married Abigail Maria, daughter of Ezra and Susanna Kendall, April 20, 1843, by whom he had two children, Otis Kendall, born June 17, 1844; married Addie B. Norris, June 17, 1866, and died Jan. 23d, 1868; Susan Maria, born May 1st, 1849, married Daniel H. Lane of Boston, Jan. 11, 1871. Mr. Winn was a partner of the firm of J. B. Winn & Co, Leather Manufacturers, and by his ability and strict attention to business, has contributed much to the success of that firm. In his business relations he was a man of unswerving integrity and unquestioned honesty, and was respected and honored by all the men in his employ. He was for many years, the loved commander of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and under him it became one of the best drilled and well known companies in the State. In 1851 he was elected by a coalition of the Democrats and Free Soilers as a Representative to the Legislature 1852, and served to the acceptance of his constituents. In 1860 he was chosen Delegate to the National Republican Convention held at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. He probably was as well known by, and had a more extensive acquaintance with the leading military and public men of the county, than any other person in Woburn. Although not holding any local town office, always declining every attempt to put him in nomination for one, he was always active by influence and vote, for all those measures which tended to elevate and improve the town.

He always had a good word for every one, and never failed to speak kindly and encouragingly to those who were less fortunate in the attainment of this world's goods than himself; he never forgot a friend, no matter how poor or what clouds obscured his life, but had for them the same kind look and cordial greeting as when most prosperous and honored. In his charities he was generous without parade, and there are many in this community whose burdens in life have been made lighter by his timely bounty and who mourn in his death the loss of the best friend they ever knew. There was a magnetism about him that seemed to inspire others with the energy and spirit which animated him. In the caucus, at the military parade, in the social circle, his presence was a power which largely contributed to success.

About eight years since he was first attacked with a disease of the spinal marrow, which the best medical skill was powerless to cure, and at times his sufferings were intense; yet he bore them all with a brave and manly spirit. It was a pleasure to visit him. It did him good to see his friends, and did them good to see the strength and resignation and the cheerfulness with which he bore all his sufferings.

The place he filled so well in life is made vacant, "the golden bowl is broken, the silver cord is loosened, the wheel broken at the cistern." His manly form will no more be seen by the mortal eye, or his cheerful presence be felt by the sorrowing heart; but the remembrance of his love, generosity and sympathy will live in the memory of his friends till they too shall join him in the better land.

PETITION.—A petition is being circulated among our citizens wherein the petitioners pray for the leniency of the Court in the case of Thomas Salmon, whose trial is on the docket of the Court at Lowell, Mr. Salmon agreeing to discontinue the traffic in intoxicating liquors, that being the charge against him. We know of no reason why justice should halt because promises are forthcoming for the future. Promises are always ready when criminals scent danger. The offense has been committed, with a full understanding of the law and its penalty and there is no reason to believe that the offender would have ceased the sale if the officers had not made it hot for him. Let the law be executed fully, and we will welcome any reforms that the punishment may effect.

CHANGE IN SCHOOL HOURS.—Schools heretofore have commenced at 1.30 P. M. and ended at 4 P. M. and scholars could be kept until 4.30 P. M. in case tasks were not learned or rules obeyed. It has been decided by the school committee to abolish the plan of keeping scholars after the session hour. Schools now will commence at 2 P. M. and close at 4 P. M. There will be no recess, and if scholars cannot learn their lessons they will be put back.

PATENT VIEW HOLDER.—Mr. S. D. Samson of the Board of Selectmen has shown us an invention patented by Samson & Smith for holding stereoscopic views and preserving them. It is of black walnut with open work sides of white wood. A knob upon the top, when turned opens the case and discloses two pigeon holes for the views. It will be found to be at once useful and ornamental.

EVENING SCHOOL.—The school committee have decided to open an evening school in the hall over Hill & Babbidge's store, No. 242 Main street, on Monday evening, Dec. 8th. This is designed for young men and young ladies over fifteen years of age.

Billerica

FIRE.—Patten's furniture factory was burned with machinery and contents, early Monday morning. The loss will be $10,000, nearly all of which is covered by insurance.

NEW SIGN.—Dever's Block on Main street displays a new sign in green and gold, with the words, "Emerald Hall."

SPOILT HIS OWN CASE.—Some time ago a small quantity of liquor was seized at the house of Andrew McHugh, and McHugh was ordered to appear before Judge Converse and show cause why the same should not be forfeited. On Tuesday he was there with counsel, but the government witnesses were not present. McHugh's counsel regretted this fact and spoke of the inconvenience to which his witnesses were being put on account of it. The judge compromised with him by allowing the defence to put in their testimony first, contrary to the usual custom. Counsel agreed to this, and called McHugh, who when asked if he owned the liquors, said "No; they were a present to his wife." Of course this ended it, and Andy could not claim the property. A new claim was soon presented in favor of Mrs. McHugh, and the case is continued.

FAIR.—Arrangements have been made for a Grand Fair to be held in the vestries of the First Congregational Church on the 17th and 18th of this month. In addition to the usual attractions of an excellent supper, with Oysters and Ice Creams, great pains will be taken to supply the demand for Holiday goods, beautiful books and pictures, and articles both useful and ornamental will be found in abundance. The Toy Table will be made a specialty; the goods will be obtained directly from the importers, and offered at very low prices. Supper will be served from 6 to 10. Admission 15 cents.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Nov. 28th, John McCarty, drunk $3 and costs; committed in default. Hardman Rankin and Gordon Cameron, of Winchester, breaking and disturbing the peace, $5 and one-half the costs each. Nov. 29th, Bryan Griffin, drunk, $3 and costs. Dec 2nd, William McCafferty, drunk, 2d offence, 2 months in House of Correction.

North Woburn.

SPRAINED.—A son of Ruel Carter, sprained his ankle a few days ago, while coasting.

PISCATORIAL.—Three of our young men spent Thursday at Horn Pond, engaged in the sport that Isaak Walton loved so well. The result was the capture of thirty good sized pickerel.

LADIES' CHARITABLE.—The usual meeting of this society connected with the Unitarian church took place Thursday afternoon and evening. The programme for the evening's entertainment was gotten up in a great hurry. It consisted of music and the laughable sketch, "Two Late for the Train." It was a source of much fun, and the pleased faces of the audience is the best comment that can be made.

G. A. R.—The second debate of the series took place in Burbank Hall Thursday evening. The question was on the relative advantages of travel and books as regards education. The disputants upon the side of books were favored with the verdict on the merits of the question, and those upon the side of travel on the merits of the argument. Next week the resumption of specie payment is set down as the topic for discussion.

SELECTMEN.—At the regular meeeting Thursday evening, all present but Conn. Voted that the Chief of Police be ordered to post notices on several streets in town forbidding coasting upon those streets. Matter of leasing the hall in the Hook & Ladder House, Railroad street, was referred to S. D. Samson. Usual monthly bills approved.

UNION TEMPERANCE MEETING.—There will be a union temperance meeting at the Unitarian church, Sunday evening, at which time Dr. Charles Jewett, the veteran lecturer upon temperance, will make an address. The clergy of the town will also take part. Remember the hour, 7 o'clock.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—At the regular meeting, Nov. 28th, the question of separating the Fire Department teams from the road teams was discussed, and a conclusion will probably be arrived at to-night (Friday). The curb stone in front of the Methodist block is being moved again, it having been set too low.

BREAK DOWN.—On Sunday while the engine at the Water Works was in operation, the walking beam of one of the air pumps was broken. As there are four air pumps, no inconvenience was experienced, and the engine continues to pump as usual. A new casting has been procured from the makers.

"CIVILIZED HEATHEN."—This lecture by Rev. W. H. H. Murray has attracted a great deal of attention and elicited arguments pro and con. It is an able effort whether its inferences be erroneous or not. Don't fail to hear him Lyceum Hall, Monday evening Dec. 8th.

BRUIN AT REST.—The bear that was owned by John S. Richardson of Winchester, and has caused so much excitement in the neighboring towns, was this week shot on Arlington Heights. He is now on exhibition at the corner of Milk and Federal streets, Boston.

MITTEN THIEF.—A gentleman from Maine on his way to visit relatives in Woburn, had his pocket picked of a pair of mittens on Wednesday, while purchasing a ticket at the Lowell depot.

☞ Tuesday was accompanied with snow and while it lasted it did well, but a change of temperature caused it to disappear faster than it came.

DANCE.—A social party was held at Temperance Hall, Thursday evening, where the light fantastic was tripped till midnight.

CONGRESS.—The first session of the 43rd Congress commenced at noon Monday Dec. 1st.

CATHOLIC FAIR.—This entertainment has closed, and it proved very successful, netting about $3000.

BURST.—A cooler at Blake, Higbee & Co.'s tannery burst this week Thursday.

—The Massachusetts Odd Fellows sent $2500 to Memphis.

Winchester.

NO NAME.—We received several items from an unknown correspondent. Lack of a responsible name excludes them. Will our postal-card friend communicate with us?

LECTURE.—The fifth lecture in the course was given last Monday evening by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Subject, The Battle of Money. There was a full attendance notwithstanding the extreme cold out of doors, but the lecture was of such great length as to weary a great portion of the hearers. It is hardly possible for any lecturer to keep an audience interested for two hours or prevent their getting tired.

The lecture commenced with a historical sketch of the financial battles of the various nations from the earliest periods in the history of the world. The business habits and ambition of the Anglo Saxons were dwelt upon at considerable length. No other nation had so great a future except the Sclavonic, and it was the richest of the nations on the earth. It owned one sixth of the globe, embraced one fifth of the population and one half of the shipping of the globe. It had shown its devotion to liberty in times of war, but in times of peace it was truly a money getting nation. People would listen to Stewart rather than Agassiz and Vanderbilt sooner than Beecher.

She alluded to the sudden wealth which some gained honestly and some dishonestly during the war and denounced in severe language the latter class. Men desire to obtain colossal fortunes at once, and contrive endless schemes for doing this. Speculation has undermined legitimate business until much of it is a species of gambling. Now the bubble has burst and the country was in financial distress. If only the speculators had suffered it would matter little, but the many suffer from the misdeeds of the few. The desire to gain sudden wealth has led many merchants to put money into ventures which led them into the whirlpool of dishonesty. She also spoke of the dishonesty in offering maps and chromos as premiums for subscribers to religious and other papers, which they advertised as worth five dollars and which proved to be worthless. Just out from New York near the Hudson river was a foundry where they cast Hindoo idols, and the same ship which carried out missionaries took with them these idols. She also dwelt at length upon the minor and more common forms of dishonesty as seen in the adulteration of our food, drink and clothing. It had tainted our governmental system and corrupted our legislative bodies. Our Courts were not free from the controlling influence of money as was shown in the case of Stokes and Tweed (a complimentary allusion to Judge Davis' course was heartily applauded). She spoke of the dishonesty which had crept into the Freedmen's Bureau, but spoke of Gen. Howard its Chief as having come out of it without a dark spot upon his fair fame. Boston last year paid $4000 for soup for the poor and $41000 for refreshments for its City Government. The danger of large monopolies; the railroads with their hundreds of millions of dollars, and which had received 224 000,000 of acres of land from the government, an area three times as large as Great Britian, came into severe censure, inasmuch as they were run in political interests and were more powerful in that direction than ever was the slave oligarchy.

The salary grab was commented upon and its supporters strongly condemned. It was a striking fact that ninety-three out of every hundred persons in the world die poor.

The injustice done to woman was set forth in strong language, and the defence of woman's rights to equality before the law was eloquently made by Mrs. L who is one of its foremost champions. In conclusion, she spoke of the future of this country and what it might be when the laws of honesty were strictly observed, and all sought to do battle for the right and render justice unto all.

S. S. ANNIVERSARY.—The eighth anniversary of the Unitarian Sabbath School will be observed on Sunday evening, Dec. 7th at 6 1-2 o'clock. The exercises will be of an unusually interesting character.

CONVICTED.—Josephine H. Bell was convicted this week at Lowell, of keeping a liquor nuisance, and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction and ordered to pay a fine of $50. She is now in jail.

☞ We learn by telegram to the Boston papers, that the ship Cultivator under the command of our well known townsman, Capt. Isaac N. Knapp, was picked up by a Revenue Cutter, forty miles from San Francisco, and towed into that port. The Captain, his wife and all hands on board the ship were down with the scurvy. Several of the crew had died. The Captain has had an unusual long passage of six months and probably got out of fresh provisions and vegetables. No further particulars have been received. The Captain also had his daughter with him on board.

CONCERT.—Next Monday evening a concert will be given by the Good Will Club in the vestry of the Unitarian Church, of a varied and interesting character. Several of our well known and talented performers will take part in the exercises.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—The proposed taking off of trains, proved to be a flash in the pan.

SCHOOLS.—Our schools re-opened last Monday, after their Thanksgiving vacation. The boys are very much exercised because they are prescribed by a recent By-Law of the town from coasting in the streets, without permission of the Selectmen. We hope that if permission is given in any case, every possible safeguard may be provided to prevent accidents.

Arlington.

GRADE.—The sidewalk in front of the "Arlington House" has been graded.

VENTILATION.—Workmen are engaged in making improvements on the ventilator of the Russell School House.

BUILDING.—Mr. Thomas H. Russell is building a fine residence on Water street.

BEAR.—On Thanksgiving Day a small black bear, weighing about seventy-five pounds, was shot near the residence of Henry Swan off Mt. Vernon street.

ASHES.—The disagreeable habit of throwing ashes into the street has become quite prevalent. We understand the Selectmen have ordered the Town Clerk to prohibit the nuisance.

HEN THIEF.—A mean thief entered the premises of John Lee on Monday evening, between five and eight o'clock and stole fifty dollars worth of poultry. Other places in the vicinity have been visited of late, but the rascal could not gain an entrance.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—A hearing was had by the County Commissioners at the Town Clerk's office on Wednesday in regard to widening and straightening Arlington Avenue. As the Commissioners have considerable business on hand, it is thought it will be some time before a report will be made.

WHO STOLE JOHN BRADY'S COW?—Some person possessed with the desire to steal, forcibly entered the barn of John Brady on Lowell street, Tuesday evening or early Wednesday morning of this week, and drove off a fat young cow. On going to the barn to milk, John missed her, and gave chase to the thief, following the tracks made by the man and the cow, but up to a late hour in the day, he had failed to find them or gain any information as to their whereabouts.

DEATH.—Parker Wyman one of the young men so severely injured on the Fourth of July last, died on Friday evening of last week. Consumption was the cause, though it is thought that death was hastened by the accident. He was a young man widely known, and much respected by all in town. The funeral services took place at the Congregational church on Monday last at 1 o'clock P. M. conducted by Rev. D. R. Cady. The church was almost entirely filled with the friends of the deceased.

RUNAWAY AND SMASHUP.—Last Wednesday as Upham Bros.' horse and wagon were standing opposite Mrs. Barnes' residence on the Avenue, some boys conceived "it would be vastly fine" to snowball the animal. Not liking the joke, the horse started up the Avenue at full speed. When opposite W. T. Wood & Co's he cleared himself of the wagon, and with the two forward wheels, continued his journey until stopped near Tuft's paint shop. The shafts were broken, the body of the wagon split in two, and the wheels demolished. A pretty successful wreck was made, although the horse escaped uninjured.

Lexington.

COOL.—Monday morning was cool enough, the thermometer registering from zero to six degrees above.

SWISS BELL RINGERS.—This troupe paid the town a visit on Wednesday evening.

LIQUOR CASE.—Owen McDonald, of Lexington was fined $10 and costs at Lowell this week fon illegal transportation of liquor.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The school gave an entertainment in the Town House Thursday evening, and we shall give a notice of it next week, the report coming too late for this issue.

SEIZURE.—On Saturday last Officer John E. Tidd of the State Force made a seizure at the Monument House, and one at Bedford. About $10 worth was taken at the former place.

SLEIGHING.—Lexington has been favored with three weeks of good sleighing. So long a season of it in November as we had this year, is unusual. It has been heartily enjoyed. Towns around us have been without the "beautiful snow." and until this week Tuesday have looked this way with envious eyes.

RUNAWAY.—As Mr. Otis Wentworth and wife were riding in a sleigh through Concord, on Sunday, the horse became frightened near the Middlesex House, and ran, throwing out the occupants of the sleigh and somewhat bruising Mrs. Wentworth, although no bones were broken.

KICKED.—Two men were driving through Monument street, Sunday, when the one who held the ribbons struck the horse with the whip, desirous of increasing his speed. The animal responded by letting daylight through the dasher of the sleigh while the driver and friend were bundled out. There was no more use for the whip.

TAXES.—On Monday last, Treasurer and collector Damon held a reception at the Selectmen's room, where he very politely receipted tax bills and took the "stamps." There is nothing more arbitrary than a tax collector. Upon such a day the money has to be produced and no ifs or ands about it. There is no mercy in his face; it simply says, "Here's your bill, now where's your money." Obedience to this arbitrariness however, is the secret of a State's success. "Nothing is sure but death and taxes," is an old saying, but a true one.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY CENTENNIAL.—The centennial anniversary of the destruction of tea in Boston harbor is to be quite extensively celebrated. The Faneuil Hall party, which has been projected by Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. S. T. Hooper and other prominent ladies for the evening of the 16th, will be addressed by various prominent gentlemen. Music will be furnished and tea will be served by young ladies dressed in the antique costume of the olden time.

LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—George H. Williams who has served as Attorney General of the United States has been offered the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court.

Gen. Benjamin H. Bristow who succeeds Mr. Williams as Attorney General is a native of Kentucky and at present a resident of Louisiana, and is one of the foremost lawyers of his State.

☞ The report of the Hon. William A. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, recommends a thoroughly conservative currency policy, urges economy in all departments of government, and suggests several financial and banking reforms of great importance. It is an able, comprehensive document and full of practical ideas.

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN NEW ENGLAND.—A correspondent writes to the Boston *Advertiser* as follows:

In Drake's valuable work "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston," published the present year it is stated that in reducing West hill, between Beacon and Cambridge streets, the Mount Vernon proprietors "employed the first railway used in New England by an inclined plane, over which box cars conveyed their loads to the water at the foot of the hill." It may perhaps be interesting to your readers to know that this same railway and cars, or others of similar construction, were used on Beacon hill several years previous. This information I received two years ago from Edward Howe, Esq., a retired merchant of Portland, Maine, now 90 years old, who yet walks the streets and reads the papers every day when in ordinary health. He was born in Dorchester, Mrss., July 12, 1783. His father, Abraham Howe, was a brick maker in that ancient town—his brickyard and dwelling (still standing) were where Adams street now is.

In 1795, at the age of twelve, young Howe, with his father's team, hauled one hundred thousand bricks from the kilns to the top of Beacon Hill, for the building of the State house, the corner stone of which was laid by ex-Governor Samuel Adams, July 4th of that year. Mr. Howe says that the hill was lowered about twenty feet before the foundation was laid; and in this work a railway of wood, of about two feet gauge, conveyed loaded cars to the foot of Beacon street, drawing up at the same time a train of empty cars by a rope over a pulley. The Mount Vernon proprietors' railway was not in use until the first five years of this century, and undoubtedly the same track and cars were transferred from Beacon to West hill, some eight or nine years after they were employed on the site of the State house, and doubtless by the same contractor, Mr. Howe, probably is the only one living who assisted in the construction of that building.

In a history of the Bunker Hill monument, published in the third volume of the collections of the Maine Historical Society, the statement is made that the Quincy railway, constructed in 1826 to convey the stone for the monument from the quarry to the wharf for shipment, was the first railway in the United States. This might have been the first one in which iron was used on the track,—yet Mr. Howe has the impression that there was a thin plate of iron on the track of the Beacon hill railway, although he is not certain. The Quincy railway track was simply narrow plank set on edge three feet feet apart, and covered with thin iron. This mode of conveyance was soon abandoned, and the stone was drawn by teams direct from the quarry to the site of the monument.

The first solid iron rails laid and passed over by a locomotive engine drawing a train of passenger cars in New England, was on the Boston and Worcester road, in April 1834; the engine and its driver were brought from England. The writer has a vivid recollection of a ride to Newton soon after on this road, and returning in a brakeman's seat, as a special favor, to see the country. This seat was on the top of the car, and the smoke and cinders were perfectly blinding, as the engine had no "spark catcher" like those now in use.

DICKENS AND IRVING.—When I was in Madrid, Mr. Washington Irving, whom I had known since I was a boy, represented our Government at the Spanish court. I had just come up from Andalusia, and had spent more than a week in Granada, devoting the greater part of the time to the Alhambra, which was then being restored. I was surprised to learn from Mr. Irving that since he had arrived in Spain in a diplomatic capacity, he had never once revisited the subject of one of his earliest and greatest literary triumphs. However, he seemed to take great interest in my account of the condition of the old Moorish palace, and of what had become of those who lived there when he wrote about it. His health was not very good, and he suffered from that overpowering propensity to sleep so common to overtaxed brains. I never saw Mr. Irving betray any excitement but once in my life, and that was upon an occasion when I dined with him in Madrid. The name of Dickens happened to be introduced, and he became very heated in telling me about his relations with that author. Finally he could no longer contain himself, and jumping from his seat, he walked up and down the floor in great apparent agitation. He told me that he had corresponded with Dickens long before they had ever met. That both from his writings and his letters he had formed the highest conception of his personal character. That under these circumstances Dickens arrived in New York, and he, Irving, called upon him at his hotel. That immediately after sending in his card, he was invited to Mr. Dickens's parlor, and as he entered the room, that gentleman met him, napkin in hand. He had been dining and the table was covered with a vulgar profusion of food, and the table-cloth was stained with gravy and wine. Wringing his hand, Dickens's first salutation was, "Irving, I am delighted to see you. What will you drink, a mint julep, or a gin-cocktail?" "The idea of inviting me to drink juleps and cocktails!" naively exclaimed Mr. Irving. He found Dickens outrageously vulgar in dress, manners and mind. And none of us young people were more incensed against him for his American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit, than was the gentle Goldsmith of American literature.—*Harper's Magazine for December.*

ANNEXATION DECIDED.—In the matter of James M. Stone and others against the city of Charlestown, the Supreme Court has dismissed the petition, and declared the annexation legal.

The reasons given in the case of Charlestown are as follows:

1. The Legislature had the Constitutional power to annex the city of Charlestown to the city of Boston, to provide that the act of annexation should take full effect upon the assent of the two cities, and that their votes upon that question should be taken in ward meetings.

2. The provisions as to the time when the act shall take effect for various purposes do not invalidate the act.

3. The constitutional rights of the various districts to elect Senators, Representatives and Councillors of the Commonwealth, and Representatives in Congress are fully preserved.

4. The act is not unconstitutional by reason of not providing for a trial by jury of the questions of the amount to be paid to or by the county of Middlesex toward the liquidation of its debts.

5. The objection of the debts and liabilities of the county of Middlesex and the city of Charlestown is not impaired, and the provision for securing payment of them are constitutional.

6. The power of the Legislature to

unite the two cities is not affected by the existing trusts for the schools and the poor of Charlestown, and the provisions for the continuance of those trusts and the appointment of new trustees are valid.

7. The provisions as to the Mystic Water Board and the contracts made by it are constitutional.

8. After the annexation the County Commissioners of Middlesex will retain jurisdiction of applications for a jury pending before them, and the Superior Court of Suffolk will have jurisdiction of new applications.

9. The Assessors and Board of Aldermen of Boston will have jurisdiction of application for the abatement of taxes previously assessed in Charlestown. The rights of persons so taxed are thus sufficiently secured.

10. The provisions by which after the acceptance of the act has been officially certified, the power of contracting new debts is to be within the control of the municipal authorities of Boston are constitutional.

The opinion was written by Chief Justice Gray.

THE RIGHTS OF TRAVELLERS.—It was not until a recent date that travellers upon railroads were supposed to have any rights, in the view of the conductors. Passengers who lost their tickets might be put off a train at the most inconvenient point. Those who rode upon free tickets might lose their baggage and be mangled in their persons by collisions and broken rails with impunity. Men could be made to stand in crowded cars when there were plenty of empty seats in cars of the same class that were locked against them. The American people are liable, and have long borne these and many other ills as the supposed necessity of modern improvements.

Lately, however, there seems to have been a general awakening against the petty tyrannies of the conductors. Within the past year the courts in all parts of the country have given numerous decisions against them. These have been so unanimous and so unqualified that several points are now pretty well established. It is gratifying to know, for example, that railroads are responsible for injury or loss to passengers, whether riding free or not, and it is assuring to know that a person is entitled to a seat wherever he can find it in the cars of the class he patronizes. The latest decision we have noticed is that against an an Ohio railroad. A man purchased a ticket and a berth in a sleeping car; he took possession of his berth, but when the conductor came along his ticket could not be found. Notwithstanding the attendant and the passengers had seen the ticket in his possession, the conductor ejected him from the train. The court gave him $4000 damages.

There are many railroad officials who do not need these reminders to teach them their duty towards the public, but there are many also who are respectful and decent only as they are forced to be, and this class will soon begin to find that to promote the welfare and comfort of their passengers is a duty in which they are largely interested.—*New York Post.*

A SNOW ANNIHILATOR.—A machine designed to clear the snow from streets has been tested in New York. It was drawn by four horses, and as it passed over the surface of the street at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, the snow lying between the wheels was immediately dissolved. The annihilator, as the device is called, is a very simple contrivance, consisting of a boiler of suitable capacity mounted upon wheels. Connected with the boiler is a superheater, the steam from which is discharged into a tank that is three feet long by seven feet wide, and is provided in the bottom with nearly 300 pipes through which the superheated steam is ejected upon the snow as the machine is drawn over the surface of the street. Covering the escape of the steam from the sides of the tank is an apron or curtain, which also serves to confine the heat within the limits covered by the tank.

☞ Despatches from Havana represent the Cubans to be highly indignant and belligerent at the idea of surrendering the Virginius according to the agreement between Spain and the United States. Captain-General Jouvellar resigned his position, professing his inability to enforce the orders of the government, and it is reported that the colonial minister has also resigned. The people express a determination not to surrender the Virginius directly to Americans, but will consent to give up the vessel to a neutral power. The captain-general assures the home government that the immediate delivery of the Virginius will instantaneously cause a frightful commotion throughout the island, which would be sure to result in successive catastrophes, even if a man of the highest ability should be in command. Enthusiastic preparations for war are in progress at Havana and Cienfuegos.

COLLISION AT SEA.—At two o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of November the Ville du Havre collided with the British ship Loch Earn, a 1200 ton iron vessel, from London for New York, and sunk shortly after. Two hundred and twenty-six of the passengers on the steamship lost their lives. The Ville du Havre was struck amidships by the Loch Earn, and sunk in twelve minutes after the collision occurred. The Lock Earn immediately lowered three boats, which rendered all the service it was possible for them to do. They succeeded in rescuing eighty-seven passengers, which were afterwards transferred to the Trimountain and taken into Cardiff. The saved are said to number 31 cabin passengers, 5 officers, and 54 of the crew.—*Boston Journal.*

Married

In Burlington, by Rev. A. S. Hudson, Mr. Geo. O. Bell of Woburn, to Lottie S. Rollins of Burlington.

In Woburn, Nov. 25th, by Rev. Wm. M. Young, George A. Simonds and Miss Lizzie Hoskins, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Dec. 3d, by Rev. Asa Bullard, of Cambridge, Mr. David C. Sisson, of Boston, and Miss Emma E. Butler, of Woburn.

In Charlestown, Nov. 23d, by Daniel S. Healey, Esq., Charles O'Connell of Arlington and Ellen Guiney of Charlestown.

In Arlington, Nov. 23d, by Rev. Amos Harris, Wm. Wyman and Jennie E. Upham, both of A.

In North Cambridge, Dec. 3d, by Rev. Sumner Ellis, George H. Locke of Arlington and Ella G. Eaton of North Cambridge.

In Arlington, Nov. 19th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Duncan McLaughlin and Mary Jane Cole, both of Lexington.

In Arlington, Nov. 26th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Daniel Gallager and Lucinda Walton, both of A.

In Arlington, Nov. 27th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Frederick E. Hallett of Weymouth and Helen M. Burns of A.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Dec. 3d, Edward, infant child of Patrick and Eliza Roche, aged 6 days.

In Woburn, Nov. 28th, Timothy Winn, aged 56 years.

In Woburn, Dec. 4th, Martha Madison, aged 6 years, 9 months.

In Winchester, Dec. 3d, James Denny, aged 41 years.

In Arlington, Nov. 28th, Mrs. Lydia H. White, aged 28 years, 3 months.

In Arlington, Dec. 4th, J. Samuel, only child of James and Mary Gibson, aged 19 years, 5 months 16 days.

In Arlington, Nov. 28th, Parker Wyman, aged 22 years.

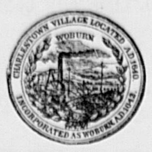
Special Notices.

North Woburn Street Railroad Co.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Company will be held at the Selectmen's Room, in Woburn, on Tuesday evening, December 9th, at seven o'clock, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may come before them.

Per order,
ALBERT THOMPSON, Sup't.
North Woburn, Nov. 28, 1873.

EVENING



SCHOOL.

An Evening School will be open on

Monday, December 8th,

commencing at Seven o'clock, P. M., at the Hall over the store of Messrs. Hill & Babbidge, 242 Main Street. This school is intended for young men and young ladies over fifteen years of age, and it is hoped that a large number will avail themselves of these opportunities offered by the town.

Per order of School Committee
E. H. DAVIS, Supt. of Schools.
Woburn, Dec. 3rd, 1873.

MUSICAL GIFTS
For Christmas & New Years.

GUITARS. VIOLINS! FLUTES! CORNETS! DRUMS! CLARIONETS! ACCORDEONS! A book is read,—and laid aside. A musical instrument pleases for a life time. Give the boy a DRUM, or GUITARS! VIOLINS! FLUTES! CORNETS! DRUMS FLAGEOLETS! CONCERTINAS! some other easily learned instrument. Give to a lady friend a nice Guitar, Violin, or one of those large and beautiful **Music Boxes.**

These and other instruments of excellent quality, for sale by

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT ST., Boston,
Opp. the Court House.] 184

LARGE SALE OF
WOOD & TIMBER
AT AUCTION
IN WOBURN.

On MONDAY, Dec. 15th, at 9 o'clock A. M., will be sold at Auction in Lots, all the Wood and Timber standing on thirty acres of land, situated in the westerly part of Woburn, on the farm owned and occupied by the late Henry Parker. Said wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch and White Pine, and is not excelled by any lot of wood in this section, for quality and quantity per acre. The location is excellent, and is accessible at all seasons of the year, being on high land, and borders on Cambridge Street, being 2 miles to Winchester, 4 to Arlington, and 5 to Medford.

This sale offers the best opportunity to Shipbuilders, Wheelwrights and other persons desirous to purchase Oak, Pitch, and White Pine Timber suitable for sawing and other purposes, that has been offered to the public at auction, in this vicinity for years.

There is a large number of Elm Trees on said lot, suitable for wheelwrights' use, of the best quality for Hub Timber, and they will be sold separate from the Market Wood; and also the Oak Timber Trees.

N.B.—If stormy on the day named, the sale will be on the next fair business day at the same hour.

By order of the Heirs.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Dec. 6 1873. 187

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The subscriber would announce that on and after Saturday, Nov. 21st, she will dispose of her stock of

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY
AT REDUCED PRICES.
MRS. S. K. NICHOLS.
North Woburn, Nov. 21, 1873. 171

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL.
1874.
A NEW VOLUME.
Prepare Your Clubs.
The Cheapest Newspaper in New England.

The Publishers of the BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL invite the attention of the reading public to the attractions of a family newspaper, which for the past FORTY YEARS has received from the intelligent classes of New England a most cordial support. The thousands who rely upon the *Weekly Journal* for

News, General Reading & Information

Will cheerfully indorse the fullness of its news, the freshness of of its weekly compendium of general intelligence, and the reliability which may be placed upon its editorial comments. The aim of the Publishers has always been, and will continue to be, to send out a weekly sheet which shall be free from all sensationalism, and present shall a large amount of reading matter, which shall keep its readers fully posted up regarding

The Leading Events of the Hour,

While its pages shall not only reflect the substantial progress of opinion upon topics which are connected with the

Social and Political Interests

Of the people of New England, but shall also contain a large amount of matter which will instruct and edify the large circle which depends mainly upon its columns for their knowledge of what is going on in the great

Business Centres of the World.

The same features that have given to the *Weekly Journal* its strong hold upon the people, and have caused its subscribers to renew their subscriptions year after year, will be retained. We do not propose to introduce any catch-penny novelties, for the field is already filled with such newspapers, but we do propose to so fill its

THIRTY-SIX LONG COLUMNS

That every member of a household may find something which they shall read with pleasure and profit. There are papers which contain a larger amount of literary reading, but there is no paper published in New England which furnishes

So Large an Amount of Newsy Reading at such a Moderate Price.

When it is remembered that by forming Clubs, a paper like *The Boston Weekly Journal* can be secured fifty-two times each year for THREE CENTS PER WEEK, the statement would seem to warrant a circulation of a hundred thousand in the New England States. We confidently believe that an inspection of its columns will convince any one that the investment of such a trifling amount is the wisest expenditure that any man can make who desires a

First-Class Family Newspaper,

Which he can place in the hands of the members of his family, confident that there is nothing objectionable in any of its many departments.

We shall be happy to send specimen copies free of expense. We invite the attention of Postmasters and Agents to our terms. There is no advance in price, though the paper last year was greatly enlarged and improved.

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Five copies to one address,	7 50
Ten copies to one address,	15 00

And one copy to the getter up of a club of ten.

☞ All orders must be accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued promptly at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made.

THE DAILY JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED
MORNING AND EVENING,

Contains the latest news by telegraph and mail from all parts of the world. Its circulation is more than THREE times that of any paper of its class in New England.

TERMS.

Single copies,	3 cts.
One year,	$8.

Payable in advance.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Contains all the news of the day, including the review of the Markets, Commercial news, &c., and has a very large circulation among country merchants throughout New England. It is issued Tuesday and Friday mornings.

TERMS.

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Five copies to one address,	15 00
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And an extra copy to the getter-up of the Club. The money in all cases must accompany the order.

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STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

The Special Installment Plan
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Successful & Triumphant!

How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people, and it is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents understand the secret, and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon our children. The impressions thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and entertaining inducements, they keep away from those temptations which everywhere beset and mislead the young, and are pretty certain to lead useful and happy lives as they grow to manhood and womanhood. When your friends and the neighbors call, if your house is cheerful and bright in all its aspect, they value your acquaintance more highly, you are in a position which brings out your finer and more genial qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate if they do not exactly understand it. Next to a clear conscience, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at

O. GREEN'S STORE
No. 6 RAILROAD STREET, WOBURN.

Musical Presents!
Finely Bound! Useful! Entertaining!

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS		$2.00
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or any other Magazine or Newspaper.

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The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62

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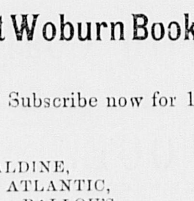
W. WOODBERRY.

IF YOU WANT
GOOD WINTER CLOTHING

You can select it from a prime stock this season upon our counters, and the public are invited to



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Everybody can be suited!
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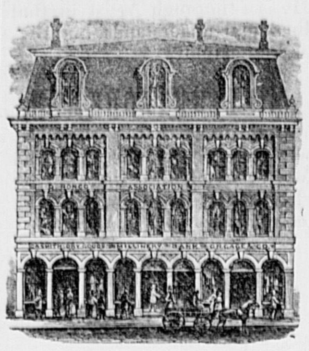

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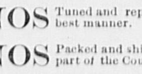
DEALER IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY. 26



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On and after December 1st, the subscriber will run an Omnibus between F. W. Ellis' store, Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.

Leave Ellis' store at 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 10, 11.30 A. M. 12.45, 3, 4 15, 5.30, 6.30 and 8.55* P. M.

Leave Depot at 6.40, 7.35, 9, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15, 3.10, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10 and 9.15* P. M.

*Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
On Sundays at Church hours.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Dancing School
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CENTRAL HOUSE HALL,
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MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.

Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to

B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent,
15 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

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and the assortment is complete in every department. Our prices are reasonable, and we advise our patrons to purchase their presents before the great rush. 150

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THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood, Tones up the System, Builds up the Broken-down, Cures Female Complaints, Dropsy, Debility, Humors, Dyspepsia, &c. Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial. *Caution.*—Be sure you get the right article. See that "Peruvian Syrup" is blown in the glass. Pamphlets free. Send for one. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. For sale by druggists generally.

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Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2

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The studies embraced in the plan of the School, and designed for those pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the Elementary English Branches, are

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Pupils received at any time when there are vacancies. Parents desiring children educated in a useful and practical manner are invited to examine into the merits of this School.

Catalogue post free. Communications should be addressed 554 Washington Street, at which place interviews may be had from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. Closed Saturdays. H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

N. B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, corner Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire. 163

New England States,
ATTENTION!

The Fourth Grand Drawing,
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY,
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12,000 Cash Gifts, amounting to $1,500,000. Only 60,000 Tickets in this Drawing.

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FOR ALL THE WOBURN NEW READ THE JOURNAL.

FOR THE BEST PRINTING IN WOBURN, GO TO THE "JOURNAL OFFICE," No. 204 MAIN STREET.

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other. Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning) give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power, beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

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Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

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B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

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The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

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Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.

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Which we are selling at a

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With personal attention to business we hope to secure a liberal share of patronage.

We keep most everything and sell

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Orders received for the celebrated Troy Laundry Goods received Saturdays and Tuesdays, and returned Mondays and Thursdays.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

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MIDDLESEX, ss.

Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.

ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,
vs.
SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.

DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G. Dickey, to be made absolute, on motion, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.

And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal,* a newspaper printed in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.

By the Court,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

Furs! Furs!
FURS!
First Time in Woburn,
Ladies' & Children's Furs
IN GREAT VARIETY, 164
At WHEELOCK & SON'S
CLOTHING HOUSE,
165 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Houses, Stores, Merchandise & Stock
Insured in Reliable Companies,
—BY—
E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 136

To Owners of Horses.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership under the name of

H. L. CARTER & CO.,

and have opened a shop in the yard of Charles Jones' Carriage Manufactory, UNION STREET, Woburn, where they will carry on the

Horse Shoeing Business.

Making of this branch a SPECIALTY, they can guarantee first-class work and satisfaction.

112 H. L. CARTER,
J. C. CARTER.
Woburn, Oct. 7, 1873.

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence. Are better, because they give a finer gloss than any other polish. Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets. Have no disagreeable sulphurus or strong acid smel when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are put up in neat style, and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks; one stick is sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved. Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Have just taken the first premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had at all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

H. A. BARTLETT & CO.
115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
143 Chambers St., New York.
43 Broad St., Boston. 157

Cemetery Lots For Sale.

The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of

P. L. CONVERSE, M. F. WINN, L. H. ALLEN, L. L. WHITNEY, } Cemetery Committee.
149

FRANK FLINT,
Manufacturer of
SLIPPERS and ANKLE TIES.
Special attention given to the manufacture of
FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS.
258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

WOOLEN CARPETS
As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
WM. WOODBERRY'S,
61 Opposite Common, Woburn

PLUMBING!
T. J. KINNEY,
106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59
PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

Coke For Sale.
At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

FOR SALE.
PARTRIDGE COCHIN FOWLS. For sale by GRANVILLE PARKS, North Woburn.

200 PIGS FOR SALE.
Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.
Russell Street, Woburn. 72

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
Bill Poster & Distributor,
Office, 150 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 33

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s,
A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,
Comprising
Shawls,
Repellants
Flannels.
A GREAT BARGAIN IN
HOSIERY
AT
No. 123 MAIN STREET,
ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110
WOBURN, - - MASS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have been duly appointed Administrators of the estate of Jacob Pierce, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and taken upon themselves that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. Also person having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

EBENEZER L. PIERCE, } Adm.
EDWARD E. BUTMAN. }
Woburn, Nov. 11th, 1873. 172

FOR SALE.
Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of
J. C. WHITCHER.

BOTTOM
PRICES!

During the "hard times" that are upon us, everybody desires to economize. We have accordingly placed our figures at the

LOWEST MARK
for the immense stock of
MEN'S AND BOYS'
CLOTHING,
now on hand for Winter Wear, at
G. H. RICHARDS, 24 & 25 Dock Square

Out of town buyers, will find any style of Garment they need.

OVERCOATS	AT	RICHARDS'.
STOUT WORKING SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
MATCHED SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
BOYS' SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
CHILDREN'S SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
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DRESS SUITS	AT	RICHARDS'.
UNDER FLANNELS	AT	RICHARDS'.
FURNISHING GOODS	AT	RICHARDS'.
ALL GRADES AND SIZES	AT	RICHARDS'.

☞ ONE FOURTH CHEAPER ☜
THAN ELSEWHERE IN BOSTON!
24 & 25 DOCK SQUARE. 24 & 25
GEO. H. RICHARDS, CLOTHIER.

Marshall Longworth's Benevolence.

"Gives 'to be seen of men,' do you mean?"

"Well, I don't like to say so, and I ought not to feel so perhaps; but Marshall Longworth is not a man to give five hundred dollars, or five hundred cents to the Relief Fund, unless pretty sure of the world's knowledge and encomiums."

"I have heard him referred to as a pattern of generosity at home and abroad," I said. "Are you sure you are right in your estimate of the man's character?"

The Reverend Milton Sprague paused abruptly in his parlor promenade, and laying his hand on my shoulder, looked down into my face with one of his peculiar but pleasing smiles, and said with a little significant gesture:

"Now see here, my friend. I've known that man for thirty years—known him inside and out, week day and Sunday, and it's entirely too late for you, or any other sprig of the pulpit, to make me believe that Marshall Longworth is a liberal minded man."

He had called me a "sprig," but catching sight of my unclerical figure in the pier glass opposite, and of his own dignified person in contrast, I quickly decided that the appellation was a very proper one, and I would accept it gracefully.

"Why, I married Marshall" he went on, after sitting down beside me, and running his fingers through his light silver locks, slowly, as if his brain was busy in recalling some event of his long past life. That the event was a humorous one, I inferred by a twinkle in his eyes before he uttered a word.

"You did!" I exclaimed. "Tell me all about it."

I was deeply involved in a little love affair myself, just at that time, and was possibly betrayed into a revelation of the same, by my manifest eagerness to hear the story of Mr. Longworth's marriage; for a story I knew there was.

The good man looked at me a moment rather quizzically, whereat I flushed, boy like, to the very roots of my hair, and he muttered half to himself, "I thought so," then he said:

"Yes, it was in this wise:

"Thirty years ago Wooster was hardly a village. I preached to a very small congregation in a school house built of logs, and standing where the Empire House now is,—we had good meetings, too, in those days when the rich and the poor met together—and one night, after I had returned from a stage trip to Seville, over the worst roads you ever saw, had got off my soiled clothes, and got on a respectable amount of amiability in appreciation of the good supper I knew awaited me, there came a very timid knock at the side door, and in answer to my gruff 'Come in!' a woman entered, with a shawl thrown carelessly over her head, her teeth chattering with cold and fear, a scared look in her great beseeching eyes.

"Well, my good girl," said I, "what do you wish?"

She brightened up considerably then, closed the door, came a step nearer, and said in a loud whisper:

"'Do you marry folks here?'

"'Sometimes,' I answered; 'do you want anything in that line to-night?'

"No I don't; but there is another fellow out here at the gate, he does,' and she gave her head a little side toss, as much as to say, 'I guess I don't now, or ever,' twisting the fringe of her shawl in a nervous way.

"Well, you can bring him in,' I said; and she disappeared in a twinkling, leaving the door wide open and myself rather impatient, if the truth must out, for I was tired, hungry and sleepy, and it was ten o'clock.

"She came back presently, accompanied by a young man of twenty-three or four years, and a woman three or four years his senior.

"The poor fellow looked at the walls, the ceiling, and in every corner, as if hunting a place to hide in, and he shook from head to foot; but the woman held him encouragingly, her little black eyes never leaving his face, and a determined look about her wide spread mouth that meant, I thought, 'no use, sir, I have got you now, and I shall keep you, too.'

"I went up to the party, offered my hand to the bridegroom, saying something about the terrible night, the bad wheeling, etc.

"We don't know nothing about wheelin', we don't;' said the mistress of the ceremonies. 'We footed it all the way from Hyde's Corners, and we had a tuff time, too, I tell you.'

"You'll have a late walk home,' suggested Mrs. Sprague, who had left the kitchen to see what was going on.

"Yes, but we don't mind, if the maryin's done, do we, Peggy?' said the mistress, turning to the bride that was to be a wife so soon.

"Peggy only shook her head.

"We've had a terrible time, Mr. Minister,' continued she who had first disturbed my peace; 'a terrible time, and that's what made us so late. You see, Marsh and Peggy and me, we went to the Squire's first, and Mrs. Squire she said as how her husband was gone over to Lafayette and wouldn't be back 'fore to-morrow, but she said she knew a good clergyman—that's you, Mr. Minister—lived up on the hill, only half a mile off, and you'd do the job nicely. Peggy and me wanted to come right along, for it was dark then, but Marsh said it was too far to walk, and he guessed they'd better go home and not git married to-night. We set down on the Squire's door stun to talk it over, and it took hours for Peg and me to get his courage up to the stickin' pint. That's how we come to be so late, Mr. Minister.'

"The little woman had forgotten to be shy and awkward, and she rattled on in a very earnest way, and the bridegroom meanwhile recovering somewhat from his embarrassment and beginning to return the affectionate glances of the bride who was all smiles, but minus blushes.

"She's been through it all, Peg has, twice before, you see; and he's uncommon shy,' the cicerone added; and we all laughed at her abrupt, honest way of revealing the true state of her friend's affairs.

"Well, it is late and I will not detain you,' said I, thinking of my supper. 'If the parties are ready we will proceed with the marriage ceremony.'

'I'm ready any minute,' said the bride, 'come on, Marsh.'

'Marsh 'came on,' and in five minutes the twain were one flesh, and had said their adieus, preparatory to the long march home.

"Just then, I suppose, the bridegroom chanced to remember that getting married was expensive, and he came up closely to me, and sighing said:

"'I suppose now you don't do such work for nothing, do ye? It didn't take long.'

"Marshall's a genuine Yankee, and has always known how 'to turn an honest penny.'" He was young and somewhat verdant thirty years ago, but he could get the better of a bargain even then, and had an eye to profit and loss.

"'Oh, as to that,' I said, 'we—ministers I mean—are not in the habit of setting any price upon our services. Whatever you think is right, Mr. Longworth—nothing more.'

"He looked down at his muddy 'stogies' a moment, and then, as if a bright idea had found him, he leaned toward me and whispered:

"'I'll tell ye what it is Mr. Minister, I'll give ye fifty cents cash, or a bushel and half of wheat, which will make it jist seventy-five. That's a great deal, I take it."

"And he thrust his hands into his pockets, threw up his head till his hat fell off, and whistled.

"'Just as you please, Mr. Longworth,' I said.

"Well it it don't make any difference. I'll fetch the wheat. A bushel and a half—fifty cents a bushel! big price! Good night, sir,'

"He went out, banging the door after him, and Mrs. Sprague looked at me, and I looked at Mrs. Sprague for a minute; then we both broke into the merriest duo you ever listened to, and the very walls shook with laughter. Then we went to supper.

"I dreamed all night of the queer bridal party—of growing fields of wheat, and of fifty cent silver pieces that were out of my reach.

"Did I get the wheat? Certainly. But Marshall Longworth's eldest was ten years of age, and brought the grain that had been due nearly eleven years.

"He brought me a note from his father, too, stating that wheat had riz since we made our bargain, and so he sent only ONE bushel!"

"Marshall Longworth do so mean a thing as that? It is too incredible! and only that you tell me so," I said, "I could not believe it possible."

"That is not all, nor the worst," continued the minister. "I have known him to refuse bread to the hungry; of his keeping back the hard earned wages of his servants; of many things, in fact, which make an honest man's blood like ice in his veins—and yet the press heralds his large liberalities, and the world believes him one of God's messengers to distribute God's bounty. He has given much, but only as you say, 'that he may be seen of men!'

"One poor woman of my congregation has given more than he to the same Relief Fund; but her name is in no printed column, and only God knows all the gift has cost her!

"'Here is a warm comforter and two of my baby's flannel skirts,' she said. 'It is not much, but I am so glad to do even a little for the sufferers.'

"'But you need these,' said Mrs. Sprague. 'I do not like to take them.'

"'Oh, please take them!' the lady answered. 'I can make baby some more skirts out of one of mine, and we can lie closer in the winter nights. Oh, we will get along nicely. I so want you to send them.'

"That is what I call Christian charity which is, alas, a rare thing under the sun."

Just then Marshall Longworth's elegant barouche, drawn by two magnificent grey horses driven by liveried coachman swept up the avenue, past the parsonage and out of sight, even before the hats, lifted in honor of the owner, of them all, were replaced; and, as if in contrast, she who had given a moiety of the little she possessed, and whose name and existence was undreamed of outside of parish limits, came slowly along the walk, carrying her babe in her arms, and crooning to it softly as she went along.

I thought of the "twain lying closer in the winter nights," to keep from perishing; and though I knew, and know, God's ways are just I could not, and cannot help marvelling that the good things of this life are so rarely given to the worthiest."

Eloquent Life.—Some twenty years or more since the Presbyterian Board sent out to India a young man as a missionary. He was by no means a "choice young man," in fact, his standing as a scholar at the seminary was rather low. The professors did not endorse his application for a foreign appointment, but such was the intensity of his desire, and the undoubted nature of his piety, that the Board sent him. He went; studied five years, and was unable to acquire the language so as to preach in it. He sent to the Board his resignation, humbly confessing that he had not sufficient intellect to serve as a good missionary. The whole Presbytery, composed of a dozen educated and successful Presbyterian missionaries, protested to the Board against the acceptance of the resignation. They admitted his limited educational faculties, but said that his life was such that even the heathen would point to him as he walked the streets, vainly trying to make himself understood, and say there is a good man. They declared that his daily life did more to exhibit Christianity than their preaching, and therefore they desired him to be retained in the mission. He was retained, and died a good man, a comfort to his brethren and an attraction to the heathen; and yet he was not a "choice young man." But God chose him—a weak thing to confound the mighty. His life made converts, even though his lips could but lisp to them the way of salvation.

☞ The Postmaster General has issued an order reducing the registration fee on domestic letters and packages from fifteen cents to eight cents, commencing on the 1st of January next.

☞ The man who will abandon a friend for an error, knows but little of the human character, and shows that his heart is as cold as his judgment is weak.

Dogs.—It is pleasant to pay a visit to the house of a man who keeps two or three dogs. The dogs always fly at you in the most ferocious manner as soon as you enter the yard, and just as you have made up your mind that you are going to be torn limb from limb, the owner appears, and as you wipe the perspiration from your brow, he laughs and says, "those dogs are perfectly harmless, except when any one resists them." Then you sit down on the porch and all three dogs sniff at your legs until you are afraid to move. If you can summon up courage enough to pat one of them on the head, the other two instantly put their forelegs on your lap and cover your trowsers with dirt, while each struggles to crowd the other off. After a bit, the third tries to jump on your knee, and they threaten to have a fight about it, while you are afraid to encourage one for fear of making the other two mad. When they have pawed about six dollars worth of value out of your pantaloons, and covered them with mud, the owner interferes and sends them all away. After tea, your host excuses himself for a while, and you go out to sit upon the porch alone. Presently the three dogs come bounding up, and they all begin to smell you as earnestly as if they had never performed the operation before. Then they lie down, but as soon as you move your chair or your feet, they jump suddenly up, and appear to be deeply interested in considering you. You think you will take a walk in the garden and the whole three follow close at your heels, while you are expecting every moment to have the calf of your leg bitten out. It is surprising how gingerly a man walks with three strange dogs close behind him. He wouldn't run or dance a hornpipe for a million dollars a minute, and found the rest of his natural life. Directly the dogs engage in a fight over a bone, and you embrace the opportunity to hurry back to the house. Just as you are breaking into a trot, you are surprised to find that the brutes have made up their quarrel, and are leaping up at you and barking, half in fun and half in earnest. You slow up and get back into the porch. When you put your hand on the front door knob, all three dogs stand round and utter ominous growls. Then they suddenly seem impressed that something was wrong and they all begin to bark savagely and to make dashes at you. The door is locked and in alarm you then climb up on the porch. This convinces the dogs that something absolutely must be wrong, and they begin in downright earnest to try to grab you by the leg. Just as the big black dog succeeds in getting hold of your boot and squeezing his teeth into your flesh, the host comes up, calls off the dog and is much amused to find you so scared about "two or three unoffending animals that wouldn't hurt a child." Then you want to go home, and when you once get outside the gate, register a solemn vow never again to visit a man who has so poor an idea of the demands of hospitality as to keep a lot of beastly curs around his house to annoy and persecute his friends.—*Max Adeler.*

The Healthy Girls of Vassar.—In a meeting of the "American Association for the Promotion of Social Science," held last May, I drew attention to the superior health of the girls at Vassar. I pointed out the fact that the health of the girls continues to improve up to the hour of graduation; and while I had in my audience three members of the faculty, Miss Maria Mitchell, the resident physician, Dr. Avery, and President Raymond himself, it was observable that they heard me with indifference rather than with pride, so perfectly familiar were they with the fact. The parents of all the pupils were also familiar with it; and if Dr. Avery were at any moment to resign her responsible post, she would receive a warm welcome in any community that has sent pupils to Vassar. The world may be challenged to produce in any one neighborhood, four hundred young women of so great physical promise. In the the following June I met Miss Mary Carpenter at Vassar by appointment. She saw with amazement how close the actual attainment of the pupils cams to the curriculm proposed; but she concluded her investigation by ejaculating, with the peculiar emphasis that all who know her will recall: "And we must admit that they have superior health—it is most extraordinary!" This was the testimony of one accustomed to the "rosebuds" in England's "garden of girls."—*Caroline H. Dall.*

—When winter comes and autumn goes and snowflakes fall in gentle showers, 'tis then that winter blows its snows, 'tis then that we blow ours. Comes Boreas from the northern pole, and leaves his whitened track— and snow sifts in through every hole and cold through every crack. The flakes, how light and frail they look, as they whirl away in the fairy dance—about as light as our pocket books, about as frail as our summer pants—and soon are wholly lost from view, as onward each fair dancer shoots—and we go home with noses blue and pants inserted in our boots. The above, gentle reader, is an attempt to suppress a poem on the "Be-youchiful Snow." No paper has yet had the hardihood to publish one of these abominations, and we dare not be the first to do so.—*Worcester Press.*

☞ The Tycoon of Japan knows how to start a newspaper. He does not offer premiums for subscribers, but having an interest in the publication of a newspaper at the Japanese capital, he has issued an order that all men of certain social and political standing shall take it or be beheaded.

☞ Agassiz having once spoken of fish being the right food for men who had brain work to perform, a thick headed youth asked how much the Professor thought he ought to eat in order to obtain the requisite brain food. Agassiz, looking quizzically at him said, "About two whales."

—A young lady in conversation with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes, part of the time," responded the lady.

☞ The best flower for debtors to cultivate—Glad-I-owe-less.

Hindoo Jugglers.—Some Hindoo jugglers now came aft, and requested permission from the captain to exhibit some of their really wonderful tricks. Having obtained it, they sat down, four in number, and commenced by causing a black boy on board to sit down on the deck. One of their number then taking a piece of chalk, drew a white line right down his forehead, all the time reciting a chant, in which the other three joined, the burden of it being "Chick war, ar-ar chick, chick," &c, repeated very quickly. He then, without removing his hand, drew a purple, then a blue, then a red, and lastly a black line, and finally showed us the original piece of white chalk in his hand, reduced in size certainly, but uncontaminated by the numerous colors which adorned the boy's face.

They next did the ball trick. Four little balls are produced, and three bell-shaped cups of metal the size of a small coffee cup. These three cups they deposit on the deck mouth downwards, and then lift them all up showing there is nothing underneath. Tapping the tops of the cups with the wand, the performer tosses the four balls about from hand to hand, then suddenly exposes his palms. Lo! the balls are gone. He again lifts the cups. Two are empty; one has all four balls underneath. Replacing the cups, the four balls still remaining under the same cup, he twists his wand about, touches their tops, lifts them, and two of them have one ball each under them, and the remaining one has two. It is impossible to detect the secret of this trick, which is varied in innumerable ways.

The jugglers then did the sword trick. A sword about two feet long in the blade, was thrust down the open throat of one of them, and must have reached to his navel. He stood for some minutes with the blade down his stomach, the thick hilt sticking out from his mouth. He then slowly withdrew it, and, having wiped the blade, performed several sleight of hand tricks with the weapon. The same man then took an iron rod, bent like an S, with one end fashioned into the likeness of a snake's head. Open his mouth, he put this up one of his nostrils, so that we saw the iron head at the back of his throat. It was twisted about several times before it was withdrawn.

The fire eater then startled us. He put a piece of light colored stone between his teeth, and took several strong inspirations, whereupon smoke and flame presently darted from his mouth and nostrils. This also lasted upwards of a minute, after which he took a piece of wadding and set it afire from the flame coming out of his mouth. After this, one of their number procured a bit of thread, and allowed us to cut it up into small pieces. He then swallowed it in a minute and drew it out again perfect as before it was cut. The same man drew out after the thread, an immense long worm about six feet in length.

Another of their number amused us with playing with six balls, spinning at the same time a top, and balancing it perfectly with its apex revolving round the extremity of a long rod resting on his forehead. The heavy weight trick was next performed. It is hardly fair to call this a trick, since the dull thud an iron ball of twenty pounds makes on the back of a performer cannot be mistaken, as he catches it alternately on the muscles of his arm and the small of his back. The two tricks of the day were yet to come. Neither of them, I think, has been satisfactorily explained. The first performed was the snake trick. The man shows you an empty basket, and then the dried skins of the two cobra capellas stuck together, and lets you examine closely both them and the basket. Placing the skins in the basket, he plays plaintively for five minutes on a sort of flute called the charmer. The lid is then lifted, and the two skins are seen filled out, the heads darting hither and thither, and the bodies still writhing in each others' embrace. The circle around the basket is immediately enlarged. The snake charmer squeezes some of the poison out of the mouth of one on to his arm and shows it to us. The flute is again played, and the snakes, obedient to its voice, returned into the basket. When the lid is once more taken off nothing is to be seen but the two dried skins. The snakes, however well educated, could not have disappeared without being seen, and none of us can explain it without attributing supernatural powers to the Hindoos.—*Dark Blue.*

A Vocal Duel.—I once heard a stage driver's story of Jennie Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage, perched on a tree near by, as they drove slowly along, trilled such a complication of sweet notes that it perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped and reaching out she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched its head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel its famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jennie rapturously clap her hands with ecstasy, and quietly as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden she delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that sent echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up and sang till Jennie in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-carolled the great Swedish nightingale.

How to Preserve Books.—The bindings may be preserved from mildew by brushing them over with spirits of wine. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of moist and damp. Russian leather which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulders or sustains injury from damp. The Romans used oil of cedar to preserve valuable manuscript. Russian leather covered books placed in a stationer's window will destroy flies and other insects.

☞ "Old Probabilities" has returned from Europe, and severely rasped the young meteorological prodigy whom he left in charge during his absence. He had got the wet bulb and areas of low temperature so horribly tangled up with snow storms, panic, Santiago massacre and high winds, that it will take days and nights of incessant labor to get the weather on its pins again. That is the Brooklyn Argus's tale of woe.

IMPORTANT !

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

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FOSDICK & BUSS,

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A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

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New books added as soon as published. 53

GEORGE F. FOSDICK. CHAS. H. BUSS.

Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

58

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boiler Shafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

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Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

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We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use. English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A Band in Every Village.

is, or is soon to be, and the mellow noise of him who practices the Cornet is heard all over the land. So be in haste, in the fashion, and in season, and purchase the best sounding

Cornets, Altos, Basses,

or any other Band Instruments, which with

Violins, Guitars, Flutes,

all Orchestral; in fact *all* instruments in common use, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise will be found in plenty, variety, and at reasonable prices, at the store of

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,

33 Court St., Boston.

Op. the Court House.) 36

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

34

Woburn Telegraph Offic e.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 3d, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.
Lowell, Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4, P. M
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5 15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45† P. M.
Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 5.40 P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.16 A. M., 2.29, 5.45 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 5.50 P. M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.00 P. M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 8.28‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P. M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P. M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 30 P. M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

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DRY GOODS,

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West India Goods, Flour

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Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

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LUMBER,

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

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for inside and outside finish.

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Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66

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JOB WAGON.

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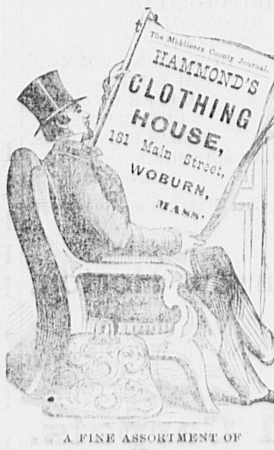
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30



A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 46

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

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A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready fo the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871, $2,500,00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.
CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.
CAMBRIDGE INS. CO., of Cambridgeport.
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SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.
All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.
B. T. H. PORTER, Agent 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN ts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

77 S. SIMONDS.

A. B. COFFIN,

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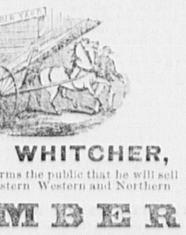
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.



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Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder,

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,

WOBURN. 76

F. J. Culbert,

PLUMBER.

No. 200 Main St., { In Store with C. M. STROUT.

WOBURN, MASS.

70

☞ The best quality of PLUMBING MATERIALS and DRAIN PIPE kept always on hand.

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

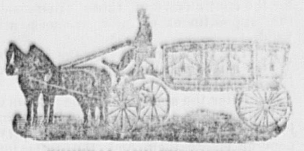
CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

OFFICE—Near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 73

L. H. ALLEN,



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COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

95

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass

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BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS

AND CELLAR BUILDERS,

Park st. Rear of Baptist Church

Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction. 96

Superior Printing

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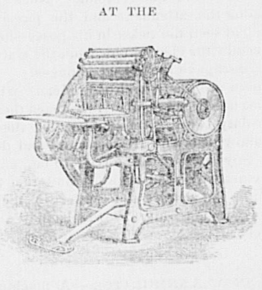

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Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

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Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

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L. THOMPSON, Jr.

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BUYERS !

Stearns,

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Are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

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CROCKERY

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GLASS WARE

ever displayed in

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LOW PRICES

ALSO,

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Grain & Groceries.

STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,

216 Main Street,

WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just receive and, for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY — CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640. — INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642. — WOBURN

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1873. NO. 13.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 84 Proprietor

WILLIAM WINN,
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Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn, Near Main Street.
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly atended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretoore. 98

RUFUS PI KERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to. 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor'
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7¼ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN

DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

ONE FOLD.

And so the battle was nearly done,
And the shield is laid away,
For the golden bronze of the evening sun,
Slants over the meadows gray,
'Tis a long, long strife to end, sweet wife;
The end, just a myrtle crown,
Two billows of green with a cross between,
Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear,
With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke when your smile awoke,
And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the earth at last
Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
One fold in heart and life;
And the old love still it will last us through
To the journey's end, sweet wife.
And reaching on when this life is done,
It will live and thrive and grow,
With a deathless flame and a deeper name
Than our mortal loves can know.

The wayside guides upon life's broad track
How oft have we read through tears—
We've traced the lesson with whitened lips,
When we could not pray for fears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
But all are green at last,
We hold them children in our hearts,
And keep them close and fast.

And some have heard life's sweetest tale
And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to Him whose love
Can ne'er be blind or wrong,
While we turn back, look o'er the track,
And a wave of greeting send;
The paths lie wide, and the way beside,
But all leads to one end.

So, slowly, as for days or years,
We journeyed on the way,
And in the west the amber light
Proclaims a dying day,
And what, though life die out, sweet wife,
And its signal fire burns low?
For a glory white, that against the night
Like a watch fire seems to glow.

Selected.

"By the Adoption of God."

Scroggs and Moggs got this day jointly a great surprise.

Scroggs and Moggs were neighbors—as the kennel neighbors the grand house. Scroggs' life was transacted in four stories of stone; Moggs's in two of wood. Scroggs's safe was built into a wall of his dining room, and people whispered about its contents under their breath. Moggs, wife and child lived on a salary of forty dollars a month, and in holiday times were actually all astir with excitement, secrets and surprises and intentions about gifts. (The miserable creatures, whose whole year's income could not have purchased Scroggs's watch, we will say!")

Scroggs was in no excitement as he came down the street, except that he had just "given a piece of his mind" to a neighbor whom he met loaded with bundles and found it satisfactory.

"No, Sir," he said. "I do not believe in holidays. I found myself on Scrooge. I consider that when Dickens drew that man, he had stumbled on a truly strong and sensible character, and, like many another man, did not understand his own creation. All the talk and sentiment about charity and the season is wash; and the experience of these latter days is proving it such. The bread that you put into one set of mouths you take out of another. The true way is to let things alone. Then those who are fit to live, will live, and those who are not will do the best possible thing for them, and die."

"But Mr. Scroggs"—neighbor much shocked—"don't you believe that holidays mean anything?"

"Mean anything!" with a sardonic grin. "Certainly; they mean presents to my wife, children and servants, that I must give to keep the peace. That is what they mean for everybody. If there was any one whose position entitled me to demand it, I would remind him of the existence of holidays, and he would understand me at once, as another case of what you can get. My dear Sir, what is the use of mincing matters? What you can get rules the world. In one shape or another what you can get rules the world."

"Oh!" said the man of bundles; and then, after an uncomfortable pause, "Good morning." He had spied a turning, and it would take him half a mile out of his way: but he made for it with an evident air of relief.

Scroggs looked after him and chuckled. "I gave him a dose," he remarked, approvingly, to himself; and then the chuckle ceased rather suddenly. He was conscious of such an odd sensation all over him—a giving out—a faintness. He clutched at a post—missed it; his knees bent; he fell in a heap just by Moggs's door.

His next consciousness was of a bed on which he was lying, in a room, rag-carpeted, and warmed by a cooking stove—Moggs's room. But such a jolly fire! And a neat woman was laying slices of ham in a long-handled frying pan. Some women have an air of home in their very collars and the set of their skirts. This was one of them, and Moggs's wife. A man was nailing some green boughs over a door; that was Moggs. A boy held the nails and watched proceedings, head on one side, and mightily interested; that was their child. Mrs. Moggs was interested also, from her post by the stove,

"It is like the woods," she said, "and seems to make out that everything is not all bought and sold at the corner shop. I like it."

Moggs put in another nail with the air of a man far away in thought, and said, almost as if to himself,

"Maggie, have you spent that five dollars yet?"

His wife laughed.

"I waited for you, Richard. There is the dinner to be decided about. Turkey sounds like holidays, but beef—tastes—and then—"

"Well—then?" repeated Moggs. The look on his face was very grave, quite different from the smile that his wife turned towards him.

"Well, I think," pursued Mrs. Moggs intent on the ham, and unobservant of her husband, "there is nothing quite so aggravating as a five dollar note—sometimes. We are tight-shoe people, and I suppose we are always to hobble through life pinched and smiling; and I am willing when we have so much happiness thrown in besides. Only, once in a while, as now, we all want thick shoes and warm underclothing. And there is old Miss Felton—think of her sitting all alone, without chick or child, over bread and tea at this season. I do so want to ask her to dinner. I suppose it is natural, too, to want to make Harry a present—what child goes without? Now, how is one to do all that on a five dollar note? I feel sometimes as if I could tear or pull the miserable bill, and make it ten times five at the least."

"Maggie, have you thought—" Moggs jerked his thumb here towards the bed.

"Thought—about that man.

Mrs. Moggs was smiling no longer

"You heard the doctor. The man has paralysis. He is incapable even of a gesture. No one knows him. He has no pocket book and no cards. The doctor has promiseed to ascertain something if possible; but meanwhile we—"

"Well?" and there was a look far from pleasant in Mrs. Moggs's eyes as she looked up inquiringly.

"He has fallen at our door," pursued Moggs. "We are his brother and sister now by the adoption of God. And the medicines and beef tea and wine that the doctor orders—"

"We are to buy them? I say, No!" interrupted Mrs. Moggs, angrily. "If no one knows him, send him to the poorhouse till he is claimed."

"The doctor said that removal would be death; you heard him."

"Well, he has saved his life. He will only be useless and helpless now; a burden on others. Maybe the best thing he can do *is* to die."

"Do unto others as ye would—"

"That means," she cried, passionately, "give up our dinner on which we have counted for months. Disappoint Harry, who has talked of his Christmas for months. Make our holidays pinched and bleak and bare like the rest of our lives, when every one else is rejoicing. And what would Christmas be like then?"

"Ay! what would it be? A Christmas without a Christ. The day kept, and its Lord despised in the person of this stranger," returned Moggs, gently."

There was a little silence.—Then Mrs. Moggs got up and kissed her husband. "Richard, you are an angel in a shabby coat. But why should he have fallen at our door? The Lubbecks at the corner there are rich. Now we have pinched ourselves for weeks, and— Do as you like, but it is so."

A sob stopped her.

Then the man lying dumb on the bed, agonized to shout his name, and the wheraabout of his purse, but in vain.

Moggs took her face between his two hands, and looked down at her tenderly.

"It is hard," he said.—"that there are crosses that a man can't explain, unless —I have come to believe there are two sides to them—we look at them in too selfish a way. We are not suffering only to learn something ourselves, but to help others. I don't see how, but I believe it is so now."

"I believe it too; and I believe in something besides 'what you can get.' You have saved a soul."

Scroggs thought he said that—aloud, and by a mighty final effort; and there he was—awake and at home. It was a dream.

But a dream that left an impression. That day arrived at Moggs's door such a dinner, in two hampers; a huge box of toys, a barrel of apples, a load of coal, a well-stuffed pocket book done up in a square parcel, a suit for Moggs. It seemed to storm parcels on the little door. The neighborhood was aroused. The Moggs family were wild with excitement.—There was no clue to the sender. One inscription on all the parcels alike—"From a brother by the adoption of God." All quite mysterious and in the most delightful fairyland fashion.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not wholesome to be in a hurry. The men who do things maturely, deliberately, slowly, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry, generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last, Slow men seldom knock out their brains against a post. Foot races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field, or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration or even great tiredness, expressed by being "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, are extremely injurious to every age, sex and condition in life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise, without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every day acts of life with calmness.—Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk the world over.

☞ A substitute for quinine has been discovered in the echises plant, which grows abundantly in the Philipine Islands. It is said to be a remedy for all kinds of fever, that the use of it involves none of the unpleasant after effects of quinine, and that it can be prepared at one-half the cost of the latter drug.

AN ECCENTRIC KING.

When King George of Greece ascended the throne of the Hellenes, it was generally believed that his reign would be short-lived, and that the young gentleman from Denmark would speedily fling away his crown and return to his delightful home on the shores of the sound.

The contrary has been the case; the Basileus from Denmark is not only a very happy man, but also an exceedingly popular ruler. Nothing can be less pretentious than the manner in which he lives. I brought to him a letter of introduction from his father, and it being a fine September day, strolled down between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning to inquire of the palace guards what hour would be most convenient for the King to receive me. To my astonishment the Greek soldier at the gate, in his picturesque uniform, replied to me:

"You can see His Majesty now. He is always up before 6 o'clock."

This was singular but welcome news to me.

"Where may I see the Master of Ceremonies?" I asked.

The soldier stared at me.

"Send in your card by one of those boys (pointing to two or three pages loitering about the portico), and you will probably be admitted at once."

Such proved to be the case. Two or three minutes afterward, I was in the presence of the King. Imagine a slender young man of twenty-eight, with thin, light-colored hair, a very expressive, handsome face, ruddy cheeks, dressed in a checkered plaid, with steel framed eye glasses, small hands and small feet, encased in red morocco slippers, and you have the Basileu before your eyes.

He glanced over my letter of introduction, and then kindly asked me to be seated.

"You have come here all the way from Copenhagen?" he asked.

"Yes, sire, seven days ago I was yet at the Tivoli, and took leave of your royal father.

"Oh, yes, he likes to go there and mingle with the people," said the young King smiling, "and to laugh over the farces in the open air theater."

"Your Majesty has no theater here," I remarked; "it must be a great privation."

"Not at all," he said; ', I believe that I would have no time to go, if there was a good one in Athens. I am very busy. Look at this," he added, showing me a pile of manuscript; "I am writing."

"Writing!" I exclaimed in surprise.

The King laughed.

"Yes," he said, "writing a book."

I took the liberty to ask on what subject.

"On the 'Bees of Hymettus.' Times must have changed greatly, or the ancient Hellenes must have been poor judges of honey. Wait!"

He jumped up and brought a tumbler filled with honey and a teaspoon. "Taste this."

I did so, while he looked at me expectantly.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Not very," I said. "Not near so good as Danish honey."

"That is just what I am going to prove in my book."

He asked me to accompany him to his cabinet. It was a small room full of chemical crucibles, and glasses covered with waxed paper.

"Here," said the King, "are ninety different sorts of honey—even from Australia and New Zealand, Hymettus honey ranks far below most of them.

His Majesty made me taste half a dozen different kinds.

I asked him if he thought that, in olden thimes, the busy bees of Hymettus had done better.

"I incline to that opinion," he answered, "and I am sure I have found out the true reason. The climate of Greece is no longer what it was 2000 years ago. That is my discovery," he added, almost triumphantly, "and, if I can prove the assertion, am I not entitled to some philosophical honors!"

I ventured to ask for the reasons of this belief.

"Ah!" he said, laughing, "that is my secret. But believe me, I am well fortified with arguments. I have my classics at my fingers' ends, and I have waded through an enormous quantity of learned literature."

I asked the King whether he devoted his leisure hours entirely to this branch of study.

"No, no," he said eagerly; "to my birds. Will you see my aviary?"

There was no refusing, of course. And so I followed His Majesty into the courtyard, where he showed me a truly superb aviary.

I expressed my surprise, and he said, with genuine pride gleaming from his eyes:

"Is it not beautiful?" But it cost me a great deal of money—almost more than I was able to afford."

And now he showed me his pets—the famous five trained magpies. He took off his hat, and placed five bright brass rings on his head. The magpies took them from him one after another; and then he whistled, and they brought them back to where they had got them. They also placed themselves at his command, upon his head, forming a sort of crown; and when he shouted, "Oikon!" (Go home!) they flew back to their cote. Another curiosity was a tame vulture, of gigantic size, captured near the site of ancient Delphi. At the King's call, the terrible creature placed itself with both legs on his shoulders. I instinctively shrank back from the vulture, but the King said:

"Never mind, old Miltiades is very good natured. He will now shake hands with you."

Sure enough, Miltiades grasped my shrinking hand with an antique grip worthy of his namesake, and with an exceedingly ludicrous air of gravity.

The King then ordered him to retire, but the bird was evidently reluctant. The King ordered a piece of meat to be brought to Miltiades, who thereupon withdrew, with an unmistakable air of satisfaction, while His Majesty proudly told me that he alone had trained the bird to all this.

We ventured into the palace, and the King kindly showed me the most remarkble apartments, chatting all the while about his parents and his brothers and sisters. He expressed his regret that naughty little Thyra, as he called his youngest sister, was also to be married to horrible, foggy England, which he seemed to hold in especial obhorrence.

I suppose," I said, "Your Majesty will be present at the wedding?"

"Not if it comes off in England. I was there, once, six months and hardly ever saw a sunny day. Now, I have become so accustomed to the glorious sun, that I cannot live without it."

I was over an hour with this eccentric young King. He was the soul of simplicity and kindness. His subjects like him, and he is happy. How few kings are there like him.—*Appleton's Journal.*

SONS-IN LAW.—"How any young fellow can walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters, surprises me. That it is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, eighteen or twenty years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for—him! It is lucky the idea never strikes you while you're doing it, that this is to be the end of all. What if you were married yourself? That is no reason why she should be witched away in a separate establishment just as you are beginning to lean upon and feel proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason that after you have worried her through the measles, the chicken pox, scarlet fever and whooping cough, and had her properly vaccinated, this impudent young man might give you a short breathing time before she goes. He seems to be of a different opinion; he not only insists upon taking her, but upon taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objection to him, not the least in the world, except that when the world is full of girls why couldn't he fix his eye on the daughter of some one else? There are some parents who are glad to rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as berries, why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Doesn't she have meat and bread, and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one. You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask if that was the way you reasoned when father came for you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of the question. But she gets round you for all that; and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a "well, if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while, "Dear, dear, what sort of a fist will that child make at the head of a house? How will she ever know what to do in this, that or the other emergency?—she who is calling on 'mother,' fifty times a day, to settle every question—what folly for her to set up house for herself." How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter! And still that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undaunted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that, alas, may be dust when the baptism of womanhood comes upon her."

HIGH UP IN THE AIR.—A correspondent inquires whether a balloon has ever ascended higher than the highest mountain, and desires information about the altitude of American and other mountain peaks. The highest known mountain on the globe is Mount Everest, of the Himalaya range, which is 29 002 feet, or only a few feet less than five and a half miles above the sea level. There are several other mountains in the same range over five miles in height. In South America, the Nevada de Sorato is said to be the highest mountain. It is in the Andes range, and is 25 300 feet or over four and three quarter miles high. In North America the highest peaks are in the Sierra Nevada, or its continuation, the Cascade range, where Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, is 17,900 feet, or nearly three and a half miles high. In California, where some of the measurements are doubtful, Mount St. Bernardino is said to be 17000 feet above the sea, and Mt. Shasta is certainly 14 360 feet. In Europe the highest peak, Mont Blanc, is somewhat lower than the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada. Previous to 1862 no balloons of whose ascensions accurate records had been made, had reached a greater altitude than four and a half miles, but in that year, Mr. James Glaisher ascended from Wolverhampton, England, to a height of nearly five miles. On September 5th, 1852, Messrs Glaisher & Coxwell made the highest ascension on record, having attained an elevation of 37,000 feet, or over seven miles. Mr. Glaisher became insensible, and Mr. Coxwell, his hands having become paralyzed with cold, had to pull the valve cord with his teeth, in order to bring the balloon down and save his life. These ascensions were made for the purpose of extending observations of the barometer pressure of the atmosphere at different heights. Sufficient observations have already been made at various elevations to enable observers to determine the height of a balloon or mountain peaks by the markings of the barometer, but allowances have to be made for observations taken in certain altitudes.

—A Texas man declined to receive a telegraphic despatch from a yellow fever locality fearing he would catch the disease

MURRAY'S CIVILIZED HEATHEN.

Rev. C. H. Carpenter of Newton, who has been a missionary, reviews Rev. W. H. H. Murray's lecture in a thorough manner. He draws the same inferences from the lecture that most people do—to wit, that if these things are so, missionary efforts from our land to such heathen are needless if not impertinent. He notes the lecturer's unfairness in selecting the best features of Buddhism to compare with the darker features of our civilization. He adds that Mr. Murray takes his views of the Burman second hand, from a source not the best informed, and of the Chinese from missionaris who have devoted their lives to this very "impertinence" of carrying Christian civilization to these superior heathen, thus showing that they do not reason in the same way as he does.

Having alluded to his own service in the East, among all the nations referred to by Murray, Mr. Carpenter says:

Mr. Murray's allusions to the antiquity of Buddhism should be a little more guarded. He speaks of it as having prevailed for "thousands and thousands of years"—of Moses as having received his humane precepts from Buddhist teachers, etc., etc. The fact is established, I believe, that Gaudama, the founder of Buddhism was born in the sixth century, B. C., about a thousand years after Moses received the law, as he thought, from God himself.

Again, he fails to present Buddhism in its true character as a religion without a God. Because Gaudama is supposed to have arrived at Nirvana through his perfect knowledge of the eternal law, the lecturer speaks of him as "the omniscent one;" again he speaks of the Buddhist as receiving strangers as "guests from his God." Such language seems to imply that Buddha still exists, for his deciples as a divinity, which is contrary to the fact. One might suppose, a priori, that an atheist religion would depress the morals of any people, and such is plainly the case in all countries where the Buddhist religion prevails, although it has strangely escaped Mr. Murray's notice.

Again, he represents Buddhism as a philosophy elevating and purifying in its influence. He distinctly calls it "a religion of scholars, of ladies and gentlemen." This is partly correct. The moral law of Buddhism is good as far as it goes. It forbids lying, stealing, killing, drunkenness and adultery, but it has little or no power to restrain its adherents from those sins. It is not only a religion without a God; it is a religion of idol worship. As such, it debases its deciples fearfully. "They that make them are like unto them," the Bible says. In untruthfulness, dishonesty and sexual sins, the Buddhist nations are far below the devil-worshiping Karen tribes, who abhor idols and retain a practical belief in the existence of practical unseen powers. I will not stultify myself by comparing the average Buddhist with the average people of Christian America; nor would Mr. Murray, if he knew more of his subject. He speaks repeatedly of the "modesty" of the heathen (!) He has never seen the shameless dress of the Burmese women, nor seen their wanton looks. We were all shocked to be told that 25 or 30 per cent. of the marriages which the lecturer has solemnized have proved unhappy, the parties having sought or being about to seek divorce; but let him know that no Christian country begins to afford the facilities for divorce which obtain and are in almost universal use in Buddhist Burmah. Burman divorces, the teahouses of Japan, the "flower boats" of China, Sybaritic cities like Hang-Chow and Soo-Chow, far from the seats of foreign trade, the gross types of family life, the promiscuous bathing, the utterly disgusting sights and language that one sees and hears in the public places everywhere in heathen lands, suggest at least the unreliability of Mr. Murray as a public teacher.

Again, the lecturer claims, justly perhaps, that Buddhism has never, like Islamism, gained its victory by the sword. "It wears a robe of stainless white." We have but little knowledge of the early spread of Buddhist doctrines, but, so far as we know, it was propagated much as Christians are now seeking to supplant it in turn with their own religion. But he claims too much, however, when he says that it has always been free from the spirit of persecution, which has so often disgraced our faith. Christian Karms have often suffered severe persecution from the Burmans. Their pastors been imprisoned, fined, beaten, tortured in various ways, and crucified even for their faith. It is not more than five years ago that the King of Burmah crucified a man, a Burman, near his palace in Mandelay, for renouncing Buddhism for Christianity. Had religious hate nothing to do with the extermination of one or two hundred thousand Romish converts in Buddhist Japan, 250 years ago, or the exile of four or five thousand years ago? The particulars have just come to hand of the slaughter by Chinese Buddhists, at the command probably of that "paternal" and "prayerful" Emperor of 50,000 Mahometan rebels in Talifoo. The city was surrendered under the pledge of safety to the lives of the inhabitants, but not a woman or child even was spared. These are the "mild" and "humane" disciples of Buddha. In so far as they are free from a persecuting spirit, may it not be accounted for by a lack of convictions and earnestness rather than otherwise? A religion of negations and passionless abstraction is not likely to develop great zeal in its defence or propagation.

Again, the lecturer asserts that while it is only seventy years or so since we thought out the separation of church and state, the Buddhists have practiced the voluntary support of religion for thousands of years. This statement also is only partially true. Their priests have a double character. On the one hand they claim divine honor and worship; on the other, they are the schoolmasters of the nation. The people feed them from day to day, partly from superstitious motives, and partly as a practical recognition of the value of their services in teaching the boys of the village. At the same time, in every one of the Buddhist countries under native rule, religion has a very close relation to the state.

* * * * * * *

Again, the lecturer makes a point of the fact that hospitals for foundlings, the sick and blind and the aged poor are to be found in China. I would not for a moment deny the existence of many natural virtues in every nation and tribe of men. God in his mercy has not withdrawn them altogether from any portion of this revolted race, else it had become a pandemonium of despair and perished outright. Pity may have had something to do with the establishment of these poorly conducted institutions, and yet at the risk of seeming uncharitable, I must refer them more to the desire for religious merit which is constantly excited by their priests, than to humanity. The practice of female infanticide, the maiming of children for purposes of mendicancy, the ruthless slaughter of men in warfare, the robberies and public executions forbid the supposition of a high degree of humanity. As to hospitals for animals, the writer heard of only one, that in Hang Chow. In connection with some of these monasteries, you may see a few pigs or other animals pampered to the last degree. Here too, the desire for merit and the superstitions connected with metempsychosis account for the phenomenon, rather than the tender and refined pity which grows out of Christianity.

Burmans often show kindness and hospitality to strangers, especially if they come in the European garb, but it is safe to say that they take more from strangers by robbery than they give to them in charity. As to fruit trees, I never happened to see one without an owner in any country, Buddhist or Christian. Cool water is often provided for travellers, and shelter as a work of merit. Free fruit may be furnished in some parts of the world, but I should not know where to find it.

The superior extent, population and antiquity of China were not exaggerated by the lecturer. The early development of the arts among this remarkable people is admitted by all. But how does he account for the equally striking fact that this "inventive, facile-minded people" (!) have been unable to improve not only their porcelain but other less perfect arts and habits of life? How happens it that modern China has so little to do with machinery? How happens it that China, above all other nations, is stereotyped, unable to do more than hold its own,—if it does hold its own,—without progress? The lecturer refers to the wonderful canals of China, and they are a wonderful monument, not of engineering skill, but of patient toil from countless hands in unnumbered generations; but if he desires a new sensation, let him go to China, embark in a shapeless scow on one of those canals, and proceed, perhaps, well into the night, and he will find it. He will be aroused from his slumbers by confused noises and a sensation as if his feet, the whole prow of the boat, in fact, are being lifted painfully out of their horizontal recumbency towards the zenith. Gradually the angle increases until he seems to stand almost on his head, when, after a few uncertain quivers in mid air, the angle is reversed suddenly, the head comes up, the heels descend, and away you slide, like a lubberly seal or aligator, down the muddy incline to the new level. There is no canal lock in all China. Or, if not satisfied, let him leave his goodly steeds behind and try a ride in a Hong Kong "chair" on the shoulders of men, or let him try a jolt on one of the Shanghai wheelbarrows, and he will have more truthful views of Chinese mechanics than he seems to have at present. His statement that China was "riddled like a sieve with artesian wells 1700 years ago," was rather surprising. Perhaps they have been filled up.

Again, the lecturer seems to mistake the wonderful vitality and coherency of the Chinese as a nation for dynastic perpetuity. He was understood to say that "their government is the only one that ever lasted," and to state two reasons for it. Not to go further back, will he not, another time, inform his audience how many centuries ago it was that the Mongols invaded China, overthrew existing institutions, and established their own dynasty? and how long it was before the Mongols were in turn supplanted by the Tartar dynasty and as to the character and extent of the changes introduced? And in our own day, what but the intervention of foreigners saved the Tartars from extermination by the Taiping rebels?

The "patriarchal form of government" is prominent especially in the villages and hamlets of the interior. The Emperor may be styled the "father of his people," but what evidence has the lecturer that he takes a really paternal interest in the welfare of his people, or does anything effective for districts smitten with famine and pestilence? If Mr. Murray could see as I have seen, the spectacle of priests and magistrates mumbling in concert prayers to the rain god, he is less of a Christian than I take him to be, if he would not be deeply pained by it.

The weakness of the central government is exceptionally great. That the Mandarins of many of the provinces are almost independent of imperial control is notorious.

As to the nature of the competitive examinations and their results, either the lecturer or his critic is entirely at fault. He stated that these examinations are upon subjects pertaining to the practical duties of official life. There might be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes practical fitness for office, but the lecturer will admit I think, that he drew upon his imagination for the subject which he gives as an illustration,—"the chemical analysis of soils and manures; the best means of transporting crops" or words to that effect. The Chinese farmer has a better practical knowledge of the value and use of manures than we have, but the Mandarins and scholars leave all that to the clodhopper. As for chemistry, aside from the use of a few chemical substances in the arts and a little dabbling in alchemy, they know nothing about it. The writer has visited the 12,000 mean looking brick cells which constitute the great "examination hall" in Canton. He has in his possession an English translation by Dr. Moule of Hang-chow of one of the best essays prepared at the last triennial examination in the Che Kiang province. He has conversed with a number of the most intelligent foreigners in China on this subject, and he is prepared to assert that while these examinations are likely to secure candidates of literary tastes and habits, they consist in nothing more practical than the preparation of essays in the style of Confucius and Mencius, on subjects chosen generally from their vaunted classics.

The lecturer's statement that "there is no stealing of the people's money" should be modified so as to read "there is no country in the world where bribery and official corruption are more general than in China." In the Boston library he may find Mr. T. Cooper's "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce." Let him read his statements of the way in which Chinese generals put down rebellions in a distant province by drawing pay and rations for a paper army many times larger than the real army. Witness, too, the fact that the Chinese government finds it advantageous to employ trustworthy foreigners in all the principal offices of the customs department at ten or twenty times the salary a native would expect.

"GOD IS OUR REFUGE."—To each and all of God's children has been given a cup in which is mingled the bitter with the sweet, and we feel at times there is more of comfort and happiness imparted to some than to others, so that we often compare the lot of one with that of another, thinking the influence of the one might have been greater, the example purer, had the gifts been otherwise distributed. But consider the varied influences brought to bear upon an individual, the circumstances in which he may have been placed. Perhaps it has been through toil and suffering from his earlier years that he has attained his present position, and if, "through much tribulation," he has thus come forth, who shall complain that his cup has been filled to overflowing or charge our God with being partial? Had our pathway been thus marked, who can tell what our lot might to-day have been? None of us know what we should have been or done if otherwise situated. How often do we make our boast of what we should do, but let us remember that if the time and the one talent God has given us, be rightly improved, we shall be no losers, for He helpeth those who try to help themselves. Wisdom and patience with perseverance are needed that great and noble results may be realized. "Each back is fitted for its own burden." Let us then be found in our time and place, that there may be no clashing, and remember that the weakest of the human family has his and her allotted work. When tried and tempted, do we not often wish that we had the direction of affairs, forgetting there is a God of justice who cannot and will not err? He to whom weak humanity should first look is the last to be sought, until by a bitter experience, we are taught that God alone is our refuge and strength. All classes and conditions of men need this very wisdom from above, and the sooner we learn to trust Heaven than earth, God than man, the sooner we shall be able to look calmly into the future, and trust in one whose unerring hand ever guides us safely and surely though thick clouds envelope us. This is a day when we feel our souls are truly tried, and if never before in our lives we felt the necessity of looking upward with a stronger faith, of grasping more firmly the hand of our God, we feel it now. And yet we can but believe that out of this seeming evil great good will come. If it only brings the disciple of Christ into more intimacy with Him, and leads the church up on higher and holier ground, so that its light shall shine with a clearness and brightness unmistakable, then will we bless our God for even the dark way in which we have been led. —*Stoneham Sentinel.*

SHOEING A CAMEL.—A traveller from Pekin to Siberia across the great desert of Gobi, tells us that whenever a camel's feet have become sore from long marches, the poor creature lies down. The driver knows at once that his feet hurt him, and looks to find out if the thick skin of the feet is blistered. Whenever a blister is found, two or three strong men, usually Mongols, keep watch of the camel until he is not noticing them. At just the right moment, they make a rush all together upon the camel, throw it over upon the side and make it fast. Then with a needle made for that use, they sew a square piece of leather large enough to cover the hurt place over the camel's foot, the skin of which is quite thick enough to sew through without hurting the animal. With his new shoes on, the camel is quite ready to get up and march on. The pieces of leather are very carefully prepared for this use. It sometimes happens that a camel lies down in the midst of his long march across the desert and dies. The natives take the thickest part of his skin to make shoes of. These bits of skin they take out day after day, when on the march, and pull until they become so soft and yielding, that a camel with blistered feet, seems grateful to have shoes made of it, although he would resist the shoeing to the last, were he not held so that he could not move.—*S. B. Pritchard.*

☞ A Western paper says of the air, in its relation to a man: "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Poor Dobbs says that description suits his wife exactly.

Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun, which proves that he knew nothing about the neuralgia.

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Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
F. B. Dodge,	3	6	1
Butler & Norwood,	3	4	1
Grand Concert,	3	3	1
St. Nichols,	3	3	2
Woburn Bazaar,	3	3	3
Barnabee,	3	2	1
E. C. Huse,	2	8	3
Andrew Wilson,	3	8	2
C. M. Strout,	2	8	2
Christian at Work,	2	8	4
Globe Clothing House,	2	8	5
G. H. Richards,	3	2	5
G. W. Pollock,	3	2	3
Low Rate Advertisements,	3	8	1
Notice,	2	8	1
C. S. Adkins,	3	5	1
T. Robie,	3	2	4
G. F. Smith & Co.,	3	1	1

CIVILIZED HEATHEN.

The concluding entertainment of the independent lyceum course was the lecture Monday, on the above subject by Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Boston. The lecturer spoke in substance as follows:—

When I commenced this lecture, the subject being Civilized Heathen, I designed to speak of the heathenism of our own country, of Massachusetts, of Boston. I thought I saw elements of peril not to be ignored by the people. I thought I felt beneath my feet that heat of which volcanoes are born, and which must be cooled down, or an explosion will follow.

I made an examination of the efforts that have been put forth to prevent drunkenness. In 1830, there assembled in Baltimore six men who said they had come up out of hell, and their wretched condition bore testimony to this. For fifteen years this Washingtonian movement went on, and those men and their helpers using moral suasion as a weapon, worked with unexampled energy, but at the end of that time, drinking and drunkards had increased. The people came forward then and said that moral suasion was not strong enough. There must be legislation to grind out the evil. It was to be chased out of New England by the policeman's club and the sheriff's wand. You know that twenty years have been spent in the endeavor to do this, and you will agree with me that there is more liquor sold and more drunk to-day than ever before.

The churches rallied to the support of the cause, believing that neither moral suasion or law was able to grapple with the gigantic wrong. They claimed that nothing less than the inherent forces of religion could successfully wage the battle. The churches said to the pulpit "Come to the front" and they came and did valiant work. The great mass of the laymen did their duty too. The people said, we will go into the Sabbath schools and if we make temperance boys and girls of those scholars, in fifteen years we shall have total abstinence throughout New England. It is now fourteen years since my native town said this, and yet, in spite of all these forces, the evil flourishes and increases. I saw that eloquence, moral suasion and law had failed to accomplish the work, and I said I will ask the people to look at this.

I examined the domestic question. I found that the granting of divorces, that evil which is dangerous to the nation and opposed to God's law, was increasing at a rapid rate. In spite of the uttered protests from the pulpit, this business goes on, increasing every decade. The increase for the last decade was 23 per cent. I said I will ask New England to look at that. What will you do? Marriage is getting to be a lottery. Of those whom I have married during my connection with Park street church, I presume 5 per cent have been divorced, and 10 per cent of the rest have wished they had.

I examined the question of ignorance. I know I shall be met right here by the assertion that there is no ignorance here. We boast of our intelligence, of our great advantages for education; but look at Pennsylvania—a state founded by Wm. Penn, with a direct view to the educating of its people. To-day within its limits you will find 220,000 who cannot write their name, and only a small proportion of these are blacks and by far the larger proportion were born in the State. Not only is this true in the Middle States, but in the South 13 1 2 per cent cannot read or write, and this is a country where intelligence is spread everywhere.

Scepticism came in for its share in my examination. I do not mean by this the scepticism of Harvard University. That is a scepticism which has accompanied scholarship since the world began—a scepticism, a bewilderment, born of too much reading of books. I rather mean that popular irreverence which is abroad in the land—that popular irreverence which crowds our streets and parks on on the Sabbath and allows our churches to go half filled. Our churches, if filled, would seat only 43 per cent of the population; and they are only one half or two thirds filled. Our streets swarm with this popular irreverence while our satin churches are vacant. In a population of 250 000 in the city of Boston, about 45 per cent attend church, and these not regularly. There are 55 per cent who have never been inside the walls of a church, and this in the best cultured city of the country.

I looked at all these facts; I sat them down in tabulated form, and when I read them over, I found the result was blacker than the ink in which they were written. I could not utter them. So I turned from heathenism at home to heathenism abroad, and I said if home heathenism is too black, I will take heathenism abroad and present its cheerful side, its bright side.

It has been said that this is a comparative lecture. Let us consider that. There are two religions in New England. One is the religion of God's word, and it is perfect. I have never compared this religion wrongly. I made it a study for years. I have studied systems of government and schools of philosophy, and I have never found a religion like that of the old testament. The other religion is the religion of popular conduct. I claim that the religion of God's word is not the religion of New England to-day. That religion says "Thou shalt not steal," and to day we are legislating for more extended prison accommodations. That religion says "Thou shalt not commit adultery, or look upon a woman to lust after her," and yet your wives and sisters are not safe from insult in your streets after eight o'clock in the evening. That religion says "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and the air is filled with slander concerning men in public and private stations. There is a perfect and imperfect religion, and I compared the imperfect with the heathenism.

As there are two religions in New England, so there are two New Englands. One is represented by this audience here to-night; another by the mass who have not intelligence enough to be here. One class takes its quarter or half a dollar and buys a ticket to the lyceum; the other burns it on the altar of its lusts and pours it down its throat in the shape of alcoholic drinks; one class would not be here if the doors were thrown open and no admittance fee charged. That class have no desire for intellectual quickening. There are two classes of New England children. One is to be found in the Sabbath school, clean, neat and tidy; the other in the gutter, covered with filth and rags. The error is, I think, that we are too secure in our intelligence and our exalted position. We do not feel the heat beneath the crust. Ignorance matches even-handed with intelligence, drunkenness with temperance, and profanity with reverential speech. Keep the perfect separate from the imperfect. This is the distinction I have always made.

The religion I selected to speak of is the religion of Buddha. It may have a heathenish sound, but it is this religion which encouraged art, cultivated home life and carried stability in government, so that it has existed God only knows how long. It is not just to call this heathenism. If the word must be used, call it a semi enlightened heathenism. The Moslem invasion and 500 years' rule interfered sadly with the workings of the system. With the invasion came the degradation of women, the breaking down of protection to agriculture, and the common school system. In Cushing's letters, dated 1849, we read that India had a school system much like our own. That the minister and the school teacher were treated very much alike. Each had his parsonage and bit of land, while the parishioners of one and the scholars of the other, gave them voluntarily, a sufficient salary. Of the one thousand millions of the world's inhabitants, four hundred millions are Buddhists. Now what is it? Trace your Christianity down through leaf, twig, branch, trunk, into the warm soil, and you will find a bulb, and that bulb is Love. Trace Buddhism in the same manner, and you find a bulb; but it is not Love, it is Intellect. Buddha means intellect deified, and its followers expect and desire if they do right to grow into the image of Buddha, as you expect to grow into the image of the Divine God. The instrument used to carry on this religion of theirs is not the sword but the sermon to the people. This has been the rule for ages and ages. You ask me if there have been no cruel excesses in this religion. I answer, Never. For 2300 years there was but one civil war, and of that but very little is known.

Look at nominal Christianity, with its one religious war in Europe, lasting for 30 years, and rolling its billows of flame over the land. Add to this the persecutions which drove the Pilgrim Fathers to these shores, and if you please add to these the bigotry and intolerance of these same fathers, who whipped a Quaker in Boston, because he did not think as Congregationalists thought, and then drove him into Rhode Island; that intolerance which tied a Baptist to a cart nearly opposite my church, and whipped him through the streets. These are actual historical reminiscences. That is nominal Christianity. On the one hand we have the sands of the arena, caked, we are told, four inches deep with the blood of the combatants; we have the inquisition with its rack, its gridiron, and its thousand and one instruments of torture, while upon the other we have 2300 years of peace, without a drop of blood or the groan of a victim. I can take 1000 years of nominal Christianity, and figure those years as a giant bearing in one hand a dagger dripping with blood, in the other the keys of the inquisition and instruments of torture, and I can take the same period of time of Buddhism, and picture them as an angel of mercy, bearing the alphabet, symbolic of intelligence, and a bowl of milk, symbolic of hospitality. In studying foreign countries, first seek to know their ideas of duty to God and man, then their habits and customs. The Buddhists establish hospitals for their sick and poor. We do that; but they do more. They build hospitals for their own species and also for aged animals to die in. The most barbarous custom of New England is its abuse of animals.

The speaker here gave a glowing tribute to the brute creation.

He continued: Then as to their ethical habits. About one year ago it was very strongly urged upon the towns of New England to plant shade trees upon its streets, and I believe we shall not attain our crown of glory physically until that is done. For 3000 years the Buddhist has done this, has planted these trees for the free use of the traveller and the poor, that they might rest beneath the shade, and be refreshed with the fruit. We shall do it by and by, as the result of culture; they have done it as a part of their piety; we for ornament; they as a matter of duty. I have no doubt but what Moses, who was wise in the lore of the Egyptians, had for his tutors these same Buddhist priests, and the many references in the Bible to kindness to animals, hospitality and the beauty of flowers, all prove that the writers were well acquainted with the Buddhistic principles The Bible speaks of entertaining strangers. We do this—at hotels, if they have money enough to pay for their lodgings. The Buddhist always welcomes the stranger as a gift from God. Abraham did this, and these customs last until to day. The English did much to crush them out when they attempted to enlighten them.

A stranger asking for food at your door, would probably be turned away with a sandwich or a piece of refuse pie, if he did not have the door shut in his face with a Christian slam; but in central Burmah the best accommodations would be placed at his disposal, and everything would be freely, gladly and thankfully given. It is the old Abrahamic idea. They have the spirit. We have the word. We are getting the spirit.

The speaker read from a missionary's letter descriptive of the hospitality and kindness that was shown the writer.

That is Heathen Burmah, and Christian Boston proposes to convert Heathen Burmah. I am not making a case. I am stating facts. Who are the men who cry out because I lift the white banner of God's mercy and tell the truth.

Quotations from other letters were read, proving the safety of woman from insult, the absence of indecency while bathing, the neatness and cleanliness of children, and the respect in which motherhood is held.

These are heathen so far as revelation and light in regard to another world is concerned; but these are their acts. I I have gone so far to show you that for hundreds of years these heathen have practiced neatness, decency, hospitality, respect to women, and many other virtues in a way that puts America to shame, and even the New England portion of it.

I will turn again to heathen nations. Take China with whom the Christian world is endeavoring to establish intimate relations. What is it to Christianize a nation? Is it to put a new God in place of theirs? No; it is to turn it upside down. Would you like to make China like England in her pauperism, her drunkenness, cruelty to animals, or hereditary transmission of property and power? Would you like to make China like New England in her popular irreverence and profanity and that of the worst kind?

You go there and say, your habits are not like our habits, your lawyers, your wives, your customs are not like ours. You might say that with right, if you put the Bible into your life, and into the lives of your diplomatists, business men or sailors who go there. Did you ever stop to think how large China is? The United States is only about half as large, and from border to border, China is as full of life as the cup which effervesces. England has 27,000 000, France 38,000,000, America 42,000,000, Russia 60,000 000 inhabitants, while China has 500,000 000 The population of the world is estimated at 1,000,000,000, and here is one half the whole in one empire. You may relieve it of its outlying provinces, and the central portion contains 360,000,000. And Christian men speak of converting this vast body of men in 17 to 20 years. China is so old that a new meaning attaches itself to the word ancient, and we have to run for help to our imagination. Herodotus was the father of history, living 450 years B. C. He speaks of monuments having been built 2000 years before his time, and we know that China is older than they. The porcelain cups and bowls found in the Egyptian tombs, and which were imported by the Kings of Moses, are the same in style, shape and tint as those the Chinese artist is making to-day. They had reached maturity in sketching forms and pricking tints in the days of Moses, and they have not improved it since. Look at the mechanical ability of China. It is not the politics or literature of our country which gives it fame abroad; but it is our ingenuity. Look at the Chinese wall, that marvel of work, 20 feet wide and 1250 miles in length, with towers 250 feet high situated 200 feet apart. This was built as a barricade of defence against the Huns. For 500 years those wicked warriors tried to conquer China and at last gave it up and swept around the empire and down upon Rome. During all those years of battle no invader's foot ever reached the top of the wall.

The surface of China 1750 years ago was sieved with Artesian wells, but when Chicago, a few years since, wanted to sink one, after much troublesome expense they reached a depth of 2700 feet. Here they stopped until a skilled mechanic from China was secured, who sank it to 3600 feet, at expense for breakage of drills and tubes of fifty-six and one half cents.

They understood the use of the compass, although theirs points to the south in its polarity. Gunpowder they used for fireworks and as an assistant to chemistry and art. When Europe received it she used it to slaughter her people with. They choose the brightest noonday for their display of fireworks,—we the darkest night.

Look at their form of government. Monarchical, imperial, republican, aristocratical, ecclesiastical, have all gone down, but that of China stands. What is the principle? People say they are slow witted. Ask North Adams if that body of men are slow witted. People ask why they do not overflow. They can't overflow. They have gone on from time immemorial until they embrace half the world's population, and we, a little upstart people numbering only forty-two millions, ask why China is so stagnant, and why it does not overflow. You might as well ask, in case the world was was filled with inhabitants, why it did not overflow to Saturn, or some other heavenly body. What is their government? It is the Abrahamic idea. The tribute was paid to the Emperor as to a father, and receipted for as from a son. It is the patriarchal form. It is intellectual, conservative and stable. It fills its civil offices only with those of superb scholarship, who are able to pass three grades of examination. There is one exception. The male descendants of Confucius are permitted to hold office without examination, but as they belong to the highest class of intellectual families, the exception is nominal.

Now what do you propose to do for this people? Do you propose to teach them to cheat, to get drunk? For 3000 years, not a drunkard in China. The goverement never sanctioned the sale of opium. It has repeatedly stated the sale of nothing should be sanctioned which was opposed to the morals and industries of the people. That is their prohibitory platform. Your sailors, diplomatists and traders carried the terrible practice there 40 years ago. I remember an instance in point, where a ship carried out four missionaries in the cabin, and 240 barrels of New England rum in the hold. Which advertised America the more?

Shall we carry our profanity to China? Ours is the worst of all. It is not the sputter of the German, or the grimace of the Frenchman, but it is the worst type of profanity. Do we want to carry that there?

What is the moral of this lecture? I said, if possible, 100,000 people shall hear these truths; and the moral I would teach is this.—Look at yourself, at the drunkenness, the profanity, the licentiousness, the domestic unhappiness, the ignorance, the ineffective operation of law, the breaking out of murder and other crimes, and tell me how to meet them. Meet these questions fairly. Don't answer with a laugh. They are sad truths. Let me hear what your wisdom says, not what your clamor utters.

RELEASED.—Through the efforts of Gen. S. C. Lawrence of Medford, Mr. B. W. Pitman has been pardoned by the president, and released from Lowell Jail where he has been imprisoned for more than a year. His offence was loaning the funds of the North Bank, of Boston without authority. The party to whom he made the loan gave him no compensation, and on his failing to repay it, Pitman made good the loss out of his own funds with the help of his family. Thus Pitman was the loser instead of the Bank, and he was incarcerated rather than the rascal who tempted him to do the wrong. We congratulate him on his release, and should he choose to return to journalism in which he was engaged before his imprisonment, we bid him a hearty welcome. For whatever of wrong he did he has made restitution and expiation, and he deserves a place among honest men.

BACK DOWN AND SMASHUP.—Monday evening last Mr. McNyder and lady, of West Medford, were driving into the yard of Mr. Daniel Barnum, on Beacon street, when the horse became frightened at a pile of lumber and sprang back, forcing himself, the carriage and occupants down an embankment twenty feet. The horse and carriage rolled over a number of times, and the carriage was badly damaged, but miraculously the occupants escaped with only a few bruises. A party of skaters upon Horn Pond, hearing the crash, hastened to the spot and rendered timely assistance. The team was from the establishment of Richardson of W. Medford.

FAIR.—The Boston Young Women's Christian Association Fair is progressing in Music Hall, Boston, and is being well patronized. The number of visitors is is large and the display on the tables is seldom equalled in entertainments of this class. The Woburn table is in charge of Mrs. Rev. Dr. W. M. Young, Mrs. L. Thompson, Jr., Mrs. —— Rice, Mrs. Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Miss L. J. Valentine.

SOCIABLE.—At the sociable of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, at the Orthodox church, Thursday evening, there was a large gathering and a pleasant time. L. W. Osgood & B. E. Bond, Esq., and Misses Robinson and Bell gave readings, Miss Alice Dyer and Miss Jessie Dimick and the Rumford Quartette furnished music.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—The exercises on Tuesday evening consisted of a debate upon the relative merits of concentration and diversity in education. This was the first of a proposed series, and they cannot fail to be of great benefit in accustoming young men to speak and to think for themselves. Next Tuesday evening the programme will be "An evening with Irving."

COURT.—The Supreme Judicial Court, criminal term, (Justice Bacon) adjourned on Saturday, *sine die*, after a session of 6 weeks. During the term, 70 verdicts have been rendered, with 4 acquittals. 100 liquor dealers were sentenced on default, 33 of whom were sent to the House of Correction.

SENTENCED.—Thos. Salmon was sentenced on Saturday last at Lowell, to three months in House of Correction, and $50 and costs for violation of the liquor law.

P. Kelley was also sentenced to three months in the House of Correction, for assault on Officer Osgood.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—Our friend of the night watch, Marshall L. Richardson, desires us to say that he did not sign the anti Salmon petition. There is a Marshal Richardson in town, who is one of the proprietors of Richardson's Mills, but he is not a policeman.

OLD FASHIONED FAMILY.—A lady of Woburn presented her husband with twins the other day thereby completing the number of a dozen children, six boys and six girls. Theirs is one of the old fashioned families.

RETURNED.—Mrs. Andrew McHugh appeared before Judge Converse Tuesday, and proved that the liquor lately seized at her house was her property, and had been presented to her for the purpose of celebrating a christening. The christening fluid was ordered to be returned.

SMASHED.—On Thursday of last week George Parker caught his hand in a moulding machine at Simonds' shop, bruising and jamming his fingers.

G. A. R.—There was an interesting discussion Thursday evening, on the resumption of specie payments.

MASONIC.—Col W. T. Grammer is Senior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

INSURANCE.—Read Mr Robie's announcement in another column.

PATENT.—Dr. E. Cutter has received a patent for a hypodermic syringe.

Cummingsville.

BREAKING AND ENTERING.—About four o'clock Monday morning, a gentleman who resides near the store of F. W. Ellis, was awakened by a noise, but did not attempt to locate it. It was probably caused by some parties who had effected an entrance into Mr. Ellis's store by breaking in the glass of the window. When the store was opened on Monday morning, the traces of the affair appeared. Broken cigars and bottles were scattered about in profusion. The shelves had been visited as well as the cigar case and money drawer. The value of the articles taken amount to about $50.

On Monday night another attempt was made to enter the same premises, this time by means of the door; but the key broke in the lock, and the would-be burglars desisted.

MISCHIEF.—We noted a week or two ago, our new street lamps, and spoke of the pride we felt concerning them. Tuesday night some rascally crowd who delight in mischief, amused themselves by breaking the glass lanterns of four of these.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT CITIZEN.—Hon. J. B. Winn died at his residence on Pleasant street, at 1 1-4 o'clock Friday morning, surviving his brother just two weeks. Mr. Winn was born in Burlington, Aug. 24, 1811. In early life he taught school at Wilmington and North Woburn. After learning the currier's trade he became a partner of the Leather Manufacturing firm of John Cummings. In 1837, started in business for himself, and in 1841 established the firm of J. B. Winn & Co. He was elected delegate to the constitutional convention in 1853 and gave the money he received for his services for a town library. During the war he was the most active in raising money for furnishing soldiers and became responsible for large sums of money when the town was in doubt about their legal right to pay bounties to the soldiers enlisted by them. Was one of the original founders of the Woburn, now the First National Bank, and was elected President at the decease of Gen. Abijah Thompson. He was a liberal supporter of the Unitarian church in this town, and appeals for assistance by other churches seldom were unheeded. In 1843-4 he commanded the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx. He has filled many minor offices in the town and in monetary and other institutions. In 1869 he was elected to the Executive Council of Gov. Claflin, and he was re-lected until the present year, when his declining health admonished him to retire from public life. He was a man of strong will and unswerving integrity, his word was as good as his bond, and his death will be deeply felt by all the citizens of Woburn.

DAVID TILLSON.—The announcement of the death of Mr. Tillson was a surprise to many in Woburn where he was long and favorably known. He was born on the 29th of July, 1797, in Bridgewater. He was one of the oldest slaters in Boston, having followed the business as proprietor since 1818. While a child he was taken to Sidney, Me., and in 1816 went to Boston, to work at the slaters' trade, entering the service of Robert Wilson & Galbraith. In 1817 he was sent in charge of the firm's work to Halifax, N. S, where the State House, or "Province Building" as it was called, was roofed by him and his men, as well as other large structures. In the next year he began business on his own account. He overcame his lack of school education by special diligence. In 1826 he was a prominent member of the Boston Fire Department; for 25 years he was a member of the Mechanics' Fire Insurance company; 25 years Secretary of the Cambridge Wharf Company; became a Mason in Columbian Lodge in 1821; joined the Mechanics' Charitable Association 1829, and the Handel and Haydn Society in 1834 While residing in Woburn he was Master of Mount Horeb Lodge while it was working under dispensation. For many years he sung in the choir of the Orthodox Church, and was prominent in the old Woburn Musical Association. His funeral occurred on Tuesday.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The exercises at the Unitarian church Sunday evening last, upon the occasion of the Union Temperance meeting, consisted of a voluntary upon the organ, singing of the doxology by the congregation followed by the choir, prayer by Rev. W. J. Hambleton, Methodist, reading of the Scriptures, Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Congregational, and address by Dr. Chas. Jewett of Boston, introduced by Rev. W. S Barnes, Unitarian, singing, and benediction by Rev. Dr. W. M. Young, Baptist. The meeting was a very large one, the church being completly filled. The address was one of the best and was a logical, incontrovertible plea for the non-use of alcoholic stimulants. Such meetings cannot fail to awaken public interest and produce lasting good.

HORSE RAILROAD.—The annual meeting of the North Woburn Street Railroad Company was held on Tuesday evening. It appears from the Treasurer's report that the total cost of road and equipment is $32,200. The present debt is $8000 The following exhibit is made:

Cash on hand, Oct 1st, 1872,	$5.52
Received for rent of road.	1920 00
	$1,925 52
Interest on debt	547 54
Paid on floating debt	869 27
For land at stable	200 00
Insurance, printing, &c,	45 06
Cash on hand	263 65
	$1,925 52

The meeting chose for Directors, M F Winn, President, Albert Thompson, Clerk and Treasurer; D D Hart, J B Winn, Charles Bond, E E Thompson, Charles Nichols.

CAPT. WINN'S BEQUESTS.—The will of Capt. Timothy Winn has been admitted to probate. His property is said to have amounted to $350,000. He gives $25,000 to his granddaughter when she arrives at the age of twenty-one; $5,000 to his son's widow; $5.000 to the Unitarian Church; $3,000 to the Town for the Library; $3.000 to the Town for the Cemetery; $9.000 to family connections, and the residue in equal parts to his wife and daughter. E. D. Hayden, Esq., is the sole executor.

☞ Rev. Mr. Fay of Taunton, formerly a pastor here, will preach at his old church (the Unitarian) on Sunday the 14th inst, in the forenoon and evening. Subject in the evening, "Thou shalt say, No."

DIED. — Martin L. Converse, Esq., whose death we chronicle this week, was born in Woburn. During the early part of his life he resided in Burlington, and was engaged in the manufacture of shoes. He was Town Clerk and Treasurer of Burlington for four years. Removing to Woburn he engaged in the grocery business with his brother Josiah, in a small building that stood just south of the present residence of Jonathan Thompson. After the dissolution of the copartnership, he opened a store on his own account in the building which he occupied as a residence, and continued there for several years. Latterly he has not been engaged in business. He was was chosen Town Clerk of Woburn in 1840, and was re-elected until 1844, when Mr. Wyman was chosen. He married a daughter of Elijah Leathe, who survives him. His only son is a resident of St. Louis.

ACCIDENT.—George Pickering met with an accident at Groton one week ago, quite serious in its nature. He was pretending to cut a friend's hair, and in the fooling, his hand which held the shears was struck, and the blade of the shears was forced into the eye, cutting it laterally. Hopes are entertained that the sight of the organ will not be lost.

Burlington

MISSING. — Ebenezer Wade of this town has been missing since Saturday, Nov. 22. On that day he came over to North Woburn, and with several choice spirits proceeded to Farley's Groggery, in the edge of Wilmington. From there he started for Wood Hill, Burlington, with a comrade named Dean. Dean had been to Boston, and bought an overcoat, pair of pants and pair of gloves. As Wade had no overcoat, Dean loaned him one, and Wade was also carrying the pants. Dean says they met a stranger in the path through the wood, and Wade stopped to speak with him, while Dean went on his way. The woods have been searched but no traces of the missing man have been discovered. His relatives in Woburn fear that he is the victim of foul play, and are actively engaged in the search for him.

Reading Notices.

GREAT SHOW.—F. B. Dodge has just opened one of the finest displays of silver and white ware ever shown in Woburn. Here may be seen the frigid ice pitcher, the oily butter dish, the pungent mustard pot, the acidulous pickle jar, the odorous cologne stand, the hospitable tea set, the gushing flower stand, the receptive card rack, the opulent jewel case, the affectionate napkin ring, the redolent vases, and the luscious syrup can. Here also are the royal time keepers with their chains of gold, the rings supporting precious jewels, pendants for the ear of beauty, and brooches for the graceful neck. Chromos in artistic color, toilet articles, music, organs and pianos. These and more at Dodge's. The Holidays approach. Take due notice thereof, and govern yourselves accordingly. The above comprises only a small portion of the wealth of goods which Dodge is anxious to show and willing to sell. Among them is a large invoice of goods from the best manufacturers of white goods in the market. We advise our lady readers to drop in and see the brilliant display of wares in the show cases at the corner of Main and Railroad streets.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—As the holidays approach the question is often asked, where can one buy the *most* and get the *best* goods for the money with which to please the young as well as the old. Geo W Pollock, at the Town Hall has just received some nice goods for such presents, comprised in part of elegant chamber sets, extension tables, all sizes and patterns, parlor tables, wood and marble top, bouquet or fernery tables, easy or fold chairs (a nice present for a lady or gentleman), and indeed all kinds of furniture and bedding. He has also remaining over from last year some of those nice and desirable toys for children for which his store was famous one year ago, such as toy bureaus, tables, bedsteads (as cunning as can be), also rocking horses, 2 sizes, children's chairs, cane and wood seat, all of which will be sold cheap. See advertisement in another column.

PARISH FAIR.—The Fair of the First Parish promises to be a large one. A large bill of Toys has been purchased of the New York importers, and Gift Books and Chromos and Fancy articles will be offered in profusion. On Wednesday evening there will be concerts in the Ladies' Parlor, and Thursday evening the Institute of Take Knowledge-y may be examined in the same place. The general admission is only 15 cents, and everybody ought to go at that price.

THIRD GRAND CONCERT.—Read the announcement of Mr. C. H. Morse in another column. He offers superior attractions. He will be assisted by Mr. Dudley Buck, organist of the Music Hall Association, Miss Mary D. Wyman, of Woburn, soprano, and a fine male quartette, from Boston Wednesday evening, Dec. 17th, Unitarian Church.

HEINE AND BARNABEE.—The well known Barnabee in his mirth-provoking sketch, "The Unprotected Female," and Mr. and Mrs. Heine, the musical artists will cater to the Woburn public, Monday evening, in Lyceum Hall. The names are enough to pack the house. It will be an excellent entertainment.

"WE LIKE TO SHOW GOODS."—This is the motto of the firm of G. F. Smith & Co., 187 Main street. A perusal of their "ad" in another column, will be only a preparatory step to visiting the store.

☞ The Methodists will hold a Fair in Lyceum Hall, Dec. 23d, 1873. Details will be duly announced.

Winchester.

CONCERT.—The concert given under the auspices of the "Good Will Club" last Monday evening drew a large audience to the Unitarian church and gave great satisfaction. Among those who participated in the performances were Mrs. Spicer and her daughters Misses Emily and Alice, who gave striking evidence in their music and singing of the talent in these branches, which is so justly attributed to them; Mrs. W. L. Carpenter delighted her hearers with her skillful performances upon the piano; Mr. J. Frank Baxter sang "Jessie's Dream," in a thrilling style after reading the story which suggested it in an admirable manner; Little Gracie Carter pleased all by her sweet rendering of the song "Robin Redbreast." The Quaker duett "Simon and Ruth" by Miss Addie Whitney and Mr. J. F. Baxter in appropriate costume was very amusing and capitally done; Johnnie Schmoker by the boys of the G. W. C. brought down the house in popular parlance. Mrs. Winsor, the Whitney sisters, Miss Mary Carter and the G. W. C. in their choruses executed their several parts well; Mr. Handel Pond and Miss Baldwin officiated at the piano a portion of the time very acceptably. In general, the concert gave indication that we have amateur performer who will safely challenge comparison with more efficient ones. Several of the performers were encored and some two hours was pleasantly occupied by the exercises.

MASONIC.—At the annual convocation of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts held in Boston on Tuesday evening last, the following named companions were elected its officers for the ensuing year, viz:

M. E. Grand High Priest—Alfred F. Chapman of Boston; Deputy G. H. P.—George E. Stacy of Milford; Grand King, John L. Kendall of Foxboro; Grand Scribe—Alexander K. Bryer of Boston; Grand Treasurer (for the twenty-second year)—Peter C. Jones of Boston; Grand Secretary—Zephaniah H. Thomas of Cambridge; Trustees of the Funds—William Parkman and Richard Briggs.

John T. Wilson is the Master of the First Veil in the Woburn R. A. Chapter for the ensuing year.

E. A. Wadleigh has resigned the office of President of the Masters Association of the 17th Masonic District, and B. F. Atwood of East Cambridge has been elected in his place.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The eighth anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School was observed last Sunday evening and attracted an audience which filled the church. The pulpit presented a beautiful appearance with its adornments of choice flowers arranged in boquets and a large anchor with festoons of smilax. furnished by Messrs. S. W. Twombly & Son at the expense of M. W. Oliver one of the society who desired in this way to testify his appreciation of the kind attentions shown to a member of his household in her illness.

The programme consisted of devotional exercises, singing of appropriate hymns, report by the Secretary, W. R. Stone, reading of the Evening Star by Miss Esther Small, addresses by John Kneeland, Secretary of the Sunday School society, and the pastor. The singing was under the direction of Mr. Baxter.

ROBBERY.—One day last week Mr. J. H. Prince went into the Parker House in Boston and laid down his overcoat for a few minutes while he stepped into another apartment to see a gentleman. On his return his overcoat was gone. The robbery was reported to the Police, and a few days since the coat was found in a pawnbroker's shop and returned to the owner.

MASONIC.—At the annual communication of William Parkman Lodge, F. & A. M. last Tuesday evening the following named officers were re-elected for the ensuing year:

W. M.—Alfred Washington Quimby.
S. W.—Charles Edward Follansbee.
J. W.—George Washington Spurr.
Treasurer—Cephas Church.
Secretary—John L. Parker.

☞ It will be gratifying to the numerous friends of Capt. Knapp to know that letters have been received from him announcing the restoration of himself and family to good health again and his intention to continue his voyage as originally contemplated.

READINGS.—Prof. J. W. Churchill will give Readings next Monday evening as part of the course of lectures at the Baptist church.

LOSS.—A man named Lynch lost a portion of his hand in a slicking jack at Moseley's shop last week Thursday.

Arlington.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The news of the death of Mr. Addison Hill came upon our citizens Wednesday evening like a shock. Mr. Hill was in Boston Wednesday, and when near the Sears' building on Washington street, fell in a fit. This was near one o'clock. He was taken in to a neighboring office and restoratives applied, the result of which was that he so far recovered consciousness as to give his attendants the name of his son-in-law Mr. Hardy, who does business on School street. About 4 o'clock it was thought best to convey him home, and a hack was procured, and Mr. Hill placed therein. Only a short distance had been driven when Mr. Hill complained that he could not bear the ride, and he was carried into the Sherman House, Court square where he died in a few minutes. The attack is supposed to be apoplexy. Mr. Hill was aged 68 years and was well known in town, He had filled public offices for a number of years to the acceptance of the people, and at the time of his death was engaged in the Arlington Land Company, with whose progress he has been identified from its inception.

Lexington.

ROW.—Sunday afternoon a party of roughs from Arlington visited East Lexington, and while there got into a disturbance, making considerable noise. Officer Hobart happening along he requested them to keep quiet, but they couldn't see it just that way, and immediately proposed to clean out any constable in East Lexington, so they pitched in, but Josh is not easily frightened and he with policeman Wellington soon succeeded in arresting two, the ringleaders, but not until they had marked his face and hands with evidences of their regard. They spent the night in the lockup and Monday morning were brought before Justice Carter of Arlington and by him him were fined $5 and costs each, making a bill of near $20, and this is what it costs to threaten to clean out an officer. Expensive.

West Medford.

WEDDING.—A very interesting wedding ceremony took place here Wednesday evening, the happy couple who have embarked on life's journey together being Mr. S. S. Holton Jr. and Miss Laura A. Spaulding, daughter of Geo. F. Spaulding, Esq., one of the proprietors of the Boston *Traveller*. The wedding was at the residence of the bride's father, and the house was filled with the friends of the bride and bridegroom, about one hundred and twenty five being present. The officiating clergyman was Rev. J. G. Richardson of the Baptist church, Medford. The rooms were beautifully decorated by Messrs. S. W. Twombley & Son of Winchester, and the decorations were the subject of many complimentary remarks. Mr. Spaulding's house and the new house to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Holton were brilliantly illuminated. The presents were numerous and elegant and many kind wishes accompanied them. The pair left the same night for a short bridal tour to New York.

CLOSED.—Messrs. Hall & Co., grocers, have suspended business and closed their store.

THE ALDINE CHROMOS FOR 1874 — The two chromos presented to subscribers of *The Aldine* for 1874 are such beautiful and usual works of art—faithful copies of actual paintings in oil made by the celebrated artist, Thomas Moran, from studies of nature—that we feel justified in calling special attention to them. These chromos represent scenes characteristic of the East and the West; the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and the Cliffs of Green River in Wyoming Territory. In all the range of grand and beautiful American scenery, it would be difficult to find two more picturesque or charming views, unlike as nature in her varying moods, yet appropriate companion pieces.

The view in the White Mountains gives the beholder a grand and sublime scene of the most famous region in New England, a picture which is filled with the very spirit of the region. The subject is treated with much breadth and feeling, without an overcrowding of peaks and cliffs which so often spoil the artistic effect. The top of the principal mountain is surrounded by clouds of magical beauty, which add life to the scene, indicating, as they do, action. The picture is one of the elements—earth, air, water—thrown together by the hand of the great artist. Such a picture is always fresh and never grows dull. The dashing brook, the rich group of autumn-clothed trees, the deep down, far away meadows, the stream rushing down the mountain's side, the crags and rocks, the hint of cloud mysteries, and innumerable mountains beyound, all of which the artist gives us in this picture, make it the most notable and really artistic chromo ever offered to the American public.

In pleasing contrast with the blue clouds and cool heights of the White Mountains, we have in the Cliffs of Green River a golden, sun bathed landscape, with a sky full of glory—a breaking away of the clouds to let the King of day through! The physical geography of the Great West is very peculiar, and this Mr. Moran has faithfully reproduced. A grand red sandstone rock, or butte, rises like a ruined castle from one side of the river, reflecting all the brilliant hues of the sky, which are also reproduced in the water. The picture is exceedingly brilliant, but none too much so for the heart of the Great American Desert, where this scene is laid. The foreground of this picture is very rich, and the study of trees is very delicate and natural. One may carefully examine the whole list of of chromos offered to the public, and fail to find elsewhere so much real artistic excellence as in these two representative landscapes. They are every way worthy of the great art journal of America—*The Aldine*. These chromos are so fine that they can only be compared with the highest-priced pictures offered in the market. It would be an injustice to place them by the side of any of the cheap prints commonly sent out by newspapers as premiums to their subscribers.

F. W. Ellis is the agent for Woburn.

New Publications.

MUSIC.—We have received from O. Ditson & Co., the following new music; Angels, guide the little feet, Thomas; Guild, the Engineer, Boott; When in the stilly hour of night, Abt; A little cloud, Pinsutt; Floating and Dreaming, Dinsmore; 'Tis known to you and I, Barlow; Little May, Christie; Polonaise de Mignon, Rosellen; Jockey Galop, Aronson; Two Darlings, Waltz Duett, Maylath; Ave Maria, Boott.

ORPHEUS.—This repository of Music, Art and Literature for December is out and all who wish to know what has been done for a month in musical circles will surely read it. It is published simultaneously in Boston and New York, and is filled with interesting musical items.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for January is already out, and a magnificent number it is! The principal steel engraving, "Good Morning, Mama," is one of the most beautiful we ever saw. It and its companion, "The Trailing Arbutus," which illustrates a story by Frank Lee Benedict, are alone worth the price of the number. The double size, colored steel fashion plate is unrivaled, and will fascinate all the ladies. Then there is a large colored Berlin pattern, a really superb affair, and such as would cost at a retail store, fifty cents. We do not exaggerate in saying that the January number is a perfect gem of loveliness. The stories are all unusually good even for "Peterson." By all means subscribe for this magazine for 1874. It is both the cheapest and best. The terms are two dollars a year, with great reductions to clubs, viz: 5 copies for $8.00, or 8 copies for $12.00, with both an extra copy and a superb premium engraving to the person getting up the club. Specimens are sent gratis to those wishing to get up clubs. Address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Married

In Lynn, Nov. 24th, by Rev. S. R. Dennen, Hiram H. Marden, and Mary E. McFeeley, both of North Woburn.

In Woburn, Nov. 30th, by Rev. J. W. Hambleton, Frank Leslie Morrill, of W. and Florence E. Kenney, of Stoneham.

In Arlington, Dec. 10th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Charles J. Martin and Nellie J. Dickie, all of A.

West Medford, Dec. 10th, by Rev. J. G. Richardson, of Medford, S. S. Holton, Jr., and Laura A. Spaulding, both of W. M.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Dec. 8th Martin L. Converse, aged 78 years, 4 months.

In Woburn, Dec. 10th, Mary M. Burgess, aged 71 years.

In Woburn, Dec. 12th, Hon. J. B. Winn, aged 62 years 3 months. 18 days.

In Arlington, Dec. 6th, Carrie E., infant daughter of Syvester and Carrie E. Stickney, aged 8 days.

In Boston, Dec. 10th, Addison Hill, Esq., of Arlington, aged 66 years, 7 months.

In Belmont, Dec. 10th, Richard Richardson, aged 68 years.

In Boston, Dec. 6th, David Tillson, formerly of Woburn, aged 76 years.

In Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 7th, James Ross, late of Winchester, aged 59 years.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, will be held at their Banking House, on Tuesday, the 13th day of January 1874, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the election of Directors and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them.

190 J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8th, 1873.

C. M. STROUT,
200 MAIN ST., WOBURN,
DEALER IN
STOVES AMD FURNACES,
Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE. 206

E. C. HUSE,
DEALER IN
COAL
AND
WOOD.
YARD: Between Central Depot and Mystic Station.
ORDER BOX: At the Post Office.
WINCHESTER.
☞ Orders from adjoining towns by mail, or otherwise, filled without additional charge. 1:8

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H. W. ADAMS Publishers, 102 Chambers St., New York. 196

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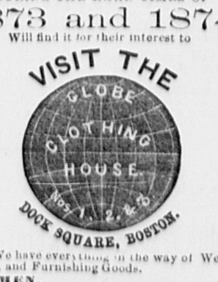
DURING THE HARD TIMES OF
1873 and 1874
Will find it for their interest to



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Astonishing Low Figures!
Country Purchasers should not forget HOW MUCH CHEAPER they can obtain Good Garments from so extensive a stock as ours is—as compared with smaller establishments—and we can guarantee satisfaction at
"THE GLOBE,"
Nos. 1, 2 and 3 DOCK SQUARE,
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NEW GOODS

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Ladies' and Gent's Fine Watches.

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Clocks and Jewelry

Ladies' Gold and Plated Sets,

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We like to show Goods.

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LYCEUM HALL,

Monday Ev'g, Dec. 15, '73.

AN EVENING WITH

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And those Eminent Musicians,

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ADMISSION, 35 Cents.
Reserved Seat, 50 Cents.

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Lyceum Building,

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MEATS, VEGETABLES,

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CRANBERRIES,

and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords.

☞ N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense.

Order Box at Depot. Orders collected at 7¼, 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M.

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GOODS

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WOBURN.

We have on hand the best assortment of

FURNITURE

ever before offered to the people of Woburn, among which is the following:—Elegant Chamber Sets, Extension and Dining Tables, all sizes, Parlor and Library Tables, Wood and Marble Top, Fernery or Boquet Tables. Easy or Fold Parlor Chairs (an elegant present for a Lady or Gentleman) also Black Walnut Mirrors, all sizes. Children's Chairs all Patterns and Prices. Comforts for the colder holidays. Also Beds and Bedding, Chairs, Book shelves, Bird Cages, Sleds, Picture Frames all sizes and prices, together with a great variety of goods too numerous to mention.

Come and See.

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Insurance Broker

After Jan. 1st, 1874,

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Boston Office for the present,

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BOY'S CLOTHING

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50 NEW STYLES.

OUR PRICES ARE

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FOR DECEMBER, 1873, we have a splendid stock of everything desirable, and we will sell our Goods during the next six weeks, CHEAPER THAN EVER!

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WEDNESDAY EVENING

December 17th, 1873.

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—IN THE—

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—BY—

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Organist at the Tremont Temple, Boston.

ASSISTED BY

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The distinguished Organist of the Music Hall Association,

Miss MARY D. WYMAN,

Woburn's Favorite Soprano,

—AND A—

SPLENDID MALE QUARTETTE

FROM BOSTON.

THE BEST CONCERT OF THE SEASON THUS FAR.

Admission, - - 35 Cents.

Doors open at 7¼. Concert commences at 7¾.

The Piano used at this Concert will be kindly furnished by Oliver Green, No. 6 Railroad Street, Woburn. 197

"St. Nicholas"

—AND—

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Our pages in big type and easy words for the youngest readers, which have been "a hit" from the first, will be continued. The children will be glad to know also, that the deparment of

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We have undertaken to make the best magazine possible, for the little folks, as well as those who are older. Every number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain good reading matter for boys and girls of all ages, besides a great deal of hearty and innocent fun.

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Embracing Baby Houses, Chamber and Parlor Sets, all kinds of Animals, Musical Instruments, Trees, Farms, Vehicles, Beats, Birds, Fish, Tools, Kitchen Utensils, Cottages, Pistols, Baskets—in short, everything which the heart of a parent or nurse could desire for the indoor amusement of a tractious child.

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Among which are more than the usual variety of Pictures, Illuminations Rhymes, Letters, Transformations, Fables, Puzzles, Colors, Carols, Chimes and Jingles. These appear in all styles of covers, binding, envelopes and boxes, and are vastly diverting to children.

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In Fancy Goods

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Embracing Leggings, Mufflers, Nubias, Jackets, Hoods, very thoroughly knit.

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For Ladies, Misses, and Children, including Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnets, Feathers, Ornaments.

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In which we defy competition in Quantity, Quality and Price. The Stock embraces Every Make, Every Size, Every Grade, Every Article that can be called for in the Department.

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1874

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STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

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How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people, and it is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents understand the secret, and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon our children. The impressions thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and entertaining inducements, they keep away from those temptations which everywhere beset and mislead the young, and are pretty certain to lead useful and happy lives as they grow to manhood and womanhood. When your friends and the neighbors call, if your house is cheerful and bright in all its aspect, they value your acquaintance more highly, you are in a position which brings out your finer and more genial qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate if they do not exactly understand it. Next to a clear conscience, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at

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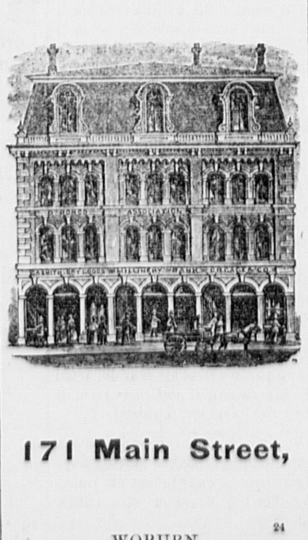

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WOBURN.

CUMMINGSVILLE

AND

WOBURN CENTER

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On and after December 1st, the subscriber will run an Omnibus between F. W. Ellis' store, Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.

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Leave Depot at 6.40, 7.35, 9, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15, 3.40, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10 and 9.15* P. M.

*Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

On Sundays at Church hours.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Dancing School

—AT—

CENTRAL HOUSE HALL,

WOBURN, MASS.

MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.

Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to

B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent,
15 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

Houses, Stores, Merchandise & Stock

Insured in Reliable Companies,

—BY—

E. PRIOR, Real Estate Agent,
194 Main St., Woburn. 136

ANNOUNCEMENT!

The subscriber would announce that on and after Saturday, Nov. 21st, she will dispose of her stock of

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY

AT REDUCED PRICES.

MRS. S. K. NICHOLS.

North Woburn, Nov. 21, 1873. 171

DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

Geo. S. Dodge,

APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices. 45

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 62

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

GEO. WOODS & CO'S ORGANS

Are now acknowledged by all musicians who have examined them, to be far in advance of any other Their Combination Solo Stops, Æoline, Vox Humana and Piano, (the latter being a Piano of exquisite quality of tone, which will never require tuning give to them a wonderful capacity for Beautiful Musical Effects, while their extraordinary power beauty of design and thoroughness of construction are surprising to all who are unacquainted with the degree of perfection these instruments have attained. 17

S. W. RUSSELL, Railroad Street.
Agent for Woburn and Vicinity.

REFERENCE.—Mr. C. H. Morse, organist of Unitarian Church, Woburn.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of
31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.

Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.

OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 38

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

LINCOLN EMERSON.
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.

ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,

vs.

SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.

DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G. Dickey, to be made absolute, on motion, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.

And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal,* a newspaper printed in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.

By the Court,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 25
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON. 77
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL

BOSTON, MASS.

Commercial

COURSE OF STUDY, PREPARATORY TO BUSINESS.

The studies embraced in the plan of the School, and designed for those pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the Elementary English Branches, are

Book-Keeping,

(BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY.)

Commercial Arithmetic,

(DESIGNED FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN BUSINESS.)

Commercial Writing,

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LEGIBILITY AND RAPIDITY.)

Commercial Law,

(RELATING TO NEGOTIABLE PAPER, CONTRACTS PARTNERSHIPS, ETC.)

all of which are especially necessary for and adapted to Commercial purposes.

Those desiring to accomplish more than the course included in the above studies may select any or all of the following studies, viz:—READING, WRITING, SPELLING, GRAMMAR and ARITHMETIC and pursue them as associate studies or separately.

Pupils received at any time when there are vacancies. Parents desiring children educated in a useful and practical manner are invited to examine into the merits of this School.

Catalogue post free. Communications should be addressed 554 Washington Street, at which place interviews may be had from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. Closed Saturdays. H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

N. B.—This School will be removed after a few weeks to its new building, now in process of completion, corner Essex and Washington streets—location previous to the fire. 163

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors.

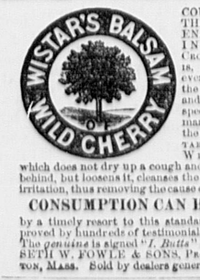
All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO C TRUMBULL Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. 2

Clinton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks.
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.



COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and every affection of the THROAT, LUNGS and CHEST, are speedily and permanently cured by the use of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, but loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials it has received. The *genuine* is signed "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, PROPRIETORS, BOSTON, MASS. Sold by dealers generally.

Mercantile Savings Institution.

NO. 387 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON All deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid for every full calendar month the money remains in Bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. The Institution has a guarantee fund of $205,000 00 for the express protection of depositors.

Low Rate Advertisements.

25 CENTS will be paid for one copy of Boston Daily Globe, for Saturday, Aug 16th, 1873. Addres P. O. Box 481, Woburn.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence. Are better, because they give a finer gloss than any other polish.

Yield a brilliant silvery sheen, with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used. Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.

Have no disagreeable sulphurous or strong acid smel when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are put up in neat style, and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish. In each box are 12 sticks; one stick is sufficient for any stove, thus all waste is saved.

Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will polish as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition, in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had at all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

H. A. BARTLETT & CO.

115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
143 Chambers St., New York.
43 Broad St., Boston. 157

Cemetery Lots For Sale.

The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from $20 to $60. Inquire of

P. L. CONVERSE,
M. F. WINN,
L. H. ALLEN,
L. L. WHITNEY, } Cemetery Committee.
149

FRANK FLINT,

Manufacturer of

LIPPER and ANKLE TIE.

Special attention given to the manufacture of

FANCY TOILET SLIPPERS.

258 MAIN STREET, WOBURN. 41

WOOLEN CARPETS

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S,
61 Opposite Common, Woburn

PLUMBING!

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 59

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

Coke For Sale.

At the Woburn Gas Works. 142

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200 PIGS FOR SALE.

Apply to J. R. KENDALL & Co.

Russell Street, Woburn. 72

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,

Bill Poster & Distributor,

Office, 150 Main Street,

WOBURN, MASS.

Orders received by mail, or left at the *Journal* Office, will be promptly attended to. 33

FOR SALE.

Seven houses, from $1600, to $6000. Inquire of

J. C. WHITCHER.

Musical Presents!

Finely Bound! Useful! Entertaining!

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.................$2.00
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MOORE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC.................. 6.00
GARDNER'S MUSIC OF NATURE.................. 5.00
CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS AND WALTZES.................. 5.00

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GEMS OF STRAUSS......	$3.00	$4.00
ORGAN AT HOME........	3.00	4.00
MUSICAL TREASURE....	3.00	4.00
WREATH OF GEMS......	3.00	4.00
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES	3.00	4.00
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG	3.00	4.00
OPERATIC PEARLS.....	3.00	4.00
SILVER CHORD........	3.00	4.00
SHOWER of PEARLS, Duets	3.00	4.00
PIANOFORTE GEMS......	3.00	4.00
HOME CIRCLE. Vols. 1, 2 & 3, ea.	3.00	4.00

All books sent, post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 183
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

MUSICAL GIFTS

For Christmas & New Years.

GUITARS, VIOLINS! FLUTES! CORNETS! DRUMS! CLARIONETS! ACCORDEONS! A book is read,—and laid aside. A musical instrument pleases for a life time. Give the boy a DRUM, or CONCERTINAS! GUITARS! VIOLINS! FLUTES! CORNETS! DRUMS FLAGEOLETS! some other easily learned instrument. Give to a lady friend a nice Guitar, Violin, or one of those large and beautiful **Music Boxes.**

These and other instruments of excellent quality, for sale by

J. C. HAYNES & CO.,
33 COURT ST., Boston,
Opp. the Court House.] 184

LARGE SALE OF

WOOD & TIMBER

AT AUCTION

IN WOBURN.

On TUESDAY, Dec. 16, at 9 o'clock A. M., will be sold at Auction in Lots, all the Wood and Timber standing on thirty acres of land, situated in the westerly part of Woburn, on the farm owned and occupied by the late Henry Parker. Said Wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch and White Pine, and is not excelled by any lot of wood in this section, for quality and quantity per acre. The location is excellent, and is accessible at all seasons of the year, being on high land, and borders on Cambridge Street, being 2 miles to Winchester, 4 to Arlington, and 5 to Medford.

This sale offers the best opportunity to Ship-builders, Wheelwrights and other persons desirous to purchase Oak, Pitch, and White Pine Timber suitable for sawing and other purposes, that has been offered to the public at auction, in this vicinity for years.

There is a large number of Elm Trees on said lot, suitable for wheelwrights' use, of the best quality for Hub Timber, and they will be sold separate from the Market Wood; and also the Oak Timber Trees.

N.B.—If stormy on the day named, the sale will be on the next fair business day at the same hour.

By order of the Heirs.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 6, 1873. 187

CONCEITS OF CONVALESCENCE.

It is harder to get up than to get down. What a tendency there is to stay in bed after we once get there. How manifold the efforts, how disheartening the weakness which attends our first efforts to get on our feet again. I know all about it, for I have just tried it, and I think it is far more trying to convalesce gracefully. than it is to be sick gracefully.

As long as I was actively sick I just lay still, the patient prisoner of pain. The whole day succeeding that sharp struggle of an hour, during which I was dragged very close to the edge of that river over which there is no re-ferriage, was one of intense thankfulness to me. I had fought the battle and had conquered. It was a pure joy just not to suffer any active pain What were a few wandering darts,—a soreness that forbade me to move a muscle—to the hell of torture in which my whole physical being had been previously seethed? It was blissful to be so weak that I simply existed. I liked to think that the sun was shining just outside the closed blind, though my eyes were too weak to bear it. I liked to think that the world was just bursting into the bloom of June, and that there were half-blown buds of bright red upon the rose bushes. I could almost smell the clover in meadows a hundred miles away; and see the daisies tremble in the wind; and when I opened my eyes languidly, as the breeze brought a sudden waft of real perfume across my face, I discovered the germ of all these out-of-town fancies, in a single spray of the Valley Lily, set carefully apart in a tiny vase upon the window ledge. I kept my eyes open for a little while, lazily noting each article of furniture in the room, Everything looked as refreshingly new to me as if it had been away for a month and had just got back. And the kind faces that looked in from time to time, also looked new—transfigured by that same kindness, maybe. It was just as if I had come from a long journey and was being welcomed back. Then I remembered that for a time there had been some question as to whether I would not go on a long journey and never come back again. "It is sweet to live," I thought, and with that thought my eyes closed of themselves, and I slept long and soundly.

And I maintain that when you have just escaped from the clutches of pain, it is not very hard work to lie still and be waited on. Everybody wants to do something for you. That is nice. You only have to lie still, sleep all you can, and submit to be daintily fed and taken care of with no thought of the future. But just wait till you make an effort to burst the bonds of invalidism and to prove that you are worthy to be promoted to the grade of convalescent! Wait till you begin to try to think and do for yourself. Straightway the saint becomes a sinner. You are a very meek looking martyr, lying among the pillows in all the state of soft white muslin, with pale folded hands and serene face. But now you have got to try and get up. When you first try, you think you never shall; and then you don't know where anything is; it is always so when other hands than the owners have had much to do with slippers, hairbrushes, towels and clean linen. To other eyes, things may seem in their places; but *you* know that there isn't a single article where you have been accustomed to lay your hand on it. Your lately serene visage is drawn and fretful. This coming back to the world is through a way full of prickles. The rose of returning health is set about with thorns, and they sting you—in fact, you find it much harder to get well than it is to be sick!

You are tired before you have done more than sit up. How disgusted you feel with clothing. You don't want to see your own sunken, sallow visage in the glass. It is a trial to get your hair into respectable condition. You are glad enough to creep into the first loose garment that is suggested; and then, thoroughly vanquished, you allow yourself to be led to the sofa and comfortably tucked up there. Ah, me! this is the end of all your vaunted independence. And didn't you say the first thing in the morning:

"Oh, I feel quite well and strong now —I shall be glad to get up." And then the first getting down stairs to your meals. How uncomfortably shaky your knees are. Then you want everything that you are forbidden to eat, and care for nothing that you are allowed to have. You say, "Now I will do this or do that." But somehow, this or that does not get done. There is an ineffectual effort, and then a retreat to the sofa. Trembling hands and a dizzy head are sad obstacles in the way of anything practical. In the end, you begin to fret and fume over your inability to do anything. I did when I found that I could not sit up without having a headache or backache. I got laughed at for it. "I am glad to hear you complaining," said a friend. "It is always a good sign; make all the noise you can." For my part, when I had lain around the house for a few days, humoring myself and hoping always to "be better to-morrow," I became desperate. I did not want to be taken care of any more—not to be taken out to drive, or taken down to dinner, or tucked up on the lounge. I hated myself for not being able to do without these services; yet I could not break the bonds that bound me. One morning I got up and said, "Nobody shall do a thing for me to-day. I am not sick now I am only weak and purposeless. I've got to exert my own will, and until I do, I shall never get any stronger." So, in feebleness and faintness, I dressed myself and went out alone. The very effort at independence helped me. There was no arm to lean on, so I had to brace myself up. I took the first street car that came along and went as far as it went. Pretty soon I began to be interested in watching what was going on around me. All was so new, after a long isolation in quiet, darkened rooms. It was a bright, warm morning, and the car went through a beautiful suburban neighborhood. I quite forgot that there was anything the matter with me, in gazing at the green waves of verdure in the distance. There were clumps of trees and fields white with daisies, and lovely garden plots before lovely rustic homes. Surely this was better than lying on a sofa in a darkened room, fretful and useless, fit only to nurse my pains.

I came back so weary that I could hardly walk the few steps from the car to the door, but also refreshed and with a better noonday appetite than I had felt since getting up.

It was done. By one decided effort, I had regained an independent individuality. Days of weakness must still follow. But I had proved that I was able to "gang my ain gait." As soon as you are able to do that you will get well rapidly.

Sickness is a virtual surrender of individuality. But what a beautiful instinctive trait of human nature it is which causes the strong and well to give way way to every whim of the invalid, who has no longer any power to enforce a preference, but whose will—if he have any—is regarded a hundred fold more, now that he is helpless, than it was when he had the strength to command. We will try to find out what a sick person wants, though we may be indifferent to his wishes in health. He abdicates virtually, but we insist on keeping him in power of our own free wills.—*Christian Union.*

Little Words.—What a little thing a word is. It drops from the lips at the impulse of the will without an effort. Yet what is of such mighty import?

What else can do so much harm or so much good?

With a word you win a heart or lose it; break a friendship or form a new one.

That little word "yes," has altered the course of life often enough—those two little words, "I will," bind together for weal or woe, some man and woman every day of the year.

Volumes have been written on the importance of knowing how to say "No" in the right time and place, and still it is often said where it should not be.

And on the whole, most people would be better of if they were more sparing of their words.

We tell things we should not, and repent it afterwards.

We utter satirical speeches, and give bitter hits, because our dinner has not digested; we say spiteful things enough, and some people have said sweet things that they afterwards repented.

Words come so easily, that we waste them, misuse them, and take no care of them.

Who counts four and twenty before he speaks, when he is angry?

Who counts four and twenty any time?

"How awkward!" burst from an almost bridegroom's lips, when his bride-to-be slipped and fell in the church aisle.

And those two words cost him his bride, who walked to her carriage and went home without going through the marriage ceremony.

"Would you have me if I was to ask you?" asked a country beau of a country belle.

"Oh, yes," said she, in a hurry.

"Well, then, perhaps Kitty Jenkins will," said the beau.

What would Sally not have given to have had that yes back again.

We know of a gentleman, who on witnessing a play in which the interested hero is ordered to execution, grew fearfully excited.

The hero stands on the scaffold, and far in the distance pants and staggers, quite unheeded by the executioner, the hero's friend, who has procured a pardon.

He waves his handkerchief; he shouts; no one hears him but the audience.

And this particular gentleman, seeing the axe about to descend, starts to his feet, and yells loudly:

"Hold! a reprieve!"

After which, coming to himself, those three words which have burst from his lips, cover him with mortification, and he retires without waiting to see what happens.

Words, words, words! Oh, what trouble they plunge us into, to be sure, from the time we say "I won't" to mamma and are punished for it to the time when we say "I will" to the clergyman.

What heaps of cross words and cruel words and strong words lie upon our conscience, or have hurt us coming from the lips of some one else.

Many people who have never committed an act they regret, are filled with remorse for words they have uttered.

And the hardest thing in the world to do is to make sure of always using just the words we ought to use, and of being certain not to use too many.

Let us then guard our words, be careful of them, weigh them and measure them, and escape as much as possible all the miseries which words may entail upon us.

☞ All eyes have been turned toward Cuba—a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width, 107 miles, Lying just within the tropics its climate is perpetually summer, tempered by cooling sea breezes. There is one record of snow having fallen in a central town of Cuba in 1856, and hail is not infrequent. But while the heat is rarely oppressive, the thermometer rarely falls below 60 degrees, except occasionally in the interior. Havana is a special resort for invalids. This important commercial city has outgrown its original walls, but for its defense, and that of its harbor, there are half a dozen forts and a citadel. The long and narrow channel which leads to the city is defended on the east side by the great castle El Morro, and on the west by the powerful fortress La Punta. La Cabana is said to be the largest and strongest of all the defensive works of Havana, requiring in time of war a garrison of 2000 men. In 1762 Havana, after a seige of forty-four days, fell into the hands of the English; but the next year it was restored to Spain, in accordance with some arrangements made by treaty. Havana is regularly laid out, and though its streets are narrow, many of them are well paved with granite. It is well lighted with gas and supplied with water from an aqueduct. The city has also its public promenades, its fountains, its universities, libraries, a d museums, and there are numerous daily, weekly and monthly publications. Havana, to a greater degree than any other Spanish city, has adopted the mechanical appliances of industry and the various improvements which have been brought to it through its commercial relations with other nations.

—A fascinating bell—the dinner bell.

"Come up To morrow,"—It fell out once upon a time, that the lady principal of the well known young ladies' academy at ——, desired to have a stove put up in her school room, as the winter was descending upon the land, and blue and red fingers began disadvantageously to diversify the beauties of the "sweet girl graduates," and so forth. So Miss—— sent word to old Mr.——. the stove man to come up and put up a stove. "Yes, certainly," replied the polite man of sheet iron,—"come to-morrow."

Sly man! He knew that to-morrow never comes, and so comes he. Miss—— sent again, and he promised more glibly than before. Thrice he did it. Then the school mistress put on her thinking cap, and devised the plan which vanquished him.

Next day about half past nine, while old B— was rattling about his sable wares, in marched a sprightly band of ten well dressed young ladies, who came to a "parade rest" in front of the old fellow. The tallest in the politest manner in the world, invited Mr. B—— to send up to the academy and put up the stove aforesaid.

"Certainly!" said B——, rather overcome by so numerous and angelic a visitation, but procrastination as usual—"certainly,—come up to-morrow."

"But Mr. B——, to-morrow won't do. We are freezing."

"Wal," said the old fellow,—"wal, I'll see if I can't git round this afternoon."

"Do, please," rejoined the lovely applicant, and the party marched out. B—— went on with what he was about.

Not far from half past ten a party of young ladies marched into his store; and exactly as before, stood forth a spokeswoman, and requested and exhorted.

"Why," said the dumbfounded mechanic, "there was ten on ye came an hour ago."

"We want a stove."

"How many on ye is there, I'd like to know."

"Oh, fifty or sixty."

"For the land's sake! Are ye all a comin?"

"Yes," replied the young chieftainess, with great state. "We are told off in squads of ten, and are to see you, turn and turn about, every hour until you come."

"Here, Jim," shouted old B—, "come and tend store—quick. Bill, go and harness up that ere wagin. Good gracious! I'm a comin' right up now."

He was. He did. The stove was put up, and a good fire burning in it before noon.

Beautiful Passage.—The following passage from Hard Times, by Charles Dickens, closes the career of one of the central figures in that work. It is strikingly impressive. The man in crossing a field had fallen into an abandoned coal shaft, and after lying there many hours, had been rescued nearly dead. He addressed the woman to whom he owed his rescue, between whom and himself, also existed the tenderest relations:

"Look up yonder, Rachel. Look above."

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It has shined upon me," he said, reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It has shined into my mind. I have looked at it and thought of thee, Rachel, till the muddle in my mind has cleared away above a bit, I hope. If some have been wanting in understanding me better, I have been wanting in understanding them better. When I got thy letter, I easily believed what the young lady said and did to me, was one, and that there was a wicked plot betwixt them. When I fell, I was in anger with her, and hurrying on to be as unjust to her as others were to me. But in our judgments, like as in our doings, we must bear and forbear. In my pain and trouble, looking up yonder—with it shining on me, I have seen more clear, and have made it my dying prayer that all the world may only come together more, and get a better understanding of one another, than when I were in my own weak self. . . . Often as I come to myself and found it shining down on me in my trouble, I thought it were the star as guided to our Saviour's home. I almost think it is the very star."

They lifted him up and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction which the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachel, beloved lass, don't let go my hand. We may walk together, to-night, my dear."

"I will hold thy hand and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will somebody be pleased to cover up my face."

They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape—Rachel always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. That star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.

The Oldest Fire Engine Company in America.—The creation of a paid fire department by a recent Philadelphia ordinance dissolves the oldest fire engine company in America, the Hibernia, organized in 1752, and now in its 122d year. During the Revolutionary war every member of the company with two exceptions, served in the patriot army, though maintaining intact its organization Among the names that have appeared upon the roll of membership are those of Robert Morris, the American financier, and Commodore Barry of the Navy. A new organization will probably be formed, and the company property divided among the members. As there are but sixty-eight of the latter in regular standing, and the property amounts to $35,000 each member will receive quite a handsome little sum. J. P. Grant, the South End newsman of Springfield, is one of the sixty-eight.

—Congressman Hoar of Worcester, in his note conveying a contribution to Warrington's silver wedding fund, said, "I have been not unfrequently pained and grieved by his attacks upon men and things that I held in the highest honor. In fact, like the rain from heaven, he falls upon the just as well as the unjust, and at times with full as much severity.

An Advertiser's Experience.

It is a mooted question that presses itself very frequently to the wide-awake business man: Which is the more profitable way of advertising, through the colums of a leading newspaper, or by means of street handbills or posters? A man, well known in business circles for enterprise and shrewdness, who fully believes in the use of printer's ink, but was prejudiced in favor of handbills and the like, recently made a thorough test of both plans. First, of course, he tried his favorite method, and gave it every advantage. He set apart a thousand dollars which he expended as judiciously as possible. He procured posters and street circulars of the most attractive kind, and had them conspicuously and carefully distributed where they would attract the most attention. Parties were sent out on the different lines of railroad, who stopped at the villages and filled them with his announcements. All of this this was not done in a hap-hazard way, but was carefully studied out. He estimated as closely as possible the results of the outlay, and found that they would not justify a repetition of the expenditure. But realizing the necessity of making his business known to the public, rnd still believing that there was power in printer's ink somewhere, he listened to the advice of experienced ones and determined to give the other method a trial. He was not so liberal as with his pet plan, however. He selected the newspaper with the greatest circulation, and contracted for three hundred dollars' worth of advertising for a year, and at the end of that time was perfectly astonished at the immense results. It is needless to add, that since then he has been a constant patron of that paper's most desirable columns. He has learned a secret, however, though it has cost him much time and money. With bills and circulars, no one ever came in, with one in hand, desiring to see some particular goods mentioned; while now almost daily a lady enters and asks to be shown those silks advertised by him in the *Times*, or his dollar gloves, or his two-and-six handkerchiefs. Now, upon a moment's consideration, the causes for this wide difference in results are apparent. In the first place no one stops to read a street notice, and the idea of catching it on the fly is ridiculous. It is impossible to convey information to the class of people whose custom is valuable through the agency of the exposed side of a high fence. Again, take a little pains in noticing who and how many receive street circulars at the hands of a distributing boy, and you will see how ineffectual they are for advertising. Not one in a hundred will fall into the hands of a person who will read it. On the other hand, ask your friends what they read, observe persons with newspapers, and you will be surprised to find what popular reading matter advertisements make. Many readers often give them the first attention. There are those who read the news first, reserving the new advertisements for dessert; while others sandwich them in between the local and telegraphic. Newspapers always make paying customers, and those who influence the trade of others, because their readers are intelligent, posted and always on the alert for news and bargains. Look at it in another light. For one dollar an advertisement may be inserted in one of the best columns of a paper having a circulation of nine or ten thousand. That advertisement, if we allow five readers to every copy issued, will pass before the eyes of over forty thousand persons. This is equal to eighty thousand handbills, admitting that half are received, which at two dollars per thousand (a low estimate for bills and circulating) would amount to the comparatively enormous sum of one hundred and sixty dollars. The same, if not a greater difference, exists with posters. One hundred two-sheet bills on the boards cost about fifteen dollars. The same amount of money will place fifteen different announcements before thirty thousand persons once, or it will insure the insertion of one advertisement thirty days, which is equal to presenting it to one million two hundred thousand persons. This great contrast, of course, will not hold good in the case of newspapers of limited circulation, although advertising in any newspaper is cheaper than four times its circulation of bills at the same price. Newspapers are bought and paid for. They are sought after, whereas handbills cannot be given away.—*Troy Times.*

A "True Fackt" About Cats.—A small boy has sent an Albany paper the following information:

A fu dais ago we lost our cat. She got drownded in Mr.—'s well; but no one knowd she got drowned in the well, and so Mr. —'s fokes and Mr. —'s, and all the naibors besides, drinked outen the well just the saim. Tha drinked more'n they ever did afore. I gess cause the water tastid so sweete. I went to the well fur water t'other da, and I seed the cat in 2 the well. She was ded. She was a floatin a round drowned. Me and Bill—fishdt her out with a hook and line. She smelt orful. But the naibors doant drink any more water outen the well now. What I can't undirstand is wh' tha doant. Tha oughter B moar willin 2 drink the watir wen the cat is out than wen she is in. I think so ures trooly, N. B.—this is a tru fackt.

—They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Last week a young man was struck by lightning in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse, trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.

☞ A while ago a farmer in the Highlands lost his wife, and out of love for her memory called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbor having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed followed his example, and his farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

—A Vermont school teacher has struck the right thing. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

—The sun is now working about nine hours per day, but proposes a gradual reduction of time for the next three weeks.

IMPORTANT !

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 52

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,

169 MAIN STREET,

OBURN, MASS.

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street,

WOBURN.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand

Woburn Circulating Library.

New books added as soon as published. 53

GEORGE F. FOSDICK, CHAS. H. BUSS.

Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS,

58

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

CENTRAL MARKET,

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock

Beef, Pork & Mutton

ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

Fruit and Game,

Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Steam Engines,

Boiler Shafting, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use, English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. FLINT.

Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A. PRATT & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork,

Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.

Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,

Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts. 102 BOSTON

JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

McCLURE, ROSS & CO.'S,

A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,

Comprising

Shawls,

Repellants

Flannels

A GREAT BARGAIN IN

HOSIERY

AT

No. 128 MAIN STREET,

ALLEN'S BLOCK, 61

WOBURN, MASS.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 24, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—

Lowell 7½, 8½, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00 P. M.

North Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.

Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.

Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.

S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.

Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6. P. M.

E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45†* P. M.

Lowell Bleachery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.

North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 5.40 P. M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 5.45 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 5.50 P. M.

South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.

North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.45 P. M.

Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.00 P. M.

East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.13, 2.54, 6.30 P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.40, 8.20‖ P. M.

West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P. M.

College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P. M.

* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

A. E. THOMPSON & CO.

DEALERS IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

Woolens and Small Wares,

West India Goods, Flour

AND GRAIN.

Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.

No. 3 WADE BLOCK,

A. E. THOMPSON, E. H. NICHOLS. 75 WOBURN

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

Coal and Wood,

Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,

Caps and Irons,

Mouldings

for inside and outside finish.

TANNERS' and CURRIERS'

Yard & Hanging Sticks,

Doors, Windows and Blinds,

on hand and supplied to order at short notice.

RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA

AND

Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66

96 Main Street.

WARREN CUTLER,

JOB WAGON.

Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.

TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders left with L. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 30

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Fall and Winter Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c 46

AT

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn.

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready fo the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82

J. B. McDONALD.

93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED 1819. 83

CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Losses paid in 54 years,	$39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months,	$9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871.	$2,500.00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873,	$5,980,867.46

MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.

CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.

CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.

HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem

SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.

All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.

B. T. H. PORTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

RAILROAD MARKET.

E. O. Soles,

Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on, 88

RAILROAD, or MAIN Sts.

ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS

ROUNDY'S CORNER.

WHERE HE OFFERS

Meat & Provisions

OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN

Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.

WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,

97 and 99 Main Street.

77 S. SIMONDS.

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, &c. &c. all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block,

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER,

Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern

LUMBER,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,

All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts. Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder,

Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets, WOBURN. 76

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,

made to order, or repaired, at

No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

HOUSE PAPER,

WINDOW SHADES,

CORDS, TASSELS, AND

FIXTURES.

IN LARGE VARIETY AT

HORTON'S

Woburn Telegraph Office. 34

L. H. ALLEN,

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

Railroad st., near corner of Main

WOBURN.

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that he is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods of the above are manufactured at short notice, and delivered free of charge within ten miles. He is also agent for the ... Casket, for preserving the bodies by cold alone, without direct application of Ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep uninjured longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these Caskets to supply the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,

FLORIST,

Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

WOBURN, MASS.

Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers, 95

Supplied at Short Notice.

Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass.

H. ELLIS & CO.,

BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS

AND CELLAR BUILDERS,

Park st. Rear of Baptist Church

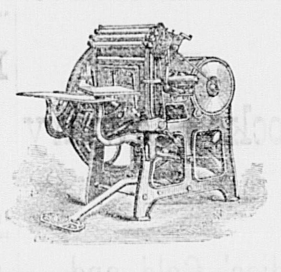
Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,

WOBURN.

Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of many years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction, 96

Superior Printing

AT THE



JOURNAL OFFICE

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS,

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe &c and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION

BUYERS!

Stearns,

Brown,

& Co.,

Are now prepared to show the

Largest and Best

assortment of

CROCKERY

AND

GLASS WARE

ever displayed in

WOBURN,

at very

LOW PRICES

ALSO,

FLOUR,

Grain & Groceries.

STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,

216 Main Street,

WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63

WM. WOODBERRY.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY — CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED, A.D. 1640. — WOBURN — INCORPORATED AS WOBURN, A.D. 1642.

VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873. NO. 14.

THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, 84 Proprietor

WILLIAM WINN,
Auctioneer,
Burlington, - - - Mass.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

JAMES LITTLE,
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. } Near Main Street.
☞Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, will receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
☞Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
BILL COLLECTOR.
Residence, 38 Main treet,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $3 for Bookkeeping, $2 for Penmanship. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, } Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories,
Like angel troops they come,
If I fold my arms to ponder
On the old, old home.
The heart has many passages
Through which the feelings roam,
But its middle aisle is sacred
To the thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered
Like rose buds from the blast,
Where girlhood's brief elysium
In joyousness was passed;
To that sweet spot forever,
As to some hallowed dome,
Life's pilgrim bends her vision—
'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly,
By that old hearthstone's rays,
And told his children stories
Of his early manhood's days;
And one soft eye was 'eaming,
From child to child 'twould roam;
Thus a mother counts her treasures
In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals,
The blended vesper hymn
(Some dear one who was swelling it
Is with the Seraphim).
The fond "good nights" at bed time,
How quiet sleep would come,
And fold us all together
In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers
Close intertwined each heart;
But time and change in concert
Have blown the wreath apart.
But dear and sainted memories
Like angels ever come,
If I fold my arms and ponder
On the old, old home.

—*New York Observer.*

Selected.

LAME HETTY.

I am the foreman in a large hosier's establishment in New York. I am forty years old, and never was particularly handsome to look at. I don't suppose that my manners are especially fascinating either, for the girls mostly call me, as I am given to understand, "Old Crusty," and "Bear." Not that I mean to be cross, but some people haven't the agreeable way of others.

I have sat behind the tall desk in Tape & Buttonbell's nineteen years. I have seen many curious phases of life within that time, but the most curious of all happened to myself personally—and that is precisely what I am going to tell you about.

"I wouldn't have it happen for five dollars," said Dennison.

Dennison had charge of the out-of-doors department, and he came in on that wet, drizzly February evening, to stand by the fire in my room. We had not lighted the gas yet; the press and hurry of work were over for the day, and it was very quiet and pleasant in the red shine of the fire. I was sitting on my tall stool biting the feather end of a quill pen, and thinking—thinking of I scarcely know what.

"What has happened now?" asid I.

"It's Lame Hetty," replied Dennison. "Two rolls of work are missing, and Hetty declares she brought 'em here."

I laid down the goose quill. Lame Hetty had been in my thoughts, somehow, all that rainy twilight, just as people and things will take possession of your brain at times, and you can't help yourself. A soft-eyed, low voiced girl, who walked with a crutch, and always wore delicate grays and dove colors. I knew her from the throng, because of the "tap, tap" of her crutch, and always used to speak to her when I saw her standing in the long line of girls who waited on Saturday night to deliver their work and receive their pay.

"That's bad," said I.

"Ten dollars' worth of shirts," said Dennison; "order shirts, too, and that makes it worse. I'm sorry for the girl; she had a pretty face of her own, and I always liked her. But of course it's necessary to stand by rules. Loses her deposit and no more work."

"But suppose she pays for the missing work?"

"It isn't likely she'll do that," said he. "This sort of girl seldom has ten dollars saved up."

"I don't believe it's her fault, Dennison," insisted I.

"She is responsible, isn't she?

"Yes, but—"

Just then Mr. Buttonbell comes in with a great order in his hand from a New Orleans house. I looked at it.

"We shall have a tight put of it, sir, to execute this," said I dubiously.

"But it must be executed," said he. —"Put on all your hands. Turn on a full head of steam. It won't do to allow Peck and Pattison go to any other place."

And he bustled away.

"Very unfortunate," said Dennison.—Lame Hetty was one of our best hands."

Hetty Dorrance came the next morning as usual to receive, and she had a ten dollar bank note in her hand.

"Some kind friend sent me this to pay for the lost rolls of work, sir," she said to me.

"You're in luck, Hetty," said I, frowning over a long column of figures, and trying not to blush under the earnest look of her soft brown eyes.

"And I'm much, oh, so much obliged to him, whoever he is," she added in a low tone. "But I can't use it unless—unless you think I am innocent."

"Of course I do," said I, looking up at the quiver of her voice. "I don't believe you would take a pin, Hetty. I've known you for four years, Hetty, and I believe you are a good girl. It's an awkward mistake somewheres; but there's not many mistakes, my girl, but what heaven clears up in its own good time. Now take place in line; there's no time to be lost this morning."

So the matter was settled; but somehow a cloud rested upon Lame Hetty. Those who had been fast friends before avoided her now; the coarse-minded giggled and whispered when the tap of her crutch sounded on the floor.

"Oh Mr. Harvey," said poor Hetty, one day, when Jenny Warren, the proudest and prettiest of our work girls, had declined to respond to her modest bow. "It's very, very hard to bear."

"Wait, Hetty, only wait," said I cheerily.

"But it's breaking my heart," said she. "They all think I am a thief."

"I don't Hetty."

"I know that, sir. I should drown myself, if at least one person in the world did not believe that I was innocent."

The winter wore itself away. The busy season was succeeded by one of dullness, and among the hands struck off the list was Hetty Dorrance.

"Once a thief, always a thief," said old Jones, the cutter. "I'd just as soon that girl shouldn't work for us."

"I would stake my honor that she is no thief, Mr. Jones," said I, hotly.

"Well," retorted the old man cautiously, "it's necessary to curtail the list a little, and it may as well be Hetty as any one."

But Hetty Dorrance never came to learn her doom. Day after day went by, and the familiar tap of her crutch sounded no more on the floor. I grew uneasy.

"Perhaps she is ill—alone—in want!" I thought.

And the more I pondered on the matter, the more uneasy I felt.

"Perhaps she is dead!"

And with that last overwhelming idea came the full revelation of my own heart. I had grown to love Hetty Dorrance.

Well, why not? I could afford a wife as well as most men. Hetty was only a work girl and lame also; but she had a face like an angel, and a heart as white as a lily. Of that I felt certain. I loved her. Why should I not marry her?

So I sat down and wrote her a little note saying simply that I loved her, and asked her if she would consent to become my wife; and I concluded by saying that I would call on the morrow to receive her answer.

Just as I had sent the letter off, there came a knock at the door.

"Mr. Harvey, are you alone? Can I speak to you for one minute?"

"Is that you, Helena Arden? Why I thought you were married and gone to California," I cried.

"I am married to a spendthrift and a villain," said she, with a little hoarse laugh; "and I am going to California to-morrow; but I wanted to say a word to you first. I want to pay you for something."

"For what?"

"That roll of work which people accused Hetty Dorrance, the lame girl, of taking."

"Helena! Did you take it?"

"Yes," she cried, recklessly. "I took it. I wanted money sorely then; the landlady wouldn't let me have my trunks to be married until I paid her what I owed her. I was standing by lame Hetty that evening; I saw her lay the piles of work on the desk. I saw them slip and fall off the heap I was just going away, and it was an easy thing for me to stoop as if for my own pocket handkerchief, and pick them up. I pawned them, thinking I could easily redeem them; but I never did. Here is money to pay for them. I hope Hetty was not blamed."

"She was though," said I, slowly.

"I can't help it," said Helena, flightily. "I've done my best, will you see that she is righted?"

"As far as I can."

And Helena went away, muttering to herself something about all her accounts being closed at last. I paid but little attention, to it at the time, but I remembered it afterwards.

I went the next evening to Hetty's simple lodgings over a baker's shop.

"Miss Dorrance!" said the baker's wife coming out of a back room with a baby in her arms. "Why didn't you know? She moved away."

"Moved! And my letter?"

"We got a letter yesterday, sir, and we forwarded it to her. No. 36 Avenue Square, sir."

So I went to No. 36 Avenue Square—a little gem of a brown stone house, all bay windows and balconies, standing in its own grounds; and there was Hetty at the casement, watching for me.

"Hetty," said I, "did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Mr. Harvey."

"And what is your answer?"

"That I will be your wife, Mr. Harvey, and that I am—oh, so thankful to have gained a good man's love."

I stooped and kissed her daisy face.

"I suppose you are working here, Hetty," said I. "It is a very handsome house."

"No," said Hetty, half laughing and half crying. "I live here."

"Hetty, you?"

"My great uncle died," said she. "He was an old bachelor and hated us all, but he couldn't take his money with him. I have inherited his fortune."

"It cannot be possible," said I, rubbing my forehead.

"But it is true. I was just going to send to you to pay that ten dollar bank note back when I got your letter."

"I have been paid, my girl," said I,—and I told her about Helena Arden.

The next day we saw a little paragraph in the papers, how an unknown woman, with the words "Helena Arden" written on her pocket handkerchief, had drowned herself at the foot of one of the crowded East River piers.

This is my story. It is simple enough and yet I think it has the elements of a romance in it.

A SHOT FOR LIFE.

Where the Kentucky river cuts through the mountains, having upon either bank bold, rugged cliffs, that lift their summits five hundred and a thousand feet, as the case may be, above the stream, there lived in early times a settler by the name of Rufus Branson, who with his wife and little child, a charming young girl of some eight or nine years of age, occupied the rude cabin at the base of the precipice a little back from the river.

Although greatly exposed to danger, the Indians at that time being very plentiful, through that region, he managed to live quietly for several years.

The Indians frequently visited the rude home of the hunter, and being always welcomed and provided with such food as was in the larder, they maintained a friendly attitude. Especially were they fond of the child, Maggie, and more than one fierce warrior had been sitting on the grass in front of the cabin, listening to the childish prattle of the little one, or engaged in making some toy or plaything from willow twigs or pliant bark.

In this manner several years had been passed, and Rufus Branson came to feel as secure as though he was within the walls of a frontier fort. One evening Branson and his wife were seated near the doorway, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold, and the next moment a tall savage, whose reeling step and blood shot eyes told that he was intoxicated, appeared, and staggering to the log steps threw himself upon them. His first demand was for fire water, which was, of course refused, on the ground that there was none in the house. The Indian became cross and ugly, and declared with terrible oaths that if the liquor was not produced, he would murder the household. Branson was a brave, determined man, and although he dreaded the necessity, yet he saw he would be compelled to take prompt steps to prevent the savage from executing his threat.

Waiting until the warrior had made a demonstration, which he soon did by attempting to draw his tomahawk—Branson sprang at him, knocked him down by a blow of his fist, and then quietly disarmed and bound him, where he lay. After a few moments of furious ravings and futile efforts to free himself, the savage rolled over and sunk into a drunken sleep. He did not wake until the next morning, but before he did so, the settler had quietly removed his bonds and restored his weapons, which he laid by the sleeper's side. The savage, on awakening, rose slowly to his feet, felt his wrists, as though the thongs had left a feeling there, took up his weapons, and, without speaking a word, left and disappeared in the timber near by.

"What do you think of that?" asked the wife turning to her husband with a frightened look.

"Pshaw! don't trouble your head about the drunken brute!" answered the settler lightly; but as he turned away and stepped into the yard he muttered:

"Like it? Well, not much. The fellow must be watched. I was in hopes that he would not have remembered, but that lump where my fist landed was enough, if nothing else to recall the circumstance."

The summer passed and they saw their drunken guest no more. He failed to make his appearance. But as the leaves began to fall, the settler one day while returning from hunting on the hills, and passing througha a dense piece of timber not far from his house, caught sight of a figure lurking in the bushes, but quickly disappeared when he advanced to where it was. The figure was that of an Indian warrior, and Brandon would have sworn that it was the Indian warrior whom he had knocked down and bound the previous spring. The news was not in any way comforting, and hence he did not tell his wife of his discovery.

It would only alarm her, he thought, and without, perhaps, any good result. He simply told her he had discovered bear tracks near by, and that she and the child must stay within or close to the house during his absence.

Several days after Rufus Branson heard his dogs in the timber, down by the river, and, knowing they never opened without good canse, he caught up his rifle and hastened to where they were barking. They had struck a fresh bear trail, and, as he arrived in sight, they fairly lifted it, going off in a straight line down the river.

The chase led them several miles, and when he at last got a shot that finished Bruin's career, he found that it was three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Swinging his meat to a sapling, out of the reach of cat or wolf, he started for home to get his horse, and return to fetch it that night.

Taking a near cut, he reached the cabin from the western side, where the timber grew heavy up to within a few yards of the building, and consequently he could not see the clearing, or what might be transpiring there, until he had passed through the wood.

Thus it was that, when within a shor distance of his house he heard a wild piercing shriek; but he could only guess that something terrible must be taking place beyond the screen of bushes and leaves. Uttering a loud shout that his presence might sooner be known, Branson sprang forward like a wounded buck, a great fear in his heart, for he had only too clearly recognized in that scream the agonized voice of his wife.

It took but a moment for him to clear the intervening timber and undergrowth, and as he dashed out into the clearing, holding his rifle ready for instant use, he comprehended in one swift glance all that had taken place, and what was farther to fear.

Near the end of the cabin raising the cliff of which I have spoken, stood the mother, her face pallid as death, her arms outstretched, her staring eyes fixed upon the precipitous heights up which the figure of the Indian was struggling.

"My child! my child!" was all the woman said, and Branson saw that the bundle in the Indian's arms was the form of their only child Maggie.

Firm of heart, and with nerves as steady as the rocks around, the father for a moment quailed and cowered under what his quick senses told him was the deadly peril of the little one. But was quick to recover.

The Indian was drawing away; step by step he was increasing the distance, and as he occasionally glanced backward and downward, the parents saw in his hideous painted countenance the full purpose that actuated the abductor.

"God aid me!" Branson muttered, as he raised his rifle, glancing through the sights, and touched the trigger.

The Indian started violently at the shot. He was hit, but not badly, and with a yell of devilish triumph he passed upward.

"Too low by a couple of inches," said a low, calm voice at the settler's elbow.

Branson started as though he himself had been shot. Where was the man from? Who was he? Neither had seen him approach. But there was no time for explanations. The stranger, a man rather below than above the ordinary height, whose fine, athletic form was fully displayed by his closely fitting buckskin garments stepped quickly forward a few paces, and planted his left foot in advance, threw up an unusually long rifle as though preparing to fight.

"For God's sake, stranger, be careful of my child!" cried Branson, while the poor, agonized mother uttered an audible prayer.

"It is our only chance. I know that Indian," was the quick reply, and the sharp click, click of the hammer as it was drawn back, told that the critical moment had come.

By this time the Indian had nearly reached the summit of the steep. That he was wounded now became evident, as upon a broad ledge of rock he paused a moment. This opportunity was seized by the unknown. Although the savage had taken the precaution to hold the child up in front of him as a shield, covering nearly the whole of his brawny chest, but leaving his head uncovered, the stranger did not hesitate in making the shot.

For one second as it gained its position the rifle wavered, and then instantly became as immovable as though held in a vice. With clasped hands and staring eyes the parents watched the statute-like form upon which so much depended.

Suddenly a sharp report rang out, the white smoke drifted away, and the vision became clearer, they saw the savage loose his hold upon the child, reel wildly an instant, and then pitch forward on the rocks. It may be imagined that the father was not long in reaching the place where his child lay, and in a few moments more the little one was in its mother's arms.

"Tell us who you are, that we may know what name to mingle with our prayers," exclaimed the mother, as the stranger prepared to depart.

"My name is Daniel Boone," he said, —and was gone.

A SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.—A gentleman who had business with the War Department during the Presidency of General Jackson, called upon the secretary for the purpose of transacting it. As he approached the door leading to the secretary's apartment, the messenger informed him that the secretary was engaged for the moment, and begged him to take a seat in the anteroom. The door was ajar and the visitor could not avoid hearing the loud and angry tones of the great functionary. He was evidently addressing an officer of the army, who was delinquent in the matter of his accounts. "You have been repeatedly directed to bring your affairs to a settlement," said he, and you pay no attention to the instructions, delaying on one frivolous pretext or another, and offering the most preposterous excuses, until the thing has become intolerable. If this goes on much longer, I shall order your arrest, and try you by a court martial. The War Department cannot be trifled with."

The offending officer was a Frenchman whose broken English and extraordinary phraseology were most mirth provoking. He presently bowed himself out into the hall, the very impersonation of composure and self complacency. The gentleman who was waiting for an audience inquired what was the matter. "Nossing wiz me," was the reply, with a grimace and a shrug of the shoulders. "But ze Minister of ze War is in trubbel."—*Harper's for January.*

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—An organ grinder can hardly be classed among musicians, and there seems to be but little opportunity for a display of skill in the monotonous round of his performances. Rossini, however, appears to have thought that no one connected in any way with music ought to be wholly mechanical in its execution, and once gave an organ-grinder a lesson. It is said that he came one day upon a man playing "Di Tanti Palpiti" on a hurdygurdy. The performer was astonished to hear a voice from the crowd suddenly exclaim: "Faster, faster!" "How faster?" says the organ man. "Turn the handle quicker; it is *allegro.*" "But sir, I don't know—" "Like this—so—so!" and Rossini rushed upon the organ and ground out the tune to the proper time. "Thank you, sir," said the man. "I shall remember the lesson." And, in fact, on the next day he was heard in the same place, playing "Di Tanti Palpiti," as he had been taught. "Bravo, bravo, bravo!" exclaimed Rossini from a window, and dropped a louis d'or at the man's feet.

ARTIFICIAL BLUSHES.—According to the Kolnische Zeitung, the armory of feminine weapons has been increased by the invention of artificial blushes. Sighs, glances and gestures have always been completely under the control of the least accomplished practitioner in the art of advantageously expressing the emotions. Even tears do not altogether refuse to be simulated. Shakespeare tells us that hard-hearted "villiany is not without such rheum," the "cunning waters of the eyes" are proverbial as the last resource of the sex, which is by nature too emotional to be even accused of hypocrisy. Blushes have, however, hitherto been beyond the reach of art. The *debutante* at her first ball knows it painfully enough, when she finds it impossible to repress them, and the faded beauty of a certain age knows it too, when she fails to give the fit reception to the compliment inspired perhaps more by memory of the past than the impression of the moment. The great invention which, we are told, is due to an American, has been imported into Germany, conceals itself in the hat of her who adopts it, and we suppose it may easily be adapted to the chignon. Let us hope that in England it will meet with no favor, and that, in the general scepticism which attaches to all things, we may at least cling to the hope that blushes are genuine because involuntary. We suppose the new blush producer profes es to repress as well as create blushes, but do not let English ladies take to mechanical means of regulating their emotions, on the doubtful plea that it i necessary not to produce but to hide their blushes.—*The London Hour*

MAXIMS FOR WORKING MEN.—A good advertisement for a working man is a seat in church.

The savings bank is the safe debtor.

Fifty cents for a lecture is better than half that sum for a circus.

Dress neatly. A well clothed man commands favor and respect, while one in slovenly attire can hardly borrow his neighbor's saw horse.

If you wish to personally comprehend the meaning of the old adage—a fool and his money are soon parted—buy a lottery ticket.

Never sacrifice money for what people will say. It is better to buy a fair piece of meat at fifteen cents a pound, and leave the sirloin for some other man, who would buy your kind only for the name.

The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is better to saw wood well than to plead law poorly.

The laboring man holds the same relation to the merchant, manufacturer, attorney, physician and minister, that the locomotive does to the train of elegant and well filled cars. They would stand forever if the engine did not move them.

There is many an honest, hard working man, who rises himself and calls the family before sunrise, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. In nine cases out of ten, when his children arrive at his age, they will be called up by the servants.

A meerschaum pipe and a bank book always quarrel, and the upshot of the matter generally is, that one puts the other out of doors.

Work harder, at drilling rocks for instance, if your employer never visits you than if he frequently does. He will know of your faithfulness when he pays for the drills.

The poverty of childhood is more frequently than otherwise, the stepping stone to wealth.

It is better to eat one meal a day and pay for it, than to eat three and have two of them charged.

The larger your account with Trust, the sooner Debt will take your business into his hands.

Want is a far less uncomfortable companion than debt,

Never envy a rich neighbor; his boys will drive your children's carriages.

A poor man's character is worth two dollars to him, where his hands are worth one.

A QUEER REVENUE FRAUD.—A United States revenue agent in New York tells the following: Soon after his appointment, five years ago, while investigating some old records of the Custom House, he discovered a stray invoice which bore evidence of irregularity on the part of a large mercantile house. At first glance it seemed as though the firm had been defrauding the Government, and again it looked as though the importers had paid more duties than the law required them to pay. This was an anomily in revenue frauds. Four years later the mystery was unravelled. The invoice represented a cargo of steel rails for the Union Pacific Railway. The rails were supplied by a contract, the terms of which were that the contractors should pay the duties, and that the railway company should take them at the Government weight The duty on the rails amounted to $12 a ton. On the voyage of the ship with the rails to this port she met with a stress of weather which compelled her officers to throw about 150 tons of rails overboard. Not caring to suffer the loss, the contractors, on the arrival of the vessel, arranged with the deputy of a Custom House weigher to return the weight of the rails at the figures given in the invoice. The result was that the Government received about $1200 duties on rails which did not exist, while the Pacific Railway was swindled to the extent of $30,000, the value of the steel cast into the sea. The railroad officers are in ignorance of the imposition to this day. The persons who practised the fraud stand very high in New York and are rich.

THE ORIGINAL ROTHSCHILD.—William IX, the Landgrave of Hesse (as elector he subsequently adopted the title of William I.) chose Rothschild as his banker, and laid the foundation of the latter's wealth. William was a depositor worth having, albeit his riches had not come to him, or to his father, in the most honorable way. It was his father, the Landgrave Frederic II, who furnished George III, with seventeen thousand Hessians to fight against our colonial ancestors in consideration of $20,000,000. This vast sum, backed by as much more, Frederic left to his successor, who put it all into the hands of the cunning knight of the Red Shield. Frankfort was amazed at this step. The famous bankers could not understand why William should pass them by, and repose his entire trust in a banker comparatively unknown.

The cause was this. Baron Estorff, while adjutant-general to Duke Ferdinand in the Seven Years' War, became very intimate with Frederic and William He also learned much of the shrewdness, sagacity and trustworthiness of Rothschild, when the latter was in the employ of Oppenheim, the baron's banker, and strongly recommended Mayer to the landgrave as an eminently proper person to leave money with. In consequence of such recommendation, Mayer visited the palace of the prince in Cassel, and found him playing chess with the baron. Too tactful to interrupt the game, he stood behind the landgrave's chair and held his peace, a mark of sense and sympathy which no sincere chess player could fail to appreciate.

The game was going against William, who felt a deeper interest in it on that account. After a long pause, uncertain which move to make next, he suddenly turned to the banker with the question: "Do you understand chess?"

Rothschild, who had been closely watching the board from his entrance, returned this diplomatic reply:

"Sufficiently well, your serene highness, to induce me, were the game mine, to castle on the king's side."

That was a master stroke. It turned defeat to victory, and so delighted the prince that he put his hand on his adviser's shoulder, saying: "You are a wise man. He who can extricate a chess-player from such a difficulty as I was in, must have a very clear head for business." He then talked for some time with his visitor, and appointed another interview for the next day.

After the banker had gone, he told the baron that Rothschild understood chess like Frederic the Great, and that a man with such a brain must be capable of taking care of other people's money.

Knowledge of the game which had so charmed Haroun-al-Raschid, Tamerlane and Charlemagne was never turned to more lucrative advantage. The counsel to castle secured to the banker the use of $40,000,000, and generations of financial glory.—*Harper's for January.*

DEATH OF PROF. AGASSIZ.

Professor Louis John Rudolph Agassiz, who died Sunday evening, was born near Lake Neufchatel, Switzerland, in May, 1807, and was therefore sixty-six years of age. He early developed a taste for scientific study and research and studied at the college of Lausanne, at the Zurich Medical School, and at the universities of Heideiberg and Munich, besides attending for four years, Schelling's lectures on philosophy. Up to the time of his entering the University of Munich he seemed to have looked upon medicine as his future profession, and while his mind had a general scientific bent, which he to a very great extent indulged, as was natural, the greater portion of his time was devoted to the study of medicine, under the ablest teachers of his day. However, on entering the reorganized University of Munich, he was brought in contact with some of the most profound scientific men of the time, among whom may be enumerated Oken, Martius, Schelling, and Dollinger, with all of whom Agassiz became intimately acquainted and under whose influence his mind became rapidly fixed in its general scientific character, and he became the leading spirit of the scientific student circles of the university. The opportunities for scientific distinction were not long wanting to Agassiz, who was selected by Martins to assist him in completing his great work on Brazil, and the manner in which he performed his share of the labor, placed the name of the young student among the foremost scientists of the age Agassiz's next great labor was the publication of his celebrated work on the "Natural History of the Fresh Water Fishes of Europe," in which he was assisted by the intelligent generosity and foresight of Cotta, the celebrated publisher. Meanwhile he had received the degree of Ph. D. at Erlangen, and subsequently that of M. D. at Munich, on the reception of the latter reading his celebrated Latin dissertation upon the thesis *femina humana superior mari* While studying living fishes had attention had been naturally drawn, to the fossil species, and he commenced the study of the ichthyology of bygone periods with characteristic ardor, devoting ten years of travel and research to the study of this branch of science, the result of which was published in the completed works in 1834 44. In the preparation of this great work he received very material assistance from Humboldt, who had contemplated an exhaustive treatise on the same subject, but willingly placed the result of his researches at the disposal of Agassiz. In 1832 he was appointed professor of natural history in the college at Neufchatel, and in the succeeding fourteen years which elapsed between the appointment and his arrival in this country, travelled, studied and wrote much. In 1846 he visited Boston, being sent to this country on a scientific mission from the Prussian government, and the following year, having obtained an honorable discharge he determined to make his home here. He delivered lectures in various sections of the country, and then accepted the chair of zoology and geology in the Lawrence scientific school, founded by Mr Abbott Lawrence. Since that time, with the exception of two years when he held the position of professor of comparative anatomy in the Medical College of Charlestown, S. C., he has been closely identified with Harvard College, and has labored indefatigably in the interests of science. One of the most important undertakings which will suffer by Professor Agassiz withdrawal is the Cambridge Museum. This is an idea of his own brain, which he had worked hard to give a reality. Though only fourteen years old it has a reputation second to none while in some respects it is far superior to institutions claiming an equal name. It was to pay a debt of gratitude which Professor Agassiz considered that he owed to the people of this country—already repaid by the free gift of his life and presence—that he undertook the establishment of this museum.

His own enthusiasm and wonderful attainments stimulated aid and generosity. For many years beforehand he worked almost unaided, making his collections at his own expense, and storing them partly in his own house, partly in the cellar of Harvard Hall, and partly in a shanty on the Brighton road. This was shortly after his appointment to the Lawrence School. In 1852 these scattered collections, through private subscription raised by the treasurer of Harvard University, were purchased for $12,000. Professor Agassiz continued to add to it, and six years later had secured a collection which furnished a formidable argument for the execution of his cherished plan. A bequest of $50,000 by Francis C. Gray of Boston, in 1858, furnished the financial nucleus for the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the State voting the following year aid to the extent of $100,000, and $71,000 being raised by subscription. Another subject of investigation was that of the *Echinoderms*, especially a large and remarkably fine fossil collection obtained in Iowa, which affords the best opportunity for a correct classification that any naturalist ever enjoyed. The professor was so greatly delighted with its beauty and perfection that he purchased it and had it added to the already fine collection in the museum. Hitherto determinations of fossil species of this class of radiates have frequently been made from very imperfect specimens. The work upon this collection will probably be continued by a son of Professor Agassiz—Mr. Alexander Agassiz—who has made this department of natural history a special study, and who, next to his father, is best able from previous research to pursue this undertaking successfully.

With his two later enterprises—the Hassler expedition and the natural history school at Penikese—nearly every one is familiar. Some idea of the magnitude of the collections he made on the voyage of the coast survey steamer Hassler from Boston to San Francisco may be gathered from his own statement that 3500 gallons of alcohol were consumed in packing them. It included in some respects the whole field of zoology, including the natural history of mankind, that of marine mammalia, marine birds, reptiles and fishes. The number of fishes, mollusks, crustacea and radiates obtained was especially large. For weeks past some of the force of the Museum has been engaged in preparing and arranging this Hassler material, and Professor Agassiz was in hopes that by next year he should be able to state the scientific value and importance of this vast collection. To one part of this collection he has already devoted considerable attention,—namely, to the examination of the selachians or family of sharks, studying with great care their modes of dentition and characteristics of growth and reproduction. The accession of material afforded by the Hassler trip was of immense value to the professor, affording him sometimes as many as 200 specimens of a single species for comparison. He was greatly desirous of continuing his comparisons, the value of his new collection creating a fresh interest in the studies of his early years. He was also desirous of studying anew the order or relations of development in birds, from the embryo to the more mature forms, and a fine collection of eggs had been arranged for this purpose. He was, besides engaged in preparing a synthetic collection showing the affinities of animals. The hitherto successful experiment of the Penikese school may be considered as deeply dependent on the life and labors of its founder, who firmly believed in the theory of teaching natural history by bringing the student face to face with nature. The entire establishment was under the immediate supervision of Professor Agassiz; he was the life and soul of it, and it is difficult to conceive of the school as going on without the guidance of the man who has at least demonstrated the practicability of carrying out a conception which in itself was novel. But in addition to all this, Mr. Agassiz has planned a great deal of work in behalf of the public during the coming year. The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* had announced him for a series of articles on "Evolution." The professor had only "blocked out" a portion of the work. He was engaged on an examination and review of Haeckel's work on Die Kalkschwamme, or the sponges, to which Haeckel applies the development theory. Professor Agassiz, while commending Haeckel's work in the highest terms, expected to present a somewhat different conclusion. There is reason for great thankfulness that the results of his investigations have been published and brought before the entire reading public. In 1865 he explored Brazil, the result of which was published in "A Journey to Brazil," in 1867. Among the more prominent of his other works may be mentioned, "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," a work gigantic in conception and execution, of which but four volumes have as yet appeared; "Methods of Study in Natural History;" "The Structure of Animal Life;" "Twelve Lectures on Comparative Embryology;" "Systeme Glaceale;" and "Lake Superior," a work embodying the results of his scientific explorations in the region of that lake.

Professor Agassiz received many testimonials to his scientific greatness, and the esteem in which his efforts were held from various scientific bodies and educational institutions. In 1861 he received the Copley medal from the Royal Society of London. From the Academy of Sciences, Paris, he received the Monthyon Prize for Experimental Philosophy, and the Cuvier Prize; the Wollaston medal from the Geological Society, London, and the medal of merit from the King of Prussia. He was a member of the leading scientific bodies of Europe and America, LL. D. of the universities of Dublin and Edinburgh, and LL. D. of Harvard (1845).

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1873.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
F. B. Dodge,	3	8	1
Sale of Woo and Timber,	3	5	1
Boston Daily Advertiser,	3	1	1
Public Library of Ky.	3	1	2
Gentlemen Boarders Wanted,	3	1	3
To Let, Jan. 1st,	3	1	4
Music,	2	8	2
Methodist Fair,	2	8	4
Pain Killer,	2	8	6
Haley, Morse & Co.,	2	8	7
A. Buckman,	2	8	5

A NIGHT WITH BARNABEE.—An evening with this funny fellow, is really a good thing; but when you add to him, Mr. and Mrs. Heine, the celebrated and accomplished musicians, the entertainment becomes one seldom equalled. A very good audience assembled at Lyceum Hall, Monday evening, and enjoyed the rendering of a programme replete with amusement and talent. Mr. Barnabee sang and recited in his well known manner, "The Three Fishers," "Mr. Brown's Serenade," "Parrhasius," "Arabella," "The Cork Leg," "The Bell Ringer," "Mrs. Watkins' Evening Party," "The Annexation of Cuba," "a Sonnet," and in costume, the exceedingly laughable sketch, "The Unprotected Female." Madame Heine gave three solos on the piano, "Home, Sweet Home," "Pasquinade," "Variations on Sontag Polka," Mr. Heine rendered on the violin, a "Polonaise in C sharp minor," and for an encore gave "Carnival de Venice.,' His next selection was a "Legende," and "Willie we have missed you," on the violin, and being encored, produced a common tin whistle, upon which he played an air from "Masaniello," The audience was enthusiastic over the different portions of the programme, and favored the performers with hearty and unstinted applause.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Dr. B. B Breed, junior proprietor of the Lynn *Reporter*, died on Tuesday, of Bright's disease of the kidneys and congestion of the lungs. Dr. Breed was born in Lynn, 1832. He graduated from Amherst College in 1853, and commenced the practice of medicine in his native town. He went into the army with the 8th Mass. Vols at the beginning of the war of the Rebellion, and he remarked to us last summer that he had the honor of being the first volunteer surgeon that was sworn into the service. After serving three months, he was appointed to the charge of hospitals in Washington, and held several other medical appointments, and after the war as surgeon at the Military Asylum at Augusta, until its destruction by fire. Returning to Lynn he resumed his practice. In 1872 he bought an interest in the *Reporter*. In '72 and 3 he was in the Legislature. In 70, he was an Alderman, and for the last three years in the City Council of which he was president when he died. He was an active, earnest man, a member of various organizations, a good citizen, a genial bompanion and a sincere Christian. He leaves a wife and several children.

MRS D C HALL.—The London *Hour* of Nov. 15 has the following notice of Mrs. Hall who sang at a *soiree musicale* of the New Philharmonic Society in St. George's Hall, on the 13th:

Madame Emma Hall, a lady with very remarkable vocal talents, cultivated in the best school, made her first appearance before an English audience, and so completely won the sympathies of her listeners that it is no exaggeration to say that a more successful *debut* has rarely been accomplished. With a powerful and telling quality of voice, the new claimant for vocal honors unites artistic accomplishments and great personal attractions so that she is likely to become exceedingly popular. The "fioriturl" in Rossini's cavatina "Bel Raggio" were sung with a facility and accuracy which only a long course of study can command, and the expression and taste thrown into some songs by Franz and Liebe showed that nature as well as art favored the new singer.

TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION.—The 29th annual meeting of the Mass. Teacher's Association will be held in the High School Building, Walnut street, Worcester, Dec 29, 30 and 31, 1873. On the first day, business meetings will be held, and on the second and third days, the time will be spent in addresses and discussions for the improvement of teachers and the advancement of the interests of popular education.

TRANSFER.—Rev J A Lansing, formerly pastor of the Methodist church here, and more recently of the North Avenue M E Churc hCambridge, has been transferred to Atlanta, Georgia. Next Sunday evening he preaches his farewell sermon in Cambridge.

RELIEF STEAMER.—Steamer No 1, being in need of repairs, will be sent to Manchester to-morrow. During her absence, a relief steamer from Cambridge will be in service.

REMOVED.—The collection of birds and minerals formerly located in Bank Block, has been removed to the Warren Academy where a room has been set apart for them.

RASCALLY.—During the Fair at the Cong'l church Wednesday evening some rascals cut the harness upon a horse which was standing in the church yard.

☞ Mr. E. O. Soles on Wednesday, cut down a lilac bush in front of his house (Roundy's corner) upon which the buds had started.

VISIT.—A delegation of Mishawum Div. S of T, visited North Star Division of Lynn, last week Thursday evening.

WARREN ACADEMY.—This institution closes its term to day (Friday) for a vacation of two weeks.

DANCE.—The old folks had a social dance at Temperance Hall, Thursday evening.

VANE.—A new vane ornaments the steeple of the Methodist church.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The final tribute of respect to the memory of the Hon. J. B. Winn, was paid by a large assemblage of his friends at the Unitarian church, Monday, Dec. 15th. Not only did the citizens and business associates of the deceased gather to do him honor, but there was present a large delegation of State officials, with whom Mr. Winn's public life had identified him. This body included His Excellency Governor Washburn, Lieut Gov. Talbot, ex Gov. Claflin, Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of State, Hon. Chas. Adams Jr., the State Treasurer, Hon. Charles Endicott, State Auditor, Attorney General Train, Hon. Messrs. Whitney, Frost, Hildreth, Chase, Macy, Turner and Stickney of the existing Executive Council, Hon. Messrs. E. B. Stoddard, John F. Harris, William L Reed, Jonas Fitch, and Marshall S. Underwood of the Council of 1872, of which the deceased was a member, Hon. Geo. O. Brastow, his successor in the office, Adjutant General Cunningham, Major Morrissey, Sergeant-at-arms, and others. A brief service was held at the house, and a little before 2 P. M., the body was borne into the church, by Messrs. A. E. Thompson, C. S. Converse, Nathan Wyman, Horace Collamore, John Johnson and D D. Hart, who officiated as pall-bearers, the impressiveness and solemnity of the occasion being added to, by the rendering of one of Beethoven's Sonatas by Mr. Preston of Boston, organist. After the singing of Millard's "I heard a voice from Heaven," by the select quartette, composed of Miss Mary D. Wyman, Woburn, soprano, Miss Whittemore, Boston, contralto, Mr. T. Robie, Woburn, Tenor and Mr. George R. Titus, Boston, basso, some very appropriate passages of Scripture were read by Rev. W. S Barnes of Woburn. An eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Eli Fay of Taunton, formerly Mr. Winn's pastor in Woburn, in which he said:

The solemnity of this scene is suggestive. To this society, to personal friends and acquaintances in the various walks of life, to the town which has lost a citizen, how suggestive is this event. We mourn to-day the loss of the man who possessed the strongest positive force in town. We gathered here a few days ago to say farewell to his brother. How strange that brothers twain in the flesh should thus be called. Upon visiting our brother, whose obsequies we attend to-day, just after the funeral of his brother, he said to me with considerable of his old-time positiveness, "I did not suppose two weeks ago, that Timothy would be called first; but he has got the start of me of a few days,"—and then repeated in a moment, "only of a few days." At the funeral of his brother, we said we were performing the last sad rites for the best man in town, and that is universally accepted by all societies as the truth. To-day we lay beside him the man of the most force. Most precious is the crown and reward that awaits the man of force. Meek, gentle, amiable characters are needed to curve the acute angles in this rough world, but there are niches for others to fill. There is much work to be done for which these men of gentle will are incapacitated. Bro. Winn was the embodiment and personification of force. He represented one of the most important constituents of civilization. By his peculiar temperament, and personality he was truly called to be a leader among men in practical affairs, to puncture shams, to overcome difficulties, to shame sloth, to expose and defeat intrigue, to circumvent wrong, to rebuke corruption. He was neutral in nothing; a man of intense nature, determined purpose, unflagging persistency, great resources, strong persuasions, and such men cannot lead quiet, uneventful lives. The earth echoes to their tread. Wherever the heroic is needed, and the doubting hide, or the timid hesitate, one such man is worth a whole brigade of gentle men. Of such stern stuff were those illustrious names, John the Baptist, Oliver Cromwell, Andrew Jackson and Edwin M. Stanton, that blunt and burly saint. Such men are seldom gentle in manner, but are pre-eminently useful. They are true to themselves and to the positions they are called upon to fill. Although the sphere occupied by our brother was humble compared with these characters we have mentioned, yet there is no exaggeration to say that he was possessed of similar traits. Such men ofttimes make mistakes, and such was Brother Winn's love of truth and exact justice, and hatred of cant, that could he speak to-day, he would say to us,—Stand by the facts, extenuating nothing. Let us admit then that he made mistakes; but who has made such small ones. He was one of the noblest and truest of men, one of the strongest, and one with the most creative force. His was a sublime, imperial, moral character. How he abhorred anything low. Whatever it cost to be a man, wherever he was, he paid one hundred cents on the dollar. He was laudably ambitious, uncommonly successful, pre-eminently charitable, absolutely trustworthy in his relations to his fellow men. These are not his only monument. His business sagacity, downright integrity, large personal responsibility were felt, not only in the great business he established here, but in his contributions to the intelligence and comfort of the town. He was the first to offer material aid towards the founding of a Public Library. He was identified with the building of Lyceum Hall. He was instrumental in the introduction of gas, and was the president of the company for a number of years. He was very influential in the establishment of the Bank, of which he was the second president. To the church he contributed not only his money, but the magnetism of his unvarying purpose. No single act perhaps so well represents the metal and quality of the man as one during the war. When men refused to enlist, and the town was unable to raise money, when the Selectmen declined to take the responsibility of raising it—in that dark hour, Mr. Winn personally raised $18,000 and agreed to pay it in the case of any difficulty. When this district honored him with office he proved a wise and efficient coadjutor, one certain to make himself felt.

Although public virtues made him known yet those who knew him privately, knew him best. He was a study, and to many a mystery. Only kindred natures comprehended him. In him there was a grace and sweetness of a vast depth. Men were secretly and repeatedly befriended by him. His kindness to the poor was proverbial. He often told me to report to him any case of need, or to provide for it and send the bill to him. It was the work the Master did and he loved it. He was a man of profound religious faith, and he showed it in his dying hour.

Brethren of other religious denominations, here is an example of a Christian man, dying with faith unshaken. Here is a vindication of our principles. Here is our answer to those who claim that our faith is not adequate to the dying hour. Our brother was visited just before his death, and requested to review his faith and ascertain before it was too late whether it was sufficient for the occasion. "Change my faith?" said he; "change my faith? Oh, no! I shall stand by the flag under which I have lived, and to support which I have contributed. My faith was good enough for me to live by, and it is sufficiently good to die by," and the godly man who exemplified his faith through his life, met his death undaunted. We present these two lives as the logical result of the Unitarian faith. If these two brothers are not in heaven, it were better to be outside. Let not those who fail to imitate our brother's virtues, and who fall short of his high standard, wag their heads.

Members of this society, people of Woburn, there is a great vacuum caused by our brother's death, and you have no one to fill the place. You will miss him from the council, and you will miss him from the creative and productive element. He is gone. Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory. Rest noble citizen, kind neighbor, splendid man, rest.

Rev. W. S. Barnes followed Mr. Fay with a short, pertinent address. He said substantially:

I can do no better than to say as I said when we stood over the body of Timothy, now two weeks in heaven, that we have gathered here without conventionality to bury a good man. This was his spiritual home, and it seems right that here the words of farewell should be spoken. I have known the deceased all through his invalidism, and the relations we have sustained towards each other have been of a very tender and beautiful nature. If I forbear eulogizing his public life, may I say a word as a friend? He was a strong man, a man of force, but the amiabilities of life were not wanting in his character. He was very tender towards me. He was the first person of the parish with whom I spoke a word, and he was the best friend I ever had. The intricacies of my parish life were known to him, and his words have often cleared the atmosphere of my sometimes perturbed and clouded sky. We did not always agree, but no principle was surrendered, and he never struck his flag. He had a fund of sympathy for which he did not always receive credit. Brother Winn would have died for justice. He was a religious man in feeling, and he went down to death longingly, not so much because he was aweary of life, but rather because his belief in the exaltation of death was transcendant. His death is a great loss to the parish, to the community, to a vast number of people, but my personal loss is so great that it seems to eclipse all others. Even though in his death I hear the Master's call, I cannot forget my loss, but our brother's gladness to go, ought to reconcile us to the sad event. He is gone, and we must broaden our sympathies to fill the space. May his memory, in all things go along with us, to stimulate us in all good work.

After the chant, "Hear, Father, hear our prayer," Rev. W. S. Barnes offered prayer. The choir gave Barnby's "Sleep thy last sleep," and the remains were viewed by the large audience, the organist playing the "Dead March in Saul."

The casket was black, richly mounted with silver and bore a plate upon which was the following inscription:

JONATHAN BOWERS WINN.
Died
Dec. 12th, 1873.
Aged 62 years, 3 mos, 18 days.

It was decorated with a beautiful floral wreath. The church altar was magnificently trimmed with a profusion of choice flowers. Bouquets and rosettes of roses and carnations with pendants and festoons of smilax and ivy graced the choir gallery. The front of the platform was one mass of lilies, roses, carnations and ferns, while in front of the reading desk was suspended a floral anchor. At the left of the desk, upon the platform was a superb floral cross composed of yellow tea roses and calla lilies. This was a gift from the Governor and Council, and the following note accompanied it:

"A tribute to the memory of Hon. Jonathan B. Winn, from Governor Washburn, Lieut. Governor Talbot, and past and present associates of the deceased in the Executive Council of Massachusetts."

The remains were carried to the Woburn cemetery.

Mr. Winn leaves property amounting to $500,000. By his will he bequeaths $5,000 to the Unitarian church, $2,500 to the town for the use of the Cemetery, and $2,500 to the town for the Public Library. The remainder of his property s given to private parties.

G. A. R.—At the meeting of the Burbank Enc, Post 33, G. A. R., Thursday evening, the following officers were elected:—Commander, George Parker; S V Commander, Jacob Kendall; J V Commander, N Z Tabor; Adjutant, W C C Colegate; Quartermaster, Albert P Barrett; Surgeon, G W Wolgamott; Chaplain, E W Adams; Officer of Day, Albert S Leslie; Officer of Guard, Timothy Cochran; Q M Sergeant, John Devlin; Sgt Major, C S White; Delegates Dept. Convention, George Parker, Albert P Barrett, Chas K Conn; Alternates, A S Leslie, C F White.

Discussion on Prohibition or License laid over until the second Thursday in January.

COULDN'T SEE IT.—After the case of Annie L. Littlefield *vs* Chas A. Dodge was decided against the defendant, officer Day attached a horse, wagon and harness belonging to Dodge. Thos. A. Buckler, an employee of Dodge, comes forward and claims the team, and sues Day for it. The case was concluded at Cambridge, Wednesday, and notwithstanding Dodge and Buckler swore that it was Buckler's property, and produced a bill of sale, yet the jury thought differently, and gave a verdict in favor of Day, thus deciding that the team belonged to Dodge.

COLLISION.—A team driven by John Furbush, while passing Pond street, collided with another, that was under the charge of man, who after a good deal of talk, gave his name as G. G. Jones of Billerica. John claims that he was on the right side of the road, and that Jones ran into him. Jones did not wait to see what damage was done, and would not have stopped this side of his home probably, if Furbush had not followed and detained him until he had learned his name.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—"An evening with Washington Irving" was spent by the members of this society Tuesday evening. Selections were read illustrating nearly all the styles in which the "Goldsmith of America" wrote. These embraced articles from the "Sketch Book," "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Conquest of Granada," "Bracebridge Hall," "Life of Goldsmith."

Next Tuesday evening will be "An evening with Sir Walter Scott."

SOME FIGURES.—From the police records, it appears there were 72 cases of drunkenness in Woburn, from Jan 1st to July 31st, and from Aug 1st to Dec 19th there were 50 cases. In July and August there were 37 cases, and in Sept, Oct and November there were 37 cases, showing a decrease of one-third during the last 3 months.

DOWN.—On Friday afternoon last, Mr. C. W. Dorr, who has charge of the mason work at the Methodist church, stepped through a hole in the floor and was precipitated into the cellar, a distance of ten or fifteen feet. The injuries sustained were confined to one foot, the left one being sprained. No bones were broken.

FALL.—A short time since, a young lady came to Woburn from the Provinces to see her brother, Mr. A. Y. Smith who lives on Mt Pleasant street. Tuesday she attempted to carry six pies at once, down stairs, but the heel of her boot catching on the stair, she fell, and broke both arms.

THOMAS, NOT PATRICK.—We published a few weeks ago that Patrick Dillon had cruelly exposed a horse belonging to Charlie Wade. It should have been Thomas Dillon instead of Patrick.

SMASH UP.—One of G. F. Jones' teams was being driven down Fairmount street Monday evening by one of his employees, when it struck a tree, and a broken cross tree, shaft and seat comprise the wounds.

FIRE.—Burning paper in W. C. Cameron's window Friday night last, attracted attention in sufficient season to prevent what might have been a damaging fire.

MEDAL.—Mr. J. T. Freeman has received the silver medal that was awarded to him as exhibitor of Singer Sewing machines, at the late New England Fair.

MAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—At the left of Squaw Pond as you go towards Wilmington, a path makes into the woods. Follow this path across the old canal, and a building is discovered owned by Thomas Farley. It cannot be seen from the main road, unless one is familiar with the location. It is a lonesome spot, and far from bearing a cheerful aspect. It is the resort of many low characters; however, and the orgies that are sometimes celebrated there would shock the good people of Woburn or Wilmington. Situated outside our town limits, and having little to fear from the Wilmington police, Farley has enjoyed an immunity in the sale of liquor that has made him the envy of less fortunate dealers. A tragic interest centers in the place, two of its victims having frozen to death, but a short distance from its deadly walls. At Thanksgiving in 1871, Hugh Murray, a soldier of the 39th Reg., went to Farley's and while on his way home, laid down and was frozen to death. On Sunday last, Ebenezer Wade, who left Farley's, where he had been drinking, on the 22d of Nov., was found frozen to death between Farley's and his home in Burlington. He had lain down, taking for his pillow a pair of pants that he had been carrying. His cane was near him, and an empty bottle which had contained liquor, lay at his head. The body was found by a party from Burlington which had been organized for a thorough search. It had lain there three weeks, but being frozen was not decomposed. It was taken to Undertaker Allen's in Woburn, where it was viewed on Monday by Coroner Porter. He ordered an inquest, and summoned the following jury:—Elijah Marion, foreman, B. E. Bond, clerk, N H. Marion, Alvah Buckman, John Winn and Samuel Walker. After viewing the body, the inquest was adjourned to Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, in the office of B. E. Bond Esq.

At 9 o'clock A. M., Dec. 16th, the Jury assembled and the following testimony was taken:

Chas N. Haven.—Live in Burlington. Knew Mr. Ebeneazer Wade. Could not say that I had seen him for a year. Hunted for him with others. Found him in a cart path near Wood Hill, not far from 10 A. M, Sunday, Dec. 14th. He was lying back to me when I saw him. Looked as if he had laid down to sleep; was lying on his right side. A cane and a bottle laid near him. Have seen him at various times. Was usually gentlemanly. Have seen him when I thought he had been drinking. Don't know what you call temperate. I did not see but one bottle. In years past I have seen him a little under the influence of liquor. His head was lying on the ground, and was partly covered by snow and ice. I did not touch him or wait, as I was cold. His coat collar looked as if it was turned up around the neck.

Wyman Skelton.—Reside in Burlington. Knew Mr. Ebenezer Wade. Last saw him alive about July 4th, 1873. Was out with a party last Sunday looking for him. We came to two paths in the woods, on Wood Hill, and I proposed going in each path. We divided, and after going a few steps, I heard Mr. Haven shout "I have found a man." Hearing this, I ran through the bushes, and got to the body as soon as Mr. Haven, and I think a grain sooner. I saw it was Mr. Wade, and I said, "Good morning, Mr. Wade." He did not answer, and I took hold of his feet. Found they were still, and I then let him alone. He was lying on his right side, cross-ways of the cart path. By appearances, a pair of pants had been under his head; but his head was drawn off of the pants. His cane laid behind him, and a bottle near his head. Have known Mr. Wade 30 years. He was a perfect gentleman when he was Mr. Wade. Sometimes he would not be himself, and then you would see him where you did not want to. Have seen him when he had been drinking.

Samuel Dean of Burlington. Knew Ebenezer Wade. Last saw him alive three weeks ago last Saturday, Nov. 22d, at Mr. Poole's in North Woburn. Poole lives near Ruel Carter's. He came there between 1 and 2 P. M. There were only three of us there (Poole, Wade and I). We staid there an hour, and then went to Mr. Farley's in Wilmington, where we staid a short time. We got some refreshments there, which consisted of three drinks of new rum at ten cents a glass. I called for it, and I think I paid for it. Only drank once, and Wade and I started on together. Could not say Wade drank more than once. We started for home through the woods. Wade appeared at first to be pretty straight, but began to show the effects of drinking very soon. At the end of a quarter of a mile I, being a little ahead, met a man. He passed me, and stopped to talk with Wade. I looked back once, saw Wade start to leave him and then go back and talk again. I went on, thinking Wade would overtake me, but he did not, and I did not see him again alive. After I got to the Miller Place, and had waited there some time, I saw that Wade did not come, I went back and looked for him. Went by Farley's; did not go in. Went to Poole's, but all was dark; did not arouse him. I slept in a barn near Ruel Carter's. In the morning I went to Wade's house and looked in his bed room. Saw that he had not been home. It was a cold night. Not as cold as some we have had. Mr. Farley does not keep a store. Keeps something to drink. Have been there two or three times within two months. Go usually alone and pay for what I get. Did not see Wade have a bottle after we left. Don't know whether he got it filled at Farley's. No one goes with me to Farley's. Hunt, "the Apostle," has not been there with me. I have seen him there. I have seen a man named Hicks there; cannot say whether he is a constant visitor or not. I called there the Sunday after Mr. Wade was missing. Don't know the man that passed me and talked with Wade. He was ordinarily dressed and about Mr. Wade's height. I had been to Boston the day before (Nov. 21) and bought new clothes, and I found Wade at Poole's, and as he was lightly dressed, I offered to loan him my coat and gloves, and he offered to carry my pants. I have seen them since. He had the coat and gloves on, and the pants under or near his head. I was at Poole's when I loaned them.

George Hicks.—Reside in North Woburn. Have seen Mr. Wade a few times. Think the last time was three weeks ago last Saturday. First time I saw him he was about five rods from Mr. Farley's, coming with Samuel Dean towards the house. They came in. I ate my dinner there as is my custom. I did not hear the party call for anything to drink. Wade had a quart bottle about half full in his pocket and I had a drink out of it. I left them there. I have not bought a glass of liquor at Farley's for two years. They have treated me to a number of nips. My house is quarter of a mile from his. I never saw anything that looks like a store at Farley's. Was not at Farley's the Sunday after Wade's disappearance, but the next Sunday I stopped there. Did not have anything to take at that time. Wade's bottle was an oval clear glass bottle without a label.

Thomas Farley.—Reside in Wilmington. Occupation, a laborer. Knew Wade. Cannot say when last I saw him alive. I did not see him at my house on the 22nd of Nov. Heard Mr. Dean testify, but I was in the woods that day and did not see them. Did not see Wade that day. Do not sell spirituous liquors; never did. It is not sold in the house to my knowledge. Do not know that Wade got a bottle filled in my house or not. I left the house after breakfast, came home to dinner, and then to supper; no one there then. Cannot say when I saw Wade last. I heard Wade was missing when Dean came back and said so. I did not go out and look for him when the rest did. I was not asked. Mr. Jackson Wade and Mr. Tidd asked me and I went. I said once I do not keep liquor to sell. A man named Murray was found a long distance from my house about two years ago, frozen. Cannot say whether Murray was at my house just before that. Mr. Tidd the State Constable has been there once or twice. Cannot say what he gets. Do not know whether he takes an inventory or not. Have been convicted and have paid a fine for selling rum.

Ellen Farley:—Am the wife of Thomas Farley. Knew Mr. Wade. Saw him last, three weeks ago last Saturday as he passed by the house. It was about 10 o'clock A. M. He was going towards North Woburn. He did not come in. I did not see him again. I did not see Poole, Wade and Dean that afternoon as I was in Woburn. I left my children in the house. One is 15 years old. They do not transact business for me. I do not want them to, and I do not myself. My business is housekeeping. I heard Mr. Dean's testimony, and it is not true. I know they did not have anything to drink there. I should have known it if they had. I have not seen Mr. Wade but this once for three years. I know they did not get anything there because there was nothing there. I know Mr. Tidd. He comes to my place once in a while to see the folks. He sometimes carries something away with him. I have been convicted and have paid a fine for selling liquor, but I cannot tell why I should do it for I have never sold any. I did not hear until the Monday after Wade was there, that he was missing. He stayed about five or six minutes Saturday, Nov. 22d. This was about 10 A. M. He was on his way by the house, and I was bringing up potatoes for dinner. They had no liquor. Dean, Wade and Poole came in. Dean lighted his pipe. Can't say when this was. It was before I went to Woburn. It was near the middle of the afternoon. I did not see the bottle. Did not see Hicks treated. Saw Hicks there when he came and got his dinner pail. He was not there when they were there. I got back foom Woburn before dark.

Samuel Dean.—(re-called) I know I bought three glasses of rum and paid for them. Bought them of Mrs. Farley. This was between 2 and 3 P. M. Only there a short time. We might have gone by the house a few steps and then gone back. Friday night I stopped at Poole's, and Saturday when we left Poole's we went straight to Farley's. We had to go by Farley's to go home, and I thought it was about time to start for home, so I asked Wade if he was ready, and he said he was. Poole thought he would accompany us. We did not pass Farley's house in the forenoon.

This closed the testimony, and after a half hour's deliberation the jury returned the following

VERDICT.

That the said Wade came to his death between the twenty-second day of November A. D. 1873 and the fifteenth day of December current, by being exposed to the inclemency of the weather while under the influence of intoxicating liquor, said liquor having been purchased at the dwelling house of Thomas Farley in Wilmington in said county.

BURNED.—Mrs. W. H. Wheelock while examining the house furnace, on Tuesday, opened the door to the firebox, and the flames burst forth suddenly, slightly burning her hair and eye brows.

GRAND CONCERT.—Mr. Morse's third concert occurred Wednesday evening, Dec. 17th. Mr. Dudley Buck, organist of the Music Hall Association, led off with an "Offertoire" in F. minor, by Battiste (a change from the programme) Mr. Buck is an artist, a fact that was demonstrated to all present in a very short time. The male quartette, consisting of Mr. Hobbs, 1st tenor, Mr. T. Robie, 2d tenor, Mr, A. H. McKenney, 1st basso, and Mr. George R. Titus, 2d basso, sang "The Mill Wheel," very acceptably. Mr. Morse rendered the "Overture to Zanetta" with spirit. The aria "Non piu di fiori" by Mozart, Miss Wyman gave in her usual good style, and was warmly applauded. Concert Variations on "Last Rose of Summer," upon the organ by Mr. Buck was beautiful. The Quartette closed Part 1, with the song "In absence," and were encored. The Overture to "Tannhauser" followed, by Mr. Buck. A sweetly-sung serenade was given by Miss Wyman, and for an encore she sang "She wandered down the mountain side." "Rondo Grazioso" by Mr. Buck, was the next, succeeded by Miss Wyman and the Quartette in the "Image of the Rose," the quartete humming an accompaniment. This always pleases, but we think it was rendered better by Miss Wyman and the Highland Quartette at the Thalian Concert last winter. Mr. Morse played for a finale variations on "Star Spangled Banner." It was a generally expressed opinion that the organ playing was of a very superior order, and the whole concert was a pleasant entertainment.

North Woburn.

BURGLARIES—Following close upon the burglary at Cummingsville, we have a series of the same class in North Woburn. On Monday night a party of three small-sized young men, broke into the store of J. P. Tyler, tailor. They entered the rear store by prying up a window with an iron bar known as a saw mill dog. The front and back stores are separated from each other by a partition in which is a door that is kept doubly bolted. In the partition is a pane of glass about 12 x 15 inches. Sliding this one side, one of the party entered the front store through the aperture and unbolted the door. Once in the salesroom, they proceeded to select a wardrobe and having doffed their dirty clothes they donned new suits throughout, stockings, shirts, drawers, coats, pants vests and overcoats, yes even paper collars.

The shoe shop of Wm. Converse was visited the same night and a pair of calf skin boots taken and an old pair left.

On Tuesday night McQuesten's grocery was the scene of operations. A basement window was opened and an entrance thus effected to the store above. Here the burglars rifled the money drawers, taking about $16. They also took about $20 worth of tobacco, three or four pairs of boots and suspenders, gloves, etc.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Dec. 9th, Owen Gallaher, illegal keeping of intoxicants with intent to sell, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance. Mary Gallaher, assault and battery, $10 and costs. Dec. 12, Daniel Fahay, drunk, 2nd offence, $10 and costs. Dec. 8th, John E Philbrick, assault upon wife, 3 months in House of Correction, committed. Dec. 13th, Matthew Foley of Winchester, violation of Lord's day by keeping open shop,—three complaints, $10, $20, and $30, respectively, with costs on each; appealed. Dec. 15, John Doherty, illegal keeipng of intoxicating liquor, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance. Wm. J. Gillespie, drunk, $3 and costs.—Dec. 17th, Ellen Farley, common seller, $50 and costs, $100 recognizance; appealed, held in $400. Thos. Farley, liquor nuisance; ordered to recognize in $400 to appear before Superior Court. Dec. 13th, Owen McDonald and Dec. 15th, Chas. Adair, both of Lexington, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance.

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT.—The 6:25 Arlington and Lexington train and the 5:30 Lowell express usually pass each other at East Cambridge. Wednesday night, however, each was a little behind time. The Lexington train was approaching the Somerville switch, where the branch leaves the main track. It had the right of way, and the switch was right and the signal set against any down train from Lowell. But the night was foggy, and the Lowell express came rushing on, and the engineer, not seeing the signal, allowed his engine and train to run over the cross track to the one upon which the Lexington train was approaching. Brakes were applied at once and luckily the trains were stopped before they met. Only four feet intervened between the engines. Another minute and a terrible accident would have occurred, and many lives have been lost without doubt.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.—James Doorley, who has been before the Courts many times for drunkenness and who has boarded at Cambridge Jail frequently, came up from there a few days ago, having served out a six months sentence. Thursday night he was picked up in a drunken condition, and Friday morning he was turned over to the Overseers of the Poor, and sent to the Poor House.

Cummingsville.

BLOW.—A workman at the glue factory received a blow upon the head Thursday, while engaged in moving the boiler, and was rendered insensible for a time. The boiler was being transferred to East Woburn by Baeder & Adamson, the one at the East Woburn factory having given out.

RUNAWAY.—While Boody Sherburne was harnessing his horse at his barn on Tuesday, the horse became frightened, and ran out of the yard and then up Bedford street to Burlington. Both shafts of the wagon were broken.

THROWN OUT.—Alden Knights was thrown out of a sulky in his yard, on Beach street on Thursday, and received numerous scratches and bruises upon the face.

WATER WORKS.—The trenchers on the Salem St., extension have nearly reached the railroad, and the pipemen are close upon their heels.

—New street lamp opposite the hotel.

Reading Notices.

☞ A pupil of Carlyle Petersilea wishes to give private lessons on the piano. Read the "ad."

☞ With the cold weather comes the need of a good stove, and C. M. Strout at 200 Main street, has the article. Read his "ad" and call upon him.

☞ Alvah Buckman will fit you to a nice boot, shoe or rubber at his place, 160 Main street. The celebrated boots and shoes of Grammer Bros.' make are kept constantly on hand. See adv't.

☞ The advertisement of F. B. Dodge occupies a prominent position on our third page, and his stock is as conspicuous, comparatively, in his windows, corner of Main and Railroad streets.

☞ The Methodist society propose to anticipate Christmas with a grand fair in Lyceum Hall. The tables will be filled with choice articles and you cannot spend your money in a better place. Our advertising columns tells the story.

☞ Dear Reader, have you read Horton's bulletin in another column. This is the season for gladdening the hearts of the young people, and Horton has one of the best stocks we ever saw. Toys, Games and Books in endless variety fill his shelves.

☞ G. F. Smith & Co. are daily making Christmas presents to the public in the shape of wonderful bargains in elegant jewelry and silver ware. Their stock is extensive and their patterns of the latest styles. We recommend the public not to omit an examination of the beautiful wares in their show cases.

PARISH FAIR.—The fair at the Congregational church is very successful. Crowds of purchasers have thronged the vestries. Wednesday evening there were two very acceptable parlor concerts by the choir, the Haydn Quartette and Miss Dyer. This (Friday) evening, the Institute of Take Knowledg-y will be opened, that event being unavoidably deferred last evening. The book table has had a great sale, and the pictures are an immense attraction. The supper table drew well last evening, and the spread was the best ever seen in town. Don't fail to go this evening.

HOLIDAY GOODS.—As the holidays approach the question is often asked, where can one buy the *most* and get the *best* goods for the money with which to please the young as well as the old. Geo W Pollock, at the Town Hall has just received some nice goods for such presents, comprised in part of elegant chamber sets, extension tables, all sizes and patterns, parlor tables, wood and marble top, bouquet or fernery tables, easy or fold chairs (a nice present for a lady or gentleman), and indeed all kinds of furniture and bedding. He has also remaining over from last year some of those nice and desirable toys for children for which his store was famous one year ago, such as toy bureaus, tables, bedsteads (as cunning as can be), also rocking horses, 2 sizes, children's chairs, cane and wood seat, all of which will be sold cheap. See advertisement in another column.

—The reason why the ladies throng the store of C. A. Smith is that he is offering goods of fine quality at such tempting prices, that the dear creatures cannot keep away. And as we all delight to see our wives, sisters and sweethearts arrayed in these self same bargains, why should we grumble? Smith is fully alive to the importance of placing his goods within the reach of the people. His stock of Handkerchiefs, Fancy Boxes, Worsted Goods, Perfumery, Linen Sets, Hosiery and Gloves is endless, and once you get in there you'll need extra arms to bring out the goods you cannot help but purchase. Just think of Blankets for $5 00 Ladies will recollect that the former price was $7.00. Such fine Towels were never seen in Woburn before, as the obliging attendants at Smith's will be delighted to show you. The reduction in price is true of all the stock, and with such attractions we do not wonder at the patronage bestowed upon the establishment.

☞ Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette of Louisville, Ky., has given three years to the building up of a Public Library in Louisville, which he intends shall be the best in the country. He is doing it by a series of Gift Concerts, the profits of which go to the Library. The third drawing distributed $500,000, and the fourth, which has just been postponed to March 31st distributes $1,500 000. Gov. Bramlett has almost doubled the business of the Louisville Post Office. Eighteen clerks are kept busy twelve hours each day sending off circulars in answer to inquiries for tickets.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—This medicine has been before the public so long, and its virtues have been so thoroughly tested, that a commendation of it would seem superfluous. Almost every family in the land has used it, and have had occasion to thank Mr Davis for giving them in so cheap and convenient a form, such a powerful pain antidote. It is a household remedy. Always keep a bottle of the Pain Killer in your house. —*Fla. Baptist.*

CHRISTMAS.—We wish all our readers a merry Christmas. We hope that Santa Claus may come to each and every one of you, old and young alike, and that love for all your fellow creatures may fill your hearts upon that morn. "Peace on earth, good will to man" is a good motto to preach and practice.

PASSING AWAY.

"It matters little at what hour of day
The righteous fall asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die.
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Gone home; anchored in the peaceful haven of endless rest. Guided by that beacon light, the cross, the pilgrim, worn and weary, lays his dusty mantle down with joy. "The spirit returns to Him who gave it"—to Him who made the lovely, fragrant flowers—to Him who clothes the earth with fleecy snow so pure, The crown is won, the ivy wreath—beautiful emblem of immortality. As the friendly rock supports and strengthens the clasping vine, so the soul, grasping the eternal Rock, is purified, glorified, and life, like the breaking wave, is the most beautiful at the moment of its dissolution.

Winchester.

BREAK.—The engine at Maxwell's shop broke down Monday, so that it could not be run for a day or two.

PAROCHIAL.—The First Congregational Society have invited Rev. Alfred Brooks Dascomb of Woodstock, Vt. to become their pastor. It is thought he will accept.

IN MEMORIAM.—At the Unitarian church last Sunday morning the pastor in his sermon made a feeling allusion to the late Hon. J. B. Winn of Woburn, who was so much interested in the success of the society, and who so generously contributed one seventeenth part of the whole expense of the building of its church edifice.

READINGS.—Prof. J. W. Churchill gave Readings in the Baptist church last Monday evening as a part of the course of lectures. The selections were as follows: Extracts from Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby, illustrating the Yorkshire Schools; Mark Twain's Innocents abroad; Betsey and I are out, by W. M. Carleton; Poor Joe's Last Will and Testament; Sequel to "Betsey and I are out," or "How Betsey and I made up;" The Minister's Housekeeping, one of Mrs. Stowe's Old Town stories; Father Philip Blake. The several characters in the stories were capitally illustrated in voice and manner, anon convulsing the audience with laughter or moving them to tears. It was a very enjoyable entertainment, and the professor enjoys the rare power of mimicking the customs, habits and language of the story he is telling, and thus adding a life like force and power to their interest.

CENTENNIAL TEA PARTY.—An impromptu celebration of the centennial anniversary of the great tea party in Boston, took place in the vestries of the Unitarian church on Tuesday evening last. Notwithstanding the short notice given, a large company assembled, many of whom were dressed in "ye costume of the olden time." Two young men arrayed as Mohawks created much amusement among the young people, and acted their parts admirably. Mr. Baxter in his glittering dress and chapeaux presented quite a military appearance. Some of the ladies looked gorgeous in the rich dresses of their great grandmothers. Tea was served about eight o clock by a bevy of fair young ladies in old fashioned costume, who lost none of their attractions by appearing in the style of a century ago. After tea the exercises were continued by the singing of a national hymn by the whole company, and of old fashioned songs by a quartette, composed of F. A Patch, James Russell and the Misses Fletcher. Mr. J. F. Baxter, Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Miss Mary Winsor, also sang appropriate pieces, and a party of boys rendered "Yankee Doodle" in a spirited manner, The party closed at an early hour, with all joining in singing America.

SCHOOLS.—The Mystic Schoolhouse has been closed by the School Committee for want of a sufficient number of pupils in their opinion to justify its being kept open. The little children who are so unfortunate as to live near Symmes Corner have now got to travel a great distanse to another school through the worst part of the winter or be deprived of any school privileges, as many of them will have to be.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—It has become a noticeable fact that the cars devoted to Stoneham passengers are of a better class than the Woburn ones,—why is this? Furthermore, the eight o'clock passenger train in from Winchester in the morning has not cars enough to accommodate its numerous passengers at Somerville nor any decent smoking car attached to it. In place of the latter a second class car is put on of a dirty and uninviting appearance which the smokers are obliged to use if they would indulge in their favorite weed. There is enough of the passengers by this train as we understand to fill a proper car. We presume these suggestions will be sufficient to lead to a change in the particulars desired, which the comfort of the passengers serves to require.

ACCIDENT.—John Maxwell stepped upon a carpenter's horse in his father's shop Friday morning last, to ascertain what prevented one of the doors from swing freely. When in this position his cardigan jacket caught upon a screw head in a shaft that was revolving just back of his shoulders. This wound up the jacket and turned Maxwell round until his heels touched the ceiling while his head hung downwards. The jacket did not give way and the belt which drove the shaft slipped, and Maxwell was cut down, but not until his chest and back were bruised quite badly. He is recovering, although it leaves him pretty lame. Mr. Maxwell seems to be the victim of a hard fate, this being his third or fourth accident.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—The farm of the late Dea. Ezekiel Johnson, on Ridge street has been purchased by Wm. T. Proctor, of Cambridge, for $4,000. A pasture and a wood lot belong to this estate were sold sometime since to Timothy A. Thompson. Since the death of Dea. J., seven or eight years ago, this property has changed hands four times. Mr. Proctor, we learn contemplates important improvements, and we have reason to believe that the place has come into the possession of the right man at last.

ACCIDENT.—George L. Locke, youngest son of Josiah Locke, a lad of thirteen, met with a very serious accident on Saturday, Nov. 22, while cutting wood for the fire. A stick struck him in the right eye with such force that it is feared that the sight is destroyed although Dr. Williams of Boston says there is, he thinks, a slight chance that it may be restored.

CONCERT.—The Missionary Concert held at the Congregational church last Sabbath evening, was one of unusual interest and very fully attended. Pres. Magoun of Iowa College, who occupied the pulpit during the day, preaching two powerful sermons, gave an exceedingly interesting address which was listened to with the closest attention, one long to be remembered by those present for its earnest, hopeful words and touching stories. Live letters were read from the late pastor, Rev. Mr. Bissell, missionary to Austria, dated Vienna, Oct. 22, five days after his arrival, and from Rev. Chester Holcomb, missionary from this church to China. We wish these letters might be put in print and read by every member of the congregation.

FOX SHOT.—William Adams, who by the way is a new aspirant for the honors of the chase, shot a fox near the Winchester and Lexington line one day last week. Mr. A. is the owner of a valuable fox hound, that can't be beat. When that fox was captured near the engine house in Woburn last winter it was understood that this dog run him in.

R. R. SURVEY.—By whom and for whom was the survey made for a railroad from somewhere, through Jacob Pierce's "Rattlesnake" across "Indian Hill" to somewhere (?) ? When is the road to be built? We impatiently wait a reply.

West Medford.

FAIR.—The Cong'l society held a very successful fair in Brook's Hall, Wednesday and Thursday.

OPENED.—Hall & Co.'s store reported closed has been opened again by Coleman & Co., of Medford Center.

—The Virginius has been surrendered.

New Publications.

HARPER'S.—The January number could not easily be surpassed in its variety of reading matter or wealth of pictorial illustration. The opening article by S. Carvalho, is a profusely illustrated description of the island of Martinique, the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, dwelling especially upon the curious and romantic phases of its history. Mr. Junius Henri Browne's illustrated article on "The Knights of the Red Shield" can not fail to excite peculiar interest. To quote the words of this brilliant writer, "no financial history is more remarkable or more interesting than that of the Rothchilds. Their name is spoken everywhere; their wealth is proverbial; their prosperity has run into simile." The article on "Washington News" is evidently from the pen of a newspaper veteran, and is characteristically illustrated. Mr. Conway concludes his Saunter in Dorsetshire. One of the most attractive features of this number is the first installment of "My Mother and I; a Love Story for Girls," by Miss Mulock, beautifully illustrated. Professor De Mille's serial story, "The Living Link," is continued. The poetry of the number is very noteworthy. The "Easy Chair" discusses the Opera, Secret Societies, and apropos of the recent death of Lewis Gaylord Clark, the progress which has been made in magazine literature since the days of the old *Knickerbocker*. The other editorial departments are instructive and entertaining as usual. The most important of the miscellaneous articles is "The New South," by Edwin de Leon.

Horton has it.

SCRIBNER'S.—This very readable magazine is well filled in the January number, and the new year opens with rich promise. Bret Harte, Gail Hamilton, Warner, Saxe, Higginson, MacDonald, Froude, Hay, Stoddard, Stockton, King, Rebecca Harding Davis and others are seldom found within the covers of one monthly magazine. It is a sure sign that the contents are of a high order. We assure our readers that each author is in his or her best dress ready for your examination. The editor, Dr. Holland, is also on hand in his department, and the whole number is one of rare excellence. $4.00 per year. Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS.—We must award the crown to this magazine as the first of juveniles. It was good when it started with its bright stories and artistic illustrations, and now it comes to us merged with *Our Young Folks* which has always held first rank. Both will be published under the above name, and the best talent of the country will be concentrated upon it in its new dress. The January number is a wonder, and the wish of the publishers to make 100,000 children happy is destined to be realized. $3.00 per year, Scribner & Co., 645 Broadway, N. Y.

Married

In Woburn, Dec. 11th, by Rev. B. F. Clark, of Chelmsford, James A. Parker of Merrimack, N.H., and Mary A. French, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 13th, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, David Anderson and Margaret McKensey, all of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Burlington, Nov. 22nd, Ebenezer Wade, aged 62 years.

In Woburn, Dec. 12, Geo. S. Simonds, aged 61 years, 9 months.

In Woburn, Dec. 17, Emily A. Seabury, aged 30 years.

In Arlington, Dec. 22, Mary E., daughter of John H. and Olive McMillan, aged 2 years, 3 months, 2 days.

In Lexington, Dec. 12, Isaac M. Parker, aged 44 years, 1 month, 2 days.

In Petrolia, Penn., Dec. 7th, Jennie, wife of D. C Backus, and daughter of George B. and Lucy Dolliver, of Buffalo, N. Y., aged 28 years.

Religious Notices.

CONCERT.—The Monthly Concert of the Baptist Sunday School will be held next Sunday Evening, at 6½ o'clock.

Special Notices.

MUSIC.

Miss LILIAN HARMON, a pupil of Mr. CARLYLE PETER ILEA, wishes to give private lessons on the piano, in this town; can be seen at No. 2 Auburn Street, Woburn.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, will be held at their Banking House, on Tuesday, the 13th day of January 1874, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the election of Directors and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them.

190 J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8th, 1873.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

LINCOLN EMERSON,
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

Methodist Fair.

The Ladies of the M. E. Church and Society will hold a Grand Fair at Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23d and 24th, day and evening, for the purpose of raising funds with which to furnish their new church. There will be a great variety of new and useful goods, from which to select a present for the coming holidays, as well as the more substantial goods wanted in every household. There will be the usual attractions at the candy table. A good oyster supper will be provided on one of the evenings, the supper for the other evening will be announced. Come one and all and lend a helping hand. Tickets 15 cents, for sale at the door. 218

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 211

1840. 1874.
PAIN-KILLER,
THE GREAT
Family Medicine of the Age.
Taken Internally, It Cures
Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhea,
Cramp and Pain in the Stomach,
Bowel Complaints, Painters' Colic,
Liver Complaint; Dyspepsia, Indigestion;
Sore Throat, Sudden Colds,
Coughs, &c., &c.
Used Externally, it Cures
Boils, Felons, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet, &c., &c., &c.

PAIN-KILLER,
after a thorough trial by innumerable living witnesses, has proved itself THE MEDICINE OF THE AGE. It is an internal and external remedy. One positive proof of its efficacy is, that its sales have constantly increased, and wholly upon its own merits. The effect of the

PAIN-KILLER

upon the patient when taken internally, in case of Cold, Cough, Bowel Complaint, Cholera, Dysentery and other afflictions of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts Stings of Insects, and other causes of suffering, has secured for it such a host of testimony, as an infallible remedy, that it will be handed down to posterity as one of the greatest medical discoveries of the nineteenth century.

THE PAIN-KILLER

derives much of its popularity from the simplicity attending its use, which gives it a peculiar value in a family. The various diseases which may be reached by it, and in their incipient stages eradicated, are among those which are peculiarly fatal if suffered to run; but the curative magic of this preparation at once disarms them of their terrors. In all respects it fulfills the conditions of a popular medicine.

Be sure you call for and get the genuine Pain-Killer, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

☞ Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts, 50 cts, & $ 1 per bottle.
SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

HOME AGAIN !

Having rebuilt our store which was destroyed by fire in May last, are now open with an entire new stock of FIRST-CLASS

FURNITURE
AND
Interior Decorations.

Many of our goods have been purchased at PANIC PRICES and will be sold correspondingly cheap.

Chamber Sets

at LOWER PRICES than ever before offered. A great variety of goods for **HOLIDAY PRESENTS**, all of which will be sold at **extremely low prices.** 214

THE

Boston Daily Advertiser

For 1874.

PROSPECTUS:

THE DAILY ADVERTISER has no new promises to make for the coming year. While referring with confidence to the past for indications of its general character and policy, its purpose will be, now as heretofore, to meet the new demands that may be made upon it, and to give an accurate and faithful transcript of the times. A large and gratifying increase of circulation during the current year, in spite of the unusual depression in many branches of business and the addition of new and improved presses and machinery, enable us to give the latest intelligence possible in the most attractive form, and to answer in all respects the requirements of A LEADING MORNING NEWSPAPER. To this end every edition will contain:

I.

THE LATEST AND MOST VALUABLE INTELLIGENCE from all parts of the world.

II.

SPECIAL DESPATCHES AND CORRESPONDENCE from all points of special interest, at home and abroad.

III.

A COMPLETE RESUMÉ OF LOCAL EVENTS, including reports of public gatherings, the legislature and the courts, societies devoted to trade, literature, philanthropy and religion.

IV.

MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, ART and LITERARY CRITICISM.

V.

EDITORIAL DISCUSSIONS of subjects of general interest and importance, comprising the judgment of experts and the results of actual experience, as far as possible, and treated in all cases with an honest purpose to arrive at the truth.

VI.

MARKET REPORTS, PRICES CURRENT, STOCK QUOTATIONS, FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND MARINE INTELLIGENCE—departments in which the Daily Advertiser has long been unrivalled, and intends to continue so.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS AND NEWS SELECTIONS, gathered from a very large list of exchanges and the best available sources.

To these regular and routine departments, special features will be added from time to time, as events may call for them; and no pains or labor will be spared to make the DAILY ADVERTISER as welcome and interesting to family and social circles as it is indispensable to the business community. In political matters, so far as parties are now divided on national questions, the DAILY ADVERTISER is warmly and consistently Republican; but recognizes no party obligation to defend or apologize for public men and measures simply because they bear that name. The republican party has great vitality, and a capacity for usefulness not yet seriously impaired. But in the course of a long succession of triumphs it has become tolerant of convenient abuses which ought to be swept away. The party itself stands in need of wholesome and independent criticism; and we hold it to be the business of journals identified with its history, and in full sympathy with its general policy, to administer it without malice, and at the same time without fear. To its literary department the DAILY ADVERTISER will give a wider scope than ever before, keeping not merely a record of new books with which our publishing houses are now overflowing, but also a record of the current events of literary or scientific interest at home and abroad, including letters from the most approved writers, extracts from new books, reports of the investigations of scholars, and intelligent and honest criticism of books as they appear. In the closely related department of musical and dramatic criticism, the DAILY ADVERTISER will continue to have the benefit of accomplished writers and critics wholly in sympathy with the public desire and the public need of the best the modern concert room and stage afford. With regard to the general interests of the community,—we aim to keep in mind and to advocate whatever tends to promote its welfare—temperance, good morals, sound principles, wise legislation,—and above all a healthy hatred of shams, always on the watch for places of influence and repute to which they are not entitled by ability, character or by public or private services.

TERMS:

The subscription price of the DAILY ADVERTISER is $12 per annum. To clubs of five and under twenty, to one address, the price is $9 50 per copy. To clubs of twenty and upwards, the price is $9 per copy.

The subscription price of the SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER is $4 per year, and is made up with special reference to the wants of our more distant subscribers.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY ADVERTISER is $2 per year. To clubs of 10 and upwards the price is $1 50 per copy.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER,

E. F. WATERS, Treasurer,

No. 29 Court Street, Boston.

POSTPONEMENT.

4th Grand Gift Concert!

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

OVER A MILLI N IN BANK!!

Success Assured!

A FULL DRAWING CERTAIN

On Tuesday, 31st of March, next.

In order to meet the general wish and expectation of the public and the ticket-holders, for the full payment of the magnificent gifts, announced for the Fourth Grand Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky, the management have determined to postpone the Concert and Drawing until **TUESDAY, THE 31st of MARCH, 1874.**

They have already realized

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS,

and have a great many agents yet to hear from.

☞ No doubt is entertained of the sale of every ticket before the drawing, but whether all are sold or not the concert and drawing will positively and unequivocally take place on the day now fixed, and if any remain unsold they will be cancelled and the prizes will be reduced in proportion to the unsold tickets. ☜

Only 60,000 tickets have been issued and

12,000 CASH GIFTS.

$1,500,000

will be distributed among the ticket-holders.

The tickets are printed in coupons, or tenths, and all fractional parts will be represented in the drawing just as whole tickets are.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		17,500
10 Cash Gifts,	$10,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each,	150,000
50 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each,	50,000
80 Cash Gifts,	500 each,	40,000
100 Cash Gifts,	400 each,	40,000
150 Cash Gifts,	300 each,	45,000
250 Cash Gifts,	200 each,	50,000
325 Cash Gifts,	100 each,	32,500
11,000 Cash Gifts,	10 each,	550,000

Total, 12,000 Gifts, all cash, amounting to $1,500,000

The chances for a gift are as one to five.

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole tickets for $500; 22½ tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole tickets for $10,000. No discount on less $500 worth of ticket.

The Fourth Gift Concert will be conducted, in all respects, like the three which have already been given, and full particulars may be learned from circulars which will be sent free from this office to all who apply for them.

Orders for tickets and applications for agencies will be attended to in the order they are received, and it is hoped that they will be sent in promptly that there may be no disappointment or delay in filling all. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again. All agents are peremptorily required to settle up their accounts and return all unsold tickets by the 20th day of March.

THO. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent Public Library Kentucky, and Manager Gift Concert, Public Library Building, Louisville, Kentucky. 208

GENTLEMEN BOARDERS WANTED.

A few gentlemen of respectability can be accommodated with board and rooms.

Apply to Mrs. HANNAH FRENCH,
Corner of Mt. Pleasant and Green Sts.
Woburn, December 15, 1873.

TO LET Jan. 1st.

Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts.

House of nine rooms, Gas, Hard and Soft Water.

Apply to JOHN ROBBINS,
216 New Boston St., Woburn.

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 25
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

NEW GOODS

FOR THE

Holidays!

AT

G. F. Smith & Co's

187

MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Ladies' and Gent's Fine Watches.

GOLD AND PLATED

Chains

AND

Charms,

CHAIN BRACELETS.

Clocks and Jewelry

Ladies' Gold and Plated Sets,

Gold and Silver Thimbles.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Consisting of

Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons,
Berry Spoons,
Jelly Spoons,
Napkin Rings,
Butter Knives,
Pie Knives,

Ice Pitchers,
Cake Baskets,
Castors,
Tea Sets,
Butter Dishes,
etc., etc., etc.

The solid ware is of

STERLING SILVER

and the plated ware is

TRIPLE PLATE

from the celebrated manufactory of

REED & BARTON.

Gold & Steel Bowed Spectacles

Shell, Rubber and Steel Eye Glasses.

WE ARE

BOUND TO SUIT.

Call and examine

Quality and Prices

before purchasing elsewhere.

We like to show Goods.

187 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Andrew Wilson,

Winchester Market.

Lyceum Building,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of

MEATS, VEGETABLES,

Fruits, &c.

Such as

BEEF,
PORK,
LARD,
HAMS,
POULTRY,
POTATOES,
APPLES,
CRANBERRIES,

and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords.

☞ N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense.

Order Box at Depot. Orders collected at 7½, 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M.

HOLIDAY

GOODS

will be offered at low prices during the Holidays at

TOWN HALL,

WOBURN.

We have on hand the best assortment of

FURNITURE

ever before offered to the people of Woburn, among which is the following:—Elegant Chamber Sets, Extension and Dining Tables, all sizes, Parlor and Library Tables, Wood and Marble Top, Fernery or Boquet Tables. Easy or Fold Parlor Chairs (an elegant present for a Lady or Gentleman) also Black Walnut Mirrors, all sizes. Children's Chairs all Patterns and Prices. Comforts for the colder holidays. Also Beds and Bedding, Chairs, Book shelves, Bird Cages, Sleds, Picture Frames all sizes and prices, together with a great variety of goods too numerous to mention.

Come and See.

TOPPAN ROBIE,

Insurance Broker

After Jan. 1st, 1874,

May be found at the

STORE OF J. W. HAMMOND,

181 MAIN STREET.

Boston Office for the present,

22 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance on Tanneries,

Stores and Merchandise

effected in sound and reliable Companies.

GOOD DWELLING-HOUSE RISKS

placed in strictly first-class Companies at the

LOWEST RATES.

E. C. HUSE,

DEALER IN

COAL

AND

WOOD.

YARD: { Between Central Depot and Mystic Station.

ORDER BOX: At the Post Office.

WINCHESTER.

☞ Orders from adjoining towns by mail, or otherwise, filled without additional charge. 108

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

s prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68

HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of
31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

CHRISTMAS, 1873.

GIFTS

FOR ALL,
FOR USE,
FOR FUN,
FOR BEAUTY,
RICH and POOR,
OLD and YOUNG,

BUTLER & NORWOOD,

90 and 92

TREMONT ST.,

—AND—

1 and 2

MONTGOMERY PLACE.

In fulfillment of their determined purpose to supply a greater variety of different goods beneath one roof than any other house in Boston, invite the attention of all who would give pleasure to the "little people," to their Extensive and TEMPTING ASSORTMENT of

DOLLS,

Embracing the cheapest German manufacture, the most exquisite French conceptions in Wax, and every intermediate variety in quality, fancy and price. **Dolls Stationary, Dolls Moveable, Dolls Dressed, Dolls in Frame, Dolls in Carriages, Dolls Heads.**

A FASCINATING SELECTION OF

TOYS for Boys and Girls,

Embracing Baby Houses, Chamber and Parlor Sets, all kinds of Animals, Musical Instruments, Trees, Farms, Vehicles, Boats, Birds, Fish, Tools, Kitchen Utensils, Cottages, Pistols, Baskets,—in short, everything which the heart of a parent or nurse could desire for the indoor amusement of a fractious child.

In this department also may be found an intelligent collection of

GAMES,

Including Parlor Croquet, Loto, Puzzles, and the latest productions in Cards, for the entertainment of old and young.

Especial attention is directed to the well stocked department of

TOY BOOKS,

Among which are more than the usual variety of Pictures, Illuminations, Rhymes, Letters, Transformations, Fables, Puzzles, Colors, Carols, Chimes and Jingles. These appear in all styles of covers, binding, envelopes and boxes, and are vastly diverting to children.

Ladies will eagerly possess themselves of our

FANCY BOXES

For Work, with Fittings for Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Collars, Bon Tons, Tobacco, Etc., which with our *WRITING DESKS and PORTFOLIOS*, sell at one half last year's prices!!

In Fancy Goods

WE OFFER

FRENCH BRONZES, in extensive variety,
FANCY INKSTANDS, unique designs,
JAPANESE TRAYS, in willow baskets,
CARD STANDS, LEATHER BAGS,
LEATHER POCKET BOOKS,
LEATHER CIGAR CASES,
LEATHER BOXES.

CHOICE UMBRELLAS.

☞ All the irresistible articles for gifts enumerated above have been purchased by us at panic prices—many of them of bankrupt dealers—and examination will convince purchasers that in most instances this years prices are 50 to 75 PER CENT LOWER THAN LAST YEAR'S PRICES.

French & German Corsets a Specialty

WORSTED GOODS,

Embracing Leggings, Mufflers, Nubias, Jackets, Hoods, very thoroughly knit.

BEAR IN MIND OUR

WINTER MILLINERY,

For Ladies, Misses, and Children, including Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Bonnets, Feathers, Ornaments.

ALSO, OUR

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR,

For Both Sexes and Every Age,

In which we defy competition in Quantity, Quality and Price. The Stock embraces Every Make, Every Size, Every Grade, Every Article that can be called for in the Department.

SPLENDID

Bargains in all Departments.

Every facility is rendered to customers for a careful examination of goods before purchasing. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our

WINTER OFFERINGS.

BUTLER & NORWOOD

OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE,

90 and 92 TREMONT STREET,

—AND— 193

1 & 2 MONTGOMERY PLACE,

BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Next door to the Metropolitan Railroad Office.

Headquarters for Holiday Gifts. S. Horton, Woburn.

Great Rush at "Horton's Bookstore"--Christmas Gifts, New Year Presents, Books, Games and Toys, for large and small Girls, old and young Boys. Call early and "Don't you forget it."

ADJOURNED SALE OF

WOOD & TIMBER

AT AUCTION

IN WOBURN.

On MONDAY, Dec. 22d, at 9 o'clock A. M., will be sold at Auction in Lots, all the Wood and Timber standing on thirty acres of land, situated in the westerly part of Woburn, on the farm owned and occupied by the late Henry Parker. Said Wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Pitch and White Pine, and is not excelled by any lot of wood in this section, for quality and quantity per acre. The location is excellent, and is accessible at all seasons of the year, being on high land, and borders on Cambridge Street, being 2 miles to Winchester, 4 to Arlington, and 5 to Medford.

This sale offers the best opportunity to Shipbuilders, Wheelwrights and other persons desirous to purchase Oak, Pitch, and White Pine Timber suitable for sawing and other purposes, that has been offered to the public at auction, in this vicinity for years.

There is a large number of Elm Trees on said lot, suitable for wheelwrights' use, of the best quality for Hub Timber, and they will be sold separate from the Market Wood; and also the Oak Timber Trees.

N.B.—If stormy on the day named, the sale will be on the next fair business day at the same hour.

By order of the Heirs.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Dec. 6, 1873. 187

Holiday Presents

Toys for the little folks in great variety you will find at

Adkins'.

Also, Magazines, Papers, Periodicals, Stationery and Confectionery.

156 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

How To Make Home Attractive!

The Problem of Years Solved at Last!!

STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

The Special Installment Plan

—OF— 186

O. GREEN,

Successful & Triumphant!

How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people, and it is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents understand the secret, and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon our children. The impressions thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and entertaining inducements, they keep away from those temptations which everywhere beset and mislead the young, and are pretty certain to lead useful and happy lives as they grow to manhood and womanhood. When your friends and the neighbors call, if your house is cheerful and bright in all its aspect, they value your acquaintance more highly, you are in a position which brings out your finer and more genial qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate if they do not exactly understand it. Next to a clear conscience, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at

O. GREEN'S STORE

No. 6 RAILROAD STREET, WOBURN.

PIANOS

AND

Cabinet Organs

FOR SALE BY

INSTALLMENTS

AT

DODGE'S

Jewelry Store,

Sheet Music

AND

MUSIC BOOKS.

F. B. DODGE

Cor. Main & Railroad Sts.

WOBURN.

CUMMINGSVILLE

AND

WOBURN CENTER

OMNIBUS LINE.

ON and after December 1st, the subscriber will run an Omnibus between F. W. Ellis' store, Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.

Leave Ellis' store at 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 10, 11.30 A. M. 12.45, 3, 4.15, 5.30, 6.30 and 8.55* P. M.

Leave Depot at 6.40, 7.35, 9, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15, 3.40, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10 and 9.15* P. M.

*Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

On Sundays at Church hours.

Season tickets, $10 a quarter. Mechanic's tickets, two trips daily, 75 cents a week. School tickets, two trips daily, 60 cents a week. Single fare, 10 cts. Twelve tickets for $1. Half tickets, 6 cents. Twenty half tickets for $1.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Dancing School

—AT—

CENTRAL HOUSE HALL,

WOBURN, MASS.

MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.

Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to

B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent,
15 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

DR. C. T. LANG'S

Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

BUEL & FLINT,

130 Main street, Woburn,

PLUMBERS,

Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,

AND DEALERS IN

Rubber Hose, Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29

GAS FIXTURES,

BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,

WATER PIPES

Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of

PLUMBING,

DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

C. M. STROUT,

200 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

DEALER IN

STOVES AMD FURNACES,

Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE. 206

BUY YOUR

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEARS

PRESENTS

AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

Corner Main and Railroad Sts., Woburn,

Best Assortment in Woburn.

No trouble to show Goods if you don't buy.

"St. Nicholas"

—AND—

"Our Young Folks."

The publishers of **ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine** for Girls and Boys, take pleasure in announcing by an arrangement with Messrs. **J. R. Osgood & Co.**, their popular Magazine

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS"

HAS BEEN MERGED IN "ST. NICHOLAS."

In addition to the striking novelties and great literary and artistic attractions already offered by "ST. NICHOLAS," **THE BEST FEATURES OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS"** will be retained. "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS BEEN ENLARGED, new contributions have been secured; among them

A SERIAL STORY BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE

Late Editor of **"Our Young Folks,"** which begins in the present number. **Other Eminent Writers well known** to the readers of **"Our Young Folks"** have been engaged. We are thus enabled to present to the public a **Magazine for Children and Youth**, *superior in every respect* to **any ever before published.**

THREE SPLENDID SERIAL STORIES:

"What might have been Expected,"

A Story for Boys,

By FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Ting-a-Ling," "Roundabout Rambles," etc. Mr. Stockton is one of the best of our American Writers. The scene of the story is laid in Virginia. The boy-hero has started out with a gun on his shoulder, and we may be sure there will be no end of fun and adventures,

"NIMPO'S TROUBLES,"

A Story for Girls,

By OLIVE THORNE (Mrs. Harriet M. Miller),

A great favorite with the children. It is a good, strong, wholesome story of girl life, and will be full of interest for both both boys and girls,

"FAST FRIENDS,"

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

One of the most popular writers for young folks in America. Readers of "Jack Hazard," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing his Best," will understand what a capital treat is in store for them in Mr. Trowbridge's new story.

All these Stories will be Splendidly Illustrated

"JIMMYJOHN STORIES,"

By Mrs. ABBY MORTON DIAZ,

Author of "The William Henry Letters," "William Henry and His Friends," and "Lucy Maria" (who has the rare and happy gift of knowing how to delight young people) WILL APPEAR DURING THE YEAR. The will also be Shorter Stories, Papers on Science and History, Natural History, Wild Sports and Adventures, Sketches of Travel, Fairy Tales, Poems, Puzzles, Charades, Jingles, Fun and Fancy, Instruction, Entertainment and Delight. Something for all, from Father and Mother to the Baby. The Illustrations will be the best that the Artists of two continents can supply, and will be printed with the greatest care.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

Our pages in big type and easy words for the youngest readers, which have been "a hit" from the first, will be continued. The children will be glad to know also, that the deparment of

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

is to be a permanent feature of the magazine. Jack will tell some of the most curious things ever heard, and make himself generally entertaining.

We have undertaken to make the best magazine possible, for the little folks, as well as those who are older. Every number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain good reading matter for boys and girls of all ages, besides a great deal of hearty and innocent fun.

Christmas comes but once a year, but ST. NICHOLAS, the new magazine for girls and boys, comes every month. It has already won the hearts of the young folks, and the Little Children are Crying for ST. NICHOLAS.

We want 100,000 Children & Youth made Happy

BY ST. NICHOLAS AT THE HOLIDAYS.

ST. NICHOLAS, as enlarged, contains one third more matter than OUR YOUNG FOLKS, thus giving a great variety for all. With its great Literary and Pictorial Attractions, and its beautiful Printing, it will found to be the Cheapest Magazine in the World.

Subscription Price, $3 a Year. The two back numbers for November and December, '73, will be sent to all subscribers for '74, without additional charge. Four Months for ONE DOLLAR; 25 cts. a Number. For sale and subscriptions received by all Booksellers & News Dealers on the above terms.

Money may be sent to us in checks payable to our order, or in Post Office Money Orders, or in Registered Letters. Money in Letters not Registered, at sender's risk.

SCRIBNER & CO.,
195 **654 Broadway, New York.**

CAYFORD & HALE,

CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,

OFFICE—Near the Depot,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 75

Woburn Bazaar,

192 MAIN STREET.

Now is the Time to get your

CHRISTMAS

GOODS,

—AT—

Wholesale Prices!

Don't buy your presents until you examine the goods at the Woburn Bazaar.

We have just received a large lot of

DOLLS

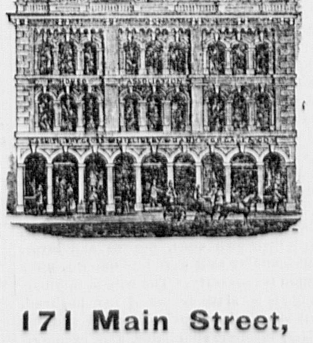
Which we will sell at a very low price. CALL and EXAMINE BEFORE YOU BUY.

Woburn Bazaar

192 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

G. R. GAGE & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,



171 Main Street,

WOBURN. 24

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 54

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Why should we not use Alcoholic Drinks?

There are several reasons why we should not use alcoholic drinks. One and the primary reason is that by their use the brain is maddened and weakened, and thus rendered unfit to pe form that high standard of work for which it was fashioned and gifted by the Almighty God.

As, for instance, a man is gifted with a great intellect, and he can do a great deal of good in this world, and can perform that high standard of work for which he was made, and he will be an eminent example of God's handiwork, so long as he totally abstain from the use of any kind of liquor as a beverage or as a stimulant. But let that man use any kind of liquor, I care not what, whether rum, brandy, whiskey, gin, wine, ale, cider or beer, and his intellect, once so brilliant, is dulled, his brain is maddened, and he is no longer fit nor able to perform his work with so much skill and energy, nor with so high a sense of duty, as he could before taking any liquor as a beverage or a stimulant; and again when the brain is so maddened with liquor, his senses are very much dulled, especially his sense of honor, and he is led on in his mad career, not being actuated by the principles, nor led by the will and power for which God intended him, but his whole mind is taken possession of by the evil spirit, and he is led first to frequent the bar rooms of the most fashionable hotels, then to visit and enjoy gambling saloons, and as he continues on in his evil and downward course, he becomes a frequenter of our less respectable bar rooms; from these he visits houses of ill fame, and still goes on slowly and surely down, until, when he comes home under the influence of intoxicating liquor, he cruelly beats his once loving wife and happy children, and his home is no longer a home of peace and happiness, but is a hell commenced on earth, from which his wife and children shrink with bitterness and shame, and when they hear his foot steps they no longer run to meet him with outstretched, loving arms, with which they used to greet him, but they run away and hide and weep bitterly, because they are afraid that he will beat them, or take away from them some treasure which a friend has given them, with which to buy some more liquor, and still he goes on until he has robbed his poor neglected family of everything that they had and left them to starve, and oftentimes kicked them out into the street, poor and almost naked on a cold, winter night, to be taken care of by some friend or by the police. O, what a heart-rending sight to see a poor woman, driven through the streets, crying for help, because her husband who should be her stay and protector, is cruelly beating her and her children, and then to see him reeling and staggering through the street, in his vain endeavors to walk straight, and often to see him fall and be unable to rise again and to see the multitude of people who pass by without lending a helping hand, and saying, "it is only a drunkard," and yet go right on about their business without any thought of his soul or whether he live or die, and and thus the drunkard goes on, until at last, the liquor has so gained control over him that delirium tremens set in, and it takes several strong men to hold him, and he is in the greatest of agony, and in his madness he will oftentimes attempt to murder his own children, until at last death sets in its foot and separates the the soul from the body; the body is burried and there are but few mourners, and people say, "it is only a drunkard, the world will be better off without him," but the soul must go to meet its maker, God face to face and render an account of the deeds done in the body. O, what a solemn thought, of a drunkard's soul meeting its God face to face to receive the awful doom of, "depart from me, I never knew you," and then to think of that soul spending its long forever in torture, misery and woe. Is not the thought of one soul going to destruction and everlasting damnation, enough to stimulate us to work more earnestly in the cause of temperance, and by our influence and example to banish forever all liquors from our land, that it may be indeed a land of freedom, and not of bondage, and I appeal to you, Christians, to do all in your power to banish this evil from our land, and whenever you can influence a person to sign the pledge by doing so yourself, do so by all means, join the temperance societies, and show by your influence and example that you wish to suppress this evil, and then, but stop, it is not only one soul that is going to this terrible doom, but the number increases until we have sixty thousand souls, who annually fill drunkarks' graves, and it is not only confined to the men of our race, but to the fair sex also, and appeal to everybody who is a friend to him or herself, what can be more heart rending than to see a woman who should be one of God's noblest creatures reeling through the street, or perhaps lying prostrate in the gutter, in a state of intoxication, in a state lower than a brute, for if you give a beast liquor once you cannot a second time. Then rouse you, put on your armour, and drive the demon of intemperanc from the land.

Another reason why we should not use alcoholic drinks is that by their continual use the body is made weak, the nerves refuse to perform their duty, the muscles relax, the limbs refuse to sustain the weight of the body, and the person is unable to do anything, the blood almost refuses to flow, the heart is almost dormant, the eyes become blurred, and as the muscles of the eyes give out, the two foci drop out of their natural positions, and instead of one distinct object, two indistinct blurred objects are seen, the head aches, the brain swims, causing the most terrible agony, that we call delirium tremens, and every object that the eyes see, or the hands feel, becomes a serpent to the maddened imagination, and every sound which the ears hear becomes as it were the hissing of a serpent.

Then "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

CARL.

MATRIMONY IN AMERICA.—In ideal matrimony the husband and wife are not absorbed into each other by any means They remain totally separate individuals, with their own aims, desires and loves, but blending as it were into one whenever union is necessary. The wife in this marriage is no slave or toy of her husband, but his equal, companion, friend, and adviser, inspirer, stimulator, and even agitator. Him she meets with open, frank eyes, not in the barbarous fashion of western Europe, abashed and submissive; and him she leads to a higher and nobler life, not administering to his base material comforts and ease, but urging him ever onward and upward. The ideal husband knowing her to be his equal in every respect, mental and moral, naturally regards her with the deeper veneration that she is physically his inferior. This ideal condition, according to the account of many foregin observers, actually existed somewhere in this country—where we have never seen stated, but probably not in Connecticut, Indiana, or Illinois.—*The Galaxy for December.*

MUSKRAT MASONRY.—As soon as the first frosts are felt, the muskrat selects a mud bar or spot where the bushes grow in the water, often near lilies—as the root of this plant is a favorite article of food with them—and proceed to lay the foundation for their house. In the first place they gnaw at the water's edge a quantity of coarse grasses, rushes, and small bushes. Gathering this between the chin and forepaws, as if carrying the material in their arms, they push it before them to the place where they intend using it, as this muskrat was just doing. The place where they have harvested their grass and rushes looks as if some one had mowed it with a scythe. After muskrats have brought together material enough to make a solid foundation, and have raised the structure to the water's edge, they dive below and tunnel underneath it, coming through the middle of the mass. The work is then carried on the inside. Mud, decayed vegetation, moss, and other such material is carried through this tunnel and pushed out from the inside until it is raised to the right height and roofed over, or, as Whittier describes it:

> "The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
> And tier by tier his mud walls laid."

Inside this hillock, a small chamber, about a foot in diameter is left, and here, within solid, compact walls, sometimes two feet thick, the muskrats have their comfortable winter quarters.

Their tunnel gives them access to the water when the brook is frozen over. In the winter a rap on this nest will bring one or more of its inhabitants out, and you will see them scatter away on the bottom of the brook, picking their way among the stones and roots, and leaving wherever they go, if the brook is frozen over, a line of bubbles under the ice. When an open space is reached, the creature gently rises to the water's surface, and just putting the nose and one eye above water, takes an observation and a breath of fresh air at the same time, but instantly dives again.

These nests vary in size, and look quite rough when first built, and until the rain and snow smooths them off. If the nest is broken open, they immediately begin repairs, working from the inside. When the meadows and brooks are frozen over the nests appear as if built on the ice, and sometimes in the late winter or spring freshets, the upper part of the nest is lifted up and moved, which would naturally confirm this impression; but upon examination, it will be found that the foundation always rests on the solid ground below.

Last fall the muskrats, moved by some freak, built a nest in the boat house of Pungapog pond, after the boat was housed for the season. The foundation of the nest rested partly on the boat and partly on the floor of the house, which, owing to the high water was submerged, and as the boat was not raised in the house, the space between it and the floor, served the same purpose as the tunnel way under ordinary circumstances would make. All the fishing tackle and everything they could manage, was drawn together to form their structure. When the house was opened in the spring, the nest was found. It was estimated that in building it, about five bushels of material had been brought in. The tenants were loth to leave their comfortable quarters, returning again and again as the work of removing the material went on.—*Old and New.*

GRANT'S ANCESTRAL RECORD.—Our Washington correspondent writes as follows concerning a fine specimen of penmanship soon to be placed on exhibition at the capitol: I was shown this morning a beautiful illustration of what an expert penman can do. Mr. Horace Heath of Hartford, Conn., who has been employed for some time past at the State House in that city, and who also writes all of the diplomas for Yale College, availed himself of the opportunity, while in Hartford, of hunting up President Grant's ancestral record, tracing it back to Matthew Grant, who came from England in the ship Mary and John to Dorchester, Mass, in 1630. Mr. Heath has written the record from that time until the present, in the most elaborate manner, with a fine steel pen, and is soon to place it, handsomely framed, upon exhibition at the capitol, where it is sure to attract attention as a work of art. Mr. Heath traces the President's ancestry from 1630 as follows: Matthew Grant removed to Connecticut in 1630, and with others formed the Windsor colony in 1631. He died there in 1681. Matthew married in 1625, Priscilla, whose family name is not given. From Matthew the succession is traced through Samuel, his son Samuel Jr., Noah first, second and third, to Jesse Root Grant, of Pennsylvania, who removed to Ohio in youth, where he married in 1821, Hannah Simpson. His eldest son, Ulysses S. Grant, was born April 27th, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County. To show that General Grant belongs to a military family, it may be said that his great grandfather, Captain Noah, 2d, served in the expedition against Crown Point, in 1755, and was killed there. The President's grandfather, Noah 3d, served with distinction in the Revolutionary war, among the volunteers from Connecticut, and in 1787 removed to Pennsylvania. Although this genealogy is printed in Marshall's Ancestry of Grant, I believe the facts are not generally known.—*Globe.*

☞ A friend said to us a day or two since: Nobody likes to be nobody but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody, and everybody is somebody; but when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else nobody.

JOHN SMITH.—*The Review* says: "A Peoria (Ill.) letter carrier, after walking nine miles and delivering the same letter to 137 men, none of whom would receive it, sat down on a fire plug and wept because Pocahontas was such a fool as to catch the old man's war club."

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

Supreme Judicial Court, October Term, 1873.

ADRIANNA DICKEY, Libellant,
vs.
SAMUEL G. DICKEY, Libellee.

DIVORCE.

IN the above entitled libel for a divorce, it is now ordered that a decree of divorce from the bond of matrimony be entered in favor of the said Adrianna Dickey, for the cause of the neglect to provide suitable maintenance by the said Samuel G. Dickey, to be made absolute, on mot on, after the expiration of six months from the first publication of this decree, upon compliance with the terms thereof, unless sufficient cause to the contrary shall appear.

And the Libellent is required to publish, as soon as may be, an attested copy of this order in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, once a week for six successive weeks; that all persons interested may, within said six months, show cause, if any they have, why said decree should not be made absolute.

By the Court,
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

A true Copy. Attest:
THEO. C. HURD, Clerk. 164

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Lowell, 7, 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P. M.
Lowell, ... 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00 P. M.
North Woburn, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4, P. M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6, P. M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10, A. M., 12.15, 2, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A. M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45
Lowell, ... 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North ... 7.10, 9.39 A. M., 2.22, 5.40 P.M.
Billerica, 7.18, 9.46 A. M., 2.29, 5.48 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.29, 9.55 A. M., 2.39, 5.58 P. M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A. M., 2.43 P. M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.00 P. M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P. M.
Winchester, 6.35, 7.05, 7.43, 7.58, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5, 6.35, 8, 9, 10 P. M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.20 P. M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A. M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28 P. M.

Woburn Branch.

Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 3, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.5, 6.25, 8.15 P. M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 11.30 P. M.
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‡ Wednesdays at 10 74

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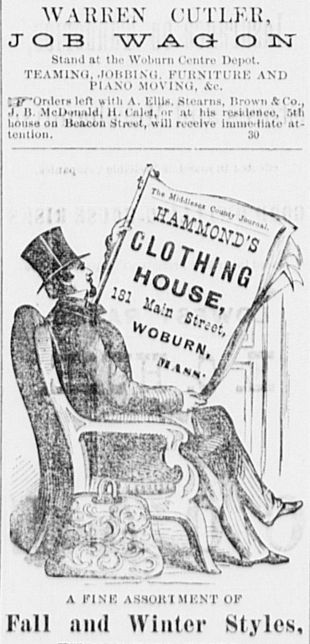

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Will find it for their interest to
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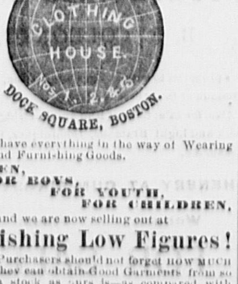

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The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82
J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

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All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts. Every variety of Builder's Material.
Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.
Carpenter and Builder,
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WOBURN. 76

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
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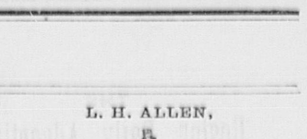
L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

HOUSE PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
CORDS, TASSELS, AND
FIXTURES,
IN LARGE VARIETY AT
HORTON'S
Woburn Telegraph Office. 34

L. H. ALLEN,



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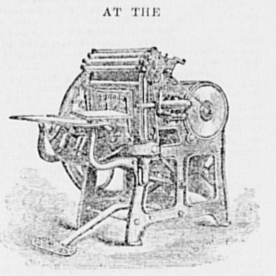

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A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63
WM. WOODBERRY.

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VOL. XXIII. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873. NO. 15.

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Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.
Boquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 1

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Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on easonable terms Orders left at the JOURNAL ffice, Woburn, promptly attended to. 86

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FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS
Furnished at the lowest cash price.
Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 72
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E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn. { Near Main Street.
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly at- ended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as hereto ore. 98

RUFUS PICKERING,
REAL ESTATE AGENT
CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,
AND COLLECTOR
No. 2 WADE BLOCK,
WOBURN, MASS. 80

CHAS. HOWARD,
Gravel Roofer.
Orders left with G. W. HOWARD, or at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn. Also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Charlestown, wil receive prompt attention. 81
All work warranted satisfactory.

SAMUEL RINN,
Fashionable Bootmaker,
139 Main Street
Opposite the First Congregational Church,
WOBURN.
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done. 85

EBENEZER PARKER,
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Residence, 38 Main treet,
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All orders left at the JOURNAL Office promptly ttended to 91

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
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WOBURN. 89

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c
Also attention given to
CONVEYANCING.
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at ther times when not engaged on outside work. 78

Woburn and Boston Express.
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1872, he will run a
Daily Express
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Order boxes in Woburn at the stores of C. Tay and T. Salmon; in Boston at 112 High Street, and 20 Clinton Street. 92 JOHN B. DAVIS & CO.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,
Civil Engineer & Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamentally laid out.
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.
Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., excep Wednesdays and Fridays. 94

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
BANK BLOCK,
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates writen, &c.
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons.
An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7½ o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, $2 for Penmanship, $3 for Bookkeeping. 69

Dr. M. H. ALLEN
DENTIST
127 Main St., Woburn, } Allen's Block.
Sulphuric Ether and Nitrous Oxyd Gas administered when desired.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to filling, thereby saving the natural teeth.
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver and Rubber Plates.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Ether and Gas. 87
WORK WARRANTED.

G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 35
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Poetry.

THE KING'S PICTURE.

There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place, where (as we may fancy) the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it.—CONFUCIAN CLASSICS.

The king from his council-chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slave!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my famous chamber,
That, thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered
Gazed on it with rapt delight—
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him.
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smile that their curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O king," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the good within."

Selected.

POLLY'S VICTORY.

An extemporized stage, a princess lovely as the light, a French court, brilliant costumes, and acting that is not to be spoken of, made up the *tout ensemble* that delighted the good people of Pittston for one night at least. The proceeds were to be devoted to charitable purposes. Thump went the canes and umbrellas, and with every "coming on of Kitty Bessom" the beauty of Pittston, such a vigorous capping of hands ensued that one was fain to hold his ears, or be deafened with the applause.

The National Hall was decorated with banners. Deacons and doctors and lawyers had spent a week on its embellishments. The Pittston band had been practicing for months, and wound up by playing "Hail Columbia" in their grandest style.

Very reluctantly the people left the scene of entertainment all talking together.

The wide green in front was brightened all over by the illuminated windows, save where the posts and primitive chains made long shadows in the grass.

"It beats all holler," said Deacon Simpson; "but I felt sort o' guilty."

"Well, I dunno," responded Aunt Methuin, "it's got up for a charitable purpos; but I reckon tain't a great many removes from a theatre arter all. What an awful smart young feller that French chunt was! They say he's a clerk to the new store. And I declare for't if I did not feel kinder bad for Bob Langdon, when he was a makin' love to Kitty, all in gold and scarlet, with his bobbin' white feathers."

"Wasn't Kitty just a little witch?" queried Libby, the deacon's daughter. "She looked so sort of *real* pleased. If I'd been Bob Langton, I'd ruther took the count than the clod-hopper. What a country lad he was to be sure. I never could a b'lieved that was Bob, never; and the count was *so* handsome.

The crowd began to thin. Sundry vehicles being filled with "wimmin folks," drove off at a jog trot pace.

Pretty little Polly Lee, who had taken the part of a country lassie, stood at the foot of the steps, revealing under her carelessly arranged shawl, a pair of snowy shoulders, and the knots of crimson ribbon that adorned her white dress.

Polly's little heart was aching, despite the red lips and the bright color of her cheeks. For that one night at least Bob Langdon had been her lover. Had she lived a century in those few ecstatic hours? How she gloated over the thought that Bob had been at her very feet; had talked all the romantic nonsense in which lovers generally indulge, as if he meant it, little thinking of what the light in Polly's eye, the trembling of her hand and voice, all indicated—little dreaming, while he thought it very good acting, and looked jealously on at the back of the stage at the French count on his pink and silver knees, at the feet of his own betrothed, that little Polly had loved him long before she exchanged her pinafores for the maiden's dresses, had loved him with an overwhelming passion that but few natures ever experience.

"Well, it's all over," sighed Polly, tying the strings of her chip hat under her dimpled chin, angry with herself that she said it—that she could not crush this unbidden passion, that seemed in her sweet eyes unmaidenly.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished and Bob stepped out of the vestibule.

"Polly, have you seen Kitty?" he asked. "she promised to wait for me."

"I saw her," said somebody under the lamp post—probably one of Kitty's rejected suitors. "She was a going home along of that French count."

Bob's face grew very white as he stood there, and he shut his teeth, once, with a click.

"Polly, you've a good ways to go," he said in a voice as calm as before, "and there's no moon."

"Caleb promised to come," said Polly peering out into the road.

"Caleb is old and forgetful," responded Bob; "so we'll play out the *role* a few minutes longer. I go right by the gate, you know."

Polly took Bob's left arm, quite frightened to feel the heavy, rapid beating under it, and listened to his purposeless talk, and was so grieved for him that she almost forgot her own great trouble; for she knew that Bob Langdon loved Kitty, and she feared that Kitty was not true to Bob—not at least, as she would have been.

"Good night, and good by, little Polly," said Bob, as they reached the gate that led to Widow Lee's cottage. "You have always been my steadfast friend. You mustn't forget me, Polly."

"Forget you?" half sobbed the girl, who felt the meaning in his words. "Oh, I—never, never—"

"No, I'm sure you never will," responded Bob, with a new pang; for in one swift moment, he divined that this sweet child loved him.

"You see, Polly," he went on in a lower tone, "circumstances may compel me to leave Pittston. I've a fine offer from a friend of mine in the Melton factories, and very likely I shall accept it. If I do, I shall leave in the six o'clock train to-morrow afternoon. Good night, little friend."

And his voice sounded in Polly's ears just as it had in that memorable, never to be forgotten moment, when he had said, in the parlance of the play, how fondly he loved her.

At all the Pittston breakfast tables the next morning, the little drama was discussed. Some half regretted that they had lent their countenance to a play; others recalled the mimic scenes with real pleasure, and still others, would be critics, pointed out defects and laughed at comical mistakes.

"I say, Kitty," said boisterous Tom Bessom, "I didn't blame the count for going on as he did last night—though it's my opinion he's a scalawag in private—for you did look confoundedly handsome. I'd have kissed you myself if I'd been in his place.

"He didn't kiss me," said Kitty, offended on the instant. "He only seemed to, and you know it."

"Now Kitty— honor bright!" said Tom, in such a comical manner, that he set the whole table to laughing, and brought flaming roses into his sister's cheeks.

"And if Bob wasn't jealous! My! wasn't he though?" cried precocious young William, a boy of ten. "I seen him a peekin' in at the back there. I seen his eyes snap."

"Hold your tongue, sonny," said his mother, smartly. "The idee of babies like you talking in that way! I'm sure Kitty only did what she had to, and she made the prettiest princess that ever I saw."

"How many may you have seen in the course of your life, mammy dear?" queried Tom.

"No matter," was the somewhat tart reply. "I rather think I have seen as many as you have. Kitty, do take some toast."

"I haven't any appetite, mother," replied Kitty languidly. And the petted beauty sauntered away from the breakfast table and going into another room, began to set back the slightly disarranged furniture. Then she took up her photograph album, and turning to a meek, but rather handsome face, stood studying it for some moments.

"He can't hold a candle to Bob," This inelegant but forcible sentence she repeated, and then started at Will's rap on the window.

"I say, sis, the store clerk's coming, and so was Bob; but Bob he saw t'other and stepped into the potecary's shop ter git some sody, I guess, and steddy his nerves. I tell *you* now Bob looked cross."

"Let him look cross," muttered Kitty, as she smoothed her hair and cast a rapid glance at the mirror. "I never saw such a tyrant. He'll scold me, I suppose, for walking home with Mr. Loyd. Well, he should have come out sooner, and not left me the last thing to attend to. You're not married yet, Mr. Robert Langdon," and, flushed with resentment, looking more beautiful than ever, she responded to Mr. Loyd's modest knock.

That gentleman, with auburn locks freshly curled, a spotless tie of the latest fashion, and kids that had not been cleaned too often, hoped Miss Kitty's exertion had not been too much for her. He had heard on all sides the most charming compliments, etc, etc, to which she replied graciously, thinking all the time of Bob, and what he would say.

"I thought I must call on my way to the store," said Mr. Loyd, and, rising he saw the album open at his picture. The crimson flew to Kitty's cheeks as she caught his glance.

"What a fool I was!" exclaimed she, mentally.

"Do you know, I think it would be a sweet idea to be photographed in character, you and I," he said, his eyes shining, and ill concealed triumph in his manner. "I am sure you looked every whit a princess; I never saw better dressing on any stage. I think I will act upon that idea," he continued, seeing that Kitty remained silent, "and if you will allow me, Miss Kitty—"

"I wouldn't be taken in that costume for a kingdom!" blurted Kitty. "I'm sure I should feel foolish every time I looked at the picture."

Her vehemence silenced him, and after a few commonplaces he left, wondering what had come over Miss Kitty.

This had come over her; the remembrance of Bob in his smock frock and top boots, his straw hat and whip in hand—nothing of all this had detracted from the nobility of his appearance.

"And yet he shan't tyrannize," she muttered, conscious that she was too willing to exonerate her lover, and almost ready to apologize, but yet determined to rule her little kingdom still. She trembled when she heard his step, but drew her head up haughtily and pressed her lovely lips together.

"Good morning, Kitty," said Bob, and her quick ear detected the constraint in his voice; and so she steeled her heart.

"I met Mr. Loyd at the gate," he said; and now it was not constraint, but passion that changed the rich tones.

"Yes, he has been here," said Kitty, quietly.

"He's a fool!" cried Bob, and threw his hat on the table. The album had not been shut. He had never liked seeing that simpering face in the same book with his own; now he took the leaf in his hand and rudely tore it out.

"There!" exclaimed Bob, reducing the card and page to atoms; "that's what I'll do to him, if he isn't careful."

Bob looked magnificent, and Kitty thought so, for all her anger; for she *was* angry.

"I wouldn't act like a madman, if I was jealous!" she said, passionately.

Bob calmed himself in a moment, and by a mighty effort.

"It was foolish," he said, with a strange smile; "not at all like me, was it? Kitty, I'm come to say good-by.—You promised me on your honor that you would never let that fellow go home with you again. What must he think of you, seeing that he knows that you are engaged to me? However, that's all over. I made up my mind this morning. The woman who deliberately breaks her promise, is no wife for me. Good bye, Kitty, I'm off to-night. You won't see me in Pittston again; and I wish you joy of your new conquest."

A word might have changed him; but Kitty could not speak. A frightful dizziness seized her, although she was conscious of holding out her hand to him mechanically. And when her mother came to look for her, she found her all huddled up on the sofa, and utterly unconscious.

At the depot that night Bob met little Polly. She had come down, with her brother, to send a letter by him, and she slipped a little bouquet of heart's ease in his hand.

"That's the girl I should have loved," he said to himself, bitterly; "but oh, my God! my heart is bound up in little Kitty Besson, and she has played me false. But I will forget her, so help me Heaven!"

"If ever you want a friend, Polly, remember me," said Bob, and sprang on the train.

Pittson heard of him no more. There was a rumor that Kitty Bessom was engaged to Mr. Loyd, but nobody really knew.

Two years had passed, and Bob said often to himself that he had unlearned his lesson. One day, when he was in the overseer's room, a card was brought to him. He read the name; his whole face brightened. Hurrying down stairs, he entered the office.

He saw a small, womanly figure, her head turned from the light, and by her side sat a boy not half grown.

"Why, Polly!" he said, in the old, rich voice that had once made such sweet music in Pittston choir. "You don't know how really glad I am to see you!" Why child, you look thin and sick!"

"Yes, Mr. Langton, I have been quite ill, and so has little Harry; but we are both well now. You know you said once if ever I wanted a friend, I must remember you. Well"—she made a little pause—"mother is dead, and—and—Caleb *would* go to the poorhouse. So here we are, you see."

Her voice trembled, but she restrained her tears.

"My dear little friend!" exclaimed Rob, ruefully, a world of sympathy in his honest eyes.

"And I thought I might get a place in the mills," she added, unsteadily.

"Yes, yes," said Bob reflectively; "I have it, just the thing for you—light, easy work. You shall board with Mrs. Crisp, over the way, and Harry shall go to school. How will that suit?"

"Oh, Mr. Langton!" cried Polly, with a great sob, and hid her face in her hands.

"Well, it's all settled," said Bob, who had turned away for a moment. "Let us try to look things bravely in the face, my little friend."

So Polly found a home and easy work, and Bob found himself thinking of her. The old conviction forced itself upon him; that it was she he should have loved; and seeing often her gentle face, with its timid, soft, brown eyes, there grew in his heart the sweetest sympathy, so near akin to love that it deceived him.

One day he asked Polly to marry him. He had taken her for a walk, and they had strolled together into the edge of the sweet-smelling woods, where the checker berry peeped up from the mosses at their feet. Poor little Polly had just been saying to herself,

"Why *won't* he speak of Kitty?"

"I think I could make you happy, little Polly—I am sure I could. My circumstances are very easy. I have earned a home, and you will be to me the sweetest, most constant companion that ever man could have," said Bob.

Polly clasped her hands, and felt as if her heart would leap from her bosom. Oh, what a life spread out before her!—what love, what hopes, and what rich fulfillments! Never had mightier temptation beset a human bosom. She paused a moment, then turned round, the light of victory shining in her gentle

"Why *won't* you speak of Kitty?" she asked.

He started. The tell tale blood flew to his cheeks, his brow. She could see him tremble from head to foot.

"Kitty is"—nothing to me, he tried to say, but could not—"is buried or married, for all I know," he answered, in a harsh voice.

"No; Kitty Bessom is neither married nor buried," said brave Polly, steadily. "Misfortune has overtaken her, as it did me. Her father lost his farm, and it's killed him; her mother died soon after; her eldest brother went to sea; and Willy is in a store. Oh, Sir, perhaps I should not tell it, but I know that ever since you left her senseless that morning she has been very sorry and very true. I know she would come here to the mills but for her pride: I know"—dear little Polly! her voice trembled now—"she has refused some good offers of marriage, because—because her heart was not her own to give. Oh, *ought* I to tell you this? Have I a right to plead her cause?"

"You blessed little angel!" he murmured brokenly.

"And she is living out—sweet and beautiful as she is—a servant; and she will live so all her life, working hard for others, unless—unless"

Polly broke down. Bob had never been so moved in his life. The old, sweet love had suddenly rushed back upon his soul.

"But I have asked you to be my wife," he said, in a low, almost indistinct voice.

"And I say no! a thousand times no!" sobbed Polly. "Let me be always your friend—yours and hers. Kitty is noble; noble enough even for you." She faltered, then added, in even tones: "Did you know it was getting very dark? I must go home, Mr. Langton; Harry will be wondering about me."

And months after, when Kitty Langton knelt down to call blessings on her husband, and Polly bowed the knee in her own lonely, humble home, there was a crown upon each beautiful head, but Polly's was the brightest.

—— "Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, communicates a reminiscence of Commodore Vanderbilt, showing how the old gentleman appreciates in others the pluckiness that constitutes so prominent a trait in his own character. Said a steamboat captain to "Burleigh;" "I am an elder in the Presbyterian church. I made a profession of religion when I was very young. Vanderbilt employed me to run one of his boats. It was considered a great thing for a person of my age to have such a position. I was very proud of it, and tried to do my best. One Saturday the agent came to me and said, 'you must fix your boat up to-day for to-morrow we are going to send you up the North River on an excursion.' I thought the matter over. I was a young man. I did not wish to lose my position, and yet I could not run the boat on Sunday. I said so to the agent in a letter, tendered him my resignation, and prepared to go home. I met the Commodore on the Battery. He said 'Come down and dine with me to-morrow; my wife wants to see you.' 'I can not,' was the reply, 'for I must go home. I have got through on your line.' 'What does that mean?' said the Commodore. I then told him the story. 'That fellow is a fool. We have got men enough to run that boat whose principles won't be hurt. You go about your business. If anybody interferes with your religion, send them to me.'"

HOW TO TRAIN FOR RUNNING.—Commence in the morning by getting out of bed with a determination to do or die. All the best pedestrians I ever met were always determined to do, and they generally did. I've been done myself often. I don't know if I'm right in saying, "commence by getting out of bed;" that looks like beginning at the end; so suppose we say, "commence by going to bed at night and getting up in the morning with," etc. When you're up you'd better go to work and train. Some people prefer the freight train, but that all depends upon the distance they're going. Express training is more to my taste. It is a vulgar error to suppose that a man only breathes once while running a hundred yards; he doesn't breathe at all, he hasn't time. Individual trainers have individual tastes; some think a man ought to run while he is in training, and others that he ought to rest, so as to be ready for exertion. I prefer the latter mode, because you can take a good deal of rest before you get tired—at all events I can. Bird's eye tobacco is the best to smoke when you are in training, as it sharpens the sight and is good for the color. Horticultural lunatics may propose to train you against a wall, or up a stick, or over a wire balloon. Don't stand it. That will do for the present.

☞ A clerk in the San Francisco post office got into an ugly scrape the other day, but unfortunately got out of it very soon. A dectective employed to look into some suspected irregularities in the office, saw this clerk, while sorting letters, hold one up to the light, shake it, slit it open with a knife, take out something and then put letter and inclosure in his pocket. The detective kept his own counsel and looked out for further evidence. The next day he saw the operation repeated, and then thought it was about time to arrest his man. The clerk was frightened at first, naturally enough, but on being charged with the crime of plundering the mails, cleared up the matter by producing the letters, both of which were addressed to himself.

☞ "A thing of beauty is a jaw forever," as an American husband said of his handsome, scolding wife.

☞ There is a man so hard up that he sleeps on tick.

[Communication.]

"The Scepticism of Harvard College, * * * the Scepticism which has accompanied scholarship since the world began, a scepticism, a bewilderment born of too much reading of books." This remark from Mr. Murray's lecture, conveys an impression as unfair as the statement itself, coming as it does, so little modified from the talented speaker. It will perhaps, receive slight attention from the mass of his hearers, but there will be a few who will dwell longer upon it, than from its lack of charity, it deserves. It is possible that some father, having a son in preparation for the University, forms an idea, not only that the religious element is sadly wanting at Harvard, but that scepticism, atheism, irreligion, in fact, is prominently brought forward or cunningly inserted among the daily teachings. Accepting this as truth, since it comes from a minister of the Gospel, the father reaches this conclusion, that his son must be deprived of the advantages of an education at Cambridge, rather than come under the pernicious influences of scepticism, and another institution is selected, which if it has not Mr. Murray's approval, is not mentioned by him with disfavor. Is this too strong a statement? It is not to be readily inferred from Mr. Murray's remarks that the allusion may be to the ancient Professors, diseased with too much book lore, or to the young tutors, impregnated with German mysticism; but that the student must partake of these ideas, and that it is impossible for him to graduate without having imbibed his portion of Unbelief. It is pertinent then to inquire—What is the student's relation to this scepticism? It will not be urged that a feeling of piety is aroused in the daily rush to morning prayers, or necessarily in the attendant exercises in the chapel, but the impressive earnestness and faithful presence of the pastor is not calculated to incite feelings of scepticism. Almost the first book that is placed in the student's hand, is one on the Evidences of Christianity, and the only Professor with whom he is destined to come in contact, until perhaps his Junior year, is the Instructor in Ethics. Attendance at Divine service is required on Sunday, but the denomination is elective, and if he chooses to attend the College Chapel, he listens to a discourse as fully in accord with Christian doctrines, as are the perhaps uncharitably called Park street Sunday Lectures.

It is difficult to introduce piety into mathematics, and the mythology embraced in the study of Greek and Latin has never to my knowledge, been accepted as a religion for moderns. The great majority of students omit the advanced course in metaphysics, and as to whether or not their more ambitious classmates find Christianity or scepticism in the Philosophy of Comte, or the Biology of Spencer, are as calmly ignorant as the outside world. There comes a time however, when they listen to a discourse whose admonitions few can forget, for in their Baccalaureate Sermon, their beloved pastor touches upon the four years' experience, of college affections and pursuits, and takes this last opportunity of giving kindly advice, full of such "Harvard scepticism," as the following: "Above all, we crave for you such a pilgrimage among things seen and temporal as must issue in fullness of joy in the realm of things unseen and eternal. May God bless you, guide you, keep you; and may you so learn of your Saviour and follow him, that neither life nor death can separate you from his love." Does it not seem that the slur of Mr. Murray's is unkind and unjust? If he wishes to say that too much learning makes men mad, that there is among many master thinkers of the world, a tendency to Atheism and irreligion, is it necessary for him to turn aside and brand this as "Harvard Scepticism," and lead others into the belief that our children cannot study at Cambridge without dwelling in an atmosphere of Unbelief?

ALUMNUS.

☞ A young snob was boasting of his pedigree and his titles, but could not boast of a large amount of brains. A wit who was present remarked that there was one title which the noble Lord appeared to have forgotten. "What is that?" asked the boasted." "Barren of intellect," was the reply.

—— Reprove mildly and sweetly in the calmest manner, in the gentlest terms; not hastily or fiercely, nor with sour looks or in bitter language; for these ways do beget all the evil, and hinder the best effects of reproof. They do certainly inflame and disturb the person reproved.

What was the Matter with the Clock?

"You must have forgotten to wind the clock last night, Ray, for it has stopped. Won't you wind it now, please? It is so much company for me when you are away?"

So Ray wound and set the clock, while his little wife went into the hall and got his overcoat ready, and then helped him put it on—such a delicate undertaking, requiring a little pull here and a little pat there, and always to be finished up by a kiss from the wearer.

Well, to be sure it did take him a time to get started that morning, for after the usual good byes, prolonged to an unusual extent, he had gone out of the door and was half way down the path to the gate, when he heard some one calling earnestly, "Ray! Ray Richmond, don't forget—" What it was he was not to forget was lost in the noise of a cart going past, and he had to return for the commissions, and then of course, he had to say good bye again.

At last he had got out of the gate, and it might reasonably have been inferred that he had really gone, when behold! he came hurrying back to say:

"Cora, don't forget Thomas' concert to-night. What train will you come in on?"

"Five o'clock, I reckon. That is the most convenient hour. You'll go round and tell Aunt Sally we are coming to tea."

"Yes, and I will try to meet you at the train; but if I do not, you know the way to Auntie's, and it is not far."

"Oh no; I can get there all right Good-by!" with an accompaniment; "and oh, Ray, don't forget to mail my letter."

Quickly flew the morning, while little Mrs. Richmond went merrily about the house, singing Ray's favorite songs, for they had not been married long, and the honeymoon was scarcely over. It was still a daily delight to Cora to "keep" her little bird nest of a home.

After dinner she sat working in the cosy sitting room, and methodical little woman that she was, she took a survey of the contents of her basket, that she might see how much could be done that afternoon. "Let me see; I ought to finish those wrist warmers for Ray, and braid the other sleeve of my cashmere sacque before the time to dress. I do hope they will have some of Strauss' music to-night. Of course they will though Why didn't I ask Ray for a programme?" And she commenced braiding, most vigorously.

One, two, three, four, struck the little French clock in the dining room, and Mrs. Richmond sprang up. "Four o'clock already! My, but I shall have to hurry if I am in time for the five o'clock train." And flying up stairs she came down again in an incredibly short time, looking bewitchingly stylish in her fur-trimmed cloak, and turned up, saucy velvet hat.

As she walked toward the depot, she thought how convenient it was to live so near New York, where trains left almost every hour,—three, four, five, and half past six in the afternoon, and a ride of little more than half an hour brought one right into the city. So thinking, she reached the depot, bought her ticket, and was soon flying toward the great metropolis. Ray was not there to meet her, but she did not think it strange, and it took but a few moment's walk to reach Aunt Sallie's.

She had been seated in the family room but a short time, telling auntie everything that had happened at the cottage during the last week, and listened to little Freddie's eager, though incoherent, account of the day's sport, when, looking at the clock, she paused, apparently struck dumb as by a modern Medusa, in the midst of the recital, commenced fluently enough, of Ray's odd ideas about housekeeping.

"What is the matter, child?" asked Aunt Sallie, and even as she spoke, the clock struck five, ponderously.

"Why, auntie, that is impossible! It was five o'clock when I left H——; it just cannot be five now,"

"Nonsense, Cora; that clock was never known to be wrong. You must have made some mistake."

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Cora, positively.

Half past five came, then six, and a few moment after there was a sudden, sharp, pull at the bell, that set it ringing as if for a fire alarm.

"Mercy on us," cried Aunt Sallie, running to the door herself in her excitement. "What is the matter?"

Opening the door, she was confronted by Ray, his face pale to the very lips, and his voice husky with feeling, as he hastily demanded, "Is Cora here?"

"Yes," said Aunt Sally, and was amazed to see him rush past her into the sitting room, where Cora was busy mending Freddie's lines, and take her up in his arms, reins and all, and kiss her passionately.

"If you only knew, my darling," he said, as he put her down again, breathless and startled, "what an unspeakable relief it is to me to see you sitting safely here, when I feared you were—" and he stopped suddenly at the mere memory of what he had feared.

There had been an accident even in the half hour's ride between New York and H——, and not more than two or three lives were saved. Ray, upon going to the depot to meet Cora, heard only the horrible news of the accident, and in the impossibility of immediate action, ran over to Aunt Sallie's in the blind hope that Cora had come by the earlier train.

Well, they went to the concert, and enjoyed it, as no true lover of music can fail to enjoy the "perfect orchestra;" and it was not until they were on the cars going home that night, that Ray finally asked—

"By the way, dear, what induced you to decide on the four o'clock train after all?"

Cora shook her head. "I didn't decide on it at all. It was four o'clock when I went up stairs to dress, and that took me more than half an hour, and you know I could not walk to the depot in less than twenty minutes."

"O, well; perhaps you don't know how to read time; you thought it four when it was only three."

"Ray Richmond. The idea. Besides I didn't look. I heard it strike."

"Then you counted wrong."

Cora said no more, but shook her head still unconvinced.

* * * *

"Nine o'clock. Why Cora, I shall be late at the office," cried Ray, as they sat at the breakfast table the next mornin. "What makes us so—" and he stopped short, as he and Cora both glanced up toward the mantle; for the dainty little clock, whose silvery stroke had just counted nine, held its hands serenely at eight.

Mr. Richmond looked at his wife, Mrs. Richmond looked at her husband.

"How did it happen to come so, Ray?"

"I must have got it wrong in setting it yesterday. I shall be thankful to the accident forever."

"I think it was Providence," said Cora gravely.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The first Methodists in town were organized into a class, with John Andrews as leader, and were connected with the M. E. Church in Medford.

Regular preaching services commenced in the town hall, about the 11th of August 1850. As there was no stationed preacher the Revs. Stephen M. Vail, D. D., and John W. Merrill, D. D., both professors in the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., and Leonard P. Frost officiated at various times during the year.

In Febuary, 1851, a church was organized by Rev. A. Binney, presiding elder, in the house of John Andrews. There were but ten members in full connection. The persons having the honor of constituting the first organization were as follows: J. M. Rich, secretary; John Andrews, James A. Man, Timothy Andrews, J. A. Vickey, and J. K. Baker, stewards; Thomas Warland, J. K. Baker and John Andrews, estimating committee.

During this year, a local preacher by the name of H. Kendall, supplied the pulpit.

During the year 1852, J. Holman, a local preacher also, was employed under the elder to take charge of the society. Mr. Holman and Daniel Came leased a piece of land where the Lyceum Hall now stands, and upon their own responsibility erected a small chapel. Rev. Daniel Wise preached the dedicatory sermon.

The first conference preacher was Rev. S. C. Cary, stationed here in 1853. He remained but a few months, and Rev. H. R. Parmenter, a student at the Biblical Institute Concord, N. H., filled out the conference year.

In 1854, Rev. George Sutherland took charge of the society as a conference preacher. His administration extended through two years, and was a success. During this time the chapel was purchased by the society and moved to the corner of Main and Mann streets.

Brother Treadwell was sent here in 1856, remaining but one year. He was succeeded by Rev. Jarvis A. Ames. His two years' labors with the society were very successful.

Rev. M. P. Webster was stationed here in 1859, Rev. Bartholomew Otheman, in 1860, Rev. Kinsman Atkinson in 1862, and Rev. Miles R. Barney, a student at Concord, N. H., in 1863.

The church was supplied by Rev. N. D. George during the conference year of 1864. The Unitarians were about vacating their old church, and proposed to sell it to the Methodists for the reasonable sum of $6.000, $5.000 to be paid down. Brother George was sanguine the amount could be obtained, and entered vigorously upon the work. He labored unceasingly till nearly the amount had been pledged.

In 1865, Rev. Matthew M. Parkhurst was stationed here. The bargain for the Unitarian church was closed about the last of April, the $5.000 paid and a deed obtained. The church was repaired, carpeted, cushioned, a new pulpit, and an altar rail put in. It was reopened and dedicated as a Methodist church about the 17th of May, 1865, the sermon being preached by Rev. E. O. Haven, then editor of "Zion's Herald," Boston.

During the last year of Brother Parkhurst's administration—which was the third—the church was raised up and a fine vestry put underneath, together with other improvements, costing in all about $4.000. The remaining $1.000 of the church debt was cancelled. Brother Parkhurst's administration was marked with success, much of which was owing to his very excellent and efficient wife.

Rev. J. A. Lansing received his appointment at Woburn in 1868. He remained two years, and proved a valuable man for the society. Sister Lansing, a very intelligent and amiable, though afflicted Christian lady, was highly esteemed. She with Sister Parkhurst, have both recently entered into the "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

Rev. Cyrus L. Eastman came here from the conference of 1870. He remained two years, and met with good success. His very estimable lady shared largely his labors, and "their fruits they follow them." During the last year of his administration a series of revival meeting were conducted by Mrs. Vancott. About 30 persons professed conversion and joined the class.

At the close of the New England Conference, April 3, 1872, the present pastor, Rev. W. J. Hambleton, was appointed to this charge. The administration commenced with good prospect of success. In the fall of the same year the trustees decided to build a parsonage on their land, fronting Walnut street, near their church. Work progessed finely, and the parsonage approached completion, and its speedy occupancy was anticipated.

Thursday evening, March 6, 1873, while the Ladies' Aid Society was enjoying a social tea meeting in the vestry, the cry of fire was heard. It had originated in the attic of an adjoining block. By reason of what seemed to be an unavoidable delay the flames had made great progress before the fire department was able to do efficient service. It was soon evident that the church must follow the fate of Mr. Kelly's block. The members and citizens at once went to work to save the furnishings. Nearly all movable fittings in auditorium and vestry, with both the cabinet and pipe organs were saved. From the church the flames communicated with the new parsonage, and that was soon nearly consumed. Language is inadequate to express the grief and trial experienced by the pastor and the members of his afflicted church. Their convenient and commodious house of worship and their new parsonage were in ashes,—they were a flock without a fold.

While the church was burning, the pastor, who had stationed himself between the church and the parsonage, hoping to assist in saving the latter, received a note from Rev. Mr. Barnes, pastor of the Unitarian church; who was earnestly helping remove the articles from the church, saying, "My church is yours; come next Sunday." About the same time, Dr. Young, pastor of the Baptist church, and his official men, communicated a similar cordial invitation for us to worship in their house.

Continued on second page.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.

	Page	Col.	No.
Central House,	3	2	1
O. Ditson & Co.,	3	2	4
Probate Notice.—G. S. Simonds,	3	2	3
Water Notice,	3	2	2

CHRISTMAS.

The season of gifts, of joyous expectations and good wishes comes round again in its yearly visit. It was the happy belief of our fathers that to the Christmas evergreens the sylvan spirits flocked and remained unnipped by frost until a milder season. While we decorate therefore let us bear this in mind and associate with Christmas the thought that around the name and season gather the sweetest of memories and the friendliest of associations. Let this be to each of us an occasion of thanksgiving for life preserved and for blessings received. At this gladsome Christmas time all should rejoice with merry carol and happy revel. To rich and poor alike the day belongs with its good cheer. The heart of the former should warm under its kind influences and learn that wealth is best enjoyed when used to elevate the less fortunate, while the latter should be cheered to go forward in life's work with a "heart for any fate." Nothing will make us longer-lived than entering into these festivities with whole-souled appreciation. It opens our hearts and we are better able to see our own faults and others' virtues. The lesson of Christmas is a holy one. We shall be better, truer men and women if we listen to its teachings. These gladsome reunions, these happy, blithesome gatherings,, these well laden Christmas trees, this jollity and good humor all conspire to widen our natures and make us fitter for life's duties. We all look with pity upon Scrooge, that grasping, covetuous, old Scrooge whom Dickens so faithfully depicts. All his wealth did not bring him one tithe the comfort that reigned around poor, humble Bob Cratchit's table, where was the goose and the pudding and the "younger Cratchits steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows," but all happy and kind. God's blessing might well be called down upon such a scene. Kindness to all, forbearance, patience, generosity and kindred virtues grow out of the proper observance of this holy, happy day. Its radiance should go with us through all the year. We should exemplify in our lives the influence that the time throws about us. This is the oldest of our holidays and it stands pre-eminently before all others. Respect its age, and ever keep its memory green.

ENGINE TEST.—On Thursday the engines at the Water Works were tested for their formal acceptance from the builder, Mr. H. R. Worthington. The requirements were that the engines should deliver two million gallons in the reservoir in twenty-four hours. The trial began at 8 30 A M., and lasted until 8.30 P M. The steam pressure averaged 43 pounds. The engine made 13,929 strokes, delivering 1,002,888 gallons, against a head of 218 feet 4 inches, which is equivlent to a pressure of 93 88 pounds to the square inch. This was done with 2700 pounds of coal taken at random, but as there were 400 pounds of ashes, the net consumption was but 2300 pounds. The duty is generally reduced by hydraulic engineers to foot pounds, or pounds of water raised one foot high. By such reduction we have a duty of 67,715,573 pounds raised one foot high with 100 pounds of coal, or with the ashes deducted, a duty of 79 492,194 pounds of water raised one foot high to each 100 pounds of coal actually consumed, In an engine of this size 55,000,000 would be considered good duty. This test was not a trial of capacity, but a test of its economical qualities, and as 45 pounds of steam is generally used a much larger duty can be secured. The engines can be run at 60, or even 70, and they would be in an emergency; but as the required duty was secured with 43, we may congratulate ourselves that we have a very superior engine.

TO-MORROW.—We received two dollars from a subscriber the other day, accompanied by the following poetical effusion:

While in Morpheus' arms I lay,
I dreamed I heard the printer say,
"Your time expires to-morrow."
I surely thought my time had come
And things which I had left undone
Did fill my soul with sorrow.

I asked him if he really thought
That time with me would be so short,
And terminate to-morrow.
He, smiling said, "there's no need of fear,
If you take the *Journal* another year
Your time expires to-morrow."

I comprehended what he meant,
And straightway I the needful sent,
For my time expires to-morrow.
May others dream with open eyes,
And quickly go and do likewise,
And wait not till to-morrow.

GOOD NEWS.—The following good news from Washington will be gladly received by all true temperance people:

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 20.

Neither the President nor members of the Cabinet intend to offer wine at the New Year receptions, and the Vice President with many Senators and Representatives, and several judges and Governors, have authorized the published expression of their wish that the friends of morality and good order may not include intoxicating beverages in their holiday hospitalities.
J. W. CHICKERING.

J. B. WINN'S WILL.—The will of the late Jonathan B. Winn which has been presented for Probate, bequeaths to the town of Woburn for the benefit of the Cemetery, $2.500; to the town Library, $2,500; to the Unitarian Society, $5,000; to various relatives and friends, $55,000, and the remainder of his estate, part in trust and part absolutely to his son, Charles B. Winn, who is appointed Sole Executor. The estate is said to be valued at about $500,000.

DON'T FORGET.—Next Thursday evening—call at the corner of Railroad and Fairmount streets. All the people are *Gawin*, who *R* not otherwise en-*Gage*-d.

BALL.—The 39th annual Phalanx Ball occurs at Lyceum Hall, on the 9th of January, 1874.

A CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.—The house on Burlington street occupied by Mr. Robert Wakeford at the west side has lately been undergoing repairs, and fires are kept going in the upper rooms to dry the plastering. Tuesday morning while Mrs. Wakeford was at work in the lower entry, her little boy, Robert James Wakeford, aged nearly four years, slipped by her and went up stairs to the attic rooms. In a few moments Mrs. W. heard him scream, and quickly proceeding to him, to her dismay found him enveloped in flames. Almost crazed with excitement, she rolled him down the stairs and then endeavored to wrap a comforter about him in doing which both of her hands and arms were badly burned. The little fellow's clothes were literally burned off, and the skin dropped from his body. The shock was so great to the nervous system that the boy did not seem to be conscious of much pain. He lingered until six o'clock, P. M. Just how the accident occurred, the parents do not know, although they think the child must have had matches, and while playing around the stove, ignited them, and then communicated the flames to his clothing.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—This occasion was duly celebrated at the Unitarian church Wednesday evening. The vestry was filled to overflowing, and bright, joyous faces waited eagerly for Santa Claus and fun. A sleight-of-hand performer was present from Boston, who delighted the young and old with feats of magic and Harry Bryant, the ventriloquist, kept them in roars of laughter with his wonderful imitations. About 9.30 Santa Claus entered, the part being performed by Mr. W. B. Jones. First on the programme was the presentation of an elegant baby carriage to Rev. W. S. Barnes, by members of his Sunday School class. Santy did the presenting in a very handsome manner and the recipient responded happily. Then Mr. G. M. Champney presented Mr. Barnes a very superior and beautifully framed engraving of the Madonna. Confectionery was presented each child, and a bountiful collation was provided by the ladies. The children were delighted with everything, and happiness and Christmas cheer reigned supreme.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—One of the most interesting meetings of the season was held at the society rooms Tuesday evening. Sis Walter Scott was the author considered, and the programme consisted of selections from Marmion, Ivanhoe, Lord of the Isles, Lay of the last Minstrel, Guy Mannering and Miscellaneous Poems, the whole prefaced with a slight sketch of the author by Rev. W. S. Barnes. Mr. George A. Day favored the Fraternity with a selection from the overture to "Stradella," upon the organ.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Frank E. Wetherell; Vice President, W. B. Jones; Treasurer, Frederick Brown.

The entertainment next week will be "An Evening with Tom Hood," accompanied by music.

RUNAWAY.—Two men named Walker and Ryan were driving down Railroad street Monday night, and when near Everett street, the driver thought to accelerate the horse's speed by a gentle application of the whip. His equineship responded by taking the bit and starting into a run. As they rounded into Main street, the speed was too great for the equilibrium of the team and over it went. A cross bar was broken and a shaft bent belonging to the wagon, while of the occupants, Walker escaped uninjured, and Ryan's face was badly scratched.

BREAK DOWN.—C. M. Strout with two others started in his team from his store, next door to the *Journal* office on Wednesday. The load proved too heavy for the forward axle, which was defective and down came the wagon body, freight and all upon the horse car track. A lameness for a few minutes covered all the injuries sustained, excepting that of the wagon. Christmas morning as Mr. Strout was driving to the store with another wagon, his whiffletree broke, and he had a second narrow escape.

S. S. CONCERT.—The regular concert of the Sabbath school connected with the Baptist society was held Sunday evening last. Singing by the school was followed by addresses from Rev. Dr. W. M. Young and Mr. Alfred Newhall a former member of the school. A general exercise, in which scholars and choir took part, closed the evening's programme.

CLERKSHIP.—Mr. Geo. A. Marden, o the Lowell *Journal*, is a candidate for the Clerkship of the House of Representatives, and we are glad to learn that he is likely to be successful. Col. Taylor, the manager of the *Globe*, having retired from the candidacy, the genial Marden has a "sure thing." Alas, poor Warrington.

BREAK.—While the baker team of J. W. Butts of Stoneham was passing Dr. Drew's on Tuesday, a bolt which holds the shaft to the axle dropped out. This started the horse and when he sprang, the bolt upon the other shaft broke, and the horse endeavored to run, but was soon checked.

PRESENT.—J. W. Hammond, Esq., long time the treasurer of the Unitarian Church was presented with a turkey morocco wallet containing $104, on Christmas Eve, by members of the society.

REPLEVIN.—On Thursday, Dec. 18th, the replevin suit of Graydon *vs* Soley came up before Justice Converse and a verdict was rendered for the defendant, so Mr. Soley has the sleigh.

MUSIC.—We have received the following pieces of new music from G. D. Russell & Co., Boston: The one that pleases me, The Little Commodore, The Little Cot down by the Maples, Since last I stood beside thee, The girl that took my eye, and Pretty Little Jessie.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Converse, Dec. 20, Hannah McCarty of Winchester, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquors, $10 and costs, $100 recognizance. Dec. 19, William Greaney, drunk, $3, and costs. Dec. 26, Edward Lyons, drunk, $3, and costs; committed in default.

METHODIST FAIR.—The Methodist Fair in Lyceum Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was well attended, and the result was quite satisfactory,

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.—Several ladies and gentlemen from Woburn, and also from Winchester attended the meeting of the Congregational Club, Tuesday evening, on which occasion the Club celebrated Forefathers' day, at the Congregational building by a reception and meeting. At 5 1 2 o'clock, the doors of Pilgrim Hall were thrown open, and by 6 o'clock about 300 of the members with their ladies, had assembled, when a social hour was passed in conversation and the interchange of greetings, after which the company adjourned to Hitchcock Hall, where a beautiful collation had been provided. At 7 1 2, the company returned to Pilgrim Hall to enjoy the speeches promised upon the programme. The meeting was called to order by the President of the club, the Hon. Rufus S. Frost, and after the singing of a hymn and prayer, the regular business of the club was transacted. The Rev. J. M. Manning was then introduced, and read a paper upon the peculiarities of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the advantages which have been received by their descendants, from these marked characteristics. The paper was interesting, and was received with liberal applause. Another hymn was sung, and the Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D., then delivered an address, in which he presented an interesting sketch of the voyage and landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. In his reference to Plymouth Rock, the speaker called it the "Blarney stone of New England.

In the absence of the Rev. E. E. Webb D. D., the President then introduced Thomas Weston, Jr., who spoke of the advantages of maintaining the interests of the Pilgrim's descendants in the trials and hardships of the earlier settlers of Plymouth. Such memories, said the speaker, as those which arise in the mind of a New Englander, upon the anniversary of Forefather's day, can but help to keep alive the spirit of freedom, so grandly demonstrated by the Pilgrims. The speaker urged the propriety of adding to Pilgrim Hall some memorial of the early settlers of Plymouth. At the close of Mr. Weston's remarks, Miss Susie C. Gould sang "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," in a manner which elicited the heartiest applause. The President then introduced the Rev. H. M. Parsons, who spoke of the necessity of keeping alive the disciplina and life of the old Church, from which the present one has grown, and of cultivating the pluck which the Pilgrims had in showing their faith.

The Rev. A. H. Quint, D.D, was then introduced, and said that but little else than a benediction was left for him. He was not a Pilgrim descendant, but he was a New Hampshire man, and that was better, for in that colony, absolute freedom of conscience was tolerated, as there was no government there in early days to interfere with any one. He also claimed that his ancestors had kept the ancestors of the previous speakers from starvation in the days of Miles Standish and that was another evidence of the advantage he held in regard to descent. The speaker made an appeal for the observance of Christmas in the true manner of Christians, and concluded by speaking of the political and religious compacts of the Pilgrim Fathers as the true platform for all government. The audience then joined in singing "America," after which the Rev. E. M. Kirk, D. D., pronounced the benediction and the company was dismissed.

ROAD COMMISSIONERS.—A large number of petitions were taken from the table and disposed of as follows:—Voted leave to withdraw on the following named petitions: S O Pollard and others for a street from Mt Pleasant to Railroad street; W T Grammer and others for a street from Lexington to Cove street; Thomas Richardson and others for a street from Warren, through Jones, to Lawrence street; L W Cooper and others for a street from Union to Broad street; John Campbell and others, for a street from Bedford street to Rag Rock avenue; Richard Morris and others for a street from Water to Beacon street; D O'Callahan and others for a street from Water to Beacon street; E. W. Hudson and others for widening and straightening Canal street.

North Woburn.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.—J. P. Tyler's store seems to be quite an attraction to the burglars. Last week we noted the breaking and entering by a party and now again on Monday night the lock was so tampered with that it had to be broken before the store could be opened.

DANCE.—The ladies connected with the Unitarian society had a Christmas tree and social dance at the Engine Hall, Wednesday evening.

BY-LAWS.—The Woburn By-Laws have been published in a neat little book of 84 pages. It contains the by-laws, those sections of the General Laws which have been adopted by the town, the regulations of the Fire Department, a list of streets, and the Town Register for the year. A pretty full index will assist the reader in finding any law he desires to examine.

PARISH FAIR.—The Fair of the First Parish, held last week, was quite successful despite the inclemency of the weather of Friday. In consequence of the storm of Friday, a sociable was held Thursday evening of this week, at which the burlesque of the "Institute of Technology" was presented again. It drew well and all were amused and satisfied.

East Woburn

CHRISTMAS EVE.—The church of New Jerusalem held a pleasant service Christmas Eve for the benefit of the children. Santa Claus was there in full feather, and his address was responded to by recitations from Miss Kate Smalley and Miss Wetherbee.

THROWN OUT.—Wednesday, Mr. G. W. Pollock turned his horse round very quickly from Carter & Dearborn's door, on Railroad street, and not having a very secure hold upon the seat was thrown out, and somewhat bruised and lamed.

SURPRISE.—The young friends of Andrew J, son of John B Davis, to the number of 45, assembled at Valley Ranche, Tuesday evening and presented the young man a gold ring. They report an enjoyable occasion.

Reading Notices.

STEREOPTICON.—There will be an exhibition of views with the stereopticon at the Baptist Church, next Thursday evening, Jan. 1, 1874, to which the admission fee will be 25 cents. The Sunday School, however, will be furnished with tickets and a supper.

A GREAT TREAT.—We are authorized to announce that Mr. A. P. Burbank the renowned and unequalled dialectic reader, who is recommended by Charlotte Cushman, Robert Collyer, and many others of note, has been secured by Messrs. Parker and Thompson, for Monday evening, Dec. 29th, at Lyceum Hall. It will be a rare entertainment. Don't fail to hear him.

THE DAILY PAPER TO SELECT FOR 1874.—People who are now making up their minds which Boston daily paper they will take during the coming year, should consider the merits of the *Boston Daily Globe*, the only eight page morning paper published in that city. The *Globe* contains all the news of the world in general and New England in particular, in a compact and readable shape, and has a full and complete record of commercial and shipping intelligence, which makes it invaluable to the business man. Its financial articles are written by a gentlemen who is thoroughly competent, his long experience, thorough business training, and his present position in financial circles, giving him unusual facilities for performing the work to the satisfaction of the public.

The Globe will continue to make a great feature of book reviews and literary intelligence, this department of the paper being conducted by Mr. E. P. Whipple, the eminent essayist and celebrated reviewer, who has made *The Globe* the literary papea of New England.

The Globe is independent in politics, unsectarian in matters of religion, but it is a fearless and outspoken journal, and aims in all things to secure the gseatest good of the greatest number.

It contains a large amount of foreign and domestic correspondence, table gossip, fashion articles and miscellaneous reading for the ladies. Every Monday morning, it contains accurate reports of the sermons of the Boston preachers, and always aims to give the very latest and freshest religious intelligence.

We have not space to enumerate all of its brilliant and useful features, but it is complete in all its departments which are needed in all newspapers, and we hope our readers will give it a trial in 1874, even if it is only for one month. Address, Globe Publishing Company, 92 Washington street, Boston.

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE with its eight pages and fifty six columns of reading matter, embracing a full digest of the news, fall market reports, editorials on live topics, hints to farmers and housewives, the latest literary intelligence and other taking features, at $2 a year is one of the cheapest weekly papers in the world. It is published by the Globe Publishing Company, 92 Washington street, Boston.

FALL.—Dr Drew's horse fell Saturday last in front of F A Hartwell's residence and damaged the carriage to a slight extent.

THANKS—for a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. Wm. Ellard.

I DON'T KNOW

anything about that woman's village. They say and I guess; but I would like to know something definite regarding the plans, location, accessibility, prospects, &c, of that enterprise. Why do they call it Bethesda? Are they intending to take laundry work from this neighborhood, or only do up new goods? Is it to be a penitentiary, or will it exclude all persons of evil reputation? Is it a failure, or has Mrs. Phelps a chance to make progress? Such, Mr. Editor, are the comments and inquiries to be heard daily on our streets, by our best citizens, and as one who happens to know, with your permission, I will endeavor to make your valuable paper the vehicle of the much desired information.

The land secured for a woman's homestead and industrial settlement, comprises about 60 acres, mostly hilly; bounded on the north by the poor farm, and on the south, by Deacon McCarthy's crystal works; it stretches from Beach street on the west to the railroad land on the east. The best carriage road as yet is from Salem street by the glass works. The nearest foot road is just opposite the back gate of the cemetery, on Beach St. Four other roads have been projected at about equi distances between these two points of exit, one of these crossing mostly the land of our respected townsman, Tidd, is to receive the title of Maple St., and be shaded with New Hampshire maples. In a few weeks at farthest, work on these roads is to be resumed, and vigorously pushed till completed. The liens or attachments upon the building or lumber are no bar to the progress of the business or the completion of the building plans. Its prospects were never better both for helpers and for work. Responsible parties are now in charge of the laundry department, ready to receive the patronage of the community. Family washing is specially desired, and will be done at low rates. If patronage warrants, machinery will probably be added soon, which will allow still farther reduction of price. The establishment is not a penal one, albeit it is devoted to the elevation of the lowly; yet its inmates will be chosen with special reference to good character, and members of Christian churches preferred, as it is intended to make this a nucleus of a Home mission work which will reach out into all the city's by ways and compel the halt and lame to come and be healed.

The property is richly worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. There is a mortgage of $2000 due next August Other debts about $3000, and as much more will be needed to finish the dwellings already begun. But for a cause like this, there should be no difficulty in raising a much larger sum. While not a charity or a philanthropy, it will be a sure refuge for the distressed, or at least for that large class of women who are glad and able to work at skilled labor, but whose health unfits them for unskilled muscle toil, and who are prevented by religious principle from becoming legible as inmates of any magdalene, or reformatory or criminal asylum. Every church has such women in its fold. The widows and orphans of the clergy are welcome to homes here, and superannuated ministers, the disabled and worn out veterans of the cross, can here find home and comfort in their declining days. This not as a charity, but as a matter of business, for the laborer in God's vineyard is worthy his hire. The women of the League gladly acknowledge the debt they owe the church, and in this way propose to pay it in part. An industrial school will be begun soon; a co operative table and bakery will not be far behind. Rent of homes applies as payment on homesteads and great pains will be taken to introduce other skilled industries for the immediate benefit of the women and men residing in or near the woman's village. Men can become home owners there in their own right, but can sell or give such home only to women. Persons of means may buy and rent or devise to women or to the corporation for the benefit of other women or minors. Some lots have been sold thus, and more will be when spring opens, or as soon as means can be had to lift said mortgage and debts, of which more is to be said anon.

TRUTH.

BOYLSTON CLUB CONCERT.—By the courtesy of one of the Lexington members we were enabled to hear a part of the concert Monday evening, by the above named club. As we heard but a portion of it, being obliged to leave on the train, we will adopt the language of a Boston paper:

The highly favored who were the recipients of tickets to the private concert of the Boylston Club at Music Hall last evening, will have reason to remember an occasion of more than ordinary pleasure. The hall was crowded to its fullest capacity, and with an audience wholly in sympathy with the performers. With one exception, ("Comrades in Arms," by Adam), the vocal selections were of the lighter character, with which this club deals especially well, and with which a majority of most audiences is especially pleased. The club is emphatically at its best,—and that best is very high,—in the rendition of delicate and tender music, in the giving of glees and four part songs rather than choruses or music assuming something of the cantata form. Everything, be it said, undertaken by the organization, is well done; but a certain order of music meets with such rare good treatment, as to hold first place in the club's claims for admiration. Of the programme, especially noticeable for delicate and refined rendition were Abt's "Sleep, thou wild rose," Macfarren's "The stars are with the voyagers," and Abt's "On the mountains," the solo to which last was given with much taste. The second, a delightful English part song, was less familiar to most present than the others mentioned, and its beauty and grace were exquisitely shown, the high notes of the selection being given with just the finish and ease the character of the composition demanded. Hatton's "April Showers," and the familiar "Miller's Song," by Zollner, were admirable exemplars of characteristic singing. The number of the most pretence was Adam's "Comrades in Arms," and it was given with strong appreciation and very fine effect. To the vocal numbers were added two instrumental selections by the Beethoven Quintette Club, "Andante from Quintette in A." by Mendelssohn, and "Allegretto, Minuet and Trio," from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. It is needless to say that both numbers were given with the most perfect finish and clear, good taste, and were worthy examples of the high order of excellence this organization has attained. The concert was a most pleasant proof of the progress of the club, and was but one more of the many reasons of Boston's pride in her musical organizations. Each number showed a steady improvement, and not the least among the commendable features was the complete yielding to the authority of the conductor.

Winchester.

SMASH-UP.—A team belonging to a young man named Eaton who works for J. T. Freeman of Singer Sewing Machine fame, was standing on the street a day or two since, when the horse became frightened at a number of sheep, and ran away badly smashing the wagon.

ANNUAL BALL.—The second annual ball of the Waldmyer Hose Company will come off in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 9th. Music by the Metropolitan Band. The arrangements being in the hands of an efficent committee, a good time may be expected.

☞ At the meeting of the Governor and Executive Council, Wednesday, Samuel H. Fulsom, of Winchester, was appointed public administrator of Middlesex county, in place of Duncan Bradford, of Charlestown resigned.

LECTURE.—The next lecture will be on Monday evening next by "Oliver Optic," (W. T. Adams.) Subject,—"Family Jars, or the troubles of the Twelfth Parish."

West Medford.

PRESENTATION.—Henry Hastings Esq. on Christmas morning, presented in his characteristically modest manner, a beautiful flag to the Hose Co., bearing his name.

Arlington.

☞ Rev. D. R. Cady will preach a Christmas sermon Sunday evening.

☞ Rev. J. M. Finotti has recovered from his late illness.

BUILDING.—Harvey Buxton, Esq., is building two houses on the Sprague estate on Warren street.

NEW SIGN.—Wm Penn Hose Co.'s house bears a new sign from the hands of Tufts.

TAX PAYERS.—There are yet many delinquents, and Treas. Allen will make known the names shortly if the same are not neighborly.

REAL ESTATE.—S. S. Davis to Ellen Donahue, 3 1 2 acres near Brattle station. Ellen Donahue, 1 lot each to Carl L. Petersen, Ernest Brostrom, Annie E. Enstrgomin, for $216 apiece.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At the convention of Selectmen and School Committee held last Saturday evening, John H Hardy, Esq, was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev J M Finotti.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES.—At the Orthodox church a tree was provided, upon which was a present for every child The services were introduced by singing and prayer. The children and old folks as well, had a glorious time.

At the Universalist church, about two hundred gathered, including parents and children. The exercises opened with a farce illustrating the old story, "The old woman in the shoe." This was performed by Miss Lizzie Day and about a dozen others. A shoe eight feet high was constructed, and when it was drawn aside, a beautiful tree loaded with gifts was seen, and the beggar who had been befriended by the numerous progeny of the "old lady" proved to be Santa Claus' assistant. Santa Claus himself was personated by Geo W Storer, who did it admirably. Afterward Miss E J Locke presented Mr Henry Swan, the Superintendent, an elegant chromo. It was a thorough surprise. Much credit is due the committee of arrangements and all interested. A number of the older people afterwards enjoyed the hospitality of W H Pattee Esq.

At the Unitarian church another tree was provided and about two hundred were present. Santa Claus was represented by H H Homer. The children were highly amused by a series of magic lantern pictures, representing bible views and groups of statuary. A nice supper was provided, and merry Christmas was merry indeed.

WHO STOLE JOHNNY BRADY'S COW?—We left Mr. Brady following the thief and cow, but up to a late hour on that evening he had failed to come up with them. A little earlier in the day a man tried to sell a cow in Brighton for about one-third what she was worth, which drew the suspicion of the yard hand and Constable Lynch of Brighton. The thief was watching them as well, and when he saw them coming towards him he turned tail and ran, the yard hand taking charge of the cow and advertising her. Mr. Brady saw the advertisement, and went to Brighton and found his cow in possession of the yard hand, Mr Brady paying him six dollars, three for himself, and three for the constable, but deeming one dollar sufficient for the constable the yard hand gave him one, and sent the two back to Mr. Brady. So much for an honest man.

INSTALLATION.—At the last regular convocation of Menotomy Chapter of Masons, the following officers were installed:

W H Pattee, M E H P,
Geo D Tufts, E K,
John M Whittaker, E S,
J W Peirce, Treas,
Geo W Storer, Sec,
W H Ryder, Chaplain,
W A Clark, C of H,
Henry Locke, P S,
H J Crosby, R A C,
Walter Russell, M of 3rd V,
L D Bradley, M of 2nd V,
Henry Frost, Jr, M of 1st V,
Jas Thaxter, Tyler,

The service was performed by P H P Marcus Morton, in a very pleasing and efficient manner, assisted by P H P Edward Storer, acting as C of H. The chapter is in a flourishing condition, and intend to give at their hall during the winter a course of entertainments in which the Lodge will participate. The well known ability of the Committeee of arrangements guarantee a good time.

Lexington.

THE TOWN.—Soon a new year will be upon us with its changes and we find that there is much and important matter for the consideration of every citizen. At the approaching spring meeting the town will be called upon to act upon numerous subjects of vital interest. Our officers for the year are to be chosen. Men amply qualified to fill the positions should be selected,—men who will guard the public treasury as they would their private purse, and guard it even more carefully because the interests at stake are more varied and numerous. We want men who shall see only the best interests of the whole people and not the pet schemes of any one sect, clique or faction. We have not a word to say pro or con in regard to the present boards. They may be the best we ever had and may be deemed worthy of re-election, or they may not, but we would apply to them and to any other candidates only this one test. Are they the best men for the place, and do they serve public interest rather than private good. If so, we go for them heartily. If not, our vote and all our influence shall be thrown against them. There is much of vexation and trouble connected with the administration of town affairs, but the work has got to be done, and good men must sacrifice something or sit calmly by and see the affairs maladministered. We must bring judgment and care into view in the choice of our officers. We want men whom we can respect anywhere and everywhere. We trust and hope that the town may pass the ordeal with credit.

The question of our schools will need careful attention. Whether too much money or not enough has been granted to support them properly we leave to others to say, but we do believe our schools are ranking well, and that much labor has been expended in endeavors to make them occupy high positions. We understand that the member of the Committee whose term expires with this year will not be a candidate for re-election. If so, the greatest judgment should be used in selecting his successor.

The drainage matter, perhaps, claims as wide an interest as any from the fact that a certain mystery surrounds it, and no one knows definitely whether he comes in for a share of the expense or the damage. We confess we are not able to see the immense benefit claimed for the project, but we are disposed to wait until it is fairly before the town. It should not be unjustly condemned without a hearing. We hear that some of the ditches are filling up and that money is being raised to clear them out. If this is so, then it would appear as if the scheme was not what our fancy painted it at the start. The town wants to consider all sides of the question, and act without rashness.

Our streets are important because every one uses them and enjoys or suffers according to their condition. Taxpayer and non-taxpayer, alike have to travel over them, and all have a word to say in regard to them. Good streets are a necessity, and they cost money, but the town wants a return for money expended. The street department should be given to practical men in all cases.

The question of consolidating the different boards has been broached as it was last year. It is a plan concerning which much can be said in favor. Five, good honest, practical men might perform the duties of selectmen, surveyors and overseers, and perform them well. A superintendent of streets might be employed to advantage, one who would devote his time and work to the department.

We throw out these different suggestions so that the public may have something to discuss, in hopes that the result will be for the best interests of the whole town.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES.—More than 200 persons assembled in the High School room last week Thursday evening on the occasion of the musical entertainment given by the Arion Quartette Club. The programme was as follows: The Artillerists's Oath, Arion Quartette. Duett,—"See the pale Moon," Miss Patch and Mr. Skinner; "Come where my Love lies Dreaming," Misses Patch and Goodwin, Messrs. Goodwin and Dupee; Song, "Selected," Mr. Skinner; "I long for thee," Arion Quartette. Song, "Fair Dove," Miss Patch; "Praise of the Soldier," Arion Quartette; Duett, "I would that my Love," Miss Patch and Mr Goodwin; Song, "Simon the Cellarer," Mr. Wing; "Sweet and Low," Misses Goodwin and Patch, Messrs. Skinner and Wing. Toast, Arion Quartette; "There's one that I love dearly," Misses Goodwin and Patch, Messrs Skinner and Dupee In addition to the regular programme, Mr. Dupee acceded to request, and sang the "Old Sexton" with good effect, although it must be admitted that the sentiment of the piece is decidedly earthy. The duett "See the Pale Moon" was particularly sweet. "Praise of the Soldier" was sung with much spirit, and received the first encore of the evening, in response to which the Quartette sang "Two Roses." The duett "I would that my Love," was re-demanded, and a portion of it repeated. An unsuccessful attempt was made to recall Mr. Wing. "Toast" called forth another encore, to which the Quartette responded with "Lovely Night." Other parts of the entertainment are deserving of favorable mention, but it is difficult to make selections. All parts of the programme were well carried out and very warmly appreciated by the audience.

The next lecture of the course will be given Friday evening, January 21, by Hon. A. J. Phillips, General Ag't Mass. Board of Education. Subject,—"Spelling."

PLEASANT AFFAIR.—The numerous friends of Mr. C. T. Worthley Agent of the Boston, Lowell & Nashua Express Parcels Dept. at Lexington, wishing to exhibit their regard and acknowledgment of his courteous, faithful and prompt manner of conducting the express business, and also of remembering him on account of his being somewhat disabled from active duties the past autumn from the effects of a rheumatic trouble, concluded to make him a present of some useful article of housedold goods, and through the efforts of one who is ever *True* to the wants and wishes of the public, he was presented on Christmas Eve with a costly reclining chair and marble top center table, which was a pleasant surprise to the recipient but nevertheless thankfully received, and the usual congratulations and hopes for the future were Expressed.

AN OLD PASTOR GONE.—Last Friday Dec. 19th, there died at his residence on Cedar street, Boston Highlands, at the advanced age of 82 years, a former pastor of the Unitarian church here. Rev. Chas. Briggs, left Harvard College in 1815, and after a tutorship at Bowdoin College, was first settled in Lexington. He was subsequently secretary of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Many friends who esteemed him highly, will remember him as a man of fine culture and talent.

POLICE COURT.—Before Justice Scott Dec. 22nd, Henry Roach, John Dinah, Thomas Conway, Daniel Shea, were arraigned for disturbing the peace. The last three were fined $5, and one-third the costs each. Roach was discharged.

PLEASANT PARTY.—A very pleasant gathering of friends and relatives occurred at Mr. Warren Duren's on Hancock street, Wednesday evening. A tree was bountifully loaded with gifts and everybody enjoyed it.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.—Attempts have been made by some party to enter a number of houses in town, not for the purpose of leaving Christmas gifts.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—A Christmas tree was provided for the young people at the Unitarian church, Wednesday evening and a nice time was had.

DANCE.—The Christmas party of the G. A. R. Thursday night was a grand success.

TEA PARTY.—The tea party of last week cleared about $300.

☞ The Boston *Courier* is responsible for the following: "At the fair in Horticultural Hall, the other night, one of the young ladies pressed a young gentleman so hard in her endeavors to make him invest in her pious lottery, that he was fain to exclaim at last: 'Well, you've got cheek enough to make a brass kettle.' 'Yes,' said the young lady, 'and you've got sap enough in your head to fill it.' Another young gentleman, having spent the larger part of the evening in 'buzzing' the same young lady, finally said: 'I don't think I will buy anything to-night, but to morrow I will draw a hundred or two from my funds, and buy your whole stock.' 'If my stock was as cheap as your talk,' said the witty girl; 'I could have sold out the first night of the fair.'"

☞ A newspaper that makes slang and slander the basis of its success builds upon a sandy foundation, which the storm of sound public opinion will sooner or later wash away.

THE QUESTION OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.—We are truly gratified to know that in many of our large cities and towns, there is an increasing interest felt, in the question of, *what shall be taught in our public schools?* It is a well known fact that very many of the schools of to-day, are not any better in point of thoroughness, if they are as good as the schools of long ago. Many a gentleman well remembers the days in which he passed his winter months in the "old red school house," by the hill in some of our country villages, when the principal exercises consisted of reading, spelling, grammar, writing and arithmetic; when these studies alternated just as I have placed them, one after another, and when every boy and girl twenty years ago, and less than that time were required to give thorough or at least pretty correct lessons, under penalty of "being kept after school hours," all of which are to-day, to say the least, deemed out of fashion if not obsolete. The examinations of the schools, both of large cities and large towns, were considered in those days in the light of examinations in which the children were expected to give a fair sample of what they knew about the studies of the winter. They very generally did give a satisfactory exhibition of their real, acquired knowledge. This was an examination by the committee alone, unaided by the teacher, who simply placed the books through which they had passed during the winter or were passing, with the remark, "we are reading here or spelling here," or as the case might have been, "this is our exercise in grammar, or arithmetic for to-day.', It was very rarely the case in those days to find a very poor scholar, very imperfect in any one of the above branches; in those days the "rod was not an unknown instrument," in all our common schools, but to-day the ferule, and the rattan are among "the things that were," in our fashionable common schools.

I remarked that it was a question believed by many at the present time whether more of the really useful in knowledge is gained by our children to-day with all the "great aids and helps to learning," than in the past? Of late drawing and music and many other studies have been introduced in nearly all our public schools and much time consumed in the study of the same. Are the schools really better or are they as good to-day as were many of the old schools ten years ago? In our next we shall give some of our reasons for thinking that with all their new machinery of teaching, their scores of text books, and costly school edifices, they fail to give us as thorough scholars to-day as we have a good right to expect.

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

Continued from first page.

As the Congregationalists were without a pastor, and had not engaged a supply for the coming Sabbath, they urgently requested the pastor of the shelterless flock to occupy their pulpit, which he did, inviting his congregation through the *Journal* to worship with him.

In the afternoon of Friday, a general meeting was held at the pastor's house, to sympathize and counsel together. A large number was present; also the former pastor, Rev. C. L. Eastman and wife. At this meeting it was unanimously voted to rebuild and on the old spot. The same evening the trustees had a meeting and voted to accept the invitation of the Unitarians, and to occupy their church Sabbath afternoons and evenings, and also Wednesday evenings. This arrangement continued until May 4th, which being the Sabbath for communion, both in the Unitarian and Methodist denomination, and not wishing to trespass upon the kindness of our friends, we held our service in a hall on Railroad street. This hall was used several weeks for prayer meeting and Ladies' Aid purposes.

The next Sunday, May 11th, preaching services were commenced in Lyceum Hall, and continued there till Sunday, Nov. 9th, when their services were transfered to Temperance Hall.

The Rev. W. J. Hambleton being returned the second year, it was determined, in spite of all difficulties, if it was God's will, to rebuild both church and parsonage. Mr. Geo. W. Kimball, builder, took the job of rebuilding the parsonage. He did his work faithfully and promptly, and about Aug. 14th, the preacher moved into a conveniently arranged and nicely furnished parsonage. It is lighted by gas, has Horn Pond water, and is a credit to the society, and especially the pastors's wife and the ladies who have labored so faithfully since the church was burned.

At a meeting of the trustees, April 24, a building committee, consisting of the following persons, was chosen and instructed to proceed to the erection of a church upon the old ground: Rev. W. J. Hambleton, J. Burke, C. W, Oxford, Thos. Warland, and Rev. J. M. Bailey. Plans were presented, drawn by Moore & Starbuck, architects, and were adopted. A petition to widen Walnut street, signed by several citizens, was presented to the Road Commissioners about this time, which delayed our building operations for months.

The contract of building the church was given to Sturtevant Manufacturing Company, and work commenced on the cellar August 35th. Mr. G. W. Myers, foreman, came to town Sept. 18th, and commenced operations. The enterprise, under so efficient a man, has progressed very favorably. God has favored us with most desirable weather, and the society feels greatly encouraged.

The entire building consists of four stores, over which is the auditorium, calculated to seat five hundred people. A ladies' parlor, a class room and kitchen on the ground floor of the chapel, and over these rooms is a large lecture room, capable of seating several hundred.

The windows are to be of stained glass, and the entire building heated by steam. A beautifully toned steel bell, weighing about 800 pounds, has been put in place, and it is hoped will call to prayer in the chapel early in January.

Mr. C. W. Dorr has the mason work, above the foundation, and Messrs. James Buel & Co., the steam and gas fittings. The auditorium is expected to be completed early in the spring.—*Ladies Aid.*

WATER.—The Boston Water Commissioners have made their report on the water supply. In it they give the following, respecting the condition of Mystic water.

With regard to the purity of the Mystic water the commissioners say that the natural waters of the Mystic valley are, as might be expected from the geological features of the basin, very pure and odorless; but the tanneries and other manufactories, situated at and in the neighborhood of Woburn, affect more or less the color of the main stream, and measurably its purity. When they visited the ground, the water of Russell's brook, which receives the refuse of ten of the tanneries, was exceedingly nauseous to the smell and taste. The sewerage of the towns of Woburn and Winchester has not yet taken a concentrated shape, but, with the introduction of water, this will speedily follow. If this sewerage is intercepted and delivered into the river below the Mystic lakes, it will relieve the stream from so much pollution, but as the cost of effecting this would be considerable, it is not likely to be carried out very soon. The manufactories alluded to number as follows; Tanneries, 20; wool scouring establishments, 1; morocco factories, 1; glue factories, 2; chemical works, 1; pig slaughtering house, 1; piggery, (200 heads,) 1. Total 27. The tanneries cure, on an average, 1200 hides and 525 calf or alligator skins, daily,—say equal to 1300 hides daily. Each hide is variously estimated to use from 450 to 200 gallons of water during the process of curing. Take the lowest figure, and it gives 200,000 gallons of very impure water passing into the river daily. If it is considered that during a season of very low water, the river, judging from the area of its basin, may be flowing then less than 4,000,000 gallons daily, the introduction of this amount of very objectionable water could hardly fail to be perceptible between Russell's brook and the Mystic Lake. Its passage, however, through the large body of water in the upper Mystic pond admits of such diffusion as to render such impurities entirely imperceptible to our senses at the lower end of the pond, where the Charlestown works have their conduit connection. When the river is in flood, the relative proportions of pure and impure water would be entirely changed, obliterating for the time all trace of the latter. Notwithstanding all this, the impurity is of a character that it is very desirable to be rid of it; and it is growing continually with the growth of Woburn, Winchester and their neighborhood. The commissioners have had estimates made for a sewer sufficiently large to receive the refuse waters of all these establishments, and convey them to tide water. This would require 8 68 miles of sewers of various diameters at an aggregate cost of $264,000. To purify the refuse waters from tanneries, irrigation has been tried, but so far as they can ascertain, unsuccessfully, both here and in England. Mixed with sewage, it is supposed it might be made available in this way, where the circumstances otherwise admitted of such an application economically. They cannot learn that any process has been used to destroy the impure elements in the refuse water of tanneries, although such a process is hinted at in one of the English reports on the pollution of rivers.

New Publications.

CALENDARS.—These very useful articles, come to us from various quarters. Messrs. A. L. Cutler & Co, 147 Milk street, Boston, Paints, Oils and Drugs, and Messrs. J. H. Osgood & Co, No. 15 Spring Lane, Boston, Printer's Inking Rollers, have our thanks for ornamental specimens.

NURSERY.—Mr. John L. Shorey, of 36 Bromfield street, Boston, the publisher of this charming juvenile, wishes his many thousand readers a "happy new year," with cheery, hearty voice. Each month he endeavors and succeeds in spreading a delightful repast for our children, and how many good things he offers. The stories are just long enough. The pictures are nicely drawn, and there is nothing but praise for the *Nursery*.

ALDINE ALMANAC.—This is styled a brochure of American art and is illustrated by the best American artists. The cover is a beautifully illuminated design, and the p ges are profusely illustrated. Especially tasty are the vignettes that grace the different months, while the full page pictures are gems. It "is no mere scrap book of threadbare, almanac information, but as fine a work of art and literature as ever was printed." It will meet with the hearty commendation of all cultured tastes.

CÆSARISM.—General Grant for a third term. This is the title of a pamphlet of 36 pages written by "Burleigh" of the Boston *Journal* (Rev. Matthew Hale Smith). It is a plea for the re-election of General Grant at the expiration of the present term. His ability as a ruler and statesman, the simplicity of his character, his executive force, his reticence, his personal traits, his love of home, all are painted in "Burleigh's" well known style. It is rather early to talk of the next presidential contest, while the smoke of the last still lingers o'er the field. But that's neither here nor there. The pampelet is well written and well printed. Published by the Riverside Press, Cambridge.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—This independent magazine commences its fourth volume with the January number. In it all questions that relate to the best interests of the people are discussed in a plain and popular manner. The preservation of health and hygienic principles receive attention here, and much valuable information is furnished. Young ladies who are slaves to fashion will here find the mirror in which they can see their errors. Invalids can here find simple means of improving their health. All classes can gain much from a careful perusal of these pages. It is published at a price within the reach of all. $2 00 a year. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

ALMSHOUSE REPORT.—The 20th annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury, has been received from F. H. Nourse, chairman of the Board. The pamphlet includes the Superintendent's and Physician's report. The average weekly number of paupers supported during the year last past was 816, at a gross cost of $87,557 53, or a weekly cost of $2 04 for each. The number of deaths during the year has been 348. Thos. J. Marsh is the Superintendent.

HEARTH AND HOME.—This popular weekly journal has just commenced the publication of a charming new story entitled "John Andross," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, the well known author of Life in the Iron Mills," "Dallas Galbraith," "Waiting for the verdict," etc. Without doubt Mrs. Davis is one of the very best story writers in America, and, having given more than usual care and labor to the preparation of "John Andross," the reading public may confidently expect in it, one of her best works.

We take pleasure in commending the *Hearth and Home* as one of the ablest, purest, and most carefully edited of the literary and home weeklies. Its stories are not of the trashy, sensational character, yet are of absorbing interest, and will be read with pleasure and profit by every member of the family. Its editorials are always timely, able, independent. The best American and foreign writers contribute to its columns; and take it all in all, it is as near a perfect home paper as is published in this or any other country. Orange Judd Company, Publishers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

SPINNER'S REPORT.— The annual report of the Treas. of the U. S. is on our table. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1863. No abridgement in a reasonable space of the tabulated matter can be made. The Treasurer asks for an increase of the pay of his clerks, and pleads their faithfulness and honesty, saying, "Not one of the hundreds employed in this office, has since my last report, taken a cent from the money that is always within their reach; and through their vigilance, others have not been able to steal." This certainly speaks well for the Treasury officials, and we congratulate Mr. Spinner upon the fact.

Married

In Woburn, Dec. 24th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Charles H. Harrington, Jr., and Ellen J. Plympton, all of W.

In Amesbury, Dec. 23, by Rev. N. R. Wright, Mr Williston Fish of Woburn, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Wright of Lynn.

In Woburn, Dec. 18th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. George L. Putnam, of East Cambridge, and Susan Grace Tufts, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Dec. 22d, by Rev. H. S. Kelsey, Mr. Charles F. Swan, of Woburn, and Miss Harriett M. McKenzie, of New Liverpool, C. E.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn Dec. 23, Robert J., son of Robert W Wakeford, aged 3 years, 11 months, 21 days.

In Arlington, Dec. 23d, Frank H., only child of John H. and Olive McMillan, aged 7 years, 8 mos. 9 days.

In Lexington, Dec. 22d, Sarah Pattee, of Arlington, aged 55 years, 3 months.

Special Notices.

MUSIC.

Miss LILIAN HARMON, a pupil of Mr. CARLYLE PETER ILEA, wishes to give private lessons on the piano, in this town; can be seen at No. 2 Auburn Street, Woburn.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, will be held at their Banking House, on Tuesday, the 13th day of January 1874, at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the election of Directors and the transaction of any other business that may legally come before them.

190 J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8th, 1873.

TO LET Jan. 1st.

Cor. Pleasant and Court Sts.

House of nine rooms, Gas, Hard and Soft Water.

Apply to JOHN ROBBINS, New Boston St., Woburn

216

Central House,

MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Lee Hammond, - - Proprietor.

This well known hotel has recently been re-fitted and furnished, and is open to the public. It contains fifty light and airy rooms, and is supplied with the modern conveniences. A commodious dancing hall is connected with the house, and parties may be sure of excellent accommodations. Hacks connect with all trains, and livery horses may be secured at the office. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The undersigned, Selectmen of the Town of Woburn, in conformity with a vote of the town at a meeting holden on the 22d day Sept., 1873, instructing the Selectmen to make an application to the next Legislature for authority to issue additional Water Bonds, respectfully petition your honorable bodies for the passage of an act permitting the issue of Water Bonds, bearing interest not exceeding seven per cent., maturing in twenty years from the date of issue, to the amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, being an increase to that extent, on the amount authorised by previous acts of the legislature, for the purpose of supplying the town of Woburn with pure water.

E. W. HUDSON,
E. E. THOMPSON,
LINCOLN EMERSON,
CHAS. K. CONN,
S. D. SAMSON.

Woburn, Dec. 1, 1873.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The undersigned, comprising the Board of Selectmen and the Board of Water Commissioners of the Town of Woburn, respectfully petition your honorable bodies for a repeal of Section 10, of Chapter 307 of the acts of the Legislature of 1871, entitled "An act to supply the Town of Woburn with pure water."

E. W. HUDSON,
E. E. THOMPSON,
M. M. TIDD,
N. J. SIMONDS,
CHARLES K. CONN,
LINCOLN EMERSON,
S. D. SAMSON.

Woburn, Dec. 1, 1873.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. Secretary's Dept, Boston, Dec. 13, 1873.
I approve the publication of the above petitions in the *Woburn Journal*.
OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT. Middlesex, ss.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of George S. Simonds, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Clara A. Simonds, of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of January next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-third day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

222 J. H. TYLER, Register.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The American School Music Reader

BOOK 1. FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS. Price 35 cents, or $3.60 per dozen.

The first of an excellent series of Graded School Music Books, by L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden.

EMERSON'S SINGING SCHOOL

Price 75 cents, or $7.50 per dozen, is a complete cheap, and useful book for Singing Schools.

Clarke's Dollar Instructor for Reed Organs.
Clarke's Dollar Instructor for Piano
Clarke's Dollar Instructor for Violin

For beginners and amateurs. Full of useful, instructive, and at the same time brilliant music.

FATHER KEMP'S
Old Folks Concert Tunes

Price 40 cents, or $3.60 per dozen books. Sung everywhere with great applause from old and young

Sold everywhere. Sent post-paid, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. 220
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

House For Sale.

A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the homestead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to

LINCOLN EMERSON,
133 93 Main Street, Woburn.

A. BUCKMAN,

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 211

POSTPONEMENT.

4th Grand Gift Concert!

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

OVER A MILLION IN BANK!!

Success Assured!

A FULL DRAWING CERTAIN
On Tuesday, 31st of March, next.

In order to meet the general wish and expectation of the public and the ticket-holders, for the full payment of the magnificent gifts, announced for the Fourth Grand Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky, the management have determined to postpone the Concert and Drawing until TUESDAY, THE 31st of MARCH, 1874.

They have already realized

OVER A MILLION DOLLARS,

and have a great many agents yet to hear from.

☞ No doubt is entertained of the sale of every ticket before the drawing, but whether all are sold or not the concert and drawing will positively and unequivocally take place on the day now fixed, and if any remain unsold they will be cancelled and the prizes will be reduced in proportion to the unsold tickets.

Only 60,000 tickets have been issued and

12,000 CASH GIFTS.
$1,500,000

will be distributed among the ticket-holders.

The tickets are printed in coupons, or tenths, and all fractional parts will be represented in the drawing just as whole tickets are.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		$250,00
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT,		17,500
10 Cash Gifts,	$10,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each,	150,000
50 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each,	50,000
80 Cash Gifts,	500 each,	40,000
100 Cash Gifts,	400 each,	40,000
150 Cash Gifts,	300 each,	45,000
250 Cash Gifts,	200 each,	50,000
325 Cash Gifts,	100 each,	32,500
11,000 Cash Gifts,	10 each,	550,000

Total, 12,000 Gifts, all cash, amounting to $1,500,000

The chances for a gift are as one to five.

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole tickets for $500; 22½ tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole tickets for $10,000. No discount on less $500 worth of ticket.

The Fourth Gift Concert will be conducted, in all respects, like the three which have already been given, and full particulars may be learned from circulars which will be sent free from this office to all who apply for them.

Orders for tickets and applications for agencies will be attended to in the order they are received, and it is hoped that they will be sent in promptly that there may be no disappointment or delay in filling all. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again. All agents are peremptorily required to settle up their accounts and return all unsold tickets by the 20th day of March.

THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Public Library Kentucky, and Manager Gift Concert, Public Library Building, Louisville, Kentucky. 208

GENTLEMEN BOARDERS WANTED.

A few gentlemen of respectability can be accommodated with board and rooms.

Apply to Mrs. ANNA FRENCH,
Corner of Mt. Pleasant and Green Sts.
Woburn, December 15, 1873.

NEW GOODS

FOR THE

Holidays!

AT

G. F. Smith & Co's

187

MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Ladies' and Gent's Fine Watches.

GOLD AND PLATED

Chains and Charms,

CHAIN BRACELETS.

Clocks and Jewelry

Ladies' Gold and Plated Sets,

Gold and Silver Thimbles.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Consisting of

Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons,
Berry Spoons,
Jelly Spoons,
Napkin Rings,
Butter Knives,
Pie Knives,
Ice Pitchers,
Cake Baskets,
Castors,
Tea Sets,
Butter Dishes,
etc., etc., etc.

The solid ware is of

STERLING SILVER

and the plated ware is

TRIPLE PLATE

from the celebrated manufactory of

REED & BARTON.

Gold & Steel Bowed Spectacles

Shell, Rubber and Steel Eye Glasses.

WE ARE

BOUND TO SUIT.

Call and examine

Quality and Prices

before purchasing elsewhere.

We like to show Goods.

187 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Andrew Wilson,

Winchester Market.

Lyceum Building,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of

MEATS, VEGETABLES,

Fruits, &c.

Such as

BEEF,
PORK,
LARD,
HAMS,
POULTRY,
POTATOES,
APPLES,
CRANBERRIES,

and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords.

☞ N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense.

Order Box at Depot. Orders collected at 7½, 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M.

HOLIDAY GOODS

will be offered at low prices during the Holidays at

TOWN HALL,

WOBURN.

We have on hand the best assortment of

FURINTURE

ever before offered to the people of Woburn, among which is the following:—Elegant Chamber Sets, Extension and Dining Tables, all sizes, Parlor and Library Tables, Wood and Marble Top, Fernery or Boquet Tables. Easy or Fold Parlor Chairs (an elegant present for a Lady or Gentleman) also Black Walnut Mirrors, all sizes. Children's Chairs all Patterns and Prices. Comforts for the colder holidays. Also Beds and Bedding, Chairs, Book shelves, Bird Cages, Sleds, Picture Frames all sizes and prices, together with a great variety of goods too numerous to mention.

Come and See.

THE

Boston Daily Advertiser

For 1874.

PROSPECTUS:

THE DAILY ADVERTISER has no new promises to make for the coming year. While referring with confidence to the past for indications of its general character and policy, its purpose will be, now as heretofore, to meet the new demands that may be made upon it, and to give an accurate and faithful transcript of the times. A large and gratifying increase of circulation during the current year, in spite of the unusual depression in many branches of business and the addition of new and improved presses and machinery, enable us to give the latest intelligence possible in the most attractive form, and to answer in all respects the requirements of A LEADING MORNING NEWSPAPER. To this end every edition will contain:

I.

THE LATEST AND MOST VALUABLE INTELLIGENCE from all parts of the world.

II.

SPECIAL DESPATCHES AND CORRESPONDENCE from all points of special interest, at home and abroad.

III.

A COMPLETE RESUMÉ OF LOCAL EVENTS, including reports of public gatherings, the legislature and the courts, societies devoted to trade, literature, philanthropy and religion.

IV.

MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, ART and LITERARY CRITICISM.

V.

EDITORIAL DISCUSSIONS of subjects of general interest and importance, comprising the judgment of experts and the results of actual experience, as far as possible, and treated in all cases with an honest purpose to arrive at the truth.

VI.

MARKET REPORTS, PRICES CURRENT, STOCK QUOTATIONS, FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND MARINE INTELLIGENCE—departments in which the Daily Advertiser has long been unrivalled, and intends to continue so.

VII.

MISCELLANEOUS AND NEWS SELECTIONS, gathered from a very large list of exchanges and the best available sources.

To these regular and routine departments, special features will be added from time to time, as events may call for them; and no pains or labor will be spared to make the DAILY ADVERTISER as welcome and interesting to family and social circles as it is indispensable to the business community. In political matters, so far as parties are now divided on national questions, the DAILY ADVERTISER is warmly and consistently Republican; but recognizes no party obligation to defend or apologize for public men and measures simply because they bear that name. The republican party has great vitality, and a capacity for usefulness not yet seriously impaired. But in the course of a long succession of triumphs it has become tolerant of convenient abuses which ought to be swept away. The party itself stands in need of wholesome and independent criticism; and we hold it to be the business of journals identified with its history, and in full sympathy with its general policy, to administer it without malice, and at the same time without fear. To its literary department the DAILY ADVERTISER will give a wider scope than ever before, keeping not merely a record of new books with which our publishing houses are now overflowing, but also a record of the current events of literary or scientific interest at home and abroad, including letters from the most approved writers, extracts from new books, reports of the investigations of scholars, and intelligent and honest criticism of books as they appear. In the closely related department of musical and dramatic criticism, the DAILY ADVERTISER will continue to have the benefit of accomplished writers and critics wholly in sympathy with the public desire and the public need of the best the modern concert room and stage afford. With regard to the general interests of the community,—we aim to keep in mind and to advocate whatever tends to promote its welfare—temperance, good morals, sound principles, wise legislation,—and above all a healthy hatred of shams, always on the watch for places of influence and repute to which they are not entitled by ability, character or by public or private services.

TERMS:

The subscription price of the DAILY ADVERTISER is $12 per annum. To clubs of five and under twenty, to one address, the price is $9 50 per copy. To clubs of twenty and upwards, the price is $9 per copy.

The subscription price of the SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER is $4 per year, and is made up with special reference to the wants of our more distant subscribers.

The subscription price of the WEEKLY ADVERTISER is $2 per year. To clubs of 10 and upwards the price is $1 50 per copy.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER,
E. F. WATERS, Treasurer,
No. 29 Court Street, Boston.

FOR SALE.

The lot of land, corner of Main and Everett Sts., containing about 6,000 feet.

Inquire of
31 JOSEPH KELLEY.

Headquarters for Holiday Gifts. S. Horton, Woburn.

Great Rush at "Horton's Bookstore"--Christmas Gifts, New Year Presents, Books, Games and Toys, for large and small Girls, old and young Boys. Call early and "Don't you forget it."

How To Make Home Attractive!

The Problem of Years Solved at Last!!

STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

The Special Installment Plan

—OF— 186

O. GREEN,

Successful & Triumphant!

How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which comes to the minds of many people, and it is important, not only to them and their children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents understand the secret, and the great influence for good which a pleasant and beautiful home has upon our children. The impressions thus created last for a lifetime and can never be eradicated. If children are thus kept at home by bright and entertaining inducements, they keep away from those temptations which everywhere beset and mislead the young, and are pretty certain to lead useful and happy lives as they grow to manhood and womanhood. When your friends and the neighbors call, if your house is cheerful and bright in all its aspect, they value your acquaintance more highly, you are in a position which brings out your finer and more genial qualities, and there is a charm about your home which they can appreciate if they do not exactly understand it. Next to a clear conscience, a calm and tranquil disposition, and the happy faculty of doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you, what you most need to make home attractive is a nice piano or organ, such as can be found at

O. GREEN'S STORE

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET, WOBURN.

TOPPAN ROBIE,

Insurance Broker

After Jan. 1st, 1874,

May be found at the

STO E OF J. W. HAMMOND,

181 MAIN STREET.

Boston Office for the present,

22 CENTRAL STREET.

Insurance on Tanneries,

Stores and Merchandise

effected in sound and reliable Companies.

GOOD DWELLING-HOUSE RISKS

placed in strictly first-class Companies at the

LOWEST RATES.

PIANOS

AND

Cabinet Organs

FOR SALE BY

INSTALLMENTS

AT

DODGE'S

Jewelry Store,

Sheet Music

AND

MUSIC BOOKS.

F. B. DODGE,

Cor. Main & Railroad Sts.

WOBURN.

CUMMINGSVILLE
AND
WOBURN CENTER

OMNIBUS LINE.

ON and after December 1st, the subscriber will run an Omnibus between F. W. Ellis' store, Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.

Leave Ellis' store at 6.20, 7.10, 8.25, 10, 11.30 A. M. 12.45, 3, 4.15, 5.30, 6.30 and 8.55* P. M.

Leave Depot at 6.40, 7.35, 9, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15, 3.40, 4.45, 5.55, 7.10 and 9.15* P. M.

*Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

On Sundays at Church hours.

Season tickets, $10 a quarter. Mechanic's tickets, two trips daily, 75 cents a week. School tickets, two trips daily, 60 cents a week. Single fare, 10 cts. Twelve tickets for $1. Half tickets, 6 cents. Twenty half tickets for $1.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Dancing School

—AT—

CENTRAL HOUSE HALL,

WOBURN, MASS.

MRS. BEAMAN will open two classes for instruction in all fashionable Ball-room Dancing, at the above Hall, on Friday afternoon and evening, November 28th, at 4½ and 7½ o'clock. Terms: Ladies and Children $3.00 and Gents. $5.00, for twelve lessons and four assemblies. Mrs. Beaman is a teacher of music and dancing by profession, acquired by study, practice, and experience, not picked up within a year or two, as by so many self-styled professors, attempting to teach an art of which they themselves are ignorant.

Mrs. B. is well known in New York, Boston, Hyde Park, Neponset, and Hingham, where she has taught large and successful schools, and refers to the pupils in those places. The names of the reference will be furnished on application to

B. F. TAYLOR, Business Agent,
15 Dix Place, Boston, Mass.

N. B.—Those wishing to join the school must be present or send in their names the first day or evening. 166

DR. C. T. LANG'S Dental Rooms,

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

Opposite First Congregational Church. 67

C. M. STROUT,

200 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

DEALER IN

STOVES AND FURNACES,

Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE. 206

E. C. HUSE,

DEALER IN

COAL

AND

WOOD.

YARD: Between Central Depot and Mystic Station.

ORDER BOX: At the Post Office.

WINCHESTER.

☞ Orders from adjoining towns by mail, or otherwise, filled without additional charge. 198

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEARS PRESENTS

AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

Corner Main and Railroad Sts., Woburn,

Best Assortment in Woburn.

No trouble to show Goods if you don't buy.

"St. Nicholas"

—AND—

"Our Young Folks."

The publishers of **ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine** for Girls and Boys, take pleasure in announcing by an arrangement with Messrs. **J. R. Osgood & Co.**, their popular Magazine

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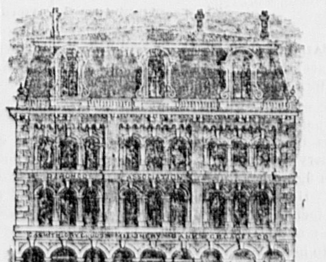

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A WIFE'S STRATEGY.—One day as Zachariah Hodson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large cod fish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it or made it up into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different styles, and with some difficulty procured an amphibious animal from the brook and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed upon the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, husband."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I'll bet anything you've spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.) "I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it. I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why husband, I thought you liked it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better; I never liked fried fish. Why didn't you boil it? How stupid!"

"Why Zachariah, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of a cod nicely boiled, were deposited on a dish, the sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this," said he; "boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed before him a tureen containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish indeed! I dare say I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole lot of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the wish was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband and there was a large bull frog of portentious dimensions and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length. Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at this unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong, and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such a lesson, and he was as good as his word.

HOW TO DRIVE.—There is another point of prime importance in driving any horse, but especially a young one; it is the way you handle the reins. Most drivers overdrive. They attempt too much, and in doing so, distract or hamper the horse. Now and then you find a horse with such a vicious gait that his speed is got from him by the most artificial processes; but such horses are fortunately rare, and hence the style of management required cannot become general. The true way is to let the horse drive himself, the driver doing little but directing him, and giving him that confidence which a horse alone gets in himself when he feels that a guide and friend is back of him. The most vicious and inexcusable style of driving is that which so many drivers adopt, viz: wrapping the lines around either hand, and pulling the horse backward with all their might and main, so that the horse, in point of fact, pulls the weight back of him with his mouth and not with his breast and shoulders. This they do under the impression that that such a dead pull is needed to steady the horse. This method of driving I regard as radically and superlatively wrong. It would tax the ingenuity of a hundred fools to invent a worse one. The fact is, with rare exceptions, there should never be any pull put upon the horse at all. A steady pressure is allowable, probably advisable, but anything beyond this has no justification in nature or reason, for nature suggests the utmost possible freedom of head, body and limbs, in order that the animal may attain the highest rate of speed; and reason certainly forbids the supposition, that by bits and not by the breast-collar, the horse is to draw the weight attached to it. In speeding my horses I very seldom grasp the lines with both hands when the road is straight and free from obstructions. The lines are rarely steadily taut, but held in easy pliancy, and used chiefly to shift the bit in the animal's mouth, and by this motion communicate courage and confidence to him. I find, that, by this method, my horses 'break' less and go much faster than when driven by men who put the old fashioned steady pull upon them.—*Murray.*

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS BRIDE.—A seafaring man gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which we think will put some of the "society papers," to the blush: "My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left a millinery dry docks, is clipper built, and with a figure head not often seen on small craft. Her length of keel is five feet, eight inches, displaces twenty-seven cubic feet of air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball room, full in her waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly rigged fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, main sail part silk, with fore staysail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best steel, covered with silk with whalebone stancheons. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are liable to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told, in running down the street before the wind she answers the helm beautifully, and can turn around in her length if a handsomer craft passes her."

HABITS OF EXERCISE OF GREAT AUTHORS.—Nothing in the habits of Wordsworth—that model of excellent habits—is better as an example to men of letters than his love of pedestrian excursions. Wherever he happened to be, he explored the whole neighborhood on foot, looking into every nook and cranny of it; and not merely the immediate neighborhood, but extended tracts of country; and in this way he met with much of his best material. Scott was both a pedestrian and an equestrian traveller, having often as he tells us walked thirty miles or ridden a hundred in those rich and beautiful districts which afterward proved to him such a mine of literary wealth. Goethe took a wild delight in all sorts of physical exercise—swimming in the Ilm by moonlight or skating with the merry little Weimar court on the Schwansee, riding about the country on horseback, and becoming at times quite outrageous in the rich exuberance of his energy. Alexander Humboldt was delicate in his youth, but the longing for great enterprises made him dread the hindrances of physical insufficiency, so he accustomed his body to exercise and fatigue, and prepared himself for those wonderful explorations which opened his great career. Here are those intellectual lives which were forwarded in their special aims by habits of physical exercise; and in an early age have we not also the example of the greatest intellect of a great epoch, the astonishing Leonardo de Vinci, who took such a delight in horsemanship that although, as Vassari tells us, poverty vifited him often he never could sell his horses or dismiss his grooms?—Hummerton.

LOVE WINS LOVE.—"Mother, the birdies all love father," said a little boy of five years, as he stood with his mother watching the robins enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Charlie?"

"O yes; I love him, and you love him; but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to him, and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all around the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand just as a dog would. I think it is because father loves them, mother. You know he will give pussy something to eat; and he pulls carrots for the cow, and pats her and talks to her, and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled.

"Father loves me," he said, "and I love him dearly. He loves the birds too, I am sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries, and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch them. Mother, I wish everything loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail, nor chase the hens, nor frighten the cow. Never hurt or tease anything. Speak gently and kindly to them. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everybody that knows you will love you too."—*British Workman.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The other day a lady halted in front of a garden on State street and accosted a man at work on some trees with the remark:

"What are you doing to those trees?"

"Girdling them with printer's ink and cotton, madam, to prevent the canker worms from ascending," replied the man.

"How much does it cost?" asked the lady.

"About twenty-five cents apiece," replied the man.

"What's your name?" was the lady's next question.

"Hill," says the man.

"Well," said the lady, "I wish you would come and girdle ours."

The man gave an evasive reply, and the lady went home. On telling the story to her husband, she was astonished to see him burst out into convulsive fits of laughter.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" said the lady.

"Why," said the husband, "your man that you asked to girdle your trees was Rev. Dr. Hill, late president of Harvard College, one of the foremost mathematicians living, and now the pastor of the First Parish church.—*Portland Advertiser.*

☞ If it is true, as Professor Huxley says, that the world is daily growing lighter, so that, sooner or later, its momentum through space will be lost, it becomes a matter of importance to do all we can to check the decrease. Here we are digging coal out of the mines and excavating cellars and carting dirt away, and boring tunnels, with an insane disregard of the fact that we are hastening the day when we shall lose our momentum. People had a great deal better be endeavoring to collect things to add to the world's weight than to be robbing it of its avoirdupois. There ought to be an Act of Congress to prevent boys from throwing stones, and to prevent ballooning unless every æronaut deposits pig iron to the amount of his own weight before he leaves. We were never present when any world lost its momentum, but it is easy to conceive that it must be a terrible thing, particularly as there is no place on the outside where we can go and stand while we give it a shove to start it again.—Max Adeler.

THE OWNER.—"Who owns this house?" inquired one of the sanitary police force of Detroit, as he entered a house in the sixth ward to serve a notice. The woman had a black eye, the man a bloody nose, and both were panting as if exhausted. "Who owns this house, I say?" demanded the blue coat. "A gent on Lafayette street owns it," replied the woman; "but if you want to know who runs it, just sit down a few moments until we have one more clinch to decide the question!" A woman demanding her rights.

☞ A new word coined for the use of the present generation is "Apothecarelessness."

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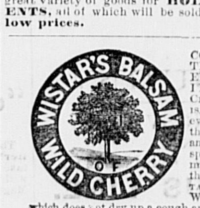

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151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock
Beef, Pork & Mutton
ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
Fruit and Game,
Canned Fruit, Preserves, and Relishes.
and everything usually found in a
Meat and Vegetable Market.
Grateful for past favors he hopes to merit their continuance, and to receive a fair share of patronage. 59

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
MACHINISTS,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Steam Engines,
Boiler Shafting, Pulleys Mill Gears
And all kinds of Machine Work.
129 Main street, Woburn.
Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.
Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Plain and Galvanized Iron Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nut and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Check Valves, Water, Gas, Gage and Bibb Cocks, Rubber, Soapstone, Metalic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Belting and Lacings, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emory Cloth, Machine Oils and soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' supplies.
We are agents for the celebrated Cowing Seneca Falls Pumps, embracing more than 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use, English Files, of all sizes, constantly on hand.
Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Tanneries and Currying Shops, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.
JAMES BUEL. JOHN R. FLINT.
Woburn, May 28th, 1870. 65

A. PRATT & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork,
Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.
Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market,
Cor. Sudbury & Friend Sts., 102 BOSTON

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
McCLURE, ROSS & Co.'s,
A FRESH INVOICE OF GOODS,
Comprising
Shawls,
Repellants
Flannels.
A GREAT BARGAIN!
HOSIERY
AT
No. 123 MAIN STREET,
ALLEN'S BLOCK, 110
WOBURN - - MASS.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 3d, 1873, trains will leave BOSTON for—
Lowell, 7, 8†, 10 A.M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, P.M.
Lowell Stenchery, 7.00 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4 00, 5.00 P. M.
North Billerica, 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Billerica 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6. P. M.
S. Wilmington, N. Woburn, 10 A. M., 4. P. M.
Woburn W. P., 7, 10 A.M., 2.30, 4, 6. P. M.
E. Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7, 8, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5. 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 2.30, 3, 4, 5. 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
College Hill, 6.45, 10, 11.30 A.M., 3, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Lowell, 7 30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 9.45 P.M.
Lowell Stenchery, 7.05, 9.35 A. M., 2.20 P. M.
North Billerica, 7.10, 9.39 A.M., 2.22, 5.40 P.M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.46 A.M., 2.29, 5.45 P.M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 9.55 A.M., 2.39, 5.50 P.M.
South Wilmington, 7.30 A.M., 2.43 P.M.
North Woburn, 7.32 A.M., 2.45 P.M.
Woburn W. Place, 7.35 A.M., 2.53, 6.00 P.M.
East Woburn, 6, 7.35, 9, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.54, 5, 6.30 P.M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A.M., 1.20, 3, 4.05, 5.05, 6.20, 8.20‖ P.M.
West Medford, 6.15, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.35 A.M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.40, 8.25‖ P.M.
College Hill, 6.19, 7.19, 9.19, 10.40 A.M., 1.33, 3.10, 4.19, 5.19, 6.45, 8.28‖ P.M.
Woburn Branch.
Trains for Woburn Centre leave Boston at 6.45, 7, 10, 11.30 A.M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Trains leave Woburn Centre for Boston at 6, 7, 7.40, 9, 10.25 A.M., 1.15, 4, 5, 6.25, 8.15‖ P.M.
* Tuesdays at 10; Wednesdays at 11.30, and Saturdays at 10 30 P.M.
† Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
‖ Wednesdays at 10 74

J. E. Littlefield & Sons
DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
Coal and Wood,
Eastern, Western and Canada lumber of all kinds.
SHINGLES,
Clapboards,
Laths, Pickets,
Conductors,
Caps and Irons,
Mouldings
for inside and outside finish.
TANNERS' and CURRIERS'
Yard & Hanging Sticks,
Doors, Windows and Blinds,
on hand and supplied to order at short notice.
RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.
LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA
AND
Franklin Coal,
Hard and Soft
WOOD.
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 66
96 Main Street.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Fall and Winter Styles,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c 46
AT
J. W. HAMMOND'S.

E. PRIOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT, AND AUCTIONEER.
Also, particular attention given to Collecting Bills.
OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN. 38

BUEL & FLINT,
130 Main street, Woburn.
PLUMBERS,
Gas and Water Pipe Fitters,
AND DEALERS IN
Rubber Hose Pipes and Sprinklers, Cement Lined Pipe, Asphaltum, Galvanized Iron, Portland Drain, Soil, Iron and Lead Pipe, Copper Boilers, Bath Tubs, Faucets, &c. 29
GAS FIXTURES,
BURNERS, GLOBES, SHADES &c.,
WATER PIPES
Put into houses, taking them from the street line as left by the Water Works men, and Private Hydrants set, and all kinds of
PLUMBING,
DONE AT SHORT NOTICE, AND IN THE BEST MANNER.

POULTRY AND EGGS.
B. F. COLEGATE,
is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.
Also, for sale, trios of Buff and Partridge Cochin, Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c. 68
HENERY AT CUMMINGSVILLE
Woburn Mass.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing By Steam.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 82
J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

ÆTNA INS. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED 1819. 83
CAPITAL, $3,000,000. CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Losses paid in 54 years, $39,000,000.
Losses paid in 16 months, $9,000,000.
Capital subscribed by stock holders since Dec 1st, 1871. $2,500.00.
Assets at market value March 1, 1873, $5,980,867.46
MERRIMACK MUT. INS. CO. of Andover, now paying 40 per cent. dividend.
CITIZENS' INS. CO., of Brighton.
CAMBRIDGE INS CO., of Cambridgeport.
HOLYOKE INS. CO., of Salem
SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INS. CO., of Springfield, Mass Incorporated 1849. Charter perpetual, no Marine risks taken.
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1873, $1,070,742.01.
All of the above are reliable Companies and have a large surplus.
B. T. H. PORTER, Agent, 7 Wade Block, 172 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 8 P. M.

RAILROAD MARKET.
E. O. Soles,
Would thank all those who assisted in removing his stock on the evening of March 6th, and announce that he is re-established on. 88
RAILROAD, Cor. MAIN Sts.
ON WHAT IS KNOWN AS
ROUNDY'S CORNER,
WHERE HE OFFERS
Meat & Provisions
OF ALL KINDS AT REASONABLE PRICES.

GRAIN
Of all kinds for sale, and delivered to all parts of the town.
WOBURN GRAIN MILLS,
97 and 99 Main Street.
77 S. SIMONDS,

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 56
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

New Lumber Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER,
Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern Western and Northern
LUMBER,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,
All kinds of Mouldings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts Every variety of Builder's Material.
Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.
Carpenter and Builder,
Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,
WOBURN. 76

Tin and Sheet Iron Work,
made to order, or repaired, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, JR. 55

A. E. THOMPSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
Woolens and Small Wares,
West India Goods, Flour
AND GRAIN.
Crockery and Glass Ware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 WADE BLOCK,
A. E. THOMPSON, E. H. NICHOLS. 75 WOBURN

WARREN CUTLER,
JOB WAGON
Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot,
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.
☞ Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention. 80

L. H. ALLEN,

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING
UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
Railroad st., near corner of Main
WOBURN.
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.
Residence, East Street, near Green. 90

W. A. COLEGATE,
FLORIST,
Greenhouse at Cummingsville.
WOBURN, - - MASS.
Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers, 95
Supplied at Short Notice.
Agent of J. W. Manning's Nursery, Reading Mass

M. ELLIS & CO.,
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS
AND CELLAR BUILDERS,
Park st. Rear of Baptist Church
Office over Buckman's Shoe Store,
WOBURN.
Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction. 96

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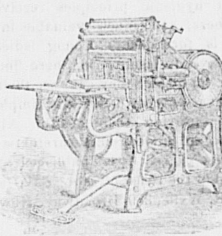
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W. H. FOSTER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
FURNITURE,
OF ALL KINDS,
No. 241 Main St., Woburn
Upholstering and Repairing in all its Branches Promptly Attended to. 97

For some of the BEST KINDS of COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe 57 and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

ATTENTION BUYERS!
Stearns, Brown, & Co.,
Are now prepared to show the
Largest and Best
assortment of
CROCKERY
AND
GLASS WARE
ever displayed in
WOBURN,
at very
LOW PRICES
ALSO,
FLOUR,
Grain & Groceries.
STEARNS, BROWN & CO.,
216 Main Street,
WOBURN.

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices, by 63
WM. WOODBERRY.